

The Spectator.

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ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1881.

[PRICE 5 CENTS.]

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E. JACCARD JEWELRY CO.,

FIFTH AND OLIVE STREETS.

The Spectator.

ST. LOUIS, JANUARY 22, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

After all, Miss Sturges is not going on the stage. She is concluded that the thine glitter of the footlights could not balance the less fantastic but more solid joys of private life. I fancy, too, that she is right. If the results of the girls who go upon the stage had one to this sensible conclusion in the first place, it could have been better for them, and better too for our American drama.

I would about as soon see a sister of mine go to her grave as to the stage. It is the hot-bed of moral uth. I grant you that there are good and virtuous women on the stage, but the great majority of them are not, any of them go there because they are not, and many then become so after they get there. It matters all how good a young girl's intention may be, how well she may be protected, there are so many snares set, before she is aware of it, she is gone and irretrievably lost. There is necessarily a freedom and union about stage-life that break down the barriers between the sexes, and destroy the ordinary restraints of private life. Now and then you will see an actress whose devoted mother goes about with her, to see that she is kept from the wolves; but devoted mothers are terrible too old, too feeble, or in some other way unequal to take up the harpish of "struggling plays." And then, again, there are but few actresses who receive a sufficiently large salary to take a mother's wage.

This brings me to speak of the ravine idiots who are retained by the average actress or female singer, few of them are very pretty, it is true, but most of them are exceedingly loosely and common place when we see them in plain daylight. It is the artificiality of a stage that charms the youthful youth and the young old man. It is the paint, the pretty dressing, the silk stockings, padded thighs, luscious jewelry, and other such vain gewgaws, that tickle the fancy and awaken admiration. Most any ordinary woman can be made up to look well on the stage. Said an old railroad man to me only this week: "I have seen so much behind the curtain that I am thoroughly disgusted with the women on the stage. They are not the dearest class of people in the world. If you do see them on the road, in their hotels, and at breakfast, as I have been obliged to see them for twenty years, you would realize the truth of what I say. I do not know of a more disgraceful place than the reverse side of the life of an actress, take it from the variety theatres up to Sara Bernhardt."

A good illustration of what I was talking about came after my observation on a street-car one day this week, some coming down on the Union Depot line at half of eight in the morning, and when at the Four corners, a lady, dressed in a long silver and dark hat, came in company with a Cockney-looking chap, also dressed in a long silver. They sat down opposite me, and she began to read a letter, and hold the envelope as very close to my side could see the name, "Miss Pauline." She is the young lady who plays leading and very much part in the burlesque "Calico," at the Grand Opera House, during the fore part of the week. I saw her on the stage Monday night, and she looked so good and pretty as a new-born lady. In fact, I heard half a

dozen people say she was very beautiful. But how different the Pauline of the street-car early in the morning was from the Pauline of the theatre late in the evening! The lady had turned into an exceedingly plain-looking female, with messy black hair, uncleaned fingernails, worn, disheveled, and prominently old face. She looked about with a careless, indolent, half-mad gaze, and leaned up against her chaperon with a reckless disregard of the proprieties of the occasion. She read the letter, which was probably from some young or old fool who had been violently smitten with her at the theatre, and then handed it over for the inspection of her attendant, who glanced over it with a smile (remembering, you know, over the idiosyncrasy of the chap who had written it), and then put it into his pocket. And he was a sweet piece of mankind! His face had about as much intelligence in it as a young dog's, and was well to perfect naturalness and reduced to a bettered sense from too much drinking—a real soft-looking fellow, something after the "la da da" style. The man who wrote the note, that they read with the indifference that comes from reading one or more just like it every day, ought to have seen the picture.

Mr. Price, the husband of Miss Fanny Davidson, is no longer leading man in the company supporting his wife. Mr. Price, although a very fair actor, is still, cold, and somewhat artificial on the stage. This season he has become the manager of the company, and attends to the business department. Mr. Price, it will be remembered, was divorced; and over \$1,000 was paid to his first wife by Miss Davidson, it was said, although afterwards contradicted. At any rate, Mr. Price was no longer set free from the bonds of matrimony when he immediately sought the fetters of wedlock in the arms of Miss Davidson.

There was an advertisement in one of the papers the other day having parties contemplating matrimony to drop a postcard in confidence to M. S. Z., at a given address. Now, I can't say that I am contemplating matrimony, although there is no telling how soon I may contemplate it, but I am of a very impetuous disposition, and I wanted to find out what that ad. meant. I dropped a postcard in confidence,—or, what is about the same thing, to a letter-box,—and a couple of days later I received a note from a very prominent jewelry firm in this city asking me to call on Mr. Van Dyke on Tuesday, and he would explain to me the new scheme they were introducing in St. Louis. I did not at first connect the advertisement and the note together, and thought that the Messrs. Black were trying to work a snaffle-trick pull into the paper. I asked, however, and ascertained my name to be Mr. Van Dyke, who treated me with much affability. "My dear sir," said he, "I am very happy to meet you. I got your postcard the other day, and I suppose you want to hear what our new system is?"

"Yes," said I.

"Well now, you know there is a great deal of dissimulation and discontent at every wedding over the present. A display is made which does very little credit to the popularity of the bride; there may be a ten-pet and a spoon, and a pair of opera-glasses and a card-receiver, and that may be all. Now, you must admit that that does not look at all well, does it?"

"Yes, but that depends upon circumstances, and the bride can't help it, she must take her chance, and be thankful for what she gets."

"That's just it—that's just what we say. Now, we have a plan that takes the element of chance entirely out of this thing, and gets circumstances under control from the word go. We this. We make up three different displays, classes 1, 2 and 3. Each consists of a

carefully and artistically selected table of wedding presents,—class 1, being worth \$500, class 2 \$1,000, and class 3 \$2,500,—which we hire out to brides for \$25, \$50, and \$100. We also furnish blank cards to attach to the different articles, on which the compliments of different persons are written."

"What security have you for their return?"

"Well, if the people who hire the displays don't wish to give security, we insist upon one of our young men being invited to the wedding. The idea is new, you see, and so we have only established three grades; but of course we can get up as special displays at any figure you may wish."

"Have you had any calls yet?"

"O dear, yes indeed! Our \$500 set has been out six times now, and the \$1,000 set once, and the ladies are in ecstasies over the idea."

Miss Jeanne Bernhardt, the sister of the divine Sara, or, as she is incorrectly termed, "Miss Sals' sister," very strikingly resembles the great artist, but is not quite as slender or quite as tall. Her complexion is clear and rather light, and her hair a yellow brown, the brown shades predominating. Her cheeks are full, revealing the prominence of her cheek-bones, and the hectic flush and was appearance of Miss Sara are entirely wanting, and are the picture of vitality and health. Her voice is rich and strong, and her laugh hearty and irresistible. Her arms, unlike Sara's, are plump.

"Citizen" writes as follows:

"Many thanks for your denunciation of the "chaital car" subversive. The community needs waking up to the imposture, and an end to the fraud. Why sensible people should be imposed on year after year, and allow themselves, without murmuring, to be jostled about and made subservient by an institution intended for public convenience, is something pretty hard to explain. A little business would remedy the trouble. I hope every one will follow your suggestions. This is myself."

The suggestion here referred to was that people refuse to put their faces in the box. This has been tried, and the deliverably and good-naturedness came around and said he would put the face in the box himself, notwithstanding the well-known notices posted in all the "chaitals." The economics warning and running these miserable antipodes are afraid of the public, and they don't put a passenger off for not placing his face in the box. They know that "the game of hide" will not do to adhere to, and they have instructed their clerks to select the faces rather than attempt violent measures. You are not under any obligation whatever to walk through the net, stable or otherwise, and get into a general snarl, in order to accommodate those "chaital" blues. These I selected, by the lines in the manual posted on the city, are rich and prosperous, and if they do not put on good cars at their own volition, they ought to be made to do so by the irresistible demands of the public. But the only way to accomplish anything is to exercise firmness for your own rights. You are not crying to injure the drivers, or even the owners of the cars; you are simply asserting your own proper rights, and making for the improvement of a just reform. The "chaital" must go.

The Public Commissioners' question is the one which has agitated everybody most during the past week. It was quite understood among those who are supposed to be posted that Messrs. Brown and Bent had a strong first round the appointments, and consequently the Government's action was a genuine sensation among the gentry who always know everything.

who have it taken to him for better or worse; if for worse no one is willing to show them additional reasons for their already discovered and abiding disappointment. As organ-building now stands in this country, the Spectator would generally advise church committees in quest of an organ to reverse the geographical direction of Horace Greeley's famous motto, and unenthusiastically give to the hypothetical "young man."

The Church of the Messiah is fortunate in having an exceptionally good church organist; an accurate reader, — not quadruply but perfectly such, — brilliant, tasteful, sensitive, sympathetic, a pupil of these classicists, Hayter and Hodges, Mr. A. J. Thmas is as satisfying an organist as a musical people, in such a cultured congregation unmistakably, could possibly desire.

An organ is a peculiar instrument. In material, it is the product of carpentry and metal-working. It may be set up by men who are not susceptible of any musical impression. It is thus an aggregation of wood and metal parts, filling the specifications under which it is constructed by the carpenter and the pipe-maker. Its responsive soul is created within it by the musical genius of the voicer. Upon him depends, in the finest sense, its musical quality. Certain well-ascertained rules of construction being met, the voicer gives to each note a quality, smooth and melodious, or harsh and unsmooth, according as he is sensitive and skillful, or coarse in organization and manipulation. A pipe may speak its proper note and no error be satisfied, or the time may pass every listener with instant delight. A builder may faithfully fulfil every item of specification, and yet be utterly uninteresting, and yet the result be unsatisfactory. There is no way of measuring or weighing the quality of musical tone. These rare suggestions only serve to show that there is wisdom in any way of getting both a good and a cheap organ. The best musical endowment and skill are necessary to the result, and these command a price.

What do you think of this for "a song of the sea?"

A sweet, still night of the vintage time,
When the flume goes down to the sea;
The distant sound of a muffled drum
Comes over the wave to me.
Only the little sail the stars overhead
Bring back dreams of the days long dead.
While the flume goes down to the sea.

The years go on long, and the world is wide,
And we all meet down to the sea;
The tropic splash we saw of olden
And I dream that some wave with me —
All that faded when we all loved us,
The old mad life of long ago,
Who all went down in the sea.
We passed in the golden days,
We saw the sunset down to the sea;
The reader will call our weary days,
And never not again to see.
I can hear alone with the night wind's sigh,
The falling stars, and a dream gone by,
And the flume going down to the sea.

On Wednesday I happened to be at the retail establishment of the Seagrave Furniture Company, which is at the corner of Fourth and Morgan Streets. Among the new and pretty things that I saw was a chandelier set of unguaranteed oak and mahogany. The design was of a sort of combination Greek and Eastlake, decidedly odd, but rich in its simplicity. The spirals of its pedestal are low, the upper line delicate, not over-teen inches above the floor; the foot-board square, rich rounded, elevated corners, and panel of mahogany; the head-board was of medium height, very solid, with the mahogany and oak beautifully visible, the former polished to the mirror of the sea by the palm of the living hand. The set is the best thing of the kind yet, and would be interesting any lover of art furniture. It gives me great pleasure to state that the Seagrave Furniture Company is one of the most prosperous and extensive institutions in St. Louis. The factory is only a few blocks from the basement of the house at the corner of Fourth and Morgan, but have a large manufactory immediately back of it, have the old Boston's Church, at 214

Charley Avenue, a building immediately in the rear of that, two three-story buildings at 1215 and 1217 North Seventh Street, and some smaller ones beside. As soon as the weather will permit, they expect to commence the erection of an establishment at their old stand, which was burned out some time ago, that will be the largest and best fitted of the kind in St. Louis or the West. The newspapers will certainly not begrudge the prosperity of the Seagrave Furniture Company, for it has been a most liberal advertiser for years, and much of its success is no doubt due to the judicious and plentiful use of printers' ink.

This suggests to me the fact that the most successful retail houses of this city have, are, or have been liberal advertisers. I could easily name half a dozen establishments that give the papers \$10,000 a year each, and they find it a paying investment. A merchant who advertises what he sells, and sells what he advertises, will never have a lack of customers.

The young man who carried off the palm at the examination, last week, of applicants for admission to the St. Louis College of Law, was a young man, Mr. C. H. Sampson, brother of our well-known townsman, Mr. C. H. Sampson, agent of the Cortwell Spool Silk Company. This young gentleman graduated at the Columbia College Law School, New York, last year, and comes to St. Louis to make his home. I speak for him a kindly respect and a prosperous career.

The card of Mr. Edgar Buck, pupil of Manuel Garcia, the celebrated vocal teacher of London, is printed in the Spectator. Mr. Buck has located at St. Louis, at No. 1312 Washington, and opens at once a very large class, attracted to him by his own fine singing wherever he has been heard, and by the exceptionally strong testimonials which it is his deserved good fortune to have in possession. As stated in these columns two weeks ago, Mr. Buck is under contract with the Church of the Messiah, as basso of that unquelled choir.

A musical friend, who was present at the last meeting of the Musical Club, held at the residence of Mr. Gerard B. Allen, says that the diet, vocal and instrumental, sung and played by the Messrs. ALLEN and Grace Russell, was quite the gem of the evening. The same authority gave Miss Cora Stewart great praise for a very fine performance of a nocturne by Chopin.

An item has been going the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that the Nation would suspend at the close of the year, or be converted into a high-class magazine. I believed the item to have no foundation in fact, and to bring out the truth, wrote the subscribers. In a reply, they say that there "is not a bit of truth in the rumour." The Nation has had a prosperous year, and begins the new volume with a largely increased subscription-list. It goes without saying, that the Spectator is glad of this. The Nation exerts a wider influence than almost any other paper in the country, and the influence is always on the side of honesty, morality, and the application of the Frenchest common sense to questions of public interest. That it sometimes disagrees with us radically, detracts nothing from the heartiness of my pleasure at seeing its prosperity. As time rolls on, I believe it will gradually recover from the stagnation with which it seems to be affected when it looks west of the Alleghenian or the Mississippi, and our way are thinking about. We don't know as much as our older Eastern brethren, perhaps, and we haven't as much money as they, but we have a great deal of hard, practical sense about us, and are passing business, the world over. We hope within the country to have some learning and more money.

The London Trade Directory calls this about the marriage of Mrs. Barrett-Crocker.

The marriage of the Honorable Barrett-Crocker with the present Mrs. Barrett-Crocker, the first, however, is not definitely fixed. The happy pair will spend the honeymoon in the country, in retirement. The latter clause in the will of the late Duchess of St. Albans is to be contested upon several points, amongst

others, that the bridegroom is not an alien within the meaning of the clause. I am anxious to know whether the usual sapient shawl from the looms of India will be sent by her Majesty on this interesting occasion. Should there be issue, the eldest son will inherit the title of the mother, but he, as well as the younger children, will bear the family name of the father.

A wedding took place here in the city, not a month since, at which there was not only a good deal of style and many handsome presents, but also a flood of tears. The ceremony was at St. George's R. C. Church. Among those present were the bride's mother and sister. Dr. Betts had hardly begun to indulge in the necessary formalities before the bride began to "blubber." This had a contagious effect, and the sister then began to "blubber." The contagion increased, and the mother began to "blubber." And three thousand "blubbered" together in chorus. The other people present were much affected, but I have not heard that any of them shed actual tears. Dr. Betts made out to get in the last word of the ceremony, but it required a heroic effort. The bridegroom did no more than knit his eyebrows and take long breaths.

At the Church of the Messiah next Sunday evening Mr. Phil. Brown will sing the tenor solo in an anthem composed by Mr. Edgar Buck, entitled "This is the Day the Lord was Made King." It is said to be a clever composition, and well, I understand, be published by Messrs. Baines & Weber.

The Philharmonic Quintette Club subscription concerts are now secured, enough subscriptions having been received to make the organization originally required. They will be given at the Pickwick, and the first one, will probably take place on Thursday evening, February 2d. Subscribers will receive due notice of the time and place for securing the tickets. No single tickets will be sold, so that subscribers will be sure of good seats and plenty of company. The programme will be published regularly in the announcement column of the Spectator, and subscribers will also be notified of the same by mail. Something less than one hundred tickets can yet be sold, and any person desiring to subscribe can do so, either by mail or by calling at this office.

And Mary had even more than a little laugh and a pair of bangles:

Mary had some little changes,
All with them went to sleep,
She slipped, and therefore had a fall,
As also did her girdle.
Her hands flew up, her head went down,
And struck some one on the head,
Dismissing both her striped hose,
Which surely was not late.
She jumped up and said her best,
And said she did not care;
But on the floor a cord was seen
Marked "Helen once a year."

Com. Rollings' Almanac is out, and looks as fresh as a spring bird. It has become an established text. Louis Institute, and has a circulation of over 100,000 copies. Com. Rollings (Mr. J. H. Carter) is a gentleman of standing and sober habits, and about the best man in the world you would pick out for the making of a business almanac. His text is the best of the whole set, the author has published, and shows prosperity in business, as well as fortune. It makes no pretence of classical Latin, but furnishes good reading of the homely sort for an evening at home.

Mrs. Wilfer, with her usual thoroughness, and discerning in her family, has just written, "I have seldom seen a finer woman than my mamma, nor than any other," a remark she surely would not have made, had she seen the Nurse and John in "Romeo and Juliet" last Friday evening. They were immaculate, and with the glib company of some-would-be and gaily attired, she was sitting at the head of the table, and she was, as ever, a quiet, unobtrusive, and well as good. Always a large number of those present have signified an intention of going again when the twelfth is reported for the

sions put on record which were exceedingly neat. Mr. McCullagh, for instance, said that he considered the *Deposition* a fine opportunity. Imagine what blasphemy this must have seemed to the people on Third and Chestnut Streets, who were laboring under the mistaken idea for seventy-three long years that they were conducting a newspaper. What a job it must have been to them, that one word "opportunity!"

Nat. Goodwin, with "Prologues," spoke at the Olympic Monday evening, and George Knott and son will reign at that house during the week. Goodwin is intimate in the parts he assumes, and is a good show by himself. It is a genuine artist.

The collection of Bernhardt paintings, marbles, and bronzes will be exhibited at the gallery of Messrs. Pettes & Leathe, on Leathe, on Tuesday afternoon there will be a private view, at which is being Miss Bernhardt may appear. A large number of invitations have been issued. There is no doubt it will be a brilliant affair, and doubtless the splendid galleries will be thronged all next week by persons anxious to see what sort of an actress has produced. Next week we shall have Bernhardt the artist and Bernhardt the artist for subjects of discussion. Next Saturday every one will know, or will think he knows, whether the Bernhardt is an overrated or an underrated actress. I take it, many people will feel a solid satisfaction in having the question settled.

Mr. John F. Wagner has returned to his first love, the *Post-Dispatch*, and now when a late fire-storm sounds, he decays himself into a second sleep, and hugs himself to think that his late companions have to suffer.

I wonder if the Historical Society has a picture in its archives of the "Prock." How many readers of the *Spectator* know what the "Prock" was?

Mr. William Stapleton, who has for some years been employed on the editorial staff of the masterful *Globe-Democrat*, has gone to Washington to act as the special correspondent for that paper during the remainder of the session of Congress. He will probably never return to his old position here. There are evidences that he and Mr. J. B. McCullagh, the managing editor, have well harmonized very well of late, and he is sent to Washington, I suspect, for the purpose of getting him on the shelf.

A part of the work of Mr. Stapleton, of late, has been to write the financial column of the *Globe-Democrat*. Mr. Frank Conner, who was formerly the commercial editor of the *Post-Dispatch*, and who has for some months been reporting on the *Globe-Democrat*, now takes that department in hand. Mr. Stapleton did this part of his work exceedingly well, and thus made a much needed improvement in his paper. Mr. Conner is also a competent man in this line.

Mr. K. B. Todd, who was Gen. Phelps' private secretary for four years, has come to live in St. Louis, and takes a reporter's position on the masterful *Globe-Democrat*. He was a newspaper-man before he went to Jefferson City, having been on the staff of the old *Journal*.

Mr. Gibson, as they called him, succeeded Maj. George W. Gilman, as city editor of the *Globe-Democrat*, has for some time been doing special work on the *Deposition*, and has acquired himself with distinguished ability. He was the best city editor Mr. McCullagh has ever had on the *Globe-Democrat*; but, like Mr. Irwin, his successor, and a most excellent newspaperman too, did not have the physical ability to stand the strain of night-work.

Any man who fills the place of night-editor on a daily paper may expect to meet with some difficulties. No man, however strong, can endure the work for many years without seriously injuring his health. The *Globe-Democrat* and *Deposition* both make their city editors do day and night work. I don't know of

where piece of barbarism. It is worse than the treatment street-car lines extend to their drivers and conductors. That a great, rich daily paper like either the *Deposition* or *Globe-Democrat* should have only one man to assume the responsibility and labor of the city editorship from ten o'clock in the morning till two o'clock the next morning, is simply outrageous, and it ought to be stopped under the law pertaining to cruelty to animals. In all the daily papers of New York and Chicago there is a day city-editor and a night city-editor, and this is the proper and humane thing.

The Bell Telephone Company has acted in a most arrogant and insolent manner ever since it obtained the monopoly of this city. Would you believe that to-day it does not send a single line running to any part of the city south of the Mississippi Pacific Railroad? Such is the case, though hundreds of applications have been made. I live in the southern half of the city myself, and I have a half-dozen neighbors who applied for instruments over a year ago. Certainly they should have them—yes, forthwith; and that has been the monotonous song from that time till this. Over half the territory of St. Louis is south of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, and some of the most extensive manufacturing establishments we have are in that section; and yet not a telephone connection has been established there. Of course, if the Bell Telephone Company had given a monopoly, it would not have been so negligent of its duty and so careless of its promises. I am not opposed to monopolies, as long as they do the fair thing and fill all proper requirements. The Bell Telephone Company does not do the fair thing, does not fill all the requirements, and it ought to be made to turn over the city to some company that will.

Col. Normile is of the opinion that there are only two men in this community who are capable of thorough and appreciative criticism of dramatic art. One of those men is Col. Charles P. Johnson, and that innate modesty which has beautified and emboldened Col. Normile's life for so many years prevents him from doing the other one. I should very much like to see a dramatic criticism by Col. Normile. I think it would be a literary anomaly.

Young Krieger's aside in a fitting end to his wasted and mispent life. I knew him well in his prosperity, and even better after the crash that came a year ago last May. It is not more than a week ago that I met him on a Franklin Avenue car, and talked with him for some time. He was very gloomy and despondent, and indicated upon the fact that it was impossible for him to get work in St. Louis, and equally impossible for him to try for it elsewhere, as he was tied here by his hand. "Here I am," he said, "an expert accountant, and yet no one will give me work—I work that I can do better than ninety-nine men in a hundred, and that I will do as cheaply as an office-boy. They talk about the ruin that the breaking of that bank has done. To my own so refined as I? And oughtn't there be a time when they will let up on me, and let me earn my living?" The poor fellow has gone to his account; crowded out of the town, where, if he had been wiser and alone, he might have been one of the most brilliant citizens. There is a fearful lesson in his life and death that appeals to each of us; there is a warning in it that, if by us we may talk of the demoralization of the times, the community will not tolerate a dishonored man in its midst; the moral sense of the people will cast out such an one as young Krieger was, remorselessly. He did not wish to say one word to make the Verden hermit than that broken family of Garrison Avenue have to hear. The house has been a house of mourning for a year, and it will be a house of mourning as long as any of the Kriegers are left alive. The young man himself, however, is gone, and it is to be hoped that he found more mercy and forgiveness beyond than was meted out to him here.

The grim reaper is, of late, a peace-maker. The father and son, who had parted in sunder, implacably a year ago, were reconciled at last—fully reconciled; but the boy will never know how full the father's forgiveness was, nor how deep his grief.

The telephone war is being waged with a rancor that does infinite credit to all parties concerned, and I think that the result will be that the company will be taught a lesson which will do them a great deal of good. They evidently believe that their monopoly gives them a title in fee-simple to the city of St. Louis, and I shall be much surprised if they do not come out of this tussle with the impression that they were mistaken. If the obnoxious contract is not modified in less than a month, the telephone will have become a tradition in this city.

LONDON FASHIONS.

(From "Truth," December 20.)

Regardless of the weather, several new fashions have been seen at the various charitable bazaars, etc., held at this season. The chief novelties seem to be costumes with pink, and velvet skirts, trimmed with dark fur, chenille, grey squirrel, seal-skin or marten hair. The skirts were all in dark colors, such as myrtle green, navy blue, prun, grenat, anemone red, dark brown, and violet; and most of them were made with trines of satin or the cashmere, short and flat in front, and simply draped behind. When the skirt had a fur border like a fur collar, the trim was not trimmed with fur, but if the skirt had merely a stripe of fur from each side of the waist to the bottom, then the trim was bordered with that material.

Dresses of plain, dark-colored cashmere had fur-trimmed borders of velvet of the same tint, with tulle and pebble, bordered with four or five thin gold or silver beads. This kind of trimming is also likely to be fashionable for cloth dresses.

Black is still extremely fashionable, black satin being trimmed with jet, and black lace and velvet with satin and jet, with the addition of a few flowers or colored ribbons for evening wear.

One of the newest shaped sleeves for day wear is called the *Francis L.* or the *Duchesse d'Etampes* sleeves; it is full and straight to the wrist, is encircled by six hoops or bands of satin or velvet, and trimmed with bands, as to have a puffed appearance.

Fashionable visiting dresses are made with short, round skirts, in flounced taffetas; for instance, one I saw was a slate-colored taffetas, with eight narrow flounces of black lace, and a satin Mervillville scarf, draped high over the front and fixed at the back to look like a tunic, the bodice being of taffetas, cut out square at the neck, with full folds of pink *faux* satin and black lace, and high *Valsol* collar at the back; a small *Duchesse*-shaped hem of satin, with violet and black feathers and bow completed the costume. The same style of dress is made in velvet, with three flounces of black or dark-lace feathers.

Evening and ball costumes with long trains are still greatly worn, and of various rich designs, the only novelty being in the ornamentation, which is in the most elaborate and luxurious style. A great many fancy lace habits, called *paquetonets*, are used, while pearls, bows, chenille, flowers, lace, and ribbons are also much in request.

Boaters are now in fashion for dressing the hair, which is worn low; necks of pearls and large gold beads are occasionally worn, while combs with jewelled tops are also novelties.

CLIMAX OF COURTESY.

Calixtus recently visited a provincial friend, whose health is very delicate, to come and pass the winter in his hotel at Paris.

"No," replied the provincial. "I should only fall ill, and then there would be ten thousand difficulties in the way of getting me home again."

Calixtus, with a most grievous air:

"I hope in that case your illness would terminate so quickly that there would be no time to take you away."

A young woman lost her husband, seventy years of age.

"How in the world did you come to marry a man of that age?" said one of her friends.

"Mon Dieu!" replied the young widow, "young my only choice was between two old men, so I took the oldest!"

THE SPECTATOR.

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Subscribers and others interested will notice the paragraph in another column concerning the Philharmonic Quintette Club concerts. The club is in excellent condition to give an acceptable rendering of the music. The programmes will be arranged with care, and will include some vocal features. The aim will be to give neither "popular" music, nor music so abstruse that only people of thorough musical education can understand and appreciate it. The Pickwick is the ideal place for holding such chamber music concerts. Taken altogether, the series gives promise of being one of the most delightful musical performances ever given here.

In the haste of "making up" last week, a line got into one of our columns stating that the *Spectator* had received 50 new subscribers during the week. This was nearly 100 less than the actual number received, the exact number being 135 up to Saturday evening. The *Spectator* is growing more rapidly than any paper, daily or weekly, in this city. We printed last week 200 copies more than we did the week before, and have none left. Our circulation is not only growing rapidly in the city, but is extending to the larger towns and cities of Missouri and surrounding States. We have not attempted to build up a country circulation, believing that the *Spectator's* best field was at home. But its subscribers at Alton, St. Louis, Kansas City, Hannibal, and other such places, write us in the most enthusiastic terms, and we also have the most flattering notices from the country press. We are naturally proud of the growth of the *Spectator*, and we are especially gratified that its warmest friends are the most cultured and very best people.

The Board of Health has held two evening sessions during the past week, to hear testimony upon charges against the Superintendent and Resident Physician of the City Hospital. For one reason, Dr. Dean has not been popular with the young medical gentlemen who are

annually appointed to the office of Assistant Physicians and they seem to have embraced the occasion of a complaint growing out of a recent wordy encounter between the doctor and the sister of one of the hospital employees, to bring forward the bottled-up grievances and criticism of the past two years in the form of charges against Dr. Dean's humanity, his capacity as a physician, and his decency as a gentleman. Some of the young gentlemen who are no longer in the institution have manifested especial ill-feeling against their former superior officer, and seem to have given the key-note to the whole procedure. Those who know Dr. Dean will patiently await his testimony in rebuttal of the charges, although the present indications are that it may take a month or more to hear from present and past assistants, servants, former patients, and others who may be brought forward to air their personal grievances. The position of Superintendent of the City Hospital is a very difficult one, and the fitness or unfitness of the incumbent is to be judged by the whole tenor of his management, the excellence of which has never been impugned.

MATRIMONIAL DESERT.

Both sexes find fault with each other—that is, the marriageable portion—to an extent that seems alarmingly growing. Whether or not matrimony, in the multiplicity of other considerations, is going out of fashion, at any rate it is put off to a much later period of life than our grandfathers indulged in. Two or three generations ago, superannuated maids and bachelors were as infrequent as divorcees. There were no social instincts to the natural course of things. The gallant avain took the girl of his choice without perplexing doubts as to how his domestic episode should outshine Smith's. The two settled down at twenty-one and eighteen, as good citizens, in good health, and went to work, making their way to fame and fortune. But now all this is changed. The young man has to fit himself for his profession, his specialty; then he has to obtain a lucrative position; then he must gain a competency; then—but that is already more than he usually accomplishes, and a wife is a luxury too expensive for him. Matrimony doesn't suggest to his mind a smiling face across the table, soothing hands and tones, joyous prattle, and himself a high dignitary in this little domestic commonwealth. His imagination is wrought up by visions of milliners' bills, apothecaries' bottles, colic, and wakeful nights. He takes into consideration the case of his friend, a decade older, whose faded face and threadbare coat proclaim that his family has multiplied while his salary has remained stationary. There is also a vague suspicion in the youth's mind that ladies require, in a desirable match, besides a purpose, intelligence, and promise, a certain amount of ready cash, which he has not at command. He suspects that a marriage which meets the approbation of the world is not so much a union of sympathetic and congenial souls as a convenient matching of fortunes. Then the young man grows skeptical. As he cannot offer the weakness of yielding to gloomy despondency, he formulates a creed of cynicism. He is neither happy nor miserable, and wouldn't be for any consideration. His creed is a negation of all

virtues, and universal in its application. He believes all strangers are sharper; all politicians, rogues; all ministers, hypocrites; all women, heartless; and all men, liars. He involves himself in the fog of universal distrust. He is only an ordinary man, and not a reformer; so he says, "Let the world wag, and I can take care of myself," instead of, as Tennyson puts it:

Curst be the social wants that
Sin against the strength of youth;
Curst be the social lies that
Warp us from the living truth.

Whatever may ultimately be the social effect of this, it is certainly true that the vigorous, brainful men have a tendency to leave marriage to the few who are rich enough to afford it, and to the unheeding multitude. So here is clearly a case of non-survival of the fittest.

STEADY: GENTLEMEN.

The controversy raging in local art circles is getting decidedly interesting, and, we think, is growing warmer on the part of the artists and their friends than there is any occasion for. Our art critic has been accused of malice and all uncharitableness in his article, "Some Plain Talk to Our Local Artists," and sundry insinuations of incompetency, want of knowledge, want of capacity, etc., have been launched at "W. R. H." Gentlemen all! this savor of small personalities and petty spites. When controversy degenerates into quarrels, it works no good to any cause, and the *Spectator's* columns are not open for the carrying on of such quarrels. There is sufficient field for art controversies to be carried on in a good-humored, vigorous, and, if desired, caustic style. We commend Mr. Marple's letter as thoroughly good-humored, pointed, and manly. Now, a word as to "W. R. H.'s" or the *Spectator's* "malice." No assumption was ever made unfounded than that the article in question was inspired by malice, or a wish to injure local artists. We have no possible cause for such motive. No artist has ever injured us, and we have none but the best wishes for the prosperity of each and all. May they paint pictures that will bring them immense incomes! But our interest in art and in art culture here is greater than in any two or three artists and if, in our opinion, they pursue wrong methods, either in painting or business, we shall not hesitate to say so. If we make mistakes, either in facts or logic, we shall be glad to stand corrected; but we shall be very careful not to make mistakes.

As to "W. R. H.'s" qualifications as an art critic, our readers will be left to judge for themselves. We are certain he would wish to be judged in no other way than he judges others, that is on merit alone. Heretofore the *Spectator* has made but little criticism on individual pictures, which is what those who find fault with "W. R. H.'s" course call for. That will come in due course, and we do not propose to be turned aside from our plan of conducting our Art Department by any but the most urgent reasons. We propose to have everything in due course, and we beg that you will not expect us to be in a hurry to "show off" or "show up" this, that, or the other thing, until we think the time has come. We have set out to do some serious, sober, earnest talking about art matters, with the

full knowledge that we don't know everything, and that our judgments are not always infallible. But in the past we have had that "uncomfortable" habit of being "almost always right" in our criticisms, and we mean to make that habit a confirmed one.

A word about an item in "W. R. H.'s" and in Mr. Marple's communications, in another column. "W. R. H." hits at Mr. Meeker pretty hard; Mr. Marple hits at "W. R. H." pretty hard on their first judgments of a picture. The writer will remember how thoroughly he despised Wagner's music, the first time he heard the overture to "Lohengrin" performed by Thomas' Orchestra. He would then have been glad to assign all his interest in the "music of the future" for fifteen cents. Now he prefers Wagner's compositions to those of any other composer. Pictures are equally difficult with music to estimate rightly at first blush. Inness does not agree with most critics in his estimate of Turner's work. Yet George Inness is a great artist, and a good, perhaps a great, critic. So, too, it is entirely within the range of sound judgment that "W. R. H." and Mr. Meeker should have misjudged pictures at first sight.

The *Spectator* is not contented on the plan of "hitting a head whenever it sees one." Far from it. But if a sham or fraud, properly within its range, rears its head and demands recognition, the *Spectator* will recognize it with the hardest blow it can strike. It proposes to go to the root of things as far as it is able, and if monstrous and deadly growths appear in our art-garden, here we shall dig them up by the roots, and plant healthy and fruit-bearing seed in their place.

ART.

"W. R. H." CONTENDS HIS CASE TO SOME OF OUR LOCAL ARTISTS.

The article which recently appeared in the *Spectator* criticizing the methods of some of our local artists has caused a bitterness of feeling among them which is verily surprising. Had they been accused of some heinous crime, their indignation could scarcely have been greater. The two communications which appeared in last week's issue give a fair idea of the misapprehension of mind into which some of the gentlemen at least have fallen. Even a casual perusal of the various articles which have appeared in almost every issue of the *Spectator* should have convinced the most stupid person that the very reason for its existence was the entire absence of any standard of criticism on topics of vital interest to the public. St. Louis, when everything presented in the public, whether good, bad, or indifferent, must be referred to in the most complimentary tone, for fear of hurting some one's feelings or injuring the prosperity of the town. It had been ascertained by a square count that we had 250,000 inhabitants, a large number of whom were cultured people, who demanded a stronger hold, instead of just the milk-and-water article which had been dished out in hydropathic doses and labeled criticism. First the drama was taken in hand, and its shortcomings exposed in a merciless manner. Of course the managers raised a clamor, and indignantly demanded the reason of this unjustifiable attempt to injure their business. The reply was returned that the doctor was to reason rather than damage them, by driving from the stage charlatans who imposed upon them and the public, to the direct disadvantage of both. Other professions were similarly criticized, and the phenomenal growth of the paper demonstrated to what extent the public informed its action.

Finally, the policy of the Art Department was discussed, and the writer was indignantly accused of unkindness toward the St. Louis artists. He pleaded in excuse that his policy had been to speak well of such pictures as met his approval, and remain silent regarding those which did not; that the artists, almost without exception, were his personal friends, and he disliked to say anything to offend them; that they were, as a class, morbidly sensitive, and some of them would probably misconstrue his motives. In reply, it was claimed that misrepresentation could be justly made in favor of artists over other professions; that they were entitled to the same consideration as actors, singers, or architects, and in answer that it would be manifestly unfair to criticize Mr. Anderson severely for indifference to criticism who happened to reside elsewhere, and suffer an artist to pass behind inferior pictures without protest, solely because he lived in St. Louis; that for lack of a healthy sentiment, artists were liable to fall into careless ways, producing works below their capacities, and doing an injury both to themselves and to the cause of art; that the growing culture of our people demanded a higher grade of pictures than the average of those heretofore produced, and an artist who could not afford to have the truth spoken of his works had mistaken his vocation.

Recognizing the correctness of the position taken, and in direct response to a request for an article on local art, "Some Plain Talk to our Local Artists" was written and submitted for approval, and the reply made was, "That is exactly what we want." The article was published precisely as written, and, outside of the artists themselves, the writer has yet to find the first person to disagree with the sentiments expressed. It may be well for "W. R. H." to say that he has neither time nor inclination to enter into any undignified, childish, personal controversy through the press, either with Mr. Meeker or the person who signs himself "Gandor." But, inasmuch as he seemed to be dragged into the mire of bitter personalities. While he is not an artist, he feels to recall the time when art was not with him an absorbing passion. His tastes, habits, and inclinations have all been in that direction. He has studied art recently and longingly. He does not, as Mr. Meeker sneeringly says, "think he knows all about art." Far from it, but he has gained knowledge sufficient to know how fruitless are his possibilities, and how feeble are the efforts of even the greatest to interpret worthily the wonderful mysteries of nature. He has found that unconsciously his tastes have changed. Pictures which give him pleasure ten years ago possess to him no interest now, and works which were as incomprehensible as "the hasty sketches and unmeaning scraps of foreign landscape-painters" are to Mr. Meeker, he now finds filled with beauty. He has found, in a life-long association with artists, that dogmatism and arrogance usually accompany ignorance and mediocrity, while modesty and lack of assumption are the characteristics of genius. The ignorant dither in the petty banquets that those who live beyond the hills are barbarians; but he who has passed the barriers is wise in having learned his own ignorance.

It has long since become a truism that, as a class, artists are the most unreliable of critics. Those who are trained to their profession generally include the prejudices of particular schools, while the untrained naturally fall into the errors inherent in ignorance.

In regard to auctions, it was distinctly stated in the article referred to, that it was perfectly legitimate for an artist to sell his pictures at auction. The objection urged was not to the substance of selling, but that the annual production of so large a number of works, painted expressly for auction purposes, was harmful to the artist. If Mr. Meeker were to study more carefully and conscientiously from nature, so more of what he calls "still-life" painting and less of the "black," and produce a dozen pictures for an annual sale, instead of forty or fifty, the public would soon recognize the fact, and reward him accordingly.

It is absurd for him to say that the sketches made of Southern scenes during the war will answer for legitimate work not only often, but forty years. Any one who will compare his recent productions with the painted fifteen years ago will discover the change which

has come over them. His paintings of today are but weak imitations of those painted while the subjects were fresh in his mind. He has fallen into a materialism from which he can escape only by renewing his acquaintance with nature. The astonishing success he has met with during the past year should surely enable him to visit the camps and lagoons he so decries in portraiture, and which are so eagerly sought for by the public. When any artist writes into a state of self-satisfied complacency it is high time for some one to call his and the public's attention to the dry rot which is destroying his art, even at the risk of being called an ignoramus.

There is but one more point in Mr. Meeker's communication to which I will at this time refer. He says: "When 'W. R. H.' gives his entire admiration to hasty sketches and unmeaning scraps by foreign landscape-painters, the local artist whom he encourages with his wise advice is rather apt to smile at his assumption of wisdom." He here alludes to a dialogue which took place between himself and "W. R. H." a few weeks ago, in the parlor of a gentleman who was on that evening entertaining the members of the Sketch Club.

"W. R. H." was standing in front of a superb work by Daubigny. The picture is broadly painted. The sky is filled with clouds, through which shines a light which is unrelieved by its luminosity. The foreground is low in tone, and the whole landscape is subordinated to the one idea of light which the artist sought to express.

Mr. Meeker to W. R. H.: "What do you think of that?"

W. R. H.: "I like it immensely, and I regard it as the best example of Daubigny I remember of having seen in St. Louis."

Mr. Meeker: "Humph! Do you remember the 'Woman Gathering Fungus' by Harvey Young, that was in our sale?"

W. R. H.: "Yes, perfectly. I bought it for a friend who was absent, and he thanked me for doing so."

Mr. Meeker: "Well, that picture was forty times as good as that thing. Why, Marple can paint a better picture than that."

Such a statement from "an artist who has spent a lifetime at his profession" so undoubtedly "W. R. H." that he only found himself to be much concerned in the effect that, while Harvey Young was a talented artist, and Mr. Marple painted some admirable pictures, to compare the works of either with those of Daubigny, one of the greatest landscape-painters of the century, was simply preposterous. The declaration of Mr. Meeker was so astounding, and the grotesquerie of the word seemed so manifest to any but a blind man, that "W. R. H." concluded that he would ask, then and there, whose judgment would be sustained by the other members of the club. So Mr. Tracy was consulted, and he expressed admiration for the picture, as did every one spoken to on the subject. This explained Mr. Meeker's meaning when he refers to "hasty sketches" and unmeaning scraps by foreign landscape-painters; and "W. R. H." is perfectly willing to allow the public to judge as to who should smile at the assumption of wisdom on the part of the other. W. R. H.

MR. MARPLE EXPLAINS.

Editor of the *Spectator*:

In your issue of January 3 there appeared an article on art, by my friend W. R. H. Rogers, written in a peculiarly friendly (I mean, not hostile) manner. The tone and general impression implied, I think inconsistent with the facts. Criticism is much like painting; the result depends on how the author or artist feels—his feeling ought to be evident in his work.

"W. R. H." says, "with a sincere desire to benefit the artist whose pictures I have seen, and to give the public some idea of the value of the work, I have written this, about \$40 cash. Comparatively, I consider the assertion quite complimentary, for only a short time since my friend placed a valuation of fifteen cents on a picture valued at several thousand dollars. He also says of the same realism, 'represented very accurately the amount of real study and actual brain power'."

each picture." Comparing his valuation, my deduction would naturally be that the picture valued at several thousand pounds has fifty times cent's worth of brains. Again he says, "a man must possess talent amounting to genius to be able to cover fifty or sixty canvases in a month, and he must be able to paint to be well posted as to what many artists can do. I can give him the names of twenty, the majority of whom can cover double that number of canvases and keep up a high average. I can name, among the very best French artists, men who have painted a larger canvas than any I have yet named out in St. Louis, in six hours—painted, finished, and placed on exhibition at the great sale, as a specimen of their best work. It has always been a recognized fact that one of the most difficult things for an artist to learn, is to know when to stop.

Mr. F. E. Church, of New York, painted a picture of the American Falls, Niagara, also about 7x10 feet, in six hours, and sold it immediately for \$6,000. I saw this picture at Gump's, New York, in 1870. Not claiming to possess "talent amounting to genius," of course I could not do as much in so short a time. Speaking sincerely, I do not think "W. R. H." is well informed in regard to this particular matter.

There is a picture of mine, the property of Mr. Benjamin, of New York, that I painted in ten hours, six thirty inches, which he paid \$415 in 1869. I visited him in 1870, as he desired me to see how the picture appeared. Standing before it, he said: "Mr. Marple I have in these parlor several thousand dollars' worth of paintings, purchased in Europe and elsewhere, but that picture painted by you gives me and my friends more enjoyment than all of the others put together. I would not take one thousand dollars for it."

I will mention one more "lucky" canvas. In a combination sale of eight of the best artists—Hill, Keith, Henry, and others—of San Francisco, in 1874, he had a 25x35 sunset which I painted in three days. It sold for \$200 in gold (which was about \$25 or 30 cents); the purchaser was Mr. Newton, of San Francisco. This was the highest price paid for any picture in the sale; and just here I will say, in regard to the advantages of auction sales, that the same picture had been on exhibition for sale at the famous Oxt's gallery for some time, at \$100. Several parties had thought of buying it, but concluded to wait and pick it up at a sale for less. In that they were disappointed, but the auction sale was an important help to me, for it established a good figure for my work, which was more to me than simply dollars and cents. If my work being "careless and easy-going." I would say that I had in the last year's sale a 20x30 canvas upon which I had spent three weeks of hard labor, and yet it would not at all compare with the one sold for \$200; nor, indeed, with any that were in the recent sale. I speak of this to show that my work is not "careless and easy-going," as "W. R. H." intimates. In the last sale there were at least twenty canvases that had more than one picture on them. When I paint out a picture by trying to put on a better one, I am certainly trying to do honest work. There is one fact that must be evident to any person of reason: that is, all artists are equal to place on exhibition their very best pictures, where they are brought in comparison with the best that is produced in the world. At the last fair exhibition I had five paintings on view, and I do not think they averaged above many that I contributed to our last sale.

I would say that I follow art for the love of it. I do not paint pictures to catch the buyer, but to please myself, and I try to improve upon whatever I do in that direction. I do not solicit people to buy my work when it is put up for sale, I presume they buy what suits them; and as they do not pay me any more than the pictures are worth,—\$25, \$40, or in some cases, I do not think any one has reason to find fault. If I should sell one for \$1,000, and Mr. H. should hear of it, he might do something to protect innocent buyers from being swindled. I am always glad to help any one along, and to recognize anything they may do, having merit. I try to be charitable.

For I know the difficulties and trials all artists have to endure. I do not call myself a great man; I try to avoid being conceited. I work for impressions, and to get them on canvas in the most expeditious manner. I have no desire to impress any one with the superiority of my work, but have never before been charged with gratifying the average cheap buyer by throwing in pretty colors, or putting in a lot of detail for the same purpose. Every man has his hobby; it would not do for us all to think just alike. A good motive, well expressed, is worth money. If pictures could be sold on elaborate or flashy, such men as Schreyer, DeWitt, Turner, Corot, Claves, Will Chase, Mosday, Verwer, Achenbach, and others, would not realize the prices they do. I claim to suggest to the observer just what I intended to do—*i. e.*, they recognize my intentions. In my California notes, for instance, I try to give the individuality of the scene, and say one having seen them in reality, seldom fails to locate them at once—just as a person looking at a portrait of Smith would without hesitation say, "Why, that is Smith." I say that a picture painted with such a degree of truth cannot be excusedly done.

"The immediate object of a pseudo critic is to discover defects; that of a true one, to arrive at opinions." Criticism is not always prompted by a desire to benefit any one in the direction it should. Sometimes it is for revenge; sometimes, jealousy; frequently, to elevate some friend, there will be a general putting down all along the line. As an illustration, I will mention one or two cases in my own experience. A critic (7) at one time gave me what might be called a "crusher,"—one that meant business,—under the impression that I had black-balled him when proposed for membership in a club. Under the influence of the results of a social game, he afterwards revealed this reason. I replied that I believed it was necessary for a person to be a member before being allowed to vote, and as I was not a member, he most surely must have been misinformed. Finding his error, he wrote me up a letter. There was an article who had a friend, and the privilege of writing articles for certain newspapers, and this critic labeled the artist on every opportunity. Finally, the artist received into his studio a nice-looking young lady as a pupil, and then the trouble commenced. The critic was inclined to make love to the young lady, and she, naturally, showed him all the friend's work, and the artist, so Mr. Critic, to get even, "went for" the artist and denominated him in unkind terms, not only professionally, but in every other manner. He never did let up.

It often happens that the means taken to injure an artist results just to the contrary. As an instance: At the exhibition at the Academy in Philadelphia, in 1867, or 1868, Mr. Edward Moran observed his pictures in the gallery all "skid" (that is, hung far above the line). It was plain to him that the purpose was to belittle his work. He at once procured a step-ladder and coolly proceeded to climb to them all on the frame, and so one can remove a frame after it is once hung, without violating the rules governing such exhibition,—carefully rolled them up, and carried them to his studio. People who came, saw and wondered at the empty frames; the papers investigated, and reported the wrong that had been inflicted on the artist, and thousands went to see the empty frames; they attracted more attention than any pictures in the collection, and made the artist a host of friends; and altogether it was the greatest success he had ever enjoyed, up to that time.

I like an honest, intelligent criticism, but do not want to be charged with faults of which I am not guilty. "Whoever produces art that is right in itself deserves fair recognition." It is well known that the labor and study required to become a fair artist is considerable; it takes many years to procure a position of modesty, and he may then fail. But what an artist who has done nothing compared to the amount of information that is required to become a competent critic. Referring to Philip Gilbert Hamerton, we quote: "The one distinguishing feature of all valuable criticism is largeness—largeness of acquired information to grasp the knowledge of so many thousands of artists, and largeness of natural sympathy to enter into the

dividual feelings and affections of so great a multitude of minds. For, to criticize adequately any artist's work, more honesty, though useful, is not enough. It is necessary to be learned what he has learned, and felt what he has felt."

In conclusion, I must say that I have written this article in my own way, have been guided by my own impulses, and have not written it for any other purpose than to set myself right before the public. I cannot sit quietly and see myself misapprehended, without making some attempt to correct such faulty representations. I am always willing to take advice when it is consistent with reason, for I know and appreciate the value of honest opinions, matured by knowledge and experience.

When my attention was called to your critic's article, it was too late for me to reply to it in your issue.

W. L. MARPLE.

SOCIETY.

Fashion, literature, and music come to have rushed into the arena for a swoopable race since the holidays, and the grand social prizes are carried off by those ladies who can combine at their entertainments the aesthetic pleasures of all three. Music took the lead early in the season, and she holds her supremacy in many of the most elegant saloons of the city.

What was that Thackeray wrote about Art having obtained for letters of naturalization and living on terms of equality with Fashion: "If Mrs. Thorne chose to marry a music-master now, I don't think her friends would shudder at the mention of her name. If she had a good fortune and kept a good cook, people would even go and dine with her in spite of the socialists, and actually trust Mr. Pious with civility." Alas! there are conditional clauses in the bold statement, but let us hope that time has stricken them out of the score in the twenty years that have passed since Thackeray wrote "The Virginians."

Music and literature are carrying the swoopstakes in our best society, and amateurs and professionals meet in happiest harmony under the sign of Fashion. The Ladies' New Musical Club scored the highest success it has yet attained, last Monday night, at Mrs. Gernie's. B. Allen. The programme was very extensive, and was carried out by some of the most artistic renditions that have yet been given in this series of cultured entertainments.

Part I. of the programme consisted of the following numbers:

1. Quartet—*Madame, Adagio* Kalkbrenner.
Piano, violin, viola, and violoncello.
2. Baritone and Bass—*Souls in Prison* Bellini.
3. Soprano—*Old Ballad* Moore.
4. Piano—*VIII. Nocturne* Chopin.
5. Soprano—*Se Romeo Tuono in Aglio* Bellini.
6. Flute and Piano—*Flute de Bagatelle* Herz-Land.
7. Soprano and Chorus—*Te Deum* Rossini.

This last number was splendidly sung by Miss Holme, Mrs. Hanbury, Mrs. Leach, and Messrs. Colville, Ridgely, McCreery, and others.

Mr. Ridgely and Mr. Colville also rendered the second number, *scout to trouble*, with a fine effect, and the audience from Chicago was very heartily delighted by Miss Cora Starnard. Macon's exquisite old ballad, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," made the third number, and was sung by Miss David Lachland with the most delicious feeling and expression, in tones so soft and sweet as to impart the highest pleasure to the company, who listened with rapt delight to this gem of the Irish Melodist. It particularly pleased the gentlemen, and those who feel music rather than study it. The opening quartet was played by the Meyersburg brothers, their sister, Miss Meyersburg, playing the piano score, and the highest praises were awarded to the company. Among the soloists, members of the second part of the programme, "The Crimson Glow," by Root, was charmingly sung by the two Misses Glavin, Grace and Nina, whose soprano and alto voices harmonize beautifully, and the four-handed piano accompaniment, in perfect accord, made this one of the most enjoyable gems of the evening.

A trio in *allegro-moderato* movement by Reiderger, played on violin, flute, and piano. Mr. Karst followed the low, Mr. Dubney Carr the flute, and Mr. Hummerston presiding at the piano with his wonderful, masterly skill, closed the entertainment, and was a brilliantly beautiful success that will long be remembered by the favored hearers. Mr. Beck, the newly come baritone, sang a solo, which was a most brilliant introduction of the new professor of vocalization to a large part of the company, whose curiosity to hear him was turned to delight.

As social success, the entertainment at Mrs. Allen's was fully as charming as from its musical point, the whole house being prepared for the occasion—all furniture removed that could prove an obstruction to the most perfect rendition of the music. That genial atmosphere which is necessary to musical success pervaded the beautiful room, and the guests and the musicians declared the evening one of perfect pleasure.

Tuesday afternoon the Young Ladies' Shakespeare Club met. Whispers now and then come through the key-holes of the parlors where this dramatic association holds its sessions, indicating a goodly leaning of young ladies among these fair Shakespeareans, a feeling that seems inseparable from dramatic societies. That it is to be hoped this organization will weather all little squalls, for it has been the means of developing considerable culture among the young ladies, who for two years have sustained their interest in its meetings. A large portion of the members belong to the McCallough Club, and many of them give evidence of talent and training which is far above mediocrity. The Cooking Club has, I hear, broken up more rather unpleasant circumstances, most of the members sending in their resignations. In the face of these discouragements to clubs, the success of the Imperial must be very gratifying to its members. The meeting this morning was the first held last Tuesday night was pronounced one of the most enjoyable of the winter, and was in all respects a beautiful party. The next entertainment of this club, which will probably be the last of this season, will be held at Pickwick Hall, which is eminently adapted for such parties.

Let us now assert that the large reception given at the state hotel mansion Wednesday night exceeded in brilliancy any social assembly of the winter. There is not in the city a house arranged on so generous and magnificent a scale for entertaining as this, the music-rooms, drawing-rooms, library, and dining-room all opening into each other, and the wide hall assisting in the grand effect produced by the sweep of such ample space. The furnishing is in harmony with the general elegance of the interior, and the whole scene was one of sublimated wealth and magnificence. Flowers shone everywhere in such profusion as to suggest some tropical climate, instead of the damp and penetrating cold of a most unpleasant outer atmosphere, and the glow of numberless lights brought out the sheen of silk and satin, or the warm tones of rich velvets, and sparkled in a million prisms upon the priceless jewels of the beautiful women, who were clustered and congregated in tablets the most superb that have appeared at any assembly of the whole season. Gentlemen were present too in large numbers, principally those who form the Imperial Club, of which Miss Mattie Maffitt was the most conspicuous member.

Mrs. Maffitt received her guests with that quiet elegance that belongs to her, as one whose position, by inheritance, endows her with the restful ease and grace of manner inseparable from good birth and breeding, and in her handsome black dress and rich old lace she sat fitted for her place in the aristocratic scene. She was assisted by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles Maffitt, and her three daughters, Misses Emily, Julia, and Nancy Maffitt, and her niece, Miss Nannie Chouteau. These young ladies were all robed in black velvet, richly garnished with jets and lightened by elegant lace, and each lady carried in her hand a bouquet of rare rosebuds, differing in their colors. Many of the lady guests wore costumes of such marked elegance that they were not only models of the mode, but symphonies of color.

One of the bride, Mrs. Charles Tracy, Jr., was robed in crimson velvet and brocade, trimmed with bands of

bordered with gold thread, and a small red velvet capote on her blonde hair. Mrs. Charles Chappell wore a rich blue velvet costume of walking length, bordered with silver-fur and a blue velvet capote. Her guest, Miss Sherwood, of New York, appeared in short black velvet dress, with black velvet bonnet, and carrying a muff of leopard skin. Mrs. Allen in satin, covered with black lace, and a black and gold tulle hood, elegant. Mrs. Rufus Lackland's dress was a combination of green velvet and old-gold satin—the court train of the rich green velvet, and the petticoat of the satin, and the velvet sleeves were shaded with old gold of leopard skin. Mrs. Allen in satin, covered with gold braid, lined with white satin. Mrs. Dan Catlin's costume was all of black velvet, including a most becoming black velvet capote. The bride Mrs. Maldeira, also Welland, from Philadelphia, wore a pretty English walking-dress, and a poke bonnet, with gray plumes falling well over the brow. Mrs. Charles Colman, Mrs. C. Hutchinson, Mrs. Gilbert Chapman, Mrs. Peter I. Fay, Mrs. Dr. Schuyler, Mrs. F. O. Day, Mrs. Theodore Hunt, Mrs. Lucas Turner, Mrs. Hargadine, Mrs. Keastler, Mrs. Von Plint, Mrs. John Wadsworth, and Mrs. John Collins were among other richly dressed married ladies, and the young ladies were numerous, and so beautifully attired that they cannot escape the best description—"a galaxy of beauty."

Miss Hazeltine was beautiful in a short costume of white satin with diagonal draperies of white satin-ribbon, grained, trimmed with Spanish lace, and clusters of rich red roses at the waist and neck. As a crown to her beauty was a small white plush capote lined and trimmed with gold. Miss Louise Frost wore a very stylish dress, of a rich shade of blue velvet, elaborately trimmed with leopard plush, and a blue velvet toque. Miss Sallie McFetters looked more like a queen in a black and white dress, with a crown worn above black satin, and a little black bonnet gleaming with jets. Miss Nellie Schuyler, with a gay scarlet plush toque on her fair hair, never looked brighter. Miss Elias Carr made her first appearance in a young debutante at this reception, and her sweet, fair face and cool, clear eyes made one think of Miss Rose-belle and Miss of the valley.

Miss Bay and her guest, Miss Helen, Miss Holcombe, of St. Paul, both debutantes, were present in simple respectable costumes. Miss Ella Sturgis looked very handsome in a rich black satin costume and in becoming capote of red plush. Miss Fannie Wickham was very lovely dressed all in white, and a large white Gainsborough just above her blonde hair heightening her beautiful complexion by contrast. Miss Barrett, Miss Dany Lackland, the Misses Bell and Eugenia Chouteau, and Miss Studfield, Miss Larned of Washington, the Misses Hayward, Miss Carrie Carr, Miss McCree, Miss Little Turner, and Miss Laura Dunn were among other well-known and elegantly dressed young ladies; and the fair young hostesses excited the most complimentary remarks from all, for the exceedingly graceful and kindly attentions they had shown to the guests. The hospitalities of the supper-room were unique in elegance. Every guest was in turn served for the colation, which was served in courses, about thirty persons partaking together, and the table equipments were of the most costly and beautiful kind, mingled with flowers in profusion, with from the grand orchestra in the ball, strains of delicious music were wafted to the merry revellers. All the beauty of the social set to which the ladies mentioned before were present, and a few married gentlemen; but it is noticeable that the elder married ones of St. Louis seldom attend these afternoon parties, unless, indeed, it be some notable wedding.

There was a marriage that same afternoon, of sons of the old pioneer families of St. Louis. The bride was Miss Julia Darby, daughter of the venerable John F. Darby, and the groom was Mr. Bernard Pratt, of this city, and well known to old St. Louisians.

Miss Sallie Blake's marriage to Mr. Le Grand Benedict, of New York, will occur before the close of the winter; and it is said that Miss Grace Allen has renewed her engagement with Mr. Dickson, a brother of Mr. Walter Dickson, of Canada, who married the grand-looking

Miss Mollie Blake, a well-known society lady of St. Louis. The marriage of Miss Carrie Garrison to Mr. Chappell occurred at St. George's Church near Westminster; but weddings do not evoke many attendant festivities this season. People are treating this important ceremony more after the English fashion: that is, coolly leaving the bridal pair alone for a while—to find each other out, so to speak, before anything is to do. Mrs. Bay gave a small entertainment Tuesday night in honor of her daughter, Miss Julie, and their guest, Miss Holcombe; and Mrs. Jos. Gurney, Jr., gave a small dinner-dancing-party Friday evening, thus closing the week's record of social gatherings. This (Saturday) evening Mrs. Lysons entertained Mrs. George Parsons Latrobe, of Concord, Massachusetts, whose visit here creates quite a stir among the *liberals* of upper town. Mr. Latrobe, in addition to his prestige as a writer, is young, very handsome, and with very prepossessing manners. Doubtless there will be many enthusiastic young ladies in the course of the literary sojourn of the city during his stay. But if Mr. Latrobe would save the youthful beauties of the Mount City their best part, he should go to a dancing-party. Boston girls would all be well-landers in a ball-room, and their presence, even in the minority, our atmosphere may not be very exhilarating, but it makes the toes tingle when a strain of dance-music pulses in the air.

OPAT.

THE DRAMA.

ELMY DAVENPORT.

That Elmy Davenport has attained a firm hold on the affections of the American stage-going public is evidenced by the numerous engagements that are given at the Olympic, which has been greater than her of her previous seasons. And this recognition is a fact to which, I believe, Miss Davenport is entitled. While she cannot be called a great artist, she yet approaches very close to it. Looked upon as an actress, she is an encouragement to American artists when they find that great dramatic talent and ability obtain recognition. There are to-day on the American stage but very few actresses—scarcely half a dozen—who equal Miss Davenport, while but one or two are her superiors. Miss Davenport is a thoroughly representative American artist. Schooled in our own dramatic school, trained in our own theatres, she has achieved an enviable distinction on the stage, which is deserved by the faithful and constant work which she puts into her profession. Restless and striving, every season witnesses her appearance in one or more new plays. While she never interprets any role slowly or listlessly, there are different degrees of merit to her various assumptions. Her *repertoire* is a very extensive one, and is not restricted by that of any other actress on the boards. Miss Davenport has always made it a point to dress her characters in rich and elaborate costumes, and to bear the reputation of having the finest and most elegant costumes of any artist of the day. This inclines many to overlook the histrionic talent which Miss Davenport possesses, and to attribute her success in a measure to her dress. The fallacy of this must be argued to those who have seen her in "Oliver Twist," where her powerful dramatic portraiture has no such adventitious accessories. During the week Miss Davenport has appeared in "Pique," the "Lady of Lyons," "Lusk," and "Camille." The latter play was produced so late for me to criticize, so I will analyze her performance in the "Lady of Lyons." Lord Lytton's play, in spite of the absurdities and impossibilities of the plot, the homeliness and rhodomontade of the dialogue, seems destined to attain perennial popularity. This is undoubtedly one of the reasons why it has been so successful, which Lytton has worked into his play, and which partly causes the audience to overlook its other glaring faults. First, it may be mentioned that Miss Davenport, unlike most actresses, dresses the part correctly. She was attired in the costume of the Directors' wife, and all the other characters were in well-worn, though the character of *Pauline* is a well-to-do one,

and one which has been delineated by dozens of leading actresses, Miss Davenport displayed a certain amount of originality. She tinged the character with a trait of American womanhood, made the heroine self-reliant and resolute—a new conception of the part, which, while I do not altogether agree with, at least is evidence of the artist's study. In the garden scene Miss Davenport acted with grace and delicacy. She was the loving, trusting maiden, ready to blindly follow the man she loved. I only have one objection to her business in this act, I fail to see that it is necessary for *Pauline*, before parting with *Clara* to prepare for the hurried marriage, to embrace him and bestow lavish caresses upon him. Although the period of the play is the time of the French Revolution, I hardly think a young lady educated as *Pauline* was would have shivered such open and tender caresses upon her lover, not only in the presence of her parents and uncle, but of two other gentlemen, rejected suitors. Such conduct in any period would be unbecoming in a young girl, however much she might adore her betrothed. In the scene before the "Golden Lion," in the third act, Miss Davenport displayed a delicacy of perception in her elocution which was charming. The accents of her tones were admirable. In the cottage scene with *Clara's* mother, *Pauline* was suddenly transformed into a strong-minded girl, and instead of interrogating the widow in frightened tones, imperiously demanded information. I do not think Miss Davenport's reading is so effective. *Pauline* cannot naturally be supposed to be so determined; she is haughty, it is true, but she suddenly awakened fear and distrust, as the first clouds of suspicion gather around her, infuse into her voice a certain feeling of dread and languish, the former predominating, and it should be in tones fraught with throbbing doubt that the queries should be uttered. As she listened to the confession of *Clara*, Miss Davenport's business was both artistic and effective, and her acting afterwards was admirable. The fourth act, in which *Pauline* was slain, was well sustained. Her reply to *Bonassou's* insulting proposition was delivered with a magnificent diction which thrilled the audience. The climax of the act, however, lost much of its effectiveness. Miss Davenport is not one of those fragile models who can cling to a man's neck and be dragged across the stage unless the gentleman be unusually tall and large-proportioned. Consequently the position of the climax lost somewhat by its air of ridiculousness. I think Miss Davenport could introduce a far more telling effect by being simply restrained by her parents, who should hold her back while she stretches out her arms impudently to *Clara*, gradually working up to the climax, and then falling fainting upon the stage. All sense of the incongruous would then be removed. Of Miss Davenport's important scenes, the one which I fear the least is the scene in the fifth act, in which she dies. Mr. Henry Lee made only a fair *Clara Melville*. His utterance is too rapid. His description of the palace was spoiled by this defect, and also his long speech beginning, "*Pauline*, by pride." He was inclined, too, to be sing-songy, showing that he lacked training in verse-casting. The emphasis was frequently misplaced. The *Bonassou* of Mr. George Morison was heavy—in fact, too heavy, ponderously heavy. He mouthed a little, and could infuse no tones of satirical scorn into his lines. His gait and voice were awkward. His pronunciation was not good. Mr. George Morison, as *Clara*, was fair, but did not by any means exhaust the possibilities of the part. Mr. T. Clippendale made a blunt and bluff *Col. Deane*, but forced badly. The *M. Deschappelle* of Mr. E. K. Wilson was a good deal of acting. This is a role which, in the hands of an unskilful actor, becomes ridiculous, but Mr. Wilson saved nothing of the absurd. Mrs. L. E. Parker, as *Mme. Deschappelle*, gave the stereotyped portrayal of the role, without bringing out any of the shades of the character. Miss Irene McConna's wife *Melville* was hard, unattractive, and unbecomingly cold. A sympathetic feeling for her son or his wife, Miss Davenport's engagement has been an extremely brilliant one, and the American actress has added many laurels to her chaplet of triumphs.

"SONG'S" FETTERS."

BY EDGAR RECK.

Oh! for the wings of some airy song,

To bear me away, and rest me long.

The sweetest charm of melody's strain,

And touch the heart's depths, not of vain, again;

With its rhythms so sweet!

Oh! sweet to grow!

Is it left for ever? Ah! tell me not!

For truly this earth would seem 'left of its glow.

Oh! that the heart could but realize all

The fervid emotions of melody's thrill!

All the pleasures and pains by sweet music conveyed,

Which oftentimes the depths of our heartstrings invade;

Those strains in the past,

Which forever must last,

Whose lingering tones in soft melody ring,

Whose cadences will ever sweet memory bring.

Oh! for the song-birds to soothe the heart's fears,

His thoughts and fears, his love and greetings and tears,

His harmonies deep, struck in soft-sounding chords,

Whose swelling and changing depths pleasure chords;

Forever and singing!

Forever close clinging!

In constant of melodies, constantly near,

Which some spiritual chords, ever dear.

The strains of those long years have died,

Yet their influence lives, though the tones be dead.

And so they reveal with a living force,

The power of song—'till the heart's resource;

Giving strength to the strong,

To prepare for that goal.

Where love strains are ever and ever the theme,

Where harmony, wisdom, and peace reign supreme.

St. Louis, January 26, 1895.

"WHY IS IT?"

"What will the world say?" influences all, more or less, whether we are willing to acknowledge it or not, and has a great deal to do in shaping our actions, forming our opinions. And yet, when we come to scrutinize closely the mandates of that hydra-headed monster, "society," they seem to me to be built on a very absurd basis. Why is it that the world demands such a wide parallel between the offences committed by a gentleman by a woman? Why is it that the sins of the former are condoned, while those of the latter are judged with the harshest judgment? Why is it that, while the shadow of a breath will tarnish a woman's reputation forever, a man may sin a hundred-fold worse and be received with open arms by the world? When we are called before the great tribunal above, and sentences is pronounced by the Judge of all, will He say to one, "For this you are forgiven, because you are a man," and to another, "But you are a woman, and, therefore, shall be condemned?" Has He made different rules for different sexes? If not, why should we? His creatures, dare we presume to do so? Why is it that society lays down different rules for different people? Why is it that poor Mike, who steals a loaf of bread when he is starving, should be punished for a crime, while the wealthy, big, and debaucher or forger, who steals thousands, is treated with consideration, smacked at for his brilliancy, and escapes by some legal technicality? Why is it that the world has one verdict for the rich and famous, and another for the poor and humble? Take, for instance, a case which is fresh in the minds of us all—that of the great scientist, George Eliot, whose recent death was the termination of a brilliant career. Society has upheld in her what it has only words of scorn for in women is humble sphere who have acted as she has. I have seen articles in leading journals not only extolling her sin, but trying to prove by impressive sobriety that it was no sin in her. Why is it that so many of the men and women ever were anxious for an introduction to her, and eager to attend her receptions, hear her lectures, and receive her guests, and yet for the woman whose sin is the same as that of the gifted writer? There is another instance of still more recent date. Why is it that the fashionable lady who attires herself in her richest garments and suitably gives the performance of the French actress, whom she knows to be an unscrupulous woman, and whose possession, will draw her dainty skirts closely around

her, lest her form should come in contact with a woman whose sin has been the same as the much-beset actress? Why is it that society smiles upon the crimes of a talented authoress and an actress with a reputation, and frowns upon the vices of women in lower ranks of life? Questions could be asked of dozens with the same result. Why is it all relative to the absurd verdicts of the world and society in general, and yet how few of us are independent enough to assert an individual opinion, and how many allow themselves to drift along with the general sentiments, be they good or bad.

DANA DEAN.

OPERATIC ACTING.

The dramatic in opera at the present day is not generic. It is not dramatic, musical, and so forth, as far removed from the genuine acting of the theatre. This arises from the fact that few singers possess dramatic ability. They have been favored with fine vocal organs, but to give dramatic expression to the lines they sing is beyond their ken. The knowledge they have of the art of acting has been limited to these; hence their gesture and action are mechanical and automatic. A person preparing for an operatic career usually takes a few lessons per week from some professional teacher of elocution, etc. They are taught to certain fixed rules and methods, and, unless the dramatic talent is inherent in them they never go beyond these limits, and the studied pose and artificial manner are easily recognizable. A tenor's principal requirement, after the voice, seems to be the power to stand in an iron-bound attitude, to throw his right arm aloft, and place the left upon his heart. About half a dozen tricks of gesticulation are the boundaries of his acting-capacity. The *prima donna's* rule of action is to extend alternately one arm and then the other, and whenever she attempts a *four de force*, to place her hand upon her forehead, and make a dash to her upper lips. The baritone, the contralto, the basso, all attain a certain flexibility of the bicipital limbs, and this is their stock in trade as actors. To express love, the operatic artist elevates his right arm, places his left on his heart, tosses up passion, ditto, ditto; to express jealousy, ditto, ditto, ditto; to express anger, ditto, ditto, ditto, and so on through the gamut of emotions. As a relief to the continuity of this constant amplexation and heart-pressure, the slightest stage of variety is infused by an alternate extension of the arms. Having thoroughly learned this mechanical routine of gesticulation, the great proportion of operatic singers are deemed fully equipped for their profession. This is one of the fundamental errors of the present system of operatic acting. The second one is as bad, if not worse; for it destroys all illusion, and prevents the hearer from becoming identified with the dramatic situation. In a duet, trio, quartet, or what not, the artists invariably advance to the footlights and sing and act at the audience. The coy soprano maiden and the wooing tenor lover, the one ardently pressing his lips to the other's cheek, and the other, with dramatic bloom, and pale his breast. What cares he whether the loved one loves him? He is playing to the audience. It is their applause he wants, and not the maiden's. These are the two radical faults of the dramatic operatic, and this it is which leads to the whole performance being such a semblance of artificiality. Since one of every ten operatic artists are trained in this school. To find the highest talent in vocalism and in the drama united in one person is rare. Patti, Tonia, Triana, Abbat, and others have been famous among *prima donnas*. Campanini is a great actor, and the audience are sometimes deceived by such a semblance of artifice as by his evocative. Caste is another artist who combines these two gifts. Castelfranchi is a superb actor. Beyond a doubt, the latter's acting as *Mythridates* at the Grand Opera House, New York, was one of the best seen with all the full significance of its meaning. Only a

Mephistopheles, considered from the purely dramatic standpoint, was but as a plying to a giant in comparison with *Casimiro's*. Faure's conception of the evil genius of Faust is considered by Europe as the greatest. His only rival in this difficult role was *Casimiro*, and such competitors as Max and Maurice Strakosky, Carl Rosa, and Mapleson place the *Mephistopheles* of the latter artist above that of the former. The list of operatic artists who are also great actors is soon exhausted. In addition to those already cited might be mentioned Gary, Lablache, Trebell, Tetini, and a few others. How come it that Europe has an infatuation percentage obtain even a slight degree the ability to express the meaning of the words they sing, by suitable action? We believe the school and method as at present pursued are to blame, and that they are more likely to turn out automatic gesticulators than men and women with intelligence enough to find suitable action for the word. These so-called professors teach the aspirants for operatic honors simply to act the usually incomprehensible stuff of the *libretto*. Instead of this, let them give their pupils a thorough training in comedy, tragedy, or vaudeville, according to their special requirements. Let the pupil study the style of standard dramas, comedies, and tragedies; let them break from the thralls of the cursed *libretto*; let them gain intelligence and dramatic inspiration from the proper source, and when they have thus thoroughly attained the limits of their dramatic capacity, let them then study the different and perplexing lines of the opera, and with the expanded and increased dramatic intelligence acquired by this real training, they will be able better, far better, to give the proper expression to the language they sing, and infuse a real meaning and a dramatic power into the forced lines of an opera. This is the remedy we would suggest for the first defect. The remedy No. 2 lies in the hands of each artist; let him forget the audience; let him think only of the character, in which he has merged his individuality. When he steps on air to his accompaniment, let him gaze upon her and look at her, not leave her to be his addresser and warder to the auditorium; in short, let him observe that commonest of all rules of politeness—look at the person you are addressing. If he will do this he will break down the preexisting artificial and artificial style, will inject new vigor into his part; and if he is gifted with an dramatic talent, he will find that his efforts will arouse the listless and languid spectators into a warm and energetic appreciation. There is an opportunity for more gifted operatic artists. The system of acting is totally wrong. The public despise and ridicule it. Tradition, which has long been cast to the winds in the dramatic proper, still holds its body; the opera. An operatic Garrick is wanted to throw off the yoke. The time is ripe, the hour is at hand; all that fails is the man or woman. A golden fame awaits the artist who shall be bold enough to play the role of Ivovalent, and demolish the dramatic Moloch of the opera—tradition. CARADOC.

MR. THOMAS DAVIDSON.

Editor of the Spectator:

The article on Mr. Thomas Davidson, in No. 1 of your paper, was well calculated to produce a deep and false impression among a great number of the literary people in this city. Mr. Davidson was well and widely known here, not only for his great literary gifts, but also for certain characteristics which made him at once a prominent figure wherever he appeared. That he had been taken such a sudden and unexpected turn, something which neither his antecedents nor the general drift of his mind could have had any right to expect. Yet the assertion was made as positively that it was effort all round; and while it caused no little pain to his friends, there were others who seemed to exult in the idea that a man so eminently fitted for his country should have thus alienated himself from his former friends and co-workers. A few years hence, when short-lived enough for hardly had the ink dried on the paper on which the article was written, when the news came that Mr. Davidson had died, that he was some time ago, and that he had already begun his literary work there, and was delivering a course of lectures by the Lowell Institute.

We are sure that you express the sentiments of most of those who had become acquainted with Mr. Davidson while he lived among us, when we say that he did

deeply deplore the manner in which his name was brought before the public. We are also sure that the author of that article himself must by this time lament the folly of his rash act. Whatever private opinion may be as to Mr. Davidson's merits and faults, all those capable of judging the man united by any personal motive, are agreed that he is one of the most remarkable for his learning than for his quickness and perseverance in the interests of true scholarship.

In justice to the gentleman who wrote the article so strongly censured above, I will say that he was under the impression that it was really true that Mr. Davidson had joined the Catholic Church. The report came from what was regarded as reliable authority—"C." himself being the authority, and it was generally credited throughout the city. Varying the matter in this light, it was not a "rash act" to write the article, but a very reasonable one. [—H. SPECTATOR.

A PASSION SONG.

[*Alfred Wacker in the "Argemone."*]

Behave, say the sages, of Passion!
But know he partly Placidio.
But love long'st to the fusion
Of Fate. Love's act is hymn.
Philosophy never could capture
The heart of a woman with winning,
While her beam yields all to the capture
Of love, though it be under a sinning.
The old, and weary, and dying,
Find comfort in wisdom's measure.
But passion, impatient and slighting,
Needs something less cold and precise.

All nature a love lesson teaches
Of passionate words and cooing;
Wherefore her many notes weaves,
Her kiss finds a welcome and blessing.
The rose turns its lips to the sun's kiss,
And the sweetest breath is burning;
The bud is loosed till one kiss
Brings blazes, the sun-love returning.
The birth of the flower of Cupid
Is foreseen in the fumes of desire.
The archer would surely be stupid
To smother his steel without fire.

Your lips, like his low so enlacing,
Sweet as the gates of Eden and heaven,
With my heart, "with your passion kiss burning,
Lies lost on the breast of my charmer.
I could be as free as you birds are,
Unchained and molting, a rooster,
To rest with your soft arms around me,
Content as you slumber and your love,
I rest should philosophy chide me
With lessons of wisdom and duty.
Within your heart's haven I'd hide me,
And rest on your passion and beauty.

OPERA.

"CASIMIRO."

Under the name of *Casimiro*, "Calino," the new opera bouffe presented by Mr. Edward E. Rice's New Extravaganza Combination, was introduced at the Grand Opera House to St. Louis public. In one sense only can it be called a new opera bouffe. It is not the work of any composer, and the music has been selected from the works of the various opera bouffe composers. The story is presented by Mr. Calino is a pretty fair specimen of the soft-padded fashionable young fellows of the present day, who has an irresistible penchant for flirtation. This tendency of his finally places him in an awkward predicament. He is engaged to be married to two young ladies at the same time, and *Casimiro*, notwithstanding his two future fathers-in-law and his endeavor to escape their clutches and thus avoid bigamy, forms the staple of the fun and humor. A million times is thrown into the plot, and thus a part was found for Fortescue. The libretto, which is from the pen of H. E. Farne, is frequently witty and bright. It has been impossible, however, to meet out all the peculiar allusions, which, while readily understood in England, fall of appreciation here. One example will suffice. The reference to ship-surveying, and the obvious hint at the single-hearted Philis's work, entirely loses its significance in America. The entire set of allusions, especially those in their application, which the audience likewise did not comprehend. Some of the music selected for

the opera has been judiciously chosen. The company is a good one for bouffe work, especially the actors. The weakness is lack of musical talent. With the single exception of Miss Seale, none of the ladies possess any real ability, and she only to a moderate degree. The gentlemen are still worse in this respect. Not one of them—excepting, of course, the male quartet—can be called a singer. But this deficiency was greatly set off by the general ability of the troupe as actors. The usual attractions of burlesque and opera bouffe are to be found in the combination—pretty women, pretty faces, and also plenty of dandy and dandy-dandy. As *Donna Benvenuto*, acted with vivacity and sprightliness, and sang with fair ability. Her voice is powerful, but not very sympathetic. She received an ovation, and in return sang "Comin' Thro' the Rye." Her rendition of this well-known ballad deserves neither praise nor censure. Miss Verena Jarvis acted fairly as *Princess de Calino*. Off her vocalism it is best to say nothing. As *Zohara de Filisette*, Miss Pauline Hall displayed her shapely figure and physical attractions to the admiring gaze of the masculine portion of the audience. Miss Hall interpreted her part with dash and intelligence, and has evidently improved since last season, when she was engaged with the "Surprise Party." Her costumes, while scanty, were rich. Miss Rosa Dunn, a pretty, fascinating actress, was a most very *Bianca*. She is light, airy, and graceful in her movements; dances well, and enters thoroughly into the humor of the piece. Miss Dana promises to become an excellent burlesque actress. The role of *Calino* was undertaken by Mr. Charles Groves, an English actor, who made his first appearance in this city. Mr. Groves played his difficult part—for difficult it is to keep the mean between the farcical and the serious—very well. He was also a little liable to fall—by excellent taste and judgment. His facile expression and general rakishness were capital, and he represented the soft-headed, weak-minded, rather idiotic young fellow of fashion, he was a flirtation, innocent or otherwise, is the *de plus ultra* of the most humorous style. There was also a certain resemblance about all that he did, which heightened the comic effect of his work. Mr. Harry Hunter, of "Gene Fisherman" fame, was perfectly at home as the retired *Mais Benvenuto*. Hunter is a most excellent actor, and his gestures and play were exceedingly humorous. Hunter has made another hit as the *Mais*, and his ludicrous interpretation of the character has made him a greater favorite than ever. *De Puteche*, the retired ship-builder, was personated in characteristic style by Mr. Ed. Chapman, whose assumption was thoroughly in harmony with his conception. Mr. George Fortescue, ever known as the "Fragile," created peaks of laughter by his inimitable make-up. I should like, however, to see George in some other character than that of a woman of the same type. There is such a thing as too much of a good thing. But, I presume, as long as G. F. is greeted with roars of laughter on account of his "get up," he will not change. The quartet of male voices did not come up to anticipation. Once or twice they sang out of tune. No mention need be made of the remainder of the company. The costumes were elegant, and in some cases rich and costly. To sum up: the acting was good, the singing bad, and the little dandyism was poor. "Calino" is a piece which has, however, the element of attraction in it, and will doubtless retain a permanent place in the repertoire of Rice's New Extravaganza Combination. CARADOC.

GRAND CAMMIES.

The original *Camille* from whom Dupuis wrote the role was Miss Doche. She was an illegitimate daughter of Lord Plunket, the great Irish earl and Chancellor. Her mother was French. She was younger than Miss Bernhardt, almost as slender, of the same serpentine grace of movement and spiritual beauty, and possessed of much the same natural gifts. Doche was thoroughbred by right divine. Her toilet was a dream. The *Roses of her hair* were exquisite, and had all the aroma of the *Camille* of the French capital. Her hair was the *drum*, the *role* in which he won his plume; and as I saw him then, was all agree with youth-

ful fire and radiant intelligence. Doche was the first of the romantic school. During the run of the piece she retired to attend at the bedside of the dying Charles Sheridan. Sheridan, who was uncle of Lord Dufferin, had all the personal and mental gifts of that wonderful family, and was then Secretary of Legation at Paris. Mlle. Doche was devotedly attached to him. Page took her place as *Camille*, an actress of more power, but less identity. The piece was the rage, and ran for some seasons. In London it was so successful, that in this country it was not, indeed in Belgium, a somewhat chastised form by the then Miss Gene Davenport, an actress of consummate sublimity. She possessed many excellences unsuited to the character. She was not, however, *Camille*. The piece, as played by her, produced no impression.

MATILDA HERON.

She was followed by Matilda Heron, that strange being, so full of coarse graces, so irregularly great. Begotten artistically of the Bowers, she was adopted in San Francisco as the child of the mimes. Her dashes of wild vigor delighted the diggers. They stirred their tough hearts. She was taken by the land by George Willson, David Brockett, and Henry Byrne, strong birds there of the time, and to the advice and aid of these three men she chiefly owed her brief-honored but brilliant success. She had won her California triumphs in such characters as *Bessie*. They sent her to France—shipped the rough stone to take the Parisian polish. There she was Page—Doche had retired at the time—in the character of *Camille*. Matilda read and spoke French with fluency. Night after night she studied Page, and on her performance, supplemented by her own natural art strength and shrewdness, Heron built her conception and remission of the part. The first appearance here in it was under the management of the indomitable Bateman. He seized her dramatically by the neck, as he afterward seized his "child" and Henry Irving, and dragged her to a triumphant goal. Among many stories of his managerial enthusiasm, it is told that on one of the early nights of her first appearance, he went in the parquet, and in his excitement forgot to remove his hat. A Western gentleman behind him, with whose vision he interfered, touched him politely and said: "Be kind enough, sir, to remove your hat." "Certainly, sir," answered Bateman. But on the next of *Camille*'s bursts he reached his limits through his huge jungle of hair, lifting it in lofty ripples. The gentleman behind him, with quiet Western humor, touched him again. "Be kind enough, sir, to put on your hat; I prefer it." The tide of her success swept in unbroken swell the South and West. "The loaves everywhere," to use the graphic words of Edmund Keim, "rose at her."

LAURA KENNE.

Next came Laura Kenne. She was unquestionably the most refined and balanced of the English-speaking actresses of our generation. She had the advantage of being graven by the best dramatic sculptor of his day, the late James W. Wallack. In appearance she bore a strong resemblance to Mlle. Bernhardt, possessed the same elegance and grace, the same ease, so touched with character, and the same wealth of hair, crinkled in golden sheaves around a high-browed head. She had, too, strange to say, many of Mlle. Bernhardt's peculiarities, especially the flutter of the eye-lids, which is peculiarly French. Without being a person of high mental power, she was one of very agreeable presence and of great literary attainments. Her representation of such a person as you would rather call a woman of cleverness than a woman of genius. Yet, although cold of that peculiar higher range of beauty which high intellect gives, there was a sunny touch of brightness about her which was quite convincing. When Miss Kenne personated a help of questionable virtue, the *Camille*, the lightness of her movement and gracefulness of her appearance made us admire the sinner while we condemned the sin—she seemed to think so little and feel so much. Impulsiveness pervaded her whole being—a light breeze blowing over the surface of great tragic power, but just such an impulsiveness as would be required to inspire a commonplace ex-

pression with somewhat of refined grace, and an everyday attitude with somewhat of elegant beauty. Such was Laura Kenne as *Camille*, inspiring no great feelings of enthusiasm, but stimulating around her in the earlier acts a certain atmosphere of pleasantness and brightness, and in the last a tender pathos.

CLARA MORRIS.

Clara Morris came next. In comparing her with Sara Bernhardt, as many have done, it should not be forgotten that the French actress has all the advantage of an education at the Conservatoire and a perfection of polish at the Theatre Francaise, while Clara Morris is a self-made American actress, who, after many hard, fierce struggles, unaided save by her own strong head and stout heart, matched the plume she wears. Her stage movements are not as graceful as those of Sara Bernhardt, who seems to wave and sway like a beautiful serpent. There are no flowing lines in Miss Morris's figure, as in the Bernhardt's; no elasticity in her pose. But she fills the ungainly movement with the grace of passion. Every limb thrills with nervous power, and her soul artistic sweeps like a bright cloud around her. She has nearly as much emotional power as had Matilda Heron in the fulness of her brief, meteoric reign. She has nearly as much refinement of feeling as had Laura Kenne. By this combination she surpasses both, and had she had the advantages given to Sara Bernhardt, would, to use a rather coarse but graphic expression, have whipped her out of her French-Francaise boots. She has not the same exquisite exterior vesture, but she has more interior power. Her sob, unlike Bernhardt's, whose crying is very demonstrative, is not heard. It is inward, not outward crying, and out of the Bernhardtish shadow break occasionally splendid gleams of light. Her death scene in *Camille*, as in all her parts, is terribly touching. The source of joy which lights up her face as *Armand* comes and casts his hasty over the whole stage. But mark the change which the overwrought presence of ecstasy works. The smile of happiness is suddenly shaken from her lips and eyes, as if by some rude gale-blast. Darkness and bewilderment gather round her. She seems to be at a distance from the cloud that is covering her. She is young, life is so beautiful; now her beloved is with her, she will not die. Who could have heard the closing low-words leave with crucifying sadness Clara Morris's heart, and not feel his own troubled with sympathy?

MODJESKA.

Next, Modjeska, who rivaled the Bernhardt rage by appearing in the character in London. In Modjeska's *Camille* the sensuality is paid, it is not in the carnal richness in which Matilda Heron painted it, but spiritualized by imagination and stripped of its grossness by the Celtic, Polish, Catholic sensuality of a refined nature. It is nature, but nature under the regulation of the severest art. Her drawing of *Camille* was quite unlike that for Cuneo, but the coloring was of Bernhardt, not of Rubens. It was warm, not burning. She had the power of producing after-effects. Like Paganini, who, after he had scored the highest chord which exists in music, with devilish *fascio* would leave his bow on the air, making people swear that they heard music which in reality had no existence; so does Modjeska's silence, after a terrific climax, make the soul feel something which cannot find expression.

SARA BERNHARDT.

Then, last of all, comes the greatest of *Camilles*, like the face she wears round her slender neck—light, exquisite, elaborately wrought. Sara Bernhardt has genius to spiritualize the author's meaning; grace, wit, tact to clothe every word with that drapery of intonation, attitude, or gesture which makes the question it is intended to express agree with reality. The knowledge of her own resources has taught her how all the various emotions of the soul, brain, and heart have to be wound into fire-works, to be delicately touched, and sent forth only when the spectator's mind is so laden with eager anxiety that the smallest is never laid without starting the fire-work, and the fire-work never breaks but in a shower of stars. Not alone in her expression of power, but in its repression, except on great occa-

sions, the fire-works are not seen; yet even—especially in *Feder*—when she is mute and silent, there is the presence of the sulphur in the air, proclaiming to the senses that, though the crash is not ours, it is coming—*it is there*.

LITERARY NOTES.

[From the *Literary News for January.*]

Judge A. W. Tourgee, says the *New York Tribune*, "it is worth in Philadelphia, where he is spending the winter, transmuting 'A Fool's Errand.'"

Dumas & Hall, Philadelphia, have in preparation, to be published at an early date, "Sir Lancelot," a novel, by Florence L. Duncan, author of "My Intimate Friend."

D. Appleton & Co. have now in press an American novel, by Col. Furney, that promises to be in its way a sort of "Emlynion," hitting off men and women of the day and serving them up only in fictitious names.

J. E. Osgood & Co. have in preparation a volume of letters, by Mr. G. Stanley Hall, from Germany on the philosophical movement in that country, which have appeared from time to time in the *Nation* during the past few years.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have nearly ready Dean Benson's new volume on the Acts of the Apostles, and Dr. Potter's "Sermons of the City." They will also issue an edition of *Pierre's* "St. Paul," in one volume volume, at \$1.50 retail.

Justin McCarthy is following up his success as the historian of "Of Our Own Times," by writing a history of the "First Boston Period." He is also at work upon a new novel.

The gold medal, together with a prize of ten guineas, offered by the council of Trinity College, London, for the best essay on "Middle-Class Education: Its Influence on Commercial Principles," has been awarded to Miss Agnes Amy Bailey, secretary of the College for Women, Manchester.

The *Militaire* (February) *Seriliter* has always been a special number, as rich as the choicest literary matter and the most beautiful wood-engravings can make it. Of last year's *Militaire* number the London *Times* said: "It is a really magnificent triumph of American pictorial art and literary genius." The English publisher of *Seriliter* has telegraphed for 17,000 copies of the present number—an advance of 6,000 upon his orders last year, and the largest edition of an American magazine ever sent to England; in fact, it is to be larger than the monthly sales of any English magazine. The American edition of *Seriliter* has grown during 1880 about 20,000 copies.

A delightful feature of the magazine this year is a series of sparkling novelettes, or condensed novels, instead of a serial story. "A Fair Barbarian," the story of a pleasant American girl in England, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, begins in this February number with a twenty-two page instalment, and will run through three issues. Since the death of George Eliot, it may be said that Mrs. Burnett commands a larger English readership than any other woman. Her novelette will be followed by one by George W. Cable, author of "The Grandissimes," etc., and afterward Bayard's "Queen Thelma" will be published. "Peter the Great," Eugene Schuyler's historical work, begun in February, 1878, will be finished in October of this year. By reason of the recently published special offers of *Seriliter*, the whole of this great work, with its wealth of illustrations, can be had at a very low price, in connection with a year's subscription. All bookshelves can give the terms.

In the same ratio that *Seriliter's* Monthly is prospering, 80, 100,000, the famous magazine for girls and boys, issued by the same publishers, grows apace. About 100,000 copies of the Christmas (December) number were sold, while the January number has been for some time out of print. In February, there is a full account of the obelisk, richly illustrated from sketches and photographs, showing the great monument in all stages of its construction.

The *Militaire* *Seriliter* is now ready, and St. Nicholas will be out the first of next week.

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Wednesday.—CAMILLE.

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ST. LOUIS, JANUARY 29, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

There was one thing brewed about with considerable gusto, as if doing a very virtuous act and wanting credit for it, by a large proportion of the ladies who attended the Bernhardt reception, Tuesday. This it was asserting rather loudly that, "indeed, they would not be introduced to Miss Bernhardt." If they accepted her invitation, to what particular virtue do they apply the dispensation they purchased at the expense of politeness, to say nothing of that very old-fashioned article, Christian charity?

Nearly all French people are polite, and this national trait is a distinguishing feature of Bernhardt and her travelling companions, including her theatrical company. What must the Frenchwoman and her attendants have thought of those men who prodded and struggled to get near her, and kept their hats on?

I have been told by an eye-witness of two or three nauseating instances of vulgarity at the Bernhardt reception. It should be remembered that these invitations were issued in the name of Miss Bernhardt, and those accepting were expected to bring with them at least the manners of decency. When she retired into the first room a procession of those who desired to be presented was formed. Such as came close to the distinguished actress were naturally supposed to desire an introduction. As a rule, such was the case; but in some instances, notably one of a well-preserved woman of nearly sixty, to whom Bernhardt's attention had been called as she approached, as she came near almost touching the person of the actress she was asked if she wished to be presented. Turning upon her heel and tossing her head in a contemptuous manner, she replied, "No, indeed." If she was so fearful of contamination, what was she there for? "Oh, shame, where is thy blush?"

And it must be recalled that by far the larger part of these ladies went in without any invitation, using their "social standing" to wedge their way.

I met one minister at the Bernhardt reception, who was frank enough to admit that in shaking hands with her he considered he shook just as clean a hand as those given him in six out of sixty every week. He spoke, in fact, as a sensible man, and a gentleman without, would do of the woman who for the time being was taken to the crowd.

"If," he says to me, "I were to ask what I said of actresses last week. He says: 'The Town Talker' asserts that he would about as soon see a sister of his go to her grave as to go on the stage. I had given the 'Town Talker' credit for greater breadth of mind, for a more liberal view of the drama, its beauties and its importance, than such an assertion would imply. But he does not. The stage is the hot-bed of moral death!' Indeed! Now, Mr. 'Town Talker,' I fancy you never hesitate to take your sister to the theatre. You pay tribute to, and thus help to build up these moral-death hot-beds! Be consistent. Who is the greater criminal—the one who commits the act, or the one who is so cowardly to execute, and pays to have it done? What would you think of a man who lured the lady of a church to the theatre, and denounced the church because ministers of the Gospel sometimes fall from grace, and because many crimes are committed under the cloak of religion? Should not the fact that there are actors and actresses whose lives are immoral

stimulate levers of the drama to efforts in eradicating their power, by encouraging the pure and good in the profession? The stage is a necessity. I believe that its influence on man's moral nature is as great for good as it is for the church. It is a source of instruction, and of moral culture. On it the good always triumphs over the bad, virtue over vice. True, there are vile theatres and immoral actresses, as there are base churches and unworthy pastors. There is often deceit and treachery behind the curtain which cuts off the glances of the world, and there is slanders and falsehood in the heart of this world which thinks itself better than the stage. There is no more evil in the legitimate stage today than there is in the world off the stage. Error behind the 'Usual glitter of the footlights' becomes public property, and is heralded over the land. Evil lurking in the world is hidden. Evil on the stage meets immediate exposure. Which is the greater foe to virtue—the open or the hidden one? Were every right-feeling man to entertain the sentiments you have published, Mr. 'Town Talker,' what would become of the drama? None but the impure would go upon the stage, and the result would be disastrous. We should encourage that which was elevating, rather than that which would degenerate the stage. But the stage needs no defence at any one's hands. Its influence is felt all over the land, and its advocates and friends are in every city and village throughout the country."

I have a great deal of respect for such an earnest and candid expression of opinion as the above. I do not differ with "E.T." so much, after all. I said, in the paragraph he objects to, that there are many good women on the stage, and so there are. I said also that they are the exception, and so they are. When I said I would about as soon see my sister go to her grave as to go on the stage, I referred particularly to young girls who are without proper protection. To such, it is an adventure that leads to ruin nine times out of ten.

I saw a couple of awfully honest people in a street-car the other day. They had evidently been married about ten years, judging by the stature of the boy who was with them, and I never saw two people more thoroughly in love with each other, in a quiet respectable way. There was nothing pronounced or obtrusive in them; there was nothing but a quiet affection which they did not care to hide, which they hardly knew was to be seen in every little mutual attention they paid each other. This Bland and Plimpton set me thinking upon the fate of lonely people as a rule, and in all my heart they certainly need more sympathy and love. They seem to know that what others can do with their faces, they must do without; they go into the struggle for wives and husbands better equipped than the merely pretty ones; they catch the matrimonial prizes, and they keep them when they are gone.

The town of Carondelet is agitated from its centre to its periphery over the O'Flaherty suit. Among the aftermaths is a \$20,000 libel suit for the *Globe-Democrat*, and a suit against Capt. Kennett. It takes very little to raise a row in Carondelet; and every one of the things is down on Capt. Kennett, for reasons best known to themselves. He has made the iron-railing suburb altogether unlovely and uncomfortable for the rough, and it is only to be expected that they will pay him back in kind whenever they get the chance. But Mr. Kennett and his friends had better travel slowly about the Captains. His father was one of the oldest postmen in St. Louis in his day, and he has all the family grit ready for eight-draws from all corners. Capt. Kennett is a smooth-faced, soft-spoken young man, with something of a retiring air about him, that is apt to lead some of his Carondelet parishioners into grave mistakes. In spite of his velvety manner, whenever there is any building going on, the chances are about ninety-nine in a hundred that he will be doing the bulldozing before they get through with him.

Depositions in the Seashingham-Frost election contest are to begin Saturday. This is a tangle which is apt to do Seashingham any good, and to cost both him and Frost a great deal of money. There seems to be about an equal amount of charges and counter-charges, and I rather think they will about balance each other, and Frost will be found to have a majority of the votes. In the meantime Jolly and Rendick are doing their best to foment the trouble.

I take this from the masterful *Globe-Democrat's* touching account of the Bernhardt reception last Tuesday afternoon:

The writer was overwhelmed with the throng, and would have had no chance of seeing the lady had not one of the gentlemen in charge dragged him through a dense crowd of ladies, and, first introducing him to Mr. Jarrett, got that gentleman to give him an introduction to the lady. That introduction was a sensation that needed even the worn-out sensibilities of a newspaper man. A couple of intense eyes, blue in color, and extraordinarily luminous, flashed upon him, and their came from the red lips a few words of cordial recognition. Mr. Jarrett at this moment whispered a word in the lady's ear, and then those blue eyes flashed again, and there came from the lips: "Vous êtes critique de la presse, n'est-ce pas, Monsieur?" This compelled a hurried and haphazard disclaimer of any knowledge of art, and a sudden withdrawal from the charmed circle.

It was really terrible. My heartiest sympathies go out to that poor young man, "the writer," who was dragged by main strength, and unceremoniously through that crowd to be introduced to "the lady." And then that "introduction." It was said that "toward even the worn-out sensibilities of a newspaper man," Heaven save us! The *Globe-Democrat's* man was actually touched. Really, it must have been thrilling. There came from the red lips a few words of cordial recognition. "She knew him in eight; yes, she had seen him in her bright visions of America, while she was yet in lovely France; she had actually seen that *Globe-Democrat* man, and the recognition was instinctive and premeditated. Sarah still, no doubt, remember her introduction to the *Globe-Democrat* man as one of the episodes of her life. The feature about it that strikes me is the modesty displayed by "the writer" in the thrilling account which he has given of the affair, which fortunately passed off without an accident.

One of the very best publications, of any description whatsoever, that come to the Spectator, is *Révue-Artiste*, an illustrated magazine for young people, published by Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston. The February number is especially entertaining; in fact, I do not see how it could be improved. The engravings are well conceived and well executed, making a most attractive feature. "The Roman Boy's Spots" is a picture of high artistic merit, and shows that the best of talent is employed to make the illustrations for *Révue-Artiste*. George McDonald begins an interesting story in the February number.

Bro. Snyder, you will have difficulty in keeping up your end of the church programme, if you go on making improvements in the Church of the Messiah like those of the past few months. Your organ is good, your church building splendid, your choir immense, and the attendance unprecedented. A choir composed of spiritual masters, which works together harmoniously in rendering the best sacred music, where the individual seeks his individuality to make perfect the whole, does as much as the preacher in rendering the services of solid edifice.

Mr. Henry Abney, the gentleman to whose enterprise and energy the American people are indebted for Bernhardt's visit, is a clever, courteous gentleman, but some of the parasites who are hanging on to his star are marvellous specimens of the genus "hanger." Chief among these is Fred Schwab (pronounced Schwy), whose Shiloh circumstance indicates that he got a very late start in the majestic system of evolution. Schwab is a supercilious, offensive, insufferable cad, used to be the dramatic critic of the New York Times. He became chief of the gang of newspaper hangers that rode the theatrical profession, like sheep, in the prosperous years between 1860 and 1875. It was almost worth the reputation of an actress, in those days, to receive the favor of the Times. Schwab's devotion to the fraud but fascinating Nelson cost him his place, and the black-headed parasite hid under her protection. She gave him a small interest in her business for two or three seasons. When Mr. Abney engaged Bernhardt, he hired Schwab as a sort of attendant, on account of his ability to speak French after a fashion. It is said that before coming to this country he was a clerk for several years in a Paris military store. Schwab purchased the right to sell Bernhardt's photographs in the United States and obtained the job of translating the librettos of her plays. This work is so wretchedly executed that it is juster to him to conclude that he is not fit for the position, to name Henry Holsman, who had no familiarity whatever with the French libretto, nor very little knowledge of the English language. The translation of Victor Hugo's "Hernani" is simply horrible. Schwab is as offensive as ever, but he has a ready look this is not a reflection on his character or a case of unrequited love. It is understood that the close of the season he will sell at auction the second-hand dresses and the *baguette* of Miss Bernhardt, as he did the cast-off stage-tops of the late Nelson; and, on the whole, his profits may not fall far short of those of Mr. Abney himself.

Speaking of this fellow Schwab, I see that in a little advertising pamphlet which was given out at the Grand Opera House this week, in which he doubtless has a residuary interest, he introduces an uninteresting fascicle of a letter that he received from Bernhardt during his visit in Paris, but, in answer, in which the actress accepted an invitation to dine with himself and poor Adelaide Nelson. The time was agreed upon; Schwab was to have been there, Sarah missed the train, poor "Fren-Fren" Nelson died, and the dinner never came off. Schwab, in the capacity of Parasite, patriotically puts this among his advertisements, in the hope that the American sympathy for Nelson will be transferred to Bernhardt and that the theatrical public will be made familiar with his name and his greatness. The world will shed a tear for that she should have been so cruel as to deprive Schwab of the supreme happiness of thrusting his legs under a dinner table with the Pog Wollington of the English stage, and the Aspidochelone of the Parisian capital.

Of course everybody on all the papers had it laid out to interview Sarah Bernhardt upon her arrival, and of course everybody, through the thoughtless ministrations of the venerable Jarrett, got left. Mr. Coulter, of the *Globe-Democrat*, was the only home journalist who got a real *bona fide* interview with the lady. Early Sunday morning he might have been seen "laying for" the Chicago train at which it was to be taken. But, in his had considerable difficulty in making himself understood. The impression created in the Bernhardt party was that he was some kind of a custom-house officer, and they thence say that Miss Bernhardt herself insisted on supplying him with a key to his station. But when one party speaks English and the other French, these mistakes are liable to occur, especially as it happened in this case that Coulter spoke the French and Miss Bernhardt the English. John Jennings "took a sh" at the madame's French, so that evening, but he was on a red hot. Apparently, somebody had been trifling with him. There are rumors of a forged note and a late call at the Lindell, but Jennings won't tell what happened, and nobody else knows.

Of course Messrs. Roland and Kirkwood were confounded. It was quite a *Republique* victory.

Mr. Green may not be a Police Commissioner, but it would puzzle the unthinking citizen to say what else he isn't. As a receiver and a trustee, Mr. Green "jinks the law."

The elements are gradually taking shape for the spring elections; both sides are marshalling their hosts and preparing for the fray. It is a matter of much doubt which side will come under the wire first. I heard a gentleman who has been repeatedly named for Democratic candidate for Mayor say, the other day, that he counseled a clean sweep to the Republicans of every office but one, which would probably be secured by the German Republican vote turning to the Democratic candidate.

Father O'Reilly, of Carmichael, assesses the *Globe-Democrat* \$20,000 for the fun they had with him. I suppose the reverent gentleman would take \$40,000 and call it square; but, I am correctly informed, he will be apt to get something. The *Globe-Democrat* is something like the parrot in the story. A parrot and a monkey were left alone in a room one day, and when the old gentleman came back—I don't know what old gentleman he was, I just tell the story as I heard it—the parrot walked out from beneath the sofa, with a single feather left upon his person, and remarked, "We've been having lots of fun since you went out."

The railroads have shaken hands across the bloody stream and started all their tumbrels, but it is nothing so conducive to conciliation as the fact that one is losing money. Now comes the time when those far-sighted buyers of inflated tickets will get their work in.

Something will have to be done about the fire-engine saloons in this city. It is a hot steam-bath, that could be put out with a teaspoonful of water, break out anywhere in town, the first exhibitor either who sees it summons to the scene all the life and property saving forces of the city. Half a dozen horses are badly scared and half a dozen runaways occur, and any amount of damage might be done, and will be done sometime. There is altogether too many frills put on by the firemen going to a fire. They consider that it is one part of their duty to yell like so many Comanches Indians in order to encourage their horses, thus adding to the altogether unnecessary noise and tumult which they give rise to anyhow. There is one engine stationed place so that it makes the run up Fifth Street no matter where the fire may be. It might just as well be on Sixth Street. The Fire Department has done good service for this city, and the fire ladders have again and again showed the stuff that was in them, but there ought to be some way of alleviating this nuisance.

Pretty nearly all the statements are away at Jefferson City, thus leaving the town practically orphaned. It must make them feel to one how little their absence is felt, and how smoothly things go without them.

I had some pictures taken last week, and I still have a crick in my back from the effects of the same. Why is it necessary for the average photographer to join a man around until he discovers the new artistic equipment position into which it is possible to push the human frame? Why does he insist on making a sitting like nothing in the world but a case of inflammatory rheumatism?

They tell me that Senator Cabell has not that influence with the Governor which it was expected that he would have. Nobody knows who Gundacker is, but he is certainly playing the mischief with the Governor's attention at St. Louis. All of the statements who followed the Crittenden tanner seem to be untrue. A deposition may be a small thing, but it has inspired the usefulness of the Democratic party in this city.

Five of the graduates of the Christian Brothers' College are on the St. Louis staffs.

The most venerable man upon the floor of the Merchants' Exchange is Mr. Crane. Whenever I meet him, I wonder whether he is not about three centuries old.

Here is Mary's little lamb in four different languages:

As pretty Marie had to be sent home,

So sweet was blancher as a rose.

La petite Marie qui Marie Marie went

La jeune matrone was sure to go.

Was god sweet Marie had to be sent home,

So sweet was blancher as a rose.

La petite Marie qui Marie Marie went

La jeune matrone was sure to go.

Was god sweet Marie had to be sent home,

So sweet was blancher as a rose.

La petite Marie qui Marie Marie went

La jeune matrone was sure to go.

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Was god sweet Marie had to be sent home,

So sweet was blancher as a rose.

La petite Marie qui Marie Marie went

La jeune matrone was sure to go.

What has become of Miss Fannie Isabelle Sherick? I have not noticed any of her poems in the *Republican* for some time.

These poems in the *Republican* are singular facts in the evolution of our local literature. I don't suppose anybody ever reads them, I don't see how any one could,—but the *Republican* prints them all the same, and will go on printing them to the end of time. They seem to consider that the public demands a certain amount of recitation, and they give it just as they give a five-stock report. I met one of the members of the local staff of the *Republican* the other day, and asked him what he was doing.

"Nothing."

"Well, why ain't you doing something? The first thing you know you'll get your whole head scooped off."

"Humph!" said he, "that shows all you know about it. What do you suppose we care if we are scooped? The *Republican* is a family newspaper, and if we don't print a thing, our readers think we omit it because we don't believe it is fit for publication. That is our little racket, and don't you forget it."

The latest thing I have seen in vases is a pair put forth by Merrill, Hazard & Co. They are of porcelain and decorated blue, and are immensely fine. The decorations are by the famous hand of Fourier, and are exceedingly tasteful. On the centre of each side are paintings representing Nixes in shells on the sea, while the opposite sides above are adorned with Bacchante in a chariot. The decorations are in gold and arabesque, which, with the enameled porcelain and blue, make these vases not only novel but very pretty. They afford quite an interesting study for connoisseurs.

Moore, Wood & Jennings, the agents of the popular "Domestic" sewing-machine, are now located in their new store at 212 Olive Street, and are fitted up in the most artistic and attractive manner. The front of their store is used as a saloon, and it is one of the most and most comfortable in the city.

The concert given at Mercantile Library Hall last Monday evening by the Calabrois Society was a complete success, and a handsome sum was realized for the Provident Association. Mr. D. Crawford, the president of the society, to be congratulated.

I spent last Sunday in the village of Chicago. Notwithstanding the well-known wickedness of the people who live there, it is a remarkably quiet place on Sunday, and you see none of that roaring, insane traffic that bewilders you on a week day. The weather was bad, the streets snowy, muddy, and nasty, and things generally were an unbecoming and disagreeable aspect.

I went to hear Prof. David Swing preach at Central Music Hall. A magnificent place it is, and we ought to have something like it in St. Louis. It is crowded every Sunday to hear Swing, and the seats are sold in advance, just as they are at a theatre. In fact, I have never been in a place where the preacher, and the audience player seemed so nearly to join hands. The audience came in and took seats just like people going to a theatre, and there were little programmes distributed by ushers, just like those that are given you at a theatre, and in construction and appearance, the place looks like a theatre. There is a dress circle, a parquer, a family circle, and a gallery. On the right and left of the three general seating-divisions there are private boxes, and these were all occupied. There was no such thing as a pupil on the stage,—only a stand,—and Prof. Swing sat on a plain chair, where the audience could see him as easily as you could see Fanny Troup at the Olympic last week in the big draw that she died as Costello.

A lady played an overture on a small organ (the two large ones on either side of the stage not being used) while the people were coming in, and when the hour of the clock marked the exact hour of eleven, Prof.

Swing gave the command, and there was a song, the leader being a young man with glasses, who stood upon the stage. So choral. The song was familiar, and the whole audience seemed to join in making a sort of music that was not, in an artistic sense, but it was no doubt the same kind that the Apostles and martyrs indulged in.

As a speaker, Prof. Swing is a great disappointment, for you cannot hear more than about three words out of ten that he utters. I am at a loss to know why people go to hear him, when hearing him is out of the question. He is, however, a great thinker, and sometimes you catch in his ideas from him that is like finding a diamond in the street. He shows both in fact. In several appearances he is so striking, things you would take him to be a man of intellectuality. He wears no beard, and has heavy lips and massive jaws—sure signs of greatness, when the owner has enough moral force to keep them out of mischief.

When I first went in, I recognized Theodore Tilton in a chair near the stage, but had not been sitting there long before he and the young man sitting by him were sent for by a phlegm-looking lady in a private box. And when Theodore rose up to go, his long, yellowish-white hair flowed out over his neck and shoulders like the mane of an African lion. He was probably the finest-looking man in the audience, and everybody recognized him at once. He had been to a crowded house at the same place only a night or two before. The private box he occupied was immediately in front of one in which sat Father Palmer, the great hotel-man, and his modest-looking wife.

It seems to be the fashion in Chicago to use amusement establishments for places of religious service on Sundays. Music Hall is employed by Prof. Swing and his followers, while Dr. Thomas, the Methodist "heretic," and his band of adherents "hold the torch" in the Theatre every Sunday. He is Prof. Swing's rival, and his audience are said to be quite large, but he is not the literary man Swing is.

I think there is no doubt about the success of the brilliant performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Pickwick next Tuesday and Friday evenings. Already the number of seats reserved is large, and the demand is very brisk. I advise every one who has not already done so, to go at once to Palmer & Weber's and get a ticket. "Till be a dead 'twice blessed!"

The following circular has been issued to the subscribers to the Philharmonic Quintette Club subscription concert by the gentlemen having the matter in charge:

ST. LOUIS, JANUARY 28, 1881.

The first of the Philharmonic Quintette Club subscription concerts will be given as per programme enclosed. Of what dates and programme subscribers will be duly advised.

Tickets will be delivered within a few days by a collector, who will receive payment therefor. Should he not call, tickets may be obtained at the box-office of the Pickwick on the night of the concert.

Tickets for single concerts will not be sold to the public. A limited number of single tickets will be placed in the hands of the collector, at the office of the Pickwick, on the nights of the concerts, at 25¢ each, each. Please show season-tickets at the box-office when making orders for a single ticket.

The ready response which has been given to the announcement inviting subscriptions augurs well for the future of music among us.

GEORGE M. BARTLEY, TREASURER,
212 Pine Street.

I hope Mr. John W. Norton will not find that Louisville young dramatic troupe so valuable he is enticed by her. I speak professionally, of course, for Mr. Norton is one of the few men on earth who are happily married.

I believe Messrs. F. Sweet and John J. Collins are going to have Thirg's *Ure* for amusement purposes again next summer.

I wonder what sort of blood it is that gets so far away from home as that which circulates through the ends of Sarah Bernhardt's fingers.

Sensuality—identity and yet settled—connected with the Bernhardt management took it upon himself, herself, or themselves, to invite Mr. Henry W. Moore, of the *Past-Dupont*, and Mr. John J. Jennings, of the *Globe-Innocent*, one day this week, to go out to the Bernhardt special travelling-car and take dinner. The hour was to be five o'clock, and the place of rendezvous was to be the lobby of the Lincoln Hotel. The two bright journalistic clerks were promptly on hand, having gone all day without anything to eat, except a cup of coffee at breakfast, so as to be in good gastronomic condition. The two clerks did not put in an appearance, and the two clerks had to go down and take a twenty-five-cent supper at the Silver Moon. It seems to me there ought to be an explanation.

"The 100 Wives Combination," that opens at the Olympic next week, is one of the successful dramatic organizations of the season, having done an enormous business everywhere. The performance is said to be quite novel; and in the company is that exceedingly talented young comedian, DeWolf Hooper.

The next entertainment at the German Club on Saturday, February 20, promises to be of more than usual interest. A lecture on "Art" will be delivered by Mr. Howard Knickerman. He will show the progress of art from the Dark Ages to the present time; and the last, a gentleman so thoroughly acquainted with the subject will deliver the lecture, is a guarantee that this part of the evening's programme will be instructive as well as interesting. The lecture will be followed by a play, in one act, entitled "The Spirit of '76," in which prominent members of the club take part. It is said that this piece is not only laughable, but that the plot as well as the language is good. After the performance, dancing will commence. Rumor has it that arrangements are in progress for a grand fancy-dress ball, to take place on February 15, and that the committee on entertainments will issue invitations to the members of the Germans within a few days.

The changeable weather of the past few weeks has nearly stranded several popular choirs, in several cases, and in a single instance three singers, being unable to report for duty.

In a good deal of the best society in the Eastern cities, this winter, musicals, lectures, and parlor-plays have taken the place of dancing-parties. Peculiarity noticeable in this respect was one large company of the upper portion of New York City, the only entertainment being a lecture upon electricity.

There are some clever directors who man philosophically, and in a few instances heretically, contrive to endure for about a year the ill they have.

After careful consideration, I have come to the conclusion that the most feasible way of ridding ourselves of the smoke nuisance is the introduction of steam for heating purposes, in our houses. Soft-coal smoke can be converted readily in large furnaces, with difficulty in stoves, and not at all in grates. Moreover, think of the pleasures of home-keeping freed from the interminable dust and ashes always arising from grates, rendering it impossible to keep a mantle, floor piece of furniture, or *fenestrated* in presentable condition. Rise up, Mr. Meyer, and impart a bit of your knowledge as to the feasibility of heating our homes by steam.

It is reported that a gentleman, whose house, on Locust Street, in the West End, is literally filled with the treasures of art in their finest condition, will give in his parlors next week a musical, with tickets at 85¢ for the benefit of a worthy cause.

There is not in this country a more successful organization, morally or financially, than the Boston

Ideal Opera Company. Its repertoire includes "Chimes of Normandy," "Bohemian Girl," "Fatinette," and, not least, "Pindare," which receives in the hands of this company a treatment so expert as to make it even better than a new-fledged artist. Compare the Boston Ideals, comprising such artists as Miss Stone, Miss Phillips, Messrs. Whitney, Fessenden, Barnabee, and the rest, with the worst-normed company of the organizations that have visited us, to return, it may be hoped, never?

Messrs. Stone & Camp's new piano-recital will be given on the 11th and 12th inst., in their rooms on Fifth Street, by the gifted pianists, Miss Teresa Carreno. This is to music lovers one of the most interesting announcements yet made by this enterprising and liberal house.

"Sam of Pesse," a new play that is to be given at Pope's next week, made a great hit in Chicago this week, and has been quite successful in the East. It gives the humorous side of a commercial traveler's life, as it is illustrated by an enterprising young man of Hebrew extraction.

TO SARAH BERNHART.

BY JOHN A. HENNING.

I do not know what lead you love;
What flow's brings gladness to your eyes;
If plait beneath, or star above,
Does light you on ever-changing skies.

It
But that I know, if chance e'er come
To place an offering on your shrine,
I'd light the beads with memory's flame,
And seek for truth in every line.

I know where such a token's found;
Where whithered coral sweetly leaveth,
Where leaves speak, that the world would bound,
More in meaning than the words leave.

I'd place a shamrock at your feet,
The fragile leaf, the sainted one
Held high, that Earth's loveliest might greet
The union of three gods in one.

This beauty of leaves I'd design
To offer you, in contravert,
Who, a painter, sculpture, actress—triple
A kinder trinity of art.

ART.

THE BERNHART ART EXHIBITION.

THE COURT of the week in art circles has been the exhibition of the art works of Miss Bernhart. In considering these, it should be borne in mind that she is, for the most part, an actress; that she is but about thirty years of age; and to learn the position which she holds upon the stage has required an amount of study and labor which from the average easy-going model in the easy-day, hum-drum walks of life is simply uncomprehensible. Were she not an actress, but a painter, and the pictures exhibited represented the same total of her talent after the faithful and exacting study which she has bestowed upon her chosen profession, they would scarcely be worth considering. But, taken as the recreations of a woman of genius, whose soul is alive in the surprising beauty of form and color, whose pencil sets from a vain desire to display her versatility of talent, but for the same reason that she laughs and sings when she is happy, and weeps when she is sorrowful, — because it is a natural and necessary range of expression — they are worthy of thoughtful consideration. Her paintings are amateurish in execution. The firmness and confidence which comes from profound knowledge is lacking. The thought is fully developed in her mind, but the language is not learned. "That she has the art impulse I think could not be questioned by any one who saw her pen-drawings, independent of the other works on exhibition. The crudeness manifested in her paintings as to be found here, although in a less degree. Take

from scenes of intense dramatic interest in her different plays, with artistic perception of the pictorial elements of each, she shows by the grouping of her figures, by her freedom of touch, that she has within her the elements of success. Whatever she attempts, that she does with boldness amounting almost to audacity. Impatient of restraint, it is no easy task for the woman who defied the rules of the Comédie Française, set at naught the traditions of the "Maison de Modeste," to turn art studied, and by patient, plotting manner as others do. We have unmistakable evidences of creative power, the dash and spirit of the born artist, expressed in a language which is incoherent, crude, and unlearned.

Her first paintings, "The Young Girl and Death," is the most ambitious, and by reason of its singular motive, attracts the greatest attention; although, in my opinion, she has approached nearer to success in "The Parrot," than in any other of her pictures, for the reason that the subject was simpler and more easily handled.

In sculpture there is evidence of a very high order of talent, far greater than is shown in her paintings. Here her crudities are less manifest, although how much of the fault is to be attributed to other hands, through which they were necessarily have passed in the process of transformation from the clay to marble and bronze, it is of course impossible to say. Her poorest work in sculpture is better than her best picture, while some of her creations in this department of art are surprisingly beautiful. Her "Typhoid" would do credit to any artist. Poor, dull *Ophelia*, clambering to hang her garlands on the willow which grows askant the brook, "an encircled silver broke," and there she lies,

"Her clothes spread wide,
And, morned like a white they bore her up;
Which time, she, charmed mistress of all tuncs,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and induit
Unto that element."

The playful story is told with womanly tenderness. The perfect actress, with the intuition of genius, has conceived a work which, for refinement of feeling, mournful interest, and delicacy of expression, will rank with some of her sublime creations upon the stage.

The portrait bust of Emile de Girardin is full of character, well done in its individuality. In this she goes beyond most portraitists; she catches the man, with all his idiosyncrasies strong upon him.

The statuette of herself is willowy and graceful in its outlines. The clinging drapery discloses a form lithe and supple, the graceful lines exhaled by the pre-dominant element of gold. A serene countenance in its brown forehead, with forehead low, golden curls, but wings, with the weak of *Tragedy* on either side. It is altogether and mysterious. Her other work in sculpture on exhibition forms here — one of her handmaidens, and the other of a young girl.

Among painters, *Madame Legay* is her greatest favorite, although to *Christie* she probably owes more of her knowledge of color than to any other, and he is counted among her warmest friends.

The way she became interested in sculpture has been told by the critic, M. Nery. "In 1860, when 'Hus Hils,' was upon the boards, with Bernhart in the character of *Duane* Maria de Nisham, M. Bernhart-Memoire in *Charles* stands as a sister, representing her in that character. During the progress of the work, her suggestions were so powerful and successful, such brilliant feeling, the sculptor said to her, — Miss Bernhart, you have an artist's eye; you should study modeling." With characteristic impulsiveness she seized upon the idea, and talking with her some day, she would not rest until an attempt had been made. That night, after she had hurried home, eager for a new trial of her powers. At that hour no model was to be had outside of the land of *Sod*, so a luckless relative, *Kant* Bessie, was dragged out of bed and persuaded upon to furnish the caprice of her gifted favorite, an modeling, she said for *Sarah's* latest attempt at plastic art. In 1873 she exhibited a bust at the Salon. In 1875 she sent the head of *Regina*, her dearest sister, which is on exhibition here with her other works. Her most expensive

but effort is said to have been a marble group "After the Tempest" — an aged woman cradled with grief, her dead son lying near her knees. This received special mention from the jury of the Salon, where it was exhibited in 1875. At her last effort she has made a sympathetic *oldster*, lofty and spacious; and here, it may be, when she shall have tired of the drama, she may yet achieve as great renown in sculpture as has been accorded to her genius upon the stage.

W. H. H.

MR. MEERKE WITHDRAWS.

Editor of the Spectator:

I regret to find that my reply to "W. H. H." was considered personal or spiteful. I surely had cause for being forcible in my expressions, and all I aimed at in my article was to give him blow for blow. I was misrepresented, and it was but simple justice to myself that I should set myself right before your readers. But it is impossible for me to continue this controversy, and I withdraw entirely, with this explanation, leaving "W. H. H." to his lobby and my artistic life to the judgment of the public. I have a word to say in regard to the report of a private conversation which is given by "W. H. H." in his article of January 22d. He has misunderstood the idea I intended to convey in speaking of the language, and has put an interpretation upon my language which is not justified by the circumstances.

Very respectfully,

J. H. MEERKE.

THE STORY OF THE GATE.

Across the pathway, artistic fringed,
Under the maple, it was hung —
The little window gate;
Twas there, within the quiet gloom,
When I had studied, when I had
I used to go and wait

Before I had to her good night,
Yet both to leave the winsome spirit
Within the garden light,
And there, the gate between us two,
We'd linger, as all lovers do,
And soon upon the wall

And face to face, eyes close to eyes,
Hands meeting hands in frequent repeat,
After a shabby quest —
So close I'd stand, eye so close, sweet,
That I'd grow drunken from the sweet
Tobacco upon her breast.

We'd talk — no third eye, I saw —
With every meaning above intention
Tender words and love;
We'd whisper sweet words, sweet words,
Sweet words, sweet words, sweet words,
And then I'd come to you.

"Good-night" I'd say — "good-night" —
"Good-night" I'd say — "good-night" —
"Good-night" I'd say — "good-night" —
"Good-night" I'd say — "good-night" —
"Good-night" I'd say — "good-night" —
"Good-night" I'd say — "good-night" —

We'd talk — no third eye, I saw —
With every meaning above intention
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And then I'd come to you.

We'd talk — no third eye, I saw —
With every meaning above intention
Tender words and love;
We'd whisper sweet words, sweet words,
Sweet words, sweet words, sweet words,
And then I'd come to you.

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THE SPECTATOR.

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Find programme for the first Philharmonic Quintette Club concert in the amusement column.

The Board of Health has devoted two more sessions to the City Hospital charges, and the prosecutors now promise to rest their case next Monday night. They have thus far shown, beyond question, that Dr. Dean is a remarkably vigilant Superintendent, and that the real prosecutors are some of his present and past associates, who have not worked in harmony with him in the necessarily subordinate positions to which they are appointed by the Board of Health. One of the present assistants, who, as a witness, stated under oath that he was not making charges against the Superintendent, now figures regularly as chief prosecutor, stringing round the counsel for the prosecution and dictating questions to witnesses. Dr. Dean has been charged, indirectly and directly, with torturing and killing the patients of the hospital, of course with the complicity of the assistant physicians, who have witnessed but not reported his inquiries during the past three or four years; but the charge of secretly cooking and eating them, after he has killed them, has been thus far reserved. The hundred and twenty witnesses announced by the prosecution appears to have dwindled to about one-third of that number, and it is now possible that Dr. Dean may next week be heard in vindication of his government of the hospital.

The consolidation of all the telegraph lines of the country cannot be looked upon except with apprehension. It cuts off all competition where competition is proper, and leaves the public at the mercy of a corporation. Consolidation of capital or of corporations is not always wrong, but frequently most useful and necessary in building up good enterprises, and in the development and civilization of the country. The union of the telegraph companies is not necessary for either of these commendable purposes, and

simply represents greed and selfishness, and the desire for money-power. There is danger in money-power when it is the power that rules absolutely. The worst form of oppression is the oppression of a moneyed aristocracy. It is unsympathetic, tyrannical, and brutal. It is dangerous that so large a country as the United States, and one that has such vast commercial interests, should be dependent upon a single telegraph company. So would it be dangerous if it had to depend upon a single railroad company. Both railroads and telegraphs are quasi-public institutions, and the public ought to have the use of them at the lowest possible expense. The good of society and the general prosperity of the nation demand that it should be so. By the consolidation of all the telegraph lines into one, an immense capital-stock is formed, on which the owners of a controlling interest make large dividends without having paid value received. The total cost of all the telegraph lines in this country is certainly not over \$40,000,000, but in the grand consolidation that has just taken place it is put at \$80,000,000. This is carrying the watering process too far; it is giving too many people money for nothing, and putting too much power into the hands of a few men. Such gigantic movements of capital are fearful to communities, and they ought to be checked, or the liberties of the people will be imperilled. Congress should take hold of this subject, with serious earnestness; and if there is no other way of remedying the growing evil, let the Government take possession of the telegraph lines. If we are to have so extensive a monopoly, let the Government control it, and not a syndicate of gentlemen who are supposed to work exclusively for their private interests.

Bernhardt and her manager are very shrewd people; and no small part of their skill consists in getting a great deal of advertising done at very cheap rates. The effort to get the pulchritude of this city to undertake the business was a dead failure. The clergy didn't "interview" it at all. There was a mild non-commitment, or such a moderate statement of their position as to serve very poorly the sensational purposes of the management. Instead of an open war, there was apparently indifference. Instead of a social conflict and heat, that should compel everybody to take sides either for or against the actress, everybody was disposed to let everybody do as he pleased. The consequence was, that in spite of the efforts of the agents and friends of the "divine Sirena" to make it appear that no decent people who knew what art is, ever refrain from witnessing it on account of innocent associations—in spite of this, a good many quite respectable persons quietly staid at home. On the whole, we were no taste for the "lithifying" policy which seems to have characterized the theatrical career of this woman in this country. We do not know whether she or her friends are chiefly responsible for it, but everywhere the first word concerning her has been a challenge to good morals. Every questionable act to her life, or quality of her character, has been emphasized and put forward. She is advertised on the strength of her white departure from all the permitted standards of American life. Her manager sets out to carry the country by storm, even to compel her for the highest social recognition. It may be truly enough said: It is the stalest kind of platitudes, that true art is to be judged independent of individual character. But suppose the character is thrust upon our notice, and all its doubtful qualities exposed, and a judgment is insisted upon, and its ethical side is made a great deal more prominent than even the artistic talent? This policy, as in Bernhardt's case, has produced a vast deal more discussion and analysis of her moral qualities than of her playing. Financially, it may have paid to get up this personal interest in her, but it has done nothing for art. If there is sufficient "personal interest," all art may be dispensed with, and yet every seat be reserved. Any success which Bernhardt achieves must be credited to several causes—by no means to the one reason of her being an artist. No doubt she is an artist, though not of the first rank. Modjeska stands higher. There are those who can judge her talent apart from her history, and are attracted by it. But in every city it is well understood that a large number are drawn to her plays out of sheer curiosity to see the woman who has had so strange a life. We have never before had among us so highly accomplished and kindly trumpeted a representative of Parisian morality.

What were the motives, or rather what was the ruling motive, that caused people to rush last Tuesday afternoon to the Bernhardt reception in such numbers? We have heard many motives suggested. One is the economical motive. People here seem to have such immense enjoyment of entertainments that come without cost, that they always honor deadbeat tickets. Another is, that they wanted to see the specimens of Miss Bernhardt's work. Another is, that people, especially the fashionable portion of the community, wished to see the celebrated actress at close range; and we imagine that there was just enough doubt in their minds about the propriety of the proceeding to make it spicy enough to have a certain rush not always found even in deadbeat entertainments.

Miss Bernhardt removed as further social recognition here than the crowd standing at the galleries implied, which, under the circumstances, implied nothing. And that was right. We do not suppose that Miss Bernhardt cares for social standing in this country. She comes from London and Paris flooded with the greatest social triumphs, and that should suffice. What are comparative barbarians think of her, should be of no special consequence. And she cared for it, she either misestimated the effect of the London society example, or she wisely misread the temper of the people. She should have taken some pains to preserve the outward decency of life. Our society does not require all of its members to be spotless, but it does require that they shall so conduct themselves that they be not open and notorious offenders against its most stringent laws. A man cannot be an open and notorious thief and hold his position in society. If he should, he must stand under some of the forms of law. His theft under those forms may be just as great, may carry just as great moral guilt, and work just as great ruin to those of a

man who forges names or breaks open a vault; but the forms of law give society an excuse, thin though it be, to overlook the crime, while the forger gives it no chance to overlook his conduct.

Or, again: a man may have paid the penalty of committing a theft, and win his way back to social standing. Instances of that we have known; and it is right. But the law of society is inexorable; either concealment or atonement is the condition of keeping or regaining a social status for those who have violated its unwritten laws. Granting that Miss Bernhardt desired or expected to be the social rage in America, as she was in London, she committed the inexorable blunder of bringing along with her the evidence of her crimes against the social world. Had she left "*L'Accident de l'Amour*" behind, brought the young Bernhardt in another capacity, in short, done anything to give society an opportunity to overlook or excuse, or deny her offences against it, she would unquestionably have been received differently. But she has pursued a course that compels all people to recognize what she really is, and she has been received exactly as we would have wished, without discourtesy, and also without any acknowledgment of her social equality with the wives and mothers of the land. Especially great talents procure for her respectful indifference, and nothing more.

The hollowness of apparently friendly contacts in the conventional observances of polite society has been shown and variously commented upon, but it probably never had finer or more forcible illustration than in the following incident, which recently occurred in New York. At a large dinner-party, a gentleman was requested to take in a lady between whose family and his own was a quarrel and lawsuit that had been pending for several years. The gentleman complied, with a bow and a smile, and conversation between him and the lady seemed to me more than usually fresh and freely during the sixteen courses that she was to make up a formidable dinner. At the close of the evening, the host, who had been enlightened in the meantime as to the existing relations between his guests, apologized to the gentleman for the blunder he had made. "It is of no sort of consequence, my dear fellow," was the reply. "I have taken that lady in to dinner five times this winter, and we gave each other the next day without even a bow of recognition. In all probability the breach will never be healed, but we shall continue to assume each other at dinner-parties as long as our friends persist in seating us side by side."

In New York the fear of small-pox has invaded fashionable circles, and created quite a mania among the belles and beaux for vaccination. Little parties are made up among friends, and the operation is performed as often wholesale, by physicians engaged for the purpose. Those on whom the virus takes effect are equally contented with those who escape its effects, for they thus discover the danger they were in, and feel secure for the future. The preventive process somewhat interferes, however, with social enjoyment, though we hear of one young lady who was not deterred by the state of her arm from attending Mrs. Astor's ball, week before last. She had her wound bound up, and intrepidly ventured forth in a short-dressed dress. Unfortunately, the exercise of dancing interrupted the healing, and the revelation in behaviour was more striking than agreeable.

"Mon Dieu, I would like very much to know: when are you intended to pay me?" one of her creditors said to Talbot.

"You have altogether too much curiosity!" answered the opion.

SOCIETY.

As the most notable event of the week, apart from the Bernhardt nights, the Bernhardt reception Tuesday afternoon should not be omitted from the records of the week's social life: for was not "society" there on *aviso*? Mixed with an outside element, do you say? I can assure the Frenchwoman that I will not think there was any perceptible mixing of politeness in the mass. We rushed, we pushed, and we scrambled like archais about a circus-ring, and we behaved generally but little better than the menagerie would if turned loose to pay court to a lion. People trampled on each other, and were utterly regardless of the limits of space and the cohesion of solids, and forgot that simplest law of philosophy, that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, in their frantic efforts to come face to face with the famous actress.

What she must have thought of the crowd who came in place of the three or four hundred who were invited, I do not know. Nowhere else has she received such a popular ovation, and she may at least have availed one gratifying remembrance of the occasion—that in the throng were a very large proportion of the recognized "best society" of the city, including its order as well as its younger members, and many of the grave and revered seigniors and seignioratesses who seldom are moved by curiosity to visit celebrities.

The general voice of those concerning the actress was "What she must have thought of the crowd who came in place of the three or four hundred who were invited, I do not know. Nowhere else has she received such a popular ovation, and she may at least have availed one gratifying remembrance of the occasion—that in the throng were a very large proportion of the recognized "best society" of the city, including its order as well as its younger members, and many of the grave and revered seigniors and seignioratesses who seldom are moved by curiosity to visit celebrities.

A feminine whisper, heard throughout the room, was, "How is she dressed?" When she had removed a long grey frock, bordered with some dark fur, she stood to receive the salutations of those who came forward, in a suit of dark sapphire-blue velvet, with that last perfectly modeled. Above her thin face this tall appearance of unusual size, the slightly shirred dress, dropping all around her but fast as seen in her photographs, had almost straight up to the back, leaving a narrow opening through which her golden hair shined. The crown of the hat was immense, and a band of velvet passed around it came together under a large velvet bow in front, whose many ends were lined with jubilee-braid. Broad strings of the velvet, lined with satin of a very pale tint, broadened with tiny flowers, were tied under her pointed chin. The hat was clumsy, and far from pretty; but that it suited her face is certain, or she would not wear it. The velvet coat fastened high in the throat with a collar of the velvet turned over and held together by the front by a joint of white lace that fell from the throat to the waist, and a cluster of Marquise Niel roses was fastened on her left shoulder. From the deep cuffs of her very long, close-fitting, wide cuffs of lace coated on the old-gold tinted gloves, and these puffed out through the outside opening of the cuffs. This length of sleeve increased the apparent length of her very long arms, and in the event of her garment there seemed to have been no attempt made to modify the defects of her figure, which for French women is of beauty. These recalls a very erroneous opinion as to her height, which is certainly not quite up to the average of American women.

I noticed the great difference between her inches and those of a beautiful and well-known belle of Olive Street, who stood near her once during the afternoon; and there was likewise a great difference in the two faces, although both were of the blonde type, our St. Louis girl having that rosy, high-lit look in her calm eyes, and in the poise of her little and graceful figure, so unlike the perpetual anxious movement of this "fascinating" Frenchwoman. Our home beauty, too, was clad in blue velvet, with deep collar of silver fox, and carried a small hat of fur for her hair, and wore a little cap of sea-gull feathers above her dainty golden head.

It was certainly a well-dressed assemblage that went to pay their respects to Miss Bernhardt and her works of art, and all through the week the ladies have paid her the compliment of wearing costumes to her plays,—perhaps they have been too generously rich,—and on Wednesday night the conspicuousness of the ladies' dresses induced Mr. Garrett, of the *Allegations*, to notice the effect in a somewhat caustic comparison between the French and American styles, but in language so elegant and embodying, it must be admitted, so much truth, that I cannot refrain from quoting the paragraph. He says: "A richly dressed Frenchwoman does not seem dressed at all. She appears just as she is expected to look, and does not invite admiration of her attire, but directs attention upon herself. There is nothing about her particularly conspicuous, but everything is a part of the woman. The men know how to wear dress-coats and hold their hats, but the ladies do not know or do not think it in their way, and their drawing-room clothes harmonize with every-day wear. Now, the audience looked dressed. It evidently had on its best,—its most,—and showed it. The costumes were intentionally conspicuous,—fine, indeed,—but the persons were completely overlooked with them, and did not appear. Some of our people who underscore their new things to call attention to the gloss, and generally emphasize their costumes by their manner of wearing them, might take lessons from the rich but quiet habits of the French ladies."

One of the most prominent social events of the week was the marriage and reception of Miss Carrie Garrison and Mr. Whitcomb G. Chappell, last Wednesday night. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Garrison, whose home, on Pine Street near Grand Avenue, is one of the most beautiful in the city. The engagement of Miss Garrison and Mr. Chappell was announced in the *Spectator* early in the autumn, as indeed were nearly all of the society weddings which have come off this season. The marriage, so long talked of as a social event in the city, was celebrated with all the *clat* that wealth and the position of the bride's family as old citizens could bestow, the ceremony being performed at half past eight o'clock at St. George's Church, the rector, Rev. Dr. Fulton, reading the service, and the Bishop of Missouri, near Grand Avenue, was one of the most beautiful in the city. The engagement of Miss Garrison and Mr. Chappell was announced in the *Spectator* early in the autumn, as indeed were nearly all of the society weddings which have come off this season. The marriage, so long talked of as a social event in the city, was celebrated with all the *clat* that wealth and the position of the bride's family as old citizens could bestow, the ceremony being performed at half past eight o'clock at St. George's Church, the rector, Rev. Dr. Fulton, reading the service, and the Bishop of Missouri, near Grand Avenue, was one of the most beautiful in the city. The engagement of Miss Garrison and Mr. Chappell was announced in the *Spectator* early in the autumn, as indeed were nearly all of the society weddings which have come off this season. The marriage, so long talked of as a social event in the city, was celebrated with all the *clat* that wealth and the position of the bride's family as old citizens could bestow, the ceremony being performed at half past eight o'clock at St. George's Church, the rector, Rev. Dr. Fulton, reading the service, and the Bishop of Missouri, near Grand Avenue, was one of the most beautiful in the city.

The dresses of the bridesmaids divided the scant honors of difference between pure white and cream white, the fabric of all being fine French mill; and as all were lavishly trimmed with lace, it fell upon the flowers to give the distinguishing touch to each suit. Miss Maggie Garrison, a tall and stately blonde, showed the blondest shades of heliotrope in the floral garnishings of her pure white and diaphanous robe; Miss Douglass had chosen Marquise Niel roses, and Miss Parks, Mar-bell, as best harmonizing with the clear white of her dress, a bouquet of white roses. These recalls a very erroneous opinion as to her height, which is certainly not quite up to the average of American women.

heavy-tinted draperies of her dress; and Miss Lillie Garrison, the bride's sister, whose deeply-plained gown lace ruffles gave out their tint more distinctly by contrast with the clusters of dark crimson buds and glowing golden-hearted roses that nestled in her belt. The bride's dress was wonderfully rich in fabric and elegant in design, of superb Venetian satin, whose cream-white ground was nearly hidden beneath a rich enlacing of roses and rose-leaves all in plush. The robe was cut en pointe, the train, ample and ornate, and the beautiful fabric fell in its own folds, unmarred by any superfluous draping. It was with high courage, showing en surplis from the throat, with ruffles of exquisite duchesse lace disposed about the neck and bust, the pluck being partly of the same material, and the beautiful fabric fell in its own folds, unmarred by any superfluous draping. It was with high courage, showing en surplis from the throat, with ruffles of exquisite duchesse lace disposed about the neck and bust, the pluck being partly of the same material, and the beautiful fabric fell in its own folds, unmarred by any superfluous draping. It was with high courage, showing en surplis from the throat, with ruffles of exquisite duchesse lace disposed about the neck and bust, the pluck being partly of the same material, and the beautiful fabric fell in its own folds, unmarred by any superfluous draping.

A quiet wedding was that which occurred last Monday evening, the contracting parties being Miss Mary Glover, daughter of Judge Glover, and Mr. John Vail. Only the relatives witnessed the ceremony, and the same evening the bridal couple left for the South. Upon their return, a week or two hence, they will go to house-keeping on Washington Avenue.

Residence Mr. Walter Dickinson and his superb-looking wife, who, it is stated, are contemplating a voyage to Europe in the spring, on very conjugal terms, most of whom has a little addition to read in the society columns of the "great religious daily" that "The marriage of Miss — and Mr. Walter Dickinson, of St. Catherine's, Canada, was set for February 20."

The Shakespeare Club met Monday afternoon at Mrs. Wayman McCreary's. Miss Carrie Carver acted as hostess. The thirty-five members, and some ladies visiting here from other cities who were invited, made quite a party, and the entertainment was in all respects one of the most agreeable the fair Shakespeareans have had this winter. Among the strangers present were Miss Sherwood, of New York, who is the guest of Mrs. Charles Chapman; Miss Miss Kemitt, the guests of Miss Carrie Carver; Miss Miss Kemitt, of Louisville; and also Mrs. C. Bland Smith, Miss Sallie Blaine, Miss Yatt, and Miss Maude Lackland, who are not members of the club. After the play of "Richard III." had been read, there were some recitations given by different ladies, that were greatly applauded. The first were selections from "Pointe Lace and Diamonds: an Idyl of the Period," which was rendered by Miss Schuyler and Miss Hazlett. Miss Schuyler taking the *beaute's* role with much vivacity, and Miss Hazlett, who was invited, made quite a charming company the *beaute's* part. Miss Glover recited "Little Joe" in her very popular way, and Miss Lucy Bent gave Owen Meredith's "Aux Italiens" in her best style. But the recitation that was most thrilling and artistic was the one which she recited "Delicious" by Miss Daisy Lackland.

The small party given by Mrs. J. Garman, Jr., last Friday, to her guest, Miss Judith Stevenson, of Kentucky, was a dancing-party, and not a "dinner dancing-party," as misprinted in the *Spectator*. Miss Stevenson is the youngest daughter of ex-Gov. Stevenson,

and on her father's side comes of a family well supplied with brains.

There was a reception last Thursday at the handsome house of Col. and Mrs. James O. Broadhead, given in honor of two young lady guests of their house.

A very large reception was given at Gen. Frost's, Thursday night, which was attended by a great number of well-known society people, among them Mr. and Mrs. Dennison, Gen. and Mrs. Sturgis, Mr. and Mrs. C. Tracy, Jr., Mrs. Nellie Coleman, Miss Kimball, Miss Stevenson of Kentucky, Miss Sherwood of New York, Mrs. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. John Collins, Miss Lattie Turner, Miss Annie Johnson, Miss Latta Powell, Mrs. and Miss Page, Mrs. E. B. Balfour Smith, Miss Louise Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. Maitz, and many others. Among the beauties were Messrs. Groder, Wickham, Turner, Switzer, Paschall, Maltz, Loker, Bryan, Brent, Johnson, Chambers, Hayward, Lord Hirschberg, Lee, McPherson, Phoenix, McLaren, Kelly, Norton, Dunbar, Bell, Walsh, Harbison, House, Scott, Dr. Keane, Dr. Carter, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barrett, a list. The entertainment was in all respects delightful. Gen. and Mrs. Frost exerting themselves to do honor to their guests, and Miss Louise gracefully assisting. Miss Frost is one of the most popular of the *debutantes* of this season, and Mrs. Frost is acknowledged a charming hostess.

ORAT.

THE DRAMA.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

Sarah Bernhardt, *actress of the Comedie Francaise*, has at last appeared before St. Louis audiences, and our theatre-goers are now able to form their own opinion as to this phenomenally advertised actress. The critic's task in dealing with Sarah is a difficult one. The Bernhardt comes here with all the prestige of European success, where she has intoxicated the public with her brilliant displays of histrionic art. The public are divided into two camps. One adores and worships by the Bernhardt, who she seems scarcely any merit in the French star, and considers her puffed beyond her just deserts. The truth probably lies between the two camps. No unprejudiced person can deny that Bernhardt is an exceedingly good actress, that she is a great actress. But I doubt much whether she possesses dramatic genius—whether she is gifted with those inspirational powers which the greatest exponents of histrionism, living or dead, have been endowed with. Bernhardt never surprises her audience. In acute observation always knows what she is going to do. Everything is studied; but it is veiled with the consummate art which she is a mistress. While she has devoted time to the mastery even of the most trifling details, she yet knows how to hide all artificiality by the apparent spontaneity and naturalness of her performance. Her dunes are exceedingly nice, but she is graceful in every motion and gesture. Her art is of the drawing-room kind. It is subdued in tone and coloring, perfectly conversational in style. It is the lady of the salon transferred to the footlights. Perhaps there is a vein nestled in this quiet, subdued manner. Her physique shows that she cannot express forceful passion. She substitutes, therefore, quiet intensity for power. Hence it comes that her pathos does not thrill and sway the hearts of her audience, which she is exceedingly well fitted to do. This was demonstrated in her *Geoffre*, in the last acts. The pathetic passages were rendered in the vein of a fashionable lady of society. It was quiet, it was decorous, it was urbane anguish. The same defect was observable in "Frou-Frou." In the scene between *Geoffre* and Louise. Here Bernhardt's volu-

bility was remarkable. Bernhardt never played *Geoffre* before she came to this country. She studied the role especially for her American tour. Bernhardt is great until the scenes of deep passion and emotion have to be interpreted. Here she fails; and, therefore, I believe she lacks real genius and grandeur as an actress. Compare her *Geoffre* with that of the American living actress, Mrs. Charles Morris. Many people are incredulous, and smile at such a comparison. Of the soldiers we merely ask whether the New York *Evening Post* and the *Nation* are not two of the best and the most representative of all American journals in matters pertaining to art. Both of these newspapers declared that Bernhardt's *Geoffre* was inferior to that of Clara Morris. Indeed, the *Evening Post* was so emphatic in its verdict that it said, as *Geoffre*, Miss Bernhardt was a mere type compared to Miss Morris. My own opinion fully coincides with that of the *Evening Post*. I may look like the lioness, but having the backing of two such authorities, I do not hesitate to express my convictions.

The American public has not heretofore done full justice to the wonderful genius of Clara Morris; but now that Bernhardt has been seen, and New York has changed the standard of European criticism, it has found out the remarkable talent of the home product, and Miss Morris' admirers are crowded. It is just where Clara Morris falls short that Bernhardt excels, and that is in the portrayal of the ordinary scenes of society—those in which the public is so much interested when it comes to the expression of passionate emotion, to the poignant utterances of a broken heart, Bernhardt just falls short of genius. Morris, as *Geoffre*, absolutely thrills her audience with her powerful acting in the first scenes. Strong emotions and women shed tears in abundance. Her vibrant tones penetrate the soul, and the spectators are conquered by the sing of her art, and move with the actress herself. I never saw a single person, male or female, weeping at a Bernhardt performance, yet there were opportunities when sobs would have been compelled it, in spite of the foreign lioness. I say, therefore, that if Bernhardt could not infuse her audience with her own sufferings, and draw from them outward manifestations of their sympathy, it is because she is not a genius; and in her ordinary scenes, the emotional traits which the really great actress should possess, Clara Morris is a rough diamond, compared with Sarah Bernhardt. But the stored fire of genius transfigures her pale face when the opportunity arises, and the struggles of a soul, the anguish of a broken heart, the untroubled passion of love, are so graphically delineated that the audience is spellbound. It is here that Morris is greater than Bernhardt; and the inferiority of the latter must be conceded by all who have witnessed both artists in the role of *Marguerite Gautier*. The great French professor of histrionism, who has possessed this divine gift, and such a critic as Matthew Arnold, comparing the present *societe* with the great *Phidias* of the French stage, wrote that Rachel began where Bernhardt stopped. This is also the opinion of our critic. The question resolves itself into this: Which of the two girls is to portray the petty passions of fashionable society, with its glittering superficialities, or to depict the strong emotions of the soul, the rugged conflict of the heart, the deep emotion of an individual's morality, the deep mystery, truth and tribulation of the soul, the noble womanhood? If the latter—and who can hesitate?—then we must acknowledge that Bernhardt has not attained perfection, that of that which is grand and ennobling in the dramatic, she is not the greatest exponent. If the first is conceded, I grant that in every other respect the Bernhardt is perfect. The training she has received, in the very best school in Europe, she has turned to good advantage. There is nothing connected with the business of her profession which she has not mastered. The result is, with the one exception mentioned, and in one constant, the actress of genius, she has almost, if not quite, attained perfection. Her artistic perception is fine; her paintings and statues testify to that. Consequently, there is a beautiful vein of asceticism pervading all her efforts. This is particularly noticeable in the various

death-scenes—and Sarah dies in all her pieces. The effects which Bernhardt produces are all reached without any strain. It is their extreme naturalness which tells. She takes no more notice of her audience than if she was in her *bedroom*. Her elocution is thoroughly conversational. There is not the slightest approximation to ranting or loud-mouthed delivery. Everything is done evenly and delicately. The principal features of her elocution are the rapidity of her utterance; the use of the low tones in her voice, which she employs with admirable effect; the shading of phrases; an occasionally spasmodic, jerky delivery. But the tones are rarely pitched higher than in a conversational key. The art of repose Bernhardt has completely mastered and elaborated. She rarely indulges in gesticulation; her motions with the arms are those of a lady in the drawing-room. But, nevertheless, she can produce startling effects. Her "business" with her hands, fingers, and limbs is simply splendid. It is the perfection of art. This ease and naturalness of her methods constitute the main charm of Bernhardt's acting. It is so delicate, so refined, so aristocratic, that it compels admiration. The greatest triumphs of the French actress are shown in her delineations of death. These, for graphic, vivid realism, and fidelity to nature, have never been excelled. Each death, too, is distinctly individualized. The death of *Clairville* differs from that of *Blanche de Chelles*, as that of *Clairville* differs from *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. The death of *Clairville* was a superb specimen of the artist's skill. The sudden collapsing of the body, that wonderful and intricate fall, so dexterously and naturally managed, came with chilling effect upon the spectators. They seemed to see the spirit passing from the body. This scene was the priceless pearl in Bernhardt's diadem, which commands her imperiousness of *Clairville*. The costumes worn by Bernhardt during the week were rich and elaborate beyond description. The company which supports her is a very fine one. Mlle. Jeanne Bernhardt, who most resembles her sister, is a very graceful, clever artist. Mlle. Coudurier has the most grace and power, and is, perhaps, the most admired of the troupe. Mlle. Sidory, Mlle. Masi, Mlle. Mire, and Mlle. Carpenter were all satisfactory. M. Angelo, the leading man, did not shine to much advantage. He is only a fair actor. M. Delestra is a good actor. M. Gally is poor. M. Chamoulin is excellent. M. Gaudou and M. D'Arcy are both meritorious actors. The others lack for my mention. The chief charm of the performances by the French company lies in its realism—its exact fidelity to real life, thus fitting the French actors can teach their American counterparts, and that is how to wear dress suits gracefully and easily. Those who say Fanny Davenport's company last week, and Mr. Bernhardt's this week, may easily tell what I mean. Bernhardt has come, and will soon leave us. She will leave pleasant memories of her beautiful art behind her. She will receive due honor for her talent and ability. She has revealed to us a phase of acting hitherto known in the American school, and if our actors will only take the hint, they can improve themselves by following in her methods. After all, naturalness is the great secret of success in the drama, and that the French school has completely mastered.

"FRODOES."

Nat C. Goodwin, Jr., and his "Frodoes" have held the boards at the Olympic during the week. This company relies for its success upon the young comedian, whose creation of the role, *Professor Whiffles*, has established him in public favor. Last season the "Frodoes" were stronger in personae. Eliza Weatherly and Vesta Chivers contributed to the features of the attraction, but the *Professor* this time has to bear the entire burden, and his shoulders are equal to it. There are few better exponents of eccentricity than Nat Goodwin. His make-up is superb, and his quiet, polished, well-timed remarks agree with the individuality with which he is so well known. He refused some of his money. He was watched with the eye and ear of an artist at the peculiarities of action and intonation, movement and gesture, which distinguish

the leading exponents of dramatic art, and he hits them off with surprising ability. The melody of absurdity, music, and mirth entitled "Frodoes" gives Mr. Goodwin, in the first portion of the entertainment, an opportunity to display his versatility. His best efforts, however, are an imitation of Mr. Calhoun, which is presented with all the muscular vigor of that tragedian. The second act treats of song and nonsense, the dialogue affording the *Professor* ample margin for *improvisé* sayings. He is the life of the piece, and the attention of the house is riveted upon him. Here and there "Frodoes" has undergone some change—new songs and sayings introduced. It is a laughable *vaudeville*, devoid of vulgarity, save in one incident, where an old maid is drawn across the stage as a *corpse*. This is unseasonably burlesque, and should be eliminated. Mr. Goodwin's attitude as an exponent of the ludicrous, and he will make fame as a polished comedian.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE KNIGHT.

As a vehicle for the display of speciality work, "Otto, a German," presents some claims to favor. It is a plot, and may be reckoned in the line of comedy, with a modern taste for variety demands. The interest is confined in the title role, which furnishes a successful delineation a fair opportunity for holding the attention of an audience. There are very few character artists who can successfully act the portrayal of individual characters. The German type has perhaps been slightly overdone, and yet it is by no means a difficult study. Mr. George Knight has given this subject some attention, and he presents a very fair idea of the typical German. His *German* attitude is scarcely that of the life-sized, hovering at intervals upon extravagance, his gestures are well-nigh perfect, and little exception can be taken to his diabolical. He colors the part with the skill of an observant artist, and he is happiest in the drill repartee which the author has placed in the mouth of Otto. In the sketch work he again shows his voice is accurately employed in accordance with the *Quintus German* method, and the characteristic response of limb to vocal or instrumental intonation is faithfully carried out. Mr. Knight has done more for the character of *Otto* than *Otto* has done for him. It shows the ability of an artist who has carefully studied eccentricity into the work, and built up for a play a reputation which sustains an entire company. The comic vein essentially belongs to a delineator of Mr. Knight's caliber as a sketch artist, and he may in the future furnish something new from a portfolio of eccentric national study. Mrs. Knight is an indispensable member of the company. She sings and dances well, possesses fair talent for light work, and is comely to look upon. The others do not range above mediocrity. The play has succeeded in drawing large audiences to the work, and the rate of the attendance throughout has been well bestowed upon the mounting. Attention to detail is a special feature of this house.

FANNY DAVENPORT IN *CANDIDE*.

Fanny Davenport's assumption of *Candide*, last week, was a decided failure, from an artistic standpoint, although from a pecuniary it was certainly satisfactory. This was the first time Miss Davenport had appeared in the role. The representation opened splendidly, and the actress was seen at her best in the first act, where she imitated the manners of a *domestic*. Her second act was fair. In the third act, Miss Davenport was not equal to the task, and the interview with *Agnes's* father was not so effective as the scene should be. The actress failed to express the bitter depths of desolation which *Candide* symbolized when, at the close of the act, she remained her lonely life, being from *Agnes's* was rendered too speedily, and her agitation was too apparent. In the fourth act Miss Davenport's make-up was artistic. Her face was literally plastered with powder, in order to produce a sickly pallor; but the effect was the reverse. She looked like a thin rod of white mortar has been spread over her face. Miss Davenport's histrionic ability was tested for all it was worth in the trying scene wherein *Agnes* overcame her with repudiation and cast the gold he has won from her protector at

her feet. It was a great opportunity, but Miss Davenport was not equal to it. It simply proves our assertion that Miss Davenport is a good, but not a great artist. This scene can only receive full justice at the hands of an artist of genius, and this inspiration is totally lacking in Miss Davenport. In the fifth act, some horrible black make-up was noticeable. The dressmaker was tedious, tiresome, and wearisome. It was by far too long, and the general opinion was that Fanny repeated an unnecessary time to expire. This act was also evidently beyond her strength, and there was an audible sigh of relief when the curtain fell. Miss Davenport's form and figure are alone great obstacles in the way of her presenting an artistic realization of the consumptive *Candide*. No one can imagine her as in this frail, and delicate. The stage illusion is destroyed by her over-exaggerated figure. Davenport should drop *Candide* from her repertoire. Her dramatic talent is not great enough for her ever to be more than a mediocre *Candide*, and the comparisons naturally made with other actresses who have appeared in this famous character are, of course, disadvantageous to Fanny. It is only justice to say, however, that Miss Davenport was badly handicapped by her support, Mr. Henry Lee was an execrable *Agnes*. He did not even dress the part well, and his costumes were awkward and slovenly. Mr. Lee is spasmodic and rapid in his utterance, and by his rapidity he produces all his effects. There is an coloring or shading, no modulation in his tone. Around was one of the worst characters he played during the week's engagement. Mr. George Morton's *Count de Ferville* was awkward and stilted. Mr. Morton evidently did not feel at home in the part. Miss Fanny Desobry was a failure for her impersonation of *Noblette*. As a rule, the actors were uncomfortable in their dress-suits, and their bearing was far from being comic *à la fin*. If Miss Davenport persists in playing *Candide*, she should secure another company to support her. CARRADOC.

COL. DONAN'S CHICAGO LETTER.

Chicago, January 24, 1881.

Well, it has been two weeks since I last offered the readers of the *Spectator* a few scraps of my multifarious plenty for my silence. I have been sick, and even now manifest my affectionate interest in your constantly widening circle of perusal by propping myself up to try and write, when, according to all the rules of physiology and hygiene, as expounded by orthodox pill-peddlers, I ought to be in bed, with one legman of a country doctor timing my pulse by an ancient bull-eye watch with a big brass fish-chain, another placing a pointer upon several feet down my throat to examine my wrinkled tongue, and a half-dozen good old ladies in their red velvet caps beaming my feet in unsavory heat and tying up my legs in streged napkins. I leave, for some time past, been cutting along the ragged edge of pneumonia, with a double dose of catarrh and neuritis going in to fill the measure of my woes. I am trembling with feverishness and have lost the cold water remedy, and am now, I suppose, so hot that the steam from my seething blood makes my hair dance on my head like an infuriated tea-kettle lid. My head is roaring like

A RUBY NAGARA WITH THE POLICE.

and asking as if it were determined to burst into a thousand shivers, every one of them with an ache in it big enough to sink a ship. I have dropped down in a heap on the floor, with my skull done up in a cambray rag, and like a brick pulled, and checked over the Trans-Jordan and New Jerusalem Railroad for another, and perhaps no better way. My eyes, blazing with blood-shot fire, look like two drunken leopards' headlights, or a pair of eyes of a *Calicut* or *Calicut* "Judas day," and seem bent on turning a double somersault out of their frying-pan sockets. My hands are shaky as a pained old woman's tongue, or an average politician's principles. And the climax of my miseries is capped with what a profane young man would call a "good" or "bad" or "worse" or "better" or "paragon of journalistic propriety as the *Spectator*, would not, and could not, style a d-d of a sufferer in my nose. Pepper-sauce, skin-milk, the nectar of the

goals, and state dishwasher, all these exactly alike, the most thunderous blast of Edison's roaring megaphonic fog-horn that shall ever cause the mermaids in ocean's deepest, dark-green palace caverns into this, would be a school-girl whisper to my dearest ears; and I cannot tell a sea-rose from a posy by the scent. To me here is no difference between the side in frantically grinning and chuckling at some stupid thing that has amused it, the other looks on grim and stoic as a tobacco-stick, wooden hulk with a bad case of mumps. I have had to tie a ten-pound clock-weight to the tip of one ear to balance the opposite jaw. Talk about "cheek," I say!

"HAVE IT IN THE MOUTH."

I have divided away all my time confined to wear a Mackinac blanket and cowboy boots to make a shadow. My face has grown so thin and sharp, and my nose so long and peaked, that the neighbors' children are constantly running in to borrow the one for a hatchet and the other for a gimlet. The circumspious folk has shrunk off till my eyes stick out, like a snail's, past my hat-rim. I am so slender that you might mistle me out for tooth-picks, or use me for a melodiously exclamation in the Mesker-Marple ("W. R. H.") artistically bellows correspondence. To ascertain the bill of fare at my boarding-house, or the number of heart-beats to the minute in a sentimental mining-camp Christian, it is only necessary to hold me, with a pair of hair-pliers, between your eye and the sun. May a father and headmaster skeleton, tied together with rusty wires and cotton strings, decorates the walls of fancy seminary physiology class-rooms. By winding me round and round the little finger a few times, as she easily might, any one of your lovely girl-readers could put me in her mamma's work-basket, as a roll of tape. If my head were only chalked, I could go as a billiard-cue to a masquerade ball; and, if it were rubbed with a little brimstone, I would make an excellent match for somebody.

Add to all this record of dilapidation the fact that I have been rambling all over the wild North-western lake and billiard region, and have constantly had one man's work and two men's frolicking to do; and, if you have not excuses enough for my failure to put in an epistolary appearance in the *Spectator*, except with irregular irregularity, you can charge the rest to the Senatorial "stationary account," which is elastic enough to include whiskey, hennies, hair-oil, and oblivion ointment. In my absence and silence, I have had the satisfaction of knowing I was not forgotten, my recent squibs on

"THE MAN-FAMINE."

being apparently the peg on which most of the reminiscence has hung. I see the San Francisco *Argonaut*, which is two-folds and two reputable a paper to play such a trick, still the entire article, written at *Thouless*, of *personations*, of every other abuse. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* of last Saturday contained a reply to it from a prominent society-lady; and I have, of course, noticed how your clever correspondent, "An Observer," goes for me about it in the *Spectator* of January 15. "Observer" writes well, but he is in the defense of the young men of the period is but an apology for them—the eternal, mean, masculine excuse; as old as humanity, and its weakness and shabbiness: "It is the woman's fault." The young men are rapid and stupid and sensual because the young women make them so, because the girls are vain and frivolous and silly, swelling sensible men and exciting examples and stools. It is a maleficent plan, that cannot stand the light of our day. Col. Adam, shuffling about the asparagus bushes of primordial Eden, shamefully sulfered, as he wiped his eyes and nose on a plunkin leaf, "The woman was there. That went to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat it." But "Observer" should remember that our great original and only genuine grandpa had hardly blundered on this manly attempt to buy the blame of his own sinfulness on the fairer and better (even though more curious) half of creation, until he was promptly and decorously rebuked, by an archangelic beauty, over her garden fence, with nothing on him but a pair of two-line trousers, plump into the Spanish-noodle patches and bristly-ticks of an unknown world of sin and sweat,

society and trifling. Let "Observer" beware. Our young society women have shortcomings of their own, Heaven knows, to answer for, without trying to pile on their desolating shoulders the triflingness and good-for-nothingness of the young society men. Let the man cease to, and be sensible and intelligent of their own satisfaction—a few of them might for the simple pleasure of being so. They claim to be the stronger and wiser sex; let them lead and stimulate and teach the girls. Then get your white robes ready, and look out for the social millennium.

WHEN THEY GRAND AMUSEMENT SHOW.

of which the *Spectator* gives an expert word a hope, takes place, come in for a reserved seat, if I have to swing by my heels from a flank the daylight show, like a bronze or brazen pendant. Nominally as *Romeo*, in pink silk tights and blue doublet, with a Valenciennes sash and a green glass breastpin as big as a thumb, whispering love in burning jaw-breakers to a red-headed and freckled-faced *Jessie* with a wart on the end of her turn-up nose.

And McCallagh, as the Tiance of Cador or the Witch of Endor, in short sleeves, with a ruffled apron around his *spiritual* physiognomy. Oh, rapt and perishing vision! Oh, halcyon dream of the days when Art was fresh and Theopis was a kitten! Just add Bill Hyde, of the ancient *Epistemon*, to the cast, in the role of *Jerome's* *Don*, and loaves longer for epistemon-entertainment could ask no more. You would have to divide the play among all your theatres, including the Pickwick, to accommodate the eager multitudes. Chicago would, at last, be distanced.

THE BREVITY CRASH.

has did not here for more evidently than it runs. Months of lavish and varied advance advertising had worked up the fever; two weeks of actual acquaintance cooled it and cured it. For a few times she is pleasing enough, but one soon catches up with all her tricks in trade her stereotyped poses and gestures grow monotonous, and her studied artlessness becomes a bore. Her second week here was a complete let-down from the rush and crush and *force* of the first. The "great sensation" of her dragging second week, the first production in this country of Alexander Dumas' "L'Étrangère," introducing two American characters, Mr. and Mrs. *Chelton*, was a flat, unimpaired failure. The alleged play is a piece of mongrelized blacklegdom, with nothing in the way of wit, beauty, *thé*, or action to redeem it, and before the fourth act was over the theatre was half empty.

As *Frón-Fron* and *Camille* Bernhardt does some fine acting, but where great passion is to be manifested, she always falls short; partly, I am inclined to think, from sheer want of physical strength. She is always graceful, but never great.

I heard her read at the performance given in Central Music Hall for the benefit of the memorial fund to George W. Carpenter, the young musician who died of the heart-ache. The beautiful ball was patronized with a significant audience, including hundreds of the good orthodox people, who could never have been induced to enter a theatre to perjure.

THE WOMAN-FRANCISMAN.

and who only attended the Music Hall entertainment as a tribute to the memory of a worthy citizen and to hear the music, certainly not with any idea of gratifying a sinful curiosity to see and hear the indisputable "woman-francism." The music was fair, but, though one or two of the grandest symphonies were still to come after Sarah's reading, I observed that the moment she bowed her richly dressed bones out of sight there was a breakneck rush from the hall, and it was nearly empty before the stampede subsided, so that the half-dozen actresses who could be seen to regret to have to state that I noticed among the stampede's hosts of the goodly-folk folks, who could never have thought of going to see the naughty *Gallic* female.

The reading was not a fair average fourth-grade-class school-girl performance. My little eleven-year-old girl friend, Gertrude Thomas, of Dearwood, could have given the same. The half-dozen actresses are reasonable and honest but her *Frón-Fron* boots without fail trying.

As a painter, Bernhardt does to the dignity of first-class art, or soap-decoration; as a sculptor, she is about on a par with that hideous little blasphemer in cold marble, *Yvette* Bonin; and as an actress, she is marvelously versatile and gorgeously appreciated illustration of the difference between commonplace artifice and true genius. Instead of "the divine Sarah," she goes from to, after a fortnight's association and inspection, as "Miss Sam," just with a few means slim pocket-book. Her engagement here panned out about \$20,000, two-thirds of which was taken in the first week. The only time she has been belated in a musical of mispronounced French phrases, that has broken out all over our younger and "swivel" and idler society.

OUR AMUSEMENT SHOW.

since the departure of Sarah and her trunks is decidedly tame and flat. McVicker's Theatre, without its long lines of carriages and special policemen, its blocked door-ways, its yelling coachmen, its crush and glitter, and staring mob, seems deserted, as an individual named Curtis presents a dreary mass of nothing, with a commercial "drummer" as its contrapoint. Not Smith Russell is dispensing the non-sensationalities of his "Edgewood Folk" at the Grand Opera-house; Haverly's "New Mastodon" frauds, notable only for the number of their blacked angel, "antennae" and stupidity of their smuggy jokes, are singing queer songs and shuffling clumsy steps for the vulgar herd at the theatre which leans the nose of the enterprising gentlemen whom they are doing their level worst to bring into despatch; the "Big Four" humbugs, who claim to be minstrels, are making Haverly's Theatre catty with their enigmata; and the whole shift draws and snells at the Exposition Building.

The only noteworthy exception to this catalogue of semi-intellectual encephalitis is J. L. Stoddard's series of illustrated lectures on foreign lands, at Central Music Hall; but next week will see a revolution in our fun. Monday evening, at Haverly's, Napoleon's Grand Opéra Troop, with a grand tour of the great city of Paris, and all the old favorites, will begin a two weeks' engagement, opening with "Aida." Theodore Thomas and his orchestra, Salvat and Tom Keene, are to follow soon, and the whirl of amateur entertainments, balls, banquets, and receptions is as ceaseless as the rush of cards from a grand hotel at the great city of Paris, and all the old tongues at a missionary sewing-society meeting.

Theodore Tilton headed last Friday evening to an immense crowd, at Central Music Hall; and Prof. Swing, Rev. Dr. Thomas, and Dr. Rob Holland kept things stirred up for us on Sunday.

MARY K. LOUGHRAN.

have taken advantage lately of the dollar rates on the Chicago and Atlantic seaboard, to come up and see something of metropolitan life in the fourth city on the continent in population, and the first in many other things. Among the recent flying visitants have been Col. A. W. Slayback; W. C. Steigers, of the *Post-Dispatch*; Miles and McGuffin, late of the *Times*; Stone, the advertising agent; and Olin Buggles, the handsome and popular general manager of the *Chicago Tribune*. In addition, a broad-brimmed route, and his young assistant, Kinnon, who came to see his lakeland sweetheart, John E. Davis, the *Spectator's* own young man, belated in Sunday morning, took a bird's-eye view of the city, heard Prof. Swing and the big organ at Music Hall, and surveyed with admiration the spectacle of Theodore Tilton, Gen. Cuthbert, and Potter Palmer enjoying private boxes in the grand audience; gazed with awe on the ragging billows and isobars of Lake Michigan, met a legion of prominent specimens of Chicago civilization, and skipped out for Milwaukee in the evening. I suppose he will have a report on his own to make in regard to southern and this Irish region; so, out of consideration for your readers, I will, surely, pause to remark that I am,

Very truly, yours and theirs,

P. DUNN.

In private life X. rivals Phœbeos, the god of shivers. He had just had his portrait painted.

On seeing this Irish trick region; so, out of consideration for your readers, I will, surely, pause to remark that I am,

MR. THOMAS DAVIDSON SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF.

Editor of the Spectator:

A friend has just handed me a copy of your issue of January 8, in which there is an article entitled "From Rome to Rome," devoted to me. As there is hardly a correct statement in it, I can scarcely regard it as seriously intended; nevertheless, as the issue is not innocuous, it may mislead and pain some of my friends. Will you, therefore, allow me to correct a few of the more glaring misstatements?

1. I did not leave St. Louis a "disappointed man," nor did I believe myself disappointed. "I am closed." I left it simply because I found I could do better elsewhere, and I have done better.

2. The courtesy and attention of Profs. Goodwin and Sophocles I do not repay by "falsely and absurdly intimating that Greek was poorly taught at Harvard." The *Atlanta* article referred to was originally a paper read before the classical section of the Harvard Visiting Committee, of which I am still a member, and it was at the request of the members of that section that I printed it. A good many of the facts contained in it were obtained from the professors named. I am on the most friendly terms with both of them now.

3. I never gathered a "small company of young men about me, who were somewhat interested in philosophical studies, and enjoyed my talks on Aristotle." What I mean is that the Philosophical Club did, for one year, meet at my rooms, because they were very conveniently situated for all the members. Of these, most are older, or at least as old, as I am—e.g., Mr. J. Elliot Cabot, Mr. O. W. Holmes, Jr., Dr. William James, Dr. C. C. Everett, Prof. Howe, Prof. Huxton, Rev. Francis Tiffany, etc. We never now discussed Aristotle. The members will meet next week in the room in which I write this.

4. I never indulged in things—cheap, concocted, or other—against Boston men or New England institutions, and, therefore, even if I had ever had a class of young men, they could not have been disgusted with them. I am very fond of Boston men and New England institutions.

5. In no paper before the Chestnut Street Club did I ever make a vulgar attack upon the city, nor whose hospitality I enjoyed. At that club it is not possible to enjoy any man's hospitality. I have read three papers before the club. The second is given in brief in the recently published book on the club. The last I gave just six weeks ago, Mrs. Sargent having done me the honor to invite me to open the club for the season. Since then I have lectured before the American Geographical Society in New York, given a course (my second) before the Lowell Institute in Boston, and am now preparing a course to be delivered before the Polytechnic Institute in Baltimore. In all that I did nothing to complain of.

6. I never "thought to establish Boston by my great learning or independent thought." This statement is one case question, since no one can know my thoughts but myself. If Boston people were disgusted with my lecturing and courses, I am astonished they have never shown it.

7. I did not fail to attract an audience twenty lectures on Athens; I never complained bitterly, and I did not believe I deserved. I became sick with overwork, and was obliged to go to Rome to recover.

8. I never thought of entering the Ministry or any other order, not being a Catholic, or likely to become one. If I met with much kindness at the hands of the Dominicans, I am, I hope, sincerely thankful to them. My acquaintance with them and other monastic orders has been of great benefit to me, and I have learned from them to think, and to speak charitably of all men.

9. I have not been in Rome for more than six months.

10. I am not fanatically or religiously the disciple of the "Angelic Doctor," though I have a very great reverence and respect for him. I should still believe to be the greatest of all thinkers except Aristotle.

11. I do not wish to enter into any discussion of the relations between Mr. Davis and myself, except to say

that we have been excellent friends for now nearly fourteen years, and that we never were better friends than now. If I believe that he is mistaken in his philosophy, and that Hegelism is altogether a false system, that is no fault of mine, but of the truth as it presents itself to me. Mr. Harris is one of the best men I have ever known.

12. I am not in the slightest degree embittered against the world of letters, or against anything, and it only compels my St. Louis friends to know that I never was more happy, hopeful, and buoyant than I am now. When one has conquered all bitterness, he finds life a great good.

Having your contributor will not object to these corrections, I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS DAVIDSON.

Boston, January 17, 1881.

THE DRAMA.

[Dr. J. G. Bellard is Author's for February.]

In an article published some years ago, we recognized the drama as an institution that had come to stay, as an important factor in the social and intellectual life of the people, as a source of much pleasure, and a possible source of much culture. Since that day the drama has had its place in this magazine. We have criticized it freely; we have commended heartily what has seemed to be praiseworthy, and our notices of famous actors and actresses have persecuted the public with much interesting, instructive, and stimulating personal history. It seems to us that theatres are improving, and that there is much less that is objectionable in their conduct and influence than formerly. We have been witnesses to the fact, right here in New York, that the element and best plays have been the most successful. Plays—both serious and popular—of a high standard that leave no stain, and excite no unwholesome imaginations—have run for months, and made their managers rich.

Now, these facts are weighty in the work of reformation. When the time comes when the history of the stage that dirt does not pay, it will cease to be presented. There are, undoubtedly, theatres in New York which cater to the lower tastes of the crowd, but there are certainly theatres here that studiously avoid offending the ears of public and Christian people with double songs, and, perhaps, and irreverence. There is undoubtedly an increasing attention upon the theatre among refined and religious people, and we rejoice in the fact, for it is full of promise for the theatre itself, and for the bodily and mental health of those who are attracted to it. The undiscriminating abuse of theatres—the attempt to drive good people away from them—is a damage to the cause of morality in any community. The undiscriminating condemnation of actors is a gross and unexcusable injustice, and when this condemnation comes from a witness of the good of the play, what can it do but drive the whole fraternity away from all religious influence and all sense of religious obligations? Yet there are Christian ministers who do this over the brims of their wine-cups, thoughtlessly facing that the cherished habit of vice-rings is absolutely righteous, when it is more laudable to the world in the influences and results of a single day than all the theatres and actors of the world are in a decade.

It is not in this way that the world is to be bettered. If the drama is moving us, and is some to stay, and we wish to dispense this, then it is our business to make the best of it, and to do all in our power to make it pure. We are always, in our patronage of it, to offer a premium for literary and personal purity. A play that is bad should always be severely let alone. An actor in an actress whose character is notoriously bad should be shunned. We would no sooner sit before the footlights, giving countenance and support to a courtesan, than we would consent to meet her in society. She is a dishonor to her craft, and a disgrace to the stage. Her presence is pollution. To get rid of such a creature as this is to drive courtesans to the streets, no matter how great her genius may be. It is by discriminating between virtuous and vicious plays, and virtuous and vicious players, that the stage is to be kept pure and ennobling in its influence, and not by

condemning everything and everybody connected with it.

The old and familiar claim that the theatre is "a school of morals," so far as it was intended to declare it to be an educational institution, with morality for its theme, was without any foundation whatever. The theatre is never aloud of the people who patronize it. If it has any definite aim, it is to please—to reflect the tastes, the moralities, the opinions, and the cultivated aims of those who attend it. No theatre can be run unless it pays, and, as money must be the first object, such plays must be presented as attract the crowd. Plays that are offensive repel the crowd, so that the constant study of morality is to ascertain the tastes and wishes of the people. The tastes of those who attend the Madison Square Theatre are very different, doubtless, from those of the people who used to throng the old Bowery, but it is a fact worth noting that those who attend the worst theatres are not the least moral, nor commonly, to plays which appeal to the best sentiments and moods of their audiences. Poetic justice is insisted upon in the abandonment of all plots, before audiences of the lower class. It is only thoughtful people who will tolerate plays that do not "come out right."

Public opinion and public taste are the master and mistress of the stage. It is but a short time since it was proposed to produce a Passion Play in New York. Now, a play representing on the boards of a theatre the Passion of our Lord could have no apology or justification save in the fact that it would be the most productive of it. No such apology or justification exists in New York, and public opinion rose against the project and vehemently protested. The manager who had it in hand bowed respectfully to the public voice and withdrew it. The incident is a good illustration of the power of public opinion over the theatre. The truth is that the life of the theatre depends on its power to please the public, and it is bound by every consideration of interest to reflect the moral sense and moral endurance of those upon whom it depends for support. It is for this reason that we have no fears of the influence of the theatre upon the public. If an immoral actress wins a great success in New York, it is not because she has debauched New York, but because New York is tolerant of immorality. If a bad play succeeds in a New York theatre, it is because there is not moral sense enough in those who witness it and in the public press to rebuke it and drive it from the boards. The betwixt and purer patronage of any theatre may be, the better will that theatre become, in every variety of influence which a theatre can exert, and it is delightful to believe that the drama's highest work is the source of so much pleasure to so many good people can be justified without danger of pollution.

THE BATTLE OF THE TYPES.

[After others, in the February "Plea-Book"]

Many years ago, a little boy who attended a school kept by a good old lady named Spencer, on the west side of Fifth Street, in the city of St. Louis, missed his spelling-lesson. He had had the same experience before. He stood before Mrs. Spencer with his hands behind his back, and placed his toes very properly upon a wooden line in the floor, while she gave and the words and he answered, in something like the following style:—

Mrs. Spencer.—"Spell One."
Little Boy.—"One, one."
Mrs. S.—"Wonder."
L. B.—"Wonder-er, Wonder."
Mrs. S.—"Wrong? Try Two."
L. B.—"Two, Two."
Mrs. S.—"Do."
L. B.—"Do, Do."
Mrs. S.—"Another miss, 'Lough."
L. B.—(grudgingly).—"L-o-u-g-h, Lough."
Mrs. S.—"Call."
L. B.—"Call-o-u-g-h, Call."
Mrs. S.—"Wrong again! One more: 'Enough."
L. B.—"E-n-u-g-h, Enough."
Mrs. S.—"Spell."
L. B.—"S-o-u-n-d, Stuff."
Mrs. S.—"You may go to your seat and lose your recess."

Years passed away, and the little boy became a man; but the spelling-book always looked like a puzzle to him. Often he studied lists of hard words and easy ones, and wondered who invented the way in which Americans and Englishmen spell. He began to think that the first speller, when he wanted to make words, just put his hand into a pile of letters and took the ones that came first. The more he thought, the less he felt that he knew about it, until at last he began to grow impatient, and one day he fell into a drowsy sleep, in which he at first thought that all the letters of the alphabet, printed upon square bits of cardboard were chasing each other about in his brain.

By degrees the confusion ceased, and a calm sleep followed. Then he found himself at a wonderful land, where the types had escaped from the printer's case and were to be seen hurrying through the streets in a very lively way, for they all had legs and arms, and some of them wore hats or carried umbrellas. X was very cross, and Y was acting in a high-handed way, for the compositors from the printing-office were all out in force trying to bring order out of confusion. While this was going on, it was to be noticed that the types were gathering in groups. A, E, I, O, and U leaned up against a fence, as if consulting, as they waited to see what was coming. L, M, Y, and K seemed to sympathize, while a number were arranged as pairs, such as F and V, R and P, T and D, K and G, and others.

At last a somewhat general consultation resulted in the appointment of a committee, composed of E, I, and U, to confer with the compositors. K, being the most important, was spokesman, and opened the conference with these words:

"Masters, I am asked to speak for my fellow-types, and to state to you the grievances under which we are suffering. You know from the marks upon our heads that we were cast in Roman moulds, with the exception of K, who rightly claims to have originated among the refined inhabitants of cultured Greece, and would have no belief that our own forefathers were children of that favored land. But neither Greeks nor Romans were born to be oppressed. We cannot submit in passive to wrong. We demand justice, justice, justice! [Applause by the other types.]

"I am myself overworked, perhaps as much as any of my brethren. It is my noble duty, as you know, to spell the words of the English-speaking world. For our labor the grand thoughts of the masters of poetry and of prose are brought to the eyes, carried thence to the mind, and made to stir the hearts of millions of men and women. We have a noble mission. Through us the poor and the rich gain a knowledge of sublime and sacred words, and are conducted in this world and prepared for the next.

"We get on paper the speech of the people, for the words in print are representations of the sounds they utter. Ours is a life-and-death, and requires head-and-heart common sense. We must stand up to our work like men [applause], like free men—each in his lot. Each one of us bears an individual character, and represents, or ought to represent, a particular sound. And yet you, our masters, try to force some of us to do double duty—aye, often, threefold or fourfold duty. Not only must I, and O stand the impress of our own characters upon the words, but in some of your dirty work you make both of them take up the burden that belongs to U. [Applause.]

"We have determined that we shall not work any longer, unless you will agree that each of us shall do but single duty, and that no more. Therefore we appear, now must know exactly what we mean; and in order to accomplish that, it has been decided in our 'brotherhood,' that but one of us shall be called upon to express any single sound, and that the sound he stands for shall be his name. It is plain enough that if you take two of us to express one sound, and one to express another, some member of the brotherhood will be overworked.

"So far I have spoken for my fellows; but I will not mention mine of my own grievances. In the first place, you use more than any other type in the case. I think it is a very hard case, indeed, but I am not here to complain of my own wrongfulness. I represent the most popular sound. What I object to is, that you

use me when you do not need me. You put me at the end of many words where I do not represent any sound whatever. I am always in loss, and greatly attached to my job, though I am not needed in either case.

"While you use me thus, you make me help my brethren express some of their sounds. You never use you without making me help A; and you put me on the end of your *to* to lift a burden from O, who has the like assistance in *for* and *some*, while others help him to express himself in *ghost*, *our*, *though*, *would*, *folks*, *best*, *one*, *ever*, *been*, *Pharaoh*, *Examiner*, and *present*. Think of the easy time O has, with whom other types go to hold him up to duty!"

"I seemed a little ashamed of himself at this point. 'I can go on and show you more more of your injustice, and I should if I did not notice that my brethren think that I am becoming offensively personal. Without further parley, I repeat our demand for *silence and exact justice*. We cease work until this is accorded."

"The deafening cheers with which this speech was received by the strikers had subsided, the foreman of the composing-room mounted a chair and spoke:

"I have listened with admiring interest to the speech that has just been delivered. You could not have been more efficient type in giving voice to your alleged wrongs. His words were well chosen, and were uttered with a frankness and earnestness that are adapted to carry conviction to the unprejudiced reader. And yet there is much to be said upon the other side. Your spokesman has stated that you are of foreign descent, which is true; and there is the origin of the trouble. There are not enough of you to represent the English sounds. At best, you number but twenty-six, and when you consider that K is only C in a bad temper, and that X is the same as KS, and that Q is KW, you will see that there are only twenty-three to represent at least forty sounds.

"I would you could raise a mighty cry that K, Q, and X should be thrust out of the brotherhood, and they escaped beneath a fence, and were not heard of more."

"Now," continued the foreman, "you are worse off than you were before. You are left seventeen hands short, and have lost the help of three interlopers who have aided you. But I am not at all thorough in my argument. People who read have become accustomed to seeing words printed as we have done for ages, [cries of "It hasn't been done so for ages!"] and they do not wish the familiar look of their books taken away. They could not understand printing done in the style you demand. Besides all that, many English words are derived from the ancient languages, and we must spell them in such a way as to show where they came from. Now, if no one of us is to do double duty, it is plain that I must go outside of the brotherhood and get seventeen new types to represent the sounds that are now without letters."

"Here there arose a mighty din, in the midst of which the chairman was able to recognize only the words, "No outsiders! No outsiders!" Then the letter U took the stand:

"In the main, I listened with approval to the words of our friend K, but I would not help being grieved at his misanthropy. I was represented as inefficient, as unable or unwilling to express my peculiar sound without help, and so eloquently did my popular brother portray the inefficiency of my case, that I began to be ashamed of myself. I have now risen above that feeling, and am even proud that so many of my fellows are willing to give me assistance. In fact, I begin to wonder as I think of the kindness we shall have to extend if our demands are met by the compositors. In that case I can have no more help. And when I think of the depth and breadth of the sound that I attempt to express, I wonder at the liberality I have already shown in making of doing it alone. So, brethren, I demand rather that each of us have the right to all the help he can get."

[Grosses from E, applause from I, and unreason of himself from the compositors.]

This scene seemed to indicate that the strike was broken, especially as I rose and said:

"I give my approval to this humane suggestion.

Let us have all the help for which English spelling will give us any precedent. If there any always be supported by E and A, as you are in *Henry*, S as in *followed* by C and H, as in *asked*; A, by O and H, as in *Pharaoh*; I will drop out and sit on the sofa while A, Y, and E represent my sound, as in *open*. If I shall always be followed by K, as in *ashore*; G, by T and H, as in *enough*; and—let it be!—it will be easy enough for us to find precedents of this kind, and we shall do as we have made. We can manage not to have more than half our usual work to do, and I shall be able to rest my attenuated form all the time."

The compositors wished to say something more, but we no more would listen to them, and C arose to speak. He rose a minute to shift all of his burdens onto B and K.

"Mr. Compositor—Gentlemen: Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this proposition. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at so broad a measure; but 'there's a divinity that shapes our tools.' Let us spell up with a K, and scrape without any C. Let *sign* be written *shoon*-*gushoon*, taking the sound of *sk* from *shoon*, of *p* from *sign*, and the last sound from *sign*."

Here the speech of C came to a sudden conclusion, but the compositors cried out with one voice that, rather than follow such a plan, they would adopt any fair compromise that the types wished to propose. "Anything," they said, "but an effort to follow the precedents of modern spelling." The types rose, too, that if they would be just to each other they must come as near as possible to having but one type for a sound, and one sound for a type.

The noise that was made by the strikers and the compositors in discussing how this should be accomplished awakened the dreamer from his sleep, and he found that during his nap the postman had brought to his door a package containing papers in which the very subject of his dream was discussed. He found that they announced the existence of a "society" that was laboring to reform English spelling. He said to himself, "Would that such a reform had been begun in my day! then I should not have been so often 'kept in' for missing my spelling-book. I am sure that every boy and girl would be glad to join it."

This boy's experience and this man's vision show us that there is need of an effort to reform the spelling of some of our words, and a little examination will make the truth still plainer. Suppose we look through our dictionaries and collect some of the words that are pronounced alike and spelled differently, or spelled alike and pronounced differently. Then we can take up words to which we can add a syllable or a letter, and make a new word with a new pronunciation for the portion that we began with.

Such a search through the dictionary will be found very profitable. You may have noticed that when in the above volume the compositor claimed that words had for ages been spelt as they now are, the types cried out that he was wrong. They were right, and you will see that they were if you examine any very old book. You will find that such words as *constant*, *tempt*, *yearn*, *draw*, *sway*, *drawn*, *open*, *draw*, *delight*, *draw*, *back*, *glimpse*, *trust*, *lead* (lead), *haves*, *craft*, *again*, *the*, *freedom*, *like*, *shut*, *legible*, *deeds*, *one* (eat), *draw*, and many more like them. In England, the wisest men are urging school-teachers not to count it wrong if the boys and girls spell in this way. It will be so in America some day, and a happy day it will be.

Now, if words were spelt as they are pronounced, it would hardly be any more difficult to learn to spell than to learn to speak. We should not have to "remember" how last words are spelt, for there would be only one way possible to spell a word as it sounds. I hope that the vision may some time come true; for, though we shall never know how the strike of the types turned out, it was plain to us that it must have been in favor of an easier spelling, without any new letters.

Some people profess to like our present spelling, and the great Shakespeare is quoted as "spelling correctly," but I know that the vision was not for the way we spell, for he wrote his words quite differently.

The Spectator.

VOL. I. No. 24.]

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1881.

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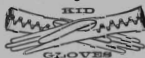
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The Spectator.

ST. LOUIS, FEBRUARY 26, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

How opera bouffe is dying out! Great's French company found America such an unsatisfying field that it wandered to Mexico, where it is still able to coin money. Alas, the queen of French opera bouffe, was finally compelled to withdraw from the American shores. After that, the queen of American opera bouffe, struggled on for a season or two, but finally succumbed and gave up the trifling business. She has been exacting to make a living in a semi-vulgar business, but so far unsuccessfully. Emily Solferino, the queen of English opera bouffe, made a desperate attempt this season in America to bolster up her waning fortunes, but in vain. Her company broke up, when she eagerly seized upon the opportunity afforded by "Olivette," and is trying to rehabilitate her waning fortune—but I think without much hope—in Andran's opera. And five years ago what a trio—Alma, Oates, and Solferino! And where are they today? One, fortunately for herself, retired; the other fallen to the lowest level of the theatrical profession; the third struggling bravely but unavailingly against the inevitable. The days of the glorious "high kickers" are gone. There was a time when crowded houses greeted this trio of bouffes; when the Brain Nonchalant, in magnificent language, present some costly gift as a tribute from the public. But all that is vanished, and the former queens of Offenbach's, Hervé's and Lecocq's have nothing to console them but the memories of their former fleeting greatness. Now none is so young as to do these revivings.

As with the opera bouffe queens, so with the pretty burlesques, or "dizzy blondes," as they are vulgarly termed. Lydia Thompson, Pauline Markham and all of that ilk metaphorically lived on squalor and ambrosia. The *penance* dance overwhelmed them with their longevity. None so sought after by the gilded youth of severity as they. But it was, after all, a more butchery existence. Public opinion set in against the "burlesques," and the brief reign of the burlesque queens was over. Lydia Thompson returned with her golden gains to England. Pauline Markham dropped lower and lower in the profession, away in trouble and pecuniary difficulties. The "blondes" are also now a thing of the past.

I have it on the most excellent authority that Sarah Bernhardt will revisit America in two years, under Mr. Abbey's management, and appear in a series of English performances. Miss Bernhardt is now studying English constantly with that end in view. If the contract has not been already signed, I know that the matter has been discussed by Mr. Abbey and Miss Bernhardt, and that an agreement will certainly be arrived at.

This is a Chicago man's disposition on newspaper reporters:

This is a reporter. You will notice how finely he is dressed. He wears his best clothes every day, because he doesn't know what Sunday is. Reporters have an easy life. They seldom go to work before 10 o'clock in the morning, and are often through with their labors by twelve at night. There are many kinds of reporters. The society reporter goes to parties and weddings. He takes down the names of the people who have been invited, whether they are there or not, and prints them in the paper the next day. Once a man started for a party, but got too full for attendance before reach-

ing there, and was locked up. The society reporter said he was at the party, all the same, but the police reporter said he was fined \$5 for being drunk. So this man put his name in the paper twice, but he got out one of the items for fear his wife might see them both and think the press was making too much of him. Men and women as modest. The sporting reporter goes to horse-races, and base-ball games, and cock-fights. It is a large job to go to horse-races if you let out the wrong horse. Once there was a croquet tournament in a wide city, and the editor of a paper knew that somebody must write it up. So he wrote in the sporting reporter. "What have I got to do with these things croquet players?" said the sporting reporter. "That's a society event." "I guess you are right," replied the editor: "so you can go up in the country about two miles north of where the street-car runs and see if it looks as if we would have an early spring, and then this evening there are four Land League meetings for you to look after." So the sporting reporter had a little something to do, after all, and climbed himself quite heartily. A man need not have a classical education in order to be a good reporter, but he must be able to handle around some and know what he is doing. A big fire or a murder. Reporters can get money to a fire than anybody except the fire men, and the best ones do it. But the old heads of the business know better. They stand on the corner until the fire is out, and then they get a tack and go to the house of the man who owns the building, and ask him how much the old shell was worth and if he thinks the insurance companies will have him arrested for setting it on fire. This is when the man acts and does not open the door for them because he has just got out of bed, and declines to answer questions. But if he acts square, the boys treat him right, and in the morning people read of him as "our estimable citizen, Mr. —." Reporters seldom marry. They are too long. Perhaps some other time I may tell you more about it. Many of them are married and live happy with their wives, because they never see them again when they come home to go to bed. A drowsy cannot quarrel much.

A gentleman who is a devout admirer of the Church of the Messiah and its free choir thinks that excellent harpists would be more fortunate if he stood up straight and did not lean against the pillar while he sings.

Do you believe this? A woman frequently marries a man not from any particular love, but merely to prevent any other woman having him. It is a common fallacy in love with the plague there were no hundreds of women who would try if they could to send the plague away from her.

A witty gentleman, well known in amateur dramatic circles, remarked concerning the costuming of the young ladies at a recent masquerade given at the West End, whereat many society girls appeared in very short skirts, with bodices not pertained, that he thought "the gentlemen should have been provided with green goggles, and wraps to put around the young ladies."

Here is a bit of consolation for women past sweet sixteen, and a man said it too: "A woman is never old so long as she can inspire a feeling of love; besides, what is it to be old? It surely does not consist in having spent a certain number of years out of the mysterious number allotted to each of us. To be old is, in my opinion, no longer to possess either beauty or charm. If a woman preserved up to the age of an hundred all the attractions of her youth, she would even then be younger than the woman of twenty who had lost them all. I prefer any day an old woman who is young to a young woman who is old."

I hope this expression of opinion on the part of the Town Talker will not be considered as encouragement by the dames of sixty to bare their shoulders, blonde their cheeks, and deal in balm of youth and plumpers to their frisky extant.

There are these known to society whose years do not number sixty by a score, who, with all the friskiness of coits and alchemy of fashion, never in shrewd dresses and corsets most devoted, while, even though they glory yet in the plumpness and fairness their daughters might envy, show a youth and weakness most unseemly in wives and mothers.

The man who endures this vanity in his wife deserves the sneers of his acquaintances, and he is not spared even by the men who engage with the "heavy weight" in waltz or mazurka. But the woman—does she know the meaning of matronly modesty? or has the indifference of long custom dulled every pulsation of "shame, divine shame?"

St. Louis is becoming a power in the realm of progress and culture, and let not our prophets be without honor to our own city.

The Second Baptist Sunday School, last Sunday, numbered five hundred and sixty-eight scholars. The attendance was notable inasmuch as it was not stimulated by the approach of any festival occasion. It is therefore a gratifying evidence of the wisdom with which the work of that prosperous organization is prosecuted.

The new Southern Hotel as a drug-store. It is to be a syphilitic establishment, and especially fitted for the retail trade. This will not interfere with its Washington Avenue establishment.

The Second Baptist Sunday School, last Sunday, numbered five hundred and sixty-eight scholars. The attendance was notable inasmuch as it was not stimulated by the approach of any festival occasion. It is therefore a gratifying evidence of the wisdom with which the work of that prosperous organization is prosecuted.

A distinguished Presbyterian minister of this city, in a paper read in Centenary Church last spring, gave twenty reasons, well digested reasons why there ought to be no choirs in churches. Now comes Mr. Theodore Thomas, in *Sermons*, declaring that "in those churches only which have congregational singing is the sense of what is suitable and decorous not offended." This is another case in which "extremes meet." But if Mr. Thomas be recognized as authority, he quite knocks the underpinning from the distinguished divine's platform of "in spirit and in truth," by his assertion that "the most exact and artistic church service is the most proper one."

Après all the above, in the discussion which followed the essay referred to, Dr. Boyd told a good story concerning the employment of umbrellas or non-umbrellas in clouds. "A devout old lady who had fallen into poverty was one day praying earnestly by an open window for food. Some boys, passing by, heard the prayer, and one of them, proceeding to a bakery near by, purchased a loaf of bread and threw it into the room. The old lady retired devout and thankful in answer to her prayer: whereupon the boy called out:

"The Lord didn't send it to you at all, I thought it." To which the devout and thankful petitioner replied: "The Lord sent me all the same, even if the devil did break it."

I have no opinion to express about the fight that is now raging in the Democratic party of St. Louis, further than to say that the more respectable portion of the party is entirely represented by the Committee of Seventy, and that Col. George Kling is rather an aged man to undertake the sole responsibilities of an arduous political campaign.

Letta, the charming little woman that she is, stays at the Olympic mother week. She was at the "Olympic" matinee at the Grand Opera House last Wednesday, in company with her mother. They occupied a box, but Letta was so closely veiled that the audience generally failed to recognize her. I myself discerned her only by a merry, characteristic little laugh that broke out at a funny place in the opera.

Offer Diond Byron comes to Pope's next week. See-man closes his engagement to-night, after a successful run of two weeks. Mr. Pope has made a good deal of money, and his next march shall have been

comes will not admit of a more expensive establishment, and as the mistress herself usually presides over the culinary department in these cases, she will find a corner or two at the Cooking School of infinite value to her in her labors where quality rather than quantity is the point aimed at.

As the great law of cry among housekeepers is the inefficiency of servants, whether those troublesome beings can be dispensed with the mistress is only too glad to do so. It is almost impossible, however, to do without a pair of strong arms to assist in washing the war against the dirt, which in this city is almost as hopeless as the efforts of Mars to conquer. To sweep back the Atlantic Ocean with her broom.

One is nothing nowadays if not aesthetic. If you choose to have an old basket—bed-quilt of your grand-mother's about, just throw it across the foot of your bed and draw the attention of your friends to this "lovely pre-hygienic textile fabric."

Mr. B. Nugent, the well-known dry goods man, will go east next week, to remain till the middle of May, and will, while there, devote his attention to the selection of stock for his extensive establishment. He comes to visit a large number of manufacturers and also his purchases from first hands.

Short, the treasurer of the Olympic Theatre, his annual benefit this evening. Letta's will take part, and there is to be a grand rally inside the walls of the old Olympic, is deservedly popular, and his benefits are patronized.

Mr. McMann, the treasurer of the Grand, will take his benefit on the 21st of March, (ay, called "The Child of Stairs," will be played itself is a genuine attraction out of the ordinary of the beneficiary, and no doubt be crowded. Mr. McMann is a most commodious gentleman, and the Spectator to see him take in a basket of money.

See-man, the treasurer of Pope's Theatre, annual benefit on Friday night, the 14th of March, his new play, "The Girl on the Street," presented by Salvini's company. The patrons of Pope's Theatre all know Mr. Zimmerman, and I am glad to say they all think well of him. No matter how great the rush, Edward never loses his temper, but always wears a rose-bud smile that puts one in a good humor at once. His benefit last year drew out one of the largest audiences ever in the house, and I hope the phenomenal will be none the less enthusiastic this year. Sale of seats begins Monday.

Speaking of benefits, I am reminded that there have not been so many this year among the visiting dramatic people as usual. A few seasons back it got to be the custom for every star who came here, great or small, to have a benefit, and the thing got to be a real nuisance. Why should one single night be set apart as a benefit night when every night of the engagement is for the benefit of the star? It is not only a waste of time, but it takes more money from the public than the public would otherwise give, but I think the public is to the charge and will not be hounded in the future as it has been in the past. Benefits of a certain kind are entirely proper, but they must not be degraded into mere tricks to lull people, for in that case those who are really deserving of benefits suffer with those who are undeserving. It is eminently proper that the treasurers of our best theatres should take an annual benefit, but they are constantly in contact with the public and are constantly rendering favors that the regular patrons of the theatres would like to acknowledge in some substantial manner.

Mr. J. G. Broad, the enterprising Franklin Avenue shoe dealer, is expected home from the East to-day. He has been among the manufacturers and has selected an immense stock for the spring trade.

Meers, John W. Norton, manager of the Grand Opera House, and Col. John A. Cockerill, of the *Past-Dispatch*, have spent the week in New Orleans with their friend John McCallum, who is playing an engagement there. It is also Mardi Gras week, and McCallum and Mardi Gras together have no doubt made it very interesting to the two gentlemen. They will probably leave the train for home at New Orleans to-morrow night in a very uncomfortable condition—all from the water on the streets, of course.

These enthusiastic lines were written by a young sophomore of Washington University who is too modest to allow his name to go to the public:

Oh, she is a sweet and so sage,
When it comes;
And her stimulating rank is black
As a raven;
Short—and thinks it is a pity
Charming, pretty, wise, and witty;
She is a creature—no punning—
Little nose,
In her lashed phantom,
When it shows,
With her little eye-glass on,
Out she goes;
And she's just as sweet and stately,
As she sits there so cozily,
With her cheeks and lips so greatly
Like a rose.

I had the pleasure of seeing at the State of Mr. J. L. Isaacs this week some new pieces of hand-painted enamel and milking decorations. Not only were the designs made in St. Louis, but the painting was also executed here, and does great credit to the artists employed. I was surprised to know that such work could be turned out by a St. Louis house, and that Mr. Isaacs can afford to buy these shows an encouraging increase and improvement in the home-furnishing taste of the people. The subject of interior decoration is becoming one of absorbing interest all over the country, and I am happy to see that there is an establishment in St. Louis that proposes to keep abreast with the new movement in useful as well as ornamental art.

That superb flower of point d'Alençon lace that attracted so much attention in Grace & Co.'s window on Fourth Street last week was purchased by Mrs. J. B. C. Lucas, and now Mrs. Henry V. Lucas, as stated in last week's *Spectator*.

Although this paper goes to press before the play of "Guy Rimmering" comes off Friday night, yet a forecast of the rich treat in store for the audience at the "Pickwick" on this occasion has been accorded a *Spectator* at a private rehearsal, and unrivaled indeed in the annals of dramatics is the production of *My Merit* by Miss Daisy Lockard. That one so young could even hold the world character to such perfection is much; but her presentation of the interesting, half-painted part of Mr. Walter Scott's crown, the tones of quizzical eyes, the dead, fading passion of her remembered sorrow, fanning the smoldering fires of a tempestuous nature, the softening of her grin and under the spell of the song she sings to awaken recognition in the brain of another, and flit the pulses of death as it darts, and all drops so shrouding wings about this blighted life, are portrayed by the youthful amateur with a force and conception of the character evincing talent of the strongest order and study and understanding far beyond her years.

A piano concert is to be given by Mr. Edward B. Perry, of Boston, at Association Hall, next Monday evening. Mr. Perry is a very modest, unassuming young gentleman who has studied music from early childhood, trained in Europe and played his part under the most famous teachers, mastered two or three languages, returned home and secured recognition as an artist from critics and the Eastern public, and has done it all in spite of the total loss of the sense of sight, which has been denied him since his third year. One of the things that I particularly like about Mr. Perry is the fact that he does not ask consideration for his piano-playing on account of his blindness, and

these ladies, Edwina and Helen Rose, Mr. Mathew's celebrated taste and skill in goods of these lines have long been recognized in this city, and our citizens may expect much that is not only new but exceedingly attractive as the result of his foreign visit. Messrs. Merriam, Jernard & Co. tell me that there was never before so great a demand for fine goods, and they have found it necessary to keep in St. Louis a stock that would do honor to New York or any other city in the world.

The attention of artists is called to a circular issued by D. Lathrop & Co., Boston, publishers of that most excellent juvenile magazine called *Rob-Archie*. They offer \$1,000 in prizes, in sums varying from \$120 to \$300, for designs for book covers, frontispiece illustrations in colors, and black and white magazine drawings. The wonderful success which attended the initial attempt of this kind for Christmas cards, on the part of Prang & Co., has stimulated other enterprising houses to adopt the same course. The propositions of Messrs. Lathrop & Co. are even more liberal than were those of Prang & Co., as more prizes are offered and different kinds of talent can be brought into requisition. The designs must be in Boston by April 15th, and those who think of competing should send for a circular at once.

"Are you going to the Cooking School?" is the first question propounded now when one housewife meets another. The younger ones usually give an affirmative response; the others, a disclaiming laugh, as though there were nothing new for them to learn in that department. Light house-keeping is becoming very popular just now with young married people whose in-

never seeks to make any capital out of his infirmity. The programmes and other printed matter which he has sent here in view of this coming concert contain no allusion in any shape to the fact, and I believe Mr. Perry would be glad to conceal it if he could from the knowledge of the public. It is astonishing, too, to read over the programmes that he has performed to the satisfaction of the most severe critics, and those who attend on Monday evening next will be surprised to find that his playing is no less enjoyable than wonderful.

It is my honest and candid opinion that Mr. Boland of the Police Board has been much abused by his associates, and that he is unjustly censured by the public. The *Spectator* does not favor his appointment by Gov. Crittenden because we had other citizens thought to be better suited to the place. But it seems to me that he started out like a man who aimed to do his duty and accomplish some needed reforms. He touched a tender spot or two, and then there was a big howl. These same tender spots ought to have been touched years ago. Faulkner, the superintendent of the police stables, ought to have been turned out long before Boland succeeded him. The air is thick with rumors about his scandalous management of the stables, and it is more than probable that when the light of investigation is turned on it will be seen that Mr. Faulkner has been in partnership with some officials who hold their heads very high. But the taking of Mr. Faulkner by the heels was not the only good thing Mr. Boland did. He drove an army of thieves out of town, sent up eight gambling-houses and stopped several lottery shops. He showed that he "meant business" from the very beginning, and if he had been allowed to go on he would have made a revolution. He has just enough iron in his blood to do the sort of police work we need in this city, and now, since he has given evidence of it, the *Spectator* is ready to say that his appointment was a good one, and that his removal from the vice-presidency of the board is a misfortune.

At a family hapien on Lucas Place, a few weeks since, there were gathered together a number of beautiful grandchildren of the host and hostess, who went through the merry kindergarten games as the grand-mama played the accompaniment. The sons and daughters joining their voices with those of the little ones in the pretty songs, and a more charming picture of home-life, amid elegant surroundings, could not have been found in the city's limits than that assembly at "the children's hour," 'twixt the dusk and the day-light."

The *Cortine* Merriemakers come to the Grand Opera House next week. They play "Cludelera," and the young lady who takes the leading part is only seven or eight years old. She is the latest dramatic prodigy.

The E. Jacard Jewelry Company have opened a storage department in their free-proof vaults, for the safe-keeping of jewelry, plate and other valuables. It offers special convenience for housekeepers who leave the city temporarily, and to newly-married people who have more gifts than they know what to do with. The Jacard Company will take a skillful man to pack valuables properly for storage.

Ex-Gov. Thos. C. Fletcher, wife and daughter leave Sunday night for Washington, where they go to be present at the inauguration of President Garfield. Ex-Gov. Fletcher is to command one of the divisions in the grand military display that is to take place.

I was looking over, the other day, a volume of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the well-known French periodical. And what a famous journal it is! It is forty-eight years old, and during its long life it has seen perhaps a hundred rivals rise and fall, while it has itself gone on successfully increasing in importance, so that it has now become an institution like the Academy or the Compteur Francaise. Its offices are located in a fine old hotel not far from the noble *Jeauvery* where M. Charles Baret (son of the founder of the *Revue*) and his wife gave, dur-

ing the winter, fortnightly receptions to the contributors and their friends, as well as literary dinner parties, of which form, I suppose, the most catholic remedies in Paris, and for the excellent reason that all opinions, except blatant radicalism and the dogmatic idiosyncrasy of Bishop Dupanloup and his friends, are represented by its contributors. By admitting him to its columns the *Revue* gives a French author a stamp of approval which surely makes him known and respected at least as regards talent in all quarters of the globe. As was the late, so is the present manager fully conscious of his power, and feels as independent with regard to authors as does the director of the Theatre Francaise towards his writers. At the same time some of the famous literary Frenchmen who are not novelists, and a man who rarely writes for periodical publications, sent an important contribution to the *Revue*, but neither the name of the author nor the fact that the contribution was of a character to attract great attention among the public induced M. Baret to print what seemed to him, from a literary point of view, unworthy of a place in the columns of his journal. The pecuniary rewards of writing for the latter are but slight. A writer receives nothing at all for his first article, and afterwards the prices vary — not in proportion to the merit of the production, but in relation to the reputation of the author. Henri Greville, for instance, obtained for her "L'Explication de Savell" — a novel which I am inclined to think will not always remain her masterpiece, but will ever be considered a most perfect work of art — \$150, and the ordinary price for ordinary historical or philosophical or art topics is but \$1 or \$2 per page. It is odd, too, considering the artistic eye and touch possessed by Frenchmen and their sensitiveness in regard to such matters, that the *Revue*, in spite of its large circulation and high subscription price, is one of the worst printed magazines in the world. To American readers who have noticed the attention paid of late years by the *Revue* to American literature it will, perhaps, be interesting to learn that "Thomas De Quincey," who has the honor to be the French public so many of our authors is Mme. Blanc.

In a recent little work entitled "Les Artistes d'Europe," the artists are rather severe upon the critics, as the following dialogue will show. Perhaps it might be possible, judging from the record of trifling between them, that certain artists of our own *Pennet* Great should entertain a somewhat similar opinion of the ability of their critics:

Reporter: "I guess I've got enough for three-quarters of a column; can't you help me split it out to a column?" — then I'll get \$2 for it."

Artist: "If you would suggest anything I might tell you what I know about it."

Reporter: "Tell me what sort of a painter Gizaard is, and I'll go."

Artist: "What sort?"

Reporter: "Yes, what's his style? Tell me what I had better say about his last picture; I haven't seen it, but I asked Vandyley and Vert Green, and now you, and I guess between you I can strike an average. What shall I say?" — French or American?"

Artist: "Call it Franco-American; the newspapers have not worn that word thrice already."

The following rhapsody from the lips of an æsthetic nineteenth century lover may be a fair representation of how we won their own severely artistic disciples: "I fear my dear little child of a decorator, my sweet misnomer pottery painter, my macramé-fringed-chair, my fondlest stork-embroidered all-manner, my precious darling delectation, my illustrious Venetian glass goblet, my comely, my intaglio, my whole catalogue of goods, loves me for my curio and not for myself, but you do love me, sweetheart, don't you?"

Standing in the Mercantile Library not long since, I observed a group of young folks making their literary selections for the week, and their frankly expressive admiration of a certain class of trashy fiction called up a doubt in my mind as to whether the establishment of public libraries was really as productive of good as their first founders anticipated it might be. Here was

the best of opportunities offered these young girls for procuring reading-matter which, if not absolutely vicious, could be of any possibility benefit them mentally or morally, and certainly was harmful, in as far as it distracted their thoughts from studies at a time when all their energies should be bent upon laying in stores of useful information for the future.

There can be no doubt that incessant reading of sensational fiction is a pernicious habit, similar in its effects upon the mind to those of alcohol, opium or absolute stimulants upon the body. It acts upon the mind just as these substances do upon the nervous system, producing an artificial stimulus, temporary in its duration, and which leaves the condition of both mind and body in a weakened condition after the stimulus has lost its effect. The longer the habit is continued the more the system demands it, until absolute ruin of body and mental powers is the result.

A writer for one of the popular journals, speaking on this subject, suggests as a remedy for the evil of increasing the circulation of trashy fiction through the medium of public libraries that a board of censors be appointed to "sit upon" every book that enters the Boston Public Library, and pronounce whether it be suitable reading for the thousands of young and innocent souls who come there for their mental food. He assumes — and pretty correctly — that if a book be declared worthy by the members of the "Jury," it would be very likely to get the money from every other respectable library in the country.

The plan would also act as a check upon both publishers and writers. The former, in particular, would be extremely careful how they brought out a work which might be denied admission into the hundreds of public libraries in the land, each of which generally takes a number of copies of every popular book, thus making a large portion of the publishers' trade.

Compare such works as Hans Christian Andersen's "Mirlan" and Emily Zola's "L'Assommoir" and "Nana." The former, touching upon nothing that is not pure and true, stimulates the imagination and gives free scope to a refined, beautiful fancy; the latter photographs upon the pure pages of the youthful mind and memory a series of pitiful pictures of whose very existence he or she should be ignorant. And yet these volumes may stand side by side in the public library, ready to refresh or poison the minds of our children as chance may direct their choice. Certainly a judicious parent would desire a law that should remove the deadly poison altogether from the reach of his child, or at least label it with the death-head and cross-bones, that he might know the danger to be avoided.

There is a curious fact concerning actresses. It seems to me that their power to draw does not depend so much upon their talent as their age. With few notable exceptions actresses cease to attract crowded houses when they are spring or at any rate pass. Charlotte Cushman was an exception, but she possessed dramatic powers. Today Mrs. D. P. Bowers and Miss Charlotte Thompson play to small audiences in St. Louis. The same with Janussek. And Mary Anderson, who is so much admired with more than a tinge of the dramatic ability of these actresses, fills the Grand Opera House to its full capacity. But then Mary Anderson is young and free-looking. I remember an occurrence which vividly illustrates the influence of the public to purely artistic acting. Last season, when Mary Anderson was announced to play *Julia* in "The Handback," the theatre was crowded. Her support was weak; the *Helia* was abominable, while Miss Anderson's *Julia* was crude. During the same season a performance of "The Handback" was announced at the Theatre Francaise by Mrs. D. P. Bowers as *Julia* and Miss Charlotte Thompson as *Helia*, while the support was really good, with the exception of McCollum. The theatre was only about one-third filled. As Pope's were two of the best actresses on the stage and a fair company, at the Grand Opera House, at any rate,

crude if gifted artists, with exorable support. But the latter actress was young and fair to look upon; the two former, with all their ability, were what is termed *passé*: so the discriminating public passed them by. And such is the appreciation of dramatic art by the discerning St. Louis public.

Janussek is another actress of splendid ability. But she is neither handsome nor youthful, and in spite of her remarkable dramatic gifts the St. Louis public bestowed such a slight patronage upon her that two years ago Miss Janussek declared she would henceforth accept no engagement in the Future Grand, and she has kept her word. No wonder that St. Louis ranks as one of the worst towns for the drama in the country when it shows a preference for such an inferior *opéra* and amateur actress as Minnie Palmer, who can play a week's engagement here to over \$2,000, while Janussek's receipts barely exceed \$1,500. After all, with the critical St. Louisian beauty goes for more than brains.

A peculiar phase of the production of all successful European plays and operas in this country is the litigation it causes. Any dramatic or operatic success in England and France is sure to be the source of legal complications in the United States. "The Two Orphans" is a case in point. Genevieve Ward's "Forget-Me-Not" is another instance. And the surrounding party in the latter case was no less a personage than Lester Wallack, a great stirrer for professional effects. Genevieve Ward made a great hit with "Forget-Me-Not" in London, and Wallack determined to put the piece upon the stage of his New York theatre. But before the *Bienvenue* of the American stage was quite ready, he learned that Genevieve Ward was about to sell for America and produce the play herself. The immediate Wallack rushed things, and while Genevieve was upon the "even wave" pictures, Wallack, the great success she would make in Gotham with her play, "Forget-Me-Not" was produced at Wallack's Theatre, and the actress landed to find her drama performed nightly in New York. Of course litigation ensued. And the comic opera of "Olivette" is another instance. It has been produced in New York by Messrs. Comly & Burton, who claim to have purchased the right for its production in this country. But the music and words have been published in Europe; so other people also endeavor to make money out of this successful opera. The Sullivan company has been presenting it in this city, although the managers of the Grand Opera House at one time were dubious about opening their house to it. Finally, however, the Grand Opera House opens the Sullivan company had ready, and that if they did not permit "Olivette" to be performed the engagement would have to be cancelled, they allowed its performance. Of course this will injure the business of the New York company, which is looked after at the same house.

If parties cannot be legally restrained from thus producing pieces which have met with great success, it seems to me there should be a moral law in regard to it, and managers should absolutely refuse permission to any company to present a play or opera for which other people had paid money to acquire the right of production in this country.

Mr. Edward Preberrig, of the Chicago *Daily News*, was in the city two or three days of this week. He is an accomplished chemist and made a number of pleasant acquaintances. Mr. Preberrig writes well. Here is a quatrain he gave me for the Spectator:

In winter time I look and sing.

For joy that spring is near;

I think again when comes my spring.

For joy that I am here.

I saw magnificent fresh strawberries at Evans' confectionery yesterday, and, asking the price of the incision fruit, was answered, "We prefer our quarts to twenty-four dollars a gallon." And you paid that for strawberry butter in your window for show?" I asked.

"Indeed, no. They were ordered by a gentleman to send a young lady." was the answer. Query: Who is so ardent this soon after Valentine's Day and so near Lent?

This, from Herbert Spencer's recent work on "Criminal Institutions," touches a subject of more or less interest to all the peoples: "We have sometimes been told that dress was originally worn for protection from cold, rain, and heat, and that use preceded habit. This seems doubtful if we attach any importance to the Africans and others, who evidently put on dress for ornament is very hot weather, and take it off as often in very cold weather and go about shivering. As such ornament is a badge of slavery, so to be loaded with clothes is a sign of rank. Laird tells us that at Fandah, in Africa, the king and his great officers walk themselves out in a ridiculous size with cotton waddings, and in Kaseene fashionable people wear three shirts, one over the other, to show their rank. In most countries different kinds of dress come to be marks of difference in rank; hence arise all kinds of official colors and uniforms. Royalty usually has its particular hue, and Queen Victoria shares the distinction of scarlet with the potentates of Madagascar and Siam, whilst yellow is the well-known badge of China and Mongolia. The royal badge of the sceptre is derived from the chief's spear; the military badge of the flag also from the warrior's spear, originally topped with leaves or feathers as a signal, afterwards with rags or taffrail; all batons and staves of officers and truncheons are abridgements and survivals of the original spear."

I wonder that every sensible girl in society is not an idiot. The amount of horsefear, irreconcilable stupidity they are compelled to endure in the shape of "silly" chatter would certainly drive me into an asylum for brain diseases in a week. I have no desire to do so, but the "conversations" for about two hours the other afternoon, and I have needed a guardian ever since. They were about a half-dozen little fellows, nice little men, and she was a really sensible girl, and the two hours was awfully of time. Who was talking to the general to-morrow night with what; what she was about about this girl, and that girl about this fellow; what sort of a banquet such a girl were at the opera, and how such a bright youth like her emaciated; what course that two couple were going to a party in, and why some other party wasn't going; chatter, chatter, gabble, gabble, rhymes, verses, snatches of small talk; lambs of subtle wit of useless brain wracked in denuding skill which wouldn't yield a penny worth of ideas to a score of worldly men, operators and managers, of shrewd and of intellect, with "say my," "you don't say," "well I never," "ha, ha, ha," and "teaches." And yet the sensible young man lived through it, as she has a thousand times before.

A writer in a recent number of the London *Times* speaks of Salvini in this wise:

I know of nothing more remarkable than the difference which exists between the Salvini of the stage and the Salvini of private life. The one is so imposing, so petulant and fiery, the other so gentle, affable, and unassuming. He is a gentlemanly person, a member of the good old school, courteous and somewhat ceremonious, reminding one of those Italian nobles of the sixteenth century of whose real in the works of Girardo Cortello and Florentine, *sonnet* Italian, is still extant. His greeting is cordial and his conversation cheerful, full of anecdote and marked with enthusiasm for his art.

Northey's Magazine for March is exceedingly interesting. "The Fair Barbarian," by Mrs. Barrett, is growing in interest, and there are a number of other articles of unusual importance, among them being one on "Erasmus's Doctrine, and Her New Time," another on "Moral Possibilities in America," by Theodore Tilton. The March number of Scribner's will no doubt be very widely read. It is a subject of constant astonishment that so much interesting matter can be put into such attractive form and sold at so small a price. I know of no better school of thought in the large than this splendid publication, and I wish it had millions of readers where it has tens of thousands.

Dr. J. G. Holland, its accomplished editor, comes about as near being sound in the practical every-day questions of life as any man in this country, and the excellent work he is doing will live after he is gone and be a noble monument to his memory.

One of the candidates the *Spectator* intended to have deposed last fall was Mr. Joseph R. Harris, whom the Republican journal, the Cincinnati *Atorney*, has since elected, and I am glad to say he has not disappointed his friends. He has really surprised us all by his splendid success, and the *Spectator* is very proud of having advocated his election so earnestly. He has not yet failed in a single important case he has undertaken before the Criminal Court, and has already established himself as a prosecutor of great force and determination, and thus becomes a worthy successor to the efficient Norville. With Mr. Harris in charge of the criminal proceedings of this city, and with Judge Langhals on the bench, good people may feel reasonably secure. The prospect now is that Murderer's Row in the jail will soon be pretty well thinned out. In the last month Kotsky and another prisoner have been found guilty of murder in the first degree, and there is a good prospect for their going to the gallows.

I happen to be conversant with the circumstances of the Kotsky murder case, and I cannot understand how these circumstances could have been so much less when he shot poor Augusta Simon. The sole offence was that the girl did not love him, and tried to avoid his loathsome presence. "Three or four members of the same kind have taken place since then during the past two years, but I do not know of a single instance where the cowardly murderer has been executed. They have been in the habit of getting off on the plea of emotional insanity, and it will serve an excellent purpose if the same good law does not happen to Kotsky. It is about time the emotional insanity dodge had been exposed, for there is never so good an excuse for crime.

Mr. James McNeill, the merchant tailor, has fitted up a beautiful store in the south-east corner of the Laidell Hotel. He has got back into his old neighborhood, but has a larger and better place than when he was there before. Mr. McNeill is one of the remarkable men of St. Louis, and justly stands at the head of his business. He is entitled to the honor of being called an artist tailor, and I know of nothing that requires a greater amount of artistic taste and skill than the making of our clothes. The philosophy of clothes is a subject which Mr. Thomas McNeill has devoted his first intellectual energies, and out of his "Sartor Resartus" he made his first time; but my own opinion is that Mr. McNeill knows more about the real cosmopolitan philosophy of clothes than the great Carlyle.

I am no enthusiast in antiquarian art, and have no admiration for curves merely because it is two or three hundred years old. On the contrary, I should like to direct stronger attention to our home artists and their work, which is so often neglected by amateurs. But at Harding's, on Market Street, there are two or three remarkable pictures, undoubtedly originals of old masters, which ought not to be neglected by our picture-loving citizens. The subjects, unfortunately, are not attractive, but the work is wonderfully artistic and excellent.

From private letters received this week, and from newspaper notices in Iowa City and Burlington, it appears that the rumor of Dr. Bauman's acceptance of the office of Dean of St. Louis Law School is regarded as a fixed fact. "No one," Good for St. Louis, had for Iowa.

One of the most exciting revolutions in the history of many a fair St. Louis dame for a long time to come will be that of the "crisis" at the Olympic last Saturday afternoon. I think of no better school of thought in the large than this splendid publication, and I wish it had millions of readers where it has tens of thousands.

lected in that one spot, and that each was fired by the same worthy ambition to get through that narrow gateway before her neighbor. So they pushed and jammed, much to the detriment of some of their fine toilettes. But a general air of good nature prevailed in spite of it all, the only exception to the general courtesy being in the case of a couple of gentlemen (?), one of whom accused the other of pushing, upon which a worthy battle ensued in which I caught the ominous threat, "I'll see you later, sir," and, "All right, sir, you'll find me ready," &c., &c. Had not one of the heliostatic individuals been the protector of a fair chaperon, it is probable the public would have been beggared in their weary waiting by a little side-show in helmets not included in the regular bill of entertainment.

How lovely a sweet young lady appeared, framed in a Bazarotti palisade! I saw one the other day which would have inspired an artist with the enthusiasm of a Paphosian when he cried, "Bring me my brushes now," &c. "Twas a charming, pleasant brown face with a peony bloom on the cheeks and sparkling brown eyes. The bonnet too was "à la mode" of dark plum-colored plush with drooping plumes. The little lady in her long cloak looked as if she might just have stepped out of a picture-frame to take a brief holiday in this workaday world.

The crowd, unconfessed but still plainly apparent, which assailed the majority of those who attended the performance of "Lohengrin," was in a measure dissipated by the contemplation of a certain fair dame's superb toilette. Her diamonds, her hair decorations, her appearance generally, formed the theme of some very lively comments in the circle around me. In fact, to such an extent was she an object of interest and admiration to the hared audience that I consider Mr. Mapleton owes her a vote of thanks for preventing his Wednesday evening performance from becoming an absolute failure.

What a pity that the Almighty Dollar cannot purchase to order that which President Elliot pronounces the one element of education—"an accurate and refined use of the mother tongue."

I observed a young gentleman remarking that a very charming domestic belonging to the *amateur* sides of the Plateau (most was and always is) had been in her grammar. Being myself educated up to the standard of a familiar acquaintance with German philosophy, it now rather taxed upon me that this drawback should figure even to such a slender use the glimmer of her beauty and so-called *deutscher*.

Wanderers will never cease, and the fashions of fashion have no end. I need not say that at a fashionable table the green gown goes to the altar without gloves, and again that the same erstwhile indiscreet appendage are no longer a portion of a lady's evening toilette. The ladies in attendance are commended for their economy, green being no doubt one of expense in this quantity-driven city. Still there seems a slight falling off in deficiency in the idea of a lady's employed hand moving the metal joint of any masculine partner when the may claim to meet in the dance. There are not a few people in the world whom I could not care to touch except with the tips of gloves finger.

It is always pleasant and profitable to have a scientific explanation of things. An authority tells me that a kiss is a vulgar action without the will being called into action, that the sight of a blooming cheek acting upon the optic nerve is registered in a ganglion as a sensation, and exteriorizes itself in the muscular act of kissing.

Empress Eugénie of Spain spends most of her time in Paris, and is as fond as ever of her native habits, though she is getting rather old. The Paris correspondent of the *London Times* says she has late number about the royal system.

Queen Isabella has closed the shooting season in a manner worthy of her blood. The Barons of France,

Spain and Naples were passionately fond of shooting, and none of them was more eager for sport than the infatuated King who was gullible ninety-two years ago. Isabella was a Neapolitan—largest, in size, than after game in the Abruzzi, that he had an appointment with an Austrian Archduchess, who was on her way to Naples to marry her son. The Queen of Chivalry is inebriated in all things but the hereditary taste for the dog and gun. Isabella is still a capital shot. Some did not prevent her from indulging in the sport which her gamekeepers last week provided for the party invited by her to close the season at Fontaine-Troville. Her Majesty went off in the woods in a low chair drawn by mules. Paul de Cassagne had the honor of waiting on her. The Queen is a great favorite with her articles, of his free-wheeling valiance and of his handsome person. She is a constant reader of *Le Pays*. Her Majesty still shows enough to intrigue the wits. She handled her fowling-piece cleverly, knocking over a rabbit and some partridges. She wore a hat and rock boots, a loose for pelisse, a skirt, gaiters and staid-out boots. Lunch was served in a forestier's house, etiquette was waived, and hearty good fellowship encouraged by the Queen's example.

The "Fifteen Puzzle" has got over to England, and is exciting more attention there than it did here. Mr. Richard A. Proctor, the well-known astronomer, has been devoting his attention to it, and a correspondent of the *London Times* says he has published three or four learned articles on the subject. He has calculated that there are no fewer than 29,922,775,888 positions in which the puzzle may be placed, if an aspirant does it through its solution. Of these he has satisfied himself that one-half are soluble, and the remaining half insoluble. The solubility of the problem depends upon a strange law of relation between the line in which the vacant square occurs and the number of what Mr. Proctor terms "displacements." If, for instance, we read the box in the ordinary way, beginning with the upper horizontal line from left to right, and find it to begin with 5, there are then four displacements, because 5 comes before 1, 2, 3, and 4, whereas it ought to follow them. If the next figure be 3, there are then two more displacements, because 3 comes before 1 and 2, whereas it ought to follow them. Now, according to Mr. Proctor, if the number of displacements is even, and the vacant block is in one of the even horizontal lines, reading from left to right—that is to say, in the second line from the top or in the bottom line—then the problem is soluble. The same is the case if the number of displacements is uneven, and the vacant block be in an uneven line. But where the displacements are uneven, and the line of the vacant block even, or vice versa, the problem is insoluble.

The suit recently instituted against the American Wine Company by Dr. Schuler, a former employee, very forcibly illustrates the evil now to be met with every time by put. Mr. Schuler's petition seems to have been nothing but a vehicle for slander. There ought to be some way of preventing the law from being used as a cloak for any such unbusinesslike conduct.

NEEDLE-WORK SCHOOLS.

(From the "Art Amateur.")

Increase are very good pieces of furniture for the display of embroidery, and may be treated with almost endless variety. Large folding-cases are covered with heavy brown or serge, and worked in crests with large flowers, green poppies, roses imperiale, carnations, pansies, gladioli, lily-tulips, dahlias, &c., and others stand upright in the panels, each different in its arrangement, standing, as it were, "at attention," and as controlled, by balance of head and flower and leaf, that each will be of about the same height and form. Some dark edges will be required as frames-work; if the screen itself does not supply it, bands of leather with a stay gilt pattern on them will answer the purpose.

A similar screen, in which much art is employed, yet which is still simple, is made of brown tissue. It is nearly five feet high, to three feet, two of three being alike, worked in crests and rib. At the foot is a small shelf of green tissue about one foot in height, on which are worked, on the right, or otherwise, three small bunches of daisies above, on the unworked linen, rise to the height of two and a half feet two

half-day-lilies, their yellow petals worked in silk, the leaves in crests, which, coming close together as they reach the cloth, bring all into harmony. On the middle panel, sunflowers stand in the place of day-lilies, and below, daffodils and primroses are worked on the green, the third panel is a repetition of the first. The space at the top is left clear.

A peacock with his tail displayed makes a splendid panel for a screen. He must be conventionalized into an hermetic aspect; and even then, when his colors are generalized to the fewest, he will still the embroiderer's skill to make him gorgeous creature. Gold-color, black, brown, blue, or green, will make him a good background. He looks well in a single panel by himself, or in a three-boarded screen with peacocks right and left of him; crests and pheasants will also make him good supporters.

If water-lilies are used, they should be associated together. Swans are rather cowardly swimmers of white, but cranes, flamingoes, and ducks of different kinds work well. The water and other surroundings must be indicated with patience, not attempting a pictorial representation, though the balance of form and color requires the same consideration as in a picture.

Another treatment of panel screens has a Japanese inspiration, and each panel is a kind of suggestive picture. The more solid panels grow up from the ground, or stand up vertically, and are higher up a bird flies across or perches, and is balanced by a suggestion of cloud, a flight of distant birds, or a projecting spray or hanging branch of lighter flowers. This may be carried out in black, brown, or deep blue silk, or, if a light ground be preferred, on white silk or pale buff, or green satin, working on these materials with fine silks, and using gold twist and thread to lighten the effect. Care should be taken not to follow Japanese models as closely as to provide a comparison with that humblest handicraft, or to stick into a terrible individualism, and to produce only a copy of the original. Japanese arrangements, especially in modern art, have a character of unexpectedness and apparent disorder that is a great snare to the unwary, who do not see that this artlessness is a perfection of art, and produced by obeying, not defying, the laws of symmetry, balance, and proportion.

For screens that are to be lighter-looking, smaller flowers are used, with care that the frame-work of the screen be not too heavy for them. They look best in a sort of fan-like pattern over the whole screen, as they may be used in "pansy-work," or in small groups. White satin with blue flowers; cream-color, buff, or pale pink, with carnations, or small yellow or blue-pink roses; pale blue with corn-flowers, or white flowers; gold-color with marguerite, various kinds of fruit, or birds, are a few only of the suggestions that might be made for these choice pieces of furniture.

IN VAIN.

(From Mr. May's in *Fortnight's* March.)

In vain our mortal hearts would grasp
A moment from the future day;
Science has no such longing chase,
When we have passed away.

The ignorance of the present flower
That opens to the summer sun
Will perish with the passing day,
And leave its little summer done.

The sunset of the sunset day,
When has it not the making day,
When has the sunset been the day,
When has the sunset been the day.

Yet what, though still the sunset day,
When has the sunset been the day,
When has the sunset been the day,
When has the sunset been the day.

The sunset when the sunset day,
When has the sunset been the day,
When has the sunset been the day,
When has the sunset been the day.

It is not, when the sunset day,
When has the sunset been the day,
When has the sunset been the day,
When has the sunset been the day.

The sunset when the sunset day,
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When has the sunset been the day.

A. Williams & Co. are shortly to publish "The Treasury of the Past," a hand-book and devotional guide to the use of the Past, as they are translated in the Prayer Book of the Episcopal Church. The price is written by Bishop Huntington.

THE SPECTATOR.

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The report of the Board of Curators of the Missouri State University, by Hon. James S. Rollins, President, is of exceptional interest, and it would be well to put it before every voter in the State and to have it read to the thousands who can not read for themselves. Some plain truths are plainly spoken, of which the following is an example: "The State of Missouri, possessing in many respects wonderful advantages. In years that are passed and gone has thrown away great opportunities by not seeing the day, when, as she is the oldest-born of States west of the Mississippi River, she might to-day boast the best and most prosperous literary and scientific and practical institution under the control of any State west of the Alleghany Mountains, shedding its light and extending its influence and opportunities not only to the people of the State, but to all the younger States and Territories springing up so rapidly around us, from the St. Anthony Falls to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Father of Waters to the Rocky Mountains." And again: "Missouri will have to look ahead, get out of the old foggy habits of thought and action of early times, girl on her armor, and march to the front, or these young and aspiring States and Territories will pass us by and leave us in the distance." While speaking in high terms of well-deserved praise of the State University, both as to the past progress and present condition, President Rollins is very generous in his estimate of other institutions of learning, both in the West and in the East. Of a St. Louis institution he speaks as follows: "Washington University, located in St. Louis, younger than the University of Missouri by more than a decade of years, aided by the munificence of such men as Mr. Wayman Crow, Harlow E. Bridge, and others like them, is taking a great rank among the most advanced literary and scientific institutions in our whole country, and which in the end will bear the same relation to the city of St. Louis and the Mississippi Valley that Harvard University bears to Boston and the New England States."

THE DRAMA.

LOTTA.

Lotta has been the bright particular attraction at the Olympic during the present week, and will continue her engagement until next Saturday. Her business has been unusually large, and she possesses a most charming power as in years gone by, when she first bounded into popularity. Stars may come and stars may go, but, like the brook, Lotta, bright, sassy, pliant and vigorous, apparently may go on forever with her same old plays and yet the people rush to see her. Lotta exercises an indelible charm over theatre-goers; there is a personal magnetism in everything she does which fascinates, and yet Lotta is no actress. She does not delineate character, and her simulation of passion and pathos is painful. She cannot interpret the emotions. Her school of acting—if it acting it can be called—is entirely original. It is simply Lotta. When she first appeared on the stage, it dazzled and delighted, her summers were so sparkling, so effervescent. And yet the buoyancy, the innocent animal spirits were so natural and so clear that constant repetition only acted as a flavor, and the palate cried out for more. Lotta captured the public. She made money. Other actresses watched her success with anxious eyes. Imitations sprang up by the dozen, and the Lottaceous style was the rage. But there was only one Lotta. Mince her ways and style ever so fine, the public soon detected that it was a counterfeit presentation, and the spurious article soon fell into disrepute. Lotta was the only popular and high priced star of the new order. One by one her would-be rivals fell by the wayside, but Lotta herself went on, increasing in fame and garnering golden shekels into her exchequer. It would be almost impossible to analyze Lotta's method. The suggestion is in her personality, her individuality. These indescribable tricks of gesture and of voice; the apparent *sincerité* and *bonapartisme* of her demeanor; her perpetual buoyancy; her vivacity and energy; all combine to make up that method in person—Lotta. Her plays are trashy, absurd and impossible. She carries the whole world upon her frail shoulders, and from the moment she appears on the stage until she leaves it the audience is in a continuous condition of mirth and merriment at the unexpected antics and oddities of the phenomena and little women who is amusing them. Lotta does not seem to age a whit. She looks as young, fresh and charming as she did five years ago, and certainly she is the same indomitable little actress, just as full of queer caprices and tricks, as ever. Lotta's style is well defined, and it possesses no shadow of brilliancy in the next decade as in the past one.

CARABE.

OPERA.

"OLIVETTE."

If ever the music and the humor of a comic opera were murdered, it was done this week at the Grand Opera House by the Solenne Comic Opera Company. Some companies, however, are somewhat artistic even in their murdering, but the Solenne Company murdered and butchered poor Aubree's music in the most rude and barbarous manner. In fact, it cannot be called murder; it was cold-blooded and deliberate assassination, with malice aforethought. The genres of "Olivette," an original comic opera, composed by the French musician Audran, and produced originally in Paris, had reached the Future Grand. Its success in London and New York was remarkable, and a troupe was expected when it was announced that this opera would be presented here. Those who were unfortunate enough, however, to listen to Aubree's music as interpreted by the Solenne company must have been bitten as gall. A recompense, however, is in store for them, as the original New York company will appear here later in the season, in the same opera. "Olivette" is an opera that is destined to great popularity. It also will be whistled by the street gang and played by the itinerant lute-stringed musicians here. Since "Parsifal" it is not exaggerating to say that no opera or

opéra has contained so many bright and sparkling melodies. Some of them too are of a high order, but all of them are of that kind which finds immediate favor with the public. Melody permeates "Olivette" from beginning to end. The score and choruses are rhythmic, sparkling, buoyant. The three acts of the opera are full of gems, and some half a dozen airs are sure to be soon as well-known as some of Sullivan's Pinafore music. The dialogue as given by the Solenne troupe was dull and devoid of humor, the only allusions causing laughter being peculiarly French in their double entendre. But in spite of the insipidity of the dialogue, the music alone would carry the performance through successfully if only tolerably rendered.

The argument of the opera runs thuswise: In the first act, the people of the village of Perpetua are excited over the approaching marriage of the *Marchesa's* only daughter, Olivette, with an old sea captain, Dr. Meriville. The young lady has just arrived from a convent, where she had fallen in love with a young officer, Valentine, nephew of Dr. Meriville. The young Countess of Rosalinda has, however, fallen in love herself with the young soldier, and calls to Perpetua to see him. In the house of the *Marchesa*, the Countess has her suitableness invaded by Valentine, who believes he is claiming the balcony of Olivette. Meanwhile the uncle, who can do no better than to quarrel with Olivette, writes the Countess a letter, demanding the young lady's hand. Valentine comes to see himself off for the road. Dr. Meriville, and accordingly marries Olivette at the request of the Countess. The second act opens with a ball given by the Countess in honor of the wedding, and Valentine finds that he has to persevere not only his uncle, but himself, in the most painful of positions. The real Dr. Meriville returns, and is greeted by everybody as the happy bridegroom. Finally, his perplexity is solved by the appearance of Valentine as the old man, and the result of the explanation is that Dr. Meriville resolves to take the bride. Valentine has married in his name. A conspiracy is formed, and Olivette gets rid for the moment of her elderly bridegroom. The love of the Countess for Valentine spurs the calculations of Olivette, for the sovereign lady of Rosalinda determines to take the nation of marriage, lay bold soldier who had quitted the conspiracy. As a last resource, Valentine, at the instigation of Olivette, joins the plot, and the Countess is ordered to be sent out of the Kingdom. The third and last act describes the partial rescue of the plot, and the imprisonment of the Countess on the "Dernier," the ship commanded by Dr. Meriville, and her husband, disguised as sailors, seek a vessel to take them away. Valentine is detected and seized. Olivette manages to save the Countess, and she and young Dr. Meriville find place being taken by her maid, Valentine, whom the unscrupulous *Marchesa* sends. Dr. Meriville returns and is horrified to find the Duke left Olivette of his courtship of Olivette. Both nephew and uncle discover the hideous plot of the Countess and the arch-traitor of Olivette. Valentine at last is united to Olivette, the Countess accepts the Duke and Dr. Meriville is pardoned to follow the example of the Togo of Venice and "marry the sea." The "old man's" wife, in the act, is a very pretty thing. "Hold up surgery" is freely and running, while the serenade, "Daring, good night," is sympathetic and melodious. The "Sole Song" is a unique and original composition. The quartet, "It is he," in the second act, is very effective. The duet, "I love me best so well," is a beautiful air. The finale, "Parade," is a sparkling, cautious, lightly-colored composition, and captured the house. The gem of the last act is the aria "Too late," which the Torpedo and the Whale. It is a rocking, merry strain.

Miss Emily Solenne had the role of Rosalinda, the Countess. She has the same peculiarities of voice as of old, which prove quite as effective, and she has the same very peculiar manner. Her voice has more of a brokenness now, but her method is better. However, she rendered her *aria* acceptably. Olivette was taken by Miss Rosa Stiles, whose acting was spiritily suggestive. Miss Stiles was totally inadequate to the musical requirements of the part, while her voice is untrained and

course in quality. Mr. E. Marshall as *Dr. Merriotte* acted fairly, but his humor was forced and strained. His vocal abilities were very limited. *The Valentine* was Mr. G. J. Campbell, who was suffering from a cold when I heard him and whose vocal efforts were therefore only calculated to torture his auditors. Mr. G. Appleby as the *Duke de No* was another expensively vocalist. Mr. Quinton as *Marsupil*, the *Sensational*, belonged to the same category. The character of *La Fayette* was, the steward to *Dr. Dake*, a splendid opportunity to a genuine humorist, but in the hands of Mr. Olive Hersee was only interpreted with a small modicum of humor. His conception of the *rôle*, however, was good. Of his ability as a vocalist it would be painful to speak. As to his dramatic talent, I am not sure. They made noise enough for the few who attempted to sing when it is considered that the "dummies" outnumbered the singers two to one so that there might be a decent number of supernumeraries on the stage. The personal attractions of Solenne have certainly pleased their sex, and she no longer retains the charm of four years ago. She has become more fleshy and gross. The "Sollenne Company" has already broken up once this season, but it was reorganized, and in "Olette" an opera was found which no doubt hope will carry them through. But the organization is doomed. It cannot make money, it contains no talent, either dramatic or musical, and the time has passed when the name of Solenne would attract people. The former quays of opera bouffe are gradually seeing their naughty diadems slip from their brows.

CARICATURE.

SECOND PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

The second of the series of chamber concerts at Pickwick Hall was given on Thursday evening, and introduced two important works, viz.: Haydn's quartette, Op. 76, No. 1, in G, and Schumann's piano quartette, Op. 44, in E flat. The latter of these two grammes contained a *violenella solo*, *Elopie* and *Barbacoine*, by Pupper; two movements, *Andantino* and *Prestissimo*, from Verdi's string quartette in E minor; and two vocal numbers, delivered by Mr. Philip Emerson. Two more thoroughly excellent works than the thoroughly contrasted Haydn quartette and Schumann quartette could scarcely have been brought together in one programme, and it is to be hoped that both may be heard again in the course of the present season. The two movements from the Verdi quartette suffered by comparison with the works of the greater masters, but even allowing for this disadvantage, the work seemed this time well, and quite unworthy of the distinguished company in which it appeared. The *cello solo* by Mr. Mayer, accompanied by Mr. Hammerstein, was well chosen, and keenly enjoyed by the audience. Of the vocal selections it is but just to say that in neither of the two concerts have they been in harmony with the character of the instrumental programme, or suited to the reasonable requirements of a musically cultivated audience. With the variable wealth of songs by such writers as Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Robert Schumann, Brahms, and a score of other scarcely less eminent lyric composers, there is surely no excuse for inadequate amateur renderings of airs from the opera, or for offerings of weakly sentimental shop songs as is supposed to be adapted to the musical spirit and digestion of the ladies in fact, for whom concert-goers desire to cater.

G.

ART.

FENCES, PARKS, ETC.

Those readers of the *Spectator* who take an interest in the department headed "Art" will find, if they follow what is said under the section from week to week, that the word is used in its broadest sense. The art department will not be confined to dispositions on pictures and statuary, but will treat of things having very little relation to pictorial art, yet nevertheless embraced within the meaning of the word taken in its comprehensive sense. It will therefore be found in these columns that nearly everything which enters into

the problem of our daily lives in relation to what we use and see is an expression in one form or another of art. While people are incidentally interested in pictures, there are things in a visible number which appeal more directly to the tastes and necessities of the multitude which certainly deserve attention. Mrs. Smith may delight in seeing good pictures, but the all-absorbing question in her mind at this time may be whether in the spring, if it ever comes, she shall get a new carpet for the family living-room or have the cracks in the floor puttied up, the ill-matched boards stained, and the ceiling covered with rug. Her neighbor across the way may be struggling with the problem of easiness and comeliness. Mr. Jones may possibly have a many so-called woman's movements to strive in trying to evolve a plan for the architect to follow. These and scores of kindred topics come properly under the art caption, and it is the desire of the writer in so far as in him lies to try and assist in their elucidation.

We have had, along with the new Renaissance in American art within the last few years, a perfect epidemic of decoration. It has spread over the country like measles in a district school. Good ladies have been attacked with the disease in its most malignant form. In this great social revolution against the phony of bad taste, they have been very wrong. For this, possibly, gives more attention to the decoration of tea-cups than to the heels and toes of their husbands' stockings, and expended more of vital nerve force upon wood-carving than on the missing buttons belonging to waist and divers articles of masculine costume. But the moral observation was only temporary and without a healthful manifestation of a laudable desire to do something for the aesthetic elevation of the American people. This revolution is essentially woman's, and when the women of a nation rise up as one the end sought is sure to be accomplished. The trouble with many so-called woman's movements has been a lack of unanimity. Now as regards woman's rights, a very large proportion of them are seemingly indifferent about voting. The same is true of temperance crusades. But on the question of beautifying the home there is no dissent of sentiment. Every woman, no matter how humble may be her abiding-place, has some little taste in the direction of home adornment. Even those who are condemned to live in upper stories of crowded tenements give visible evidence of a love of the beautiful by means of the poor little plants, sickly and stunted, perched in cushion pots upon lofty window-sills, yet nursed with tender care. It may be, by the very woman who does your washing. Let me here say that I regard the woman woman as the holiest that can be used to denigrate the sex. "Lady" and "significance" have lost their old-time meaning. The words are applied indiscriminately to everybody, and I prefer to go back to the simple and dignified terms used by our ancestors. I propose to begin my crusade in the interest of good taste and economy by making an onslaught on those worse than useless relics of by-gone times, fences.

When St. Louis was a village and a vegetable garden was an important factor in household economy, and when cows, hogs, goats and sheep were wont to meander over the widespread commons and gain their summer's living upon the vacant lands, it was absolutely necessary that each house should be enclosed with a good, strong, substantial fence, capable of resisting the most persistent and ingenious efforts of cunning goats and ever watchful hogs. In the earliest times these fences were of rails or poles. These were in time supplanted by boards or pickets, and at last, as the owner increased in worldly possessions and a new house was built upon the site of the old one, his joy was made complete by the erection of a new solid iron fence with a substantial foundation of heavy stones. The manufacture of iron fences seemed to have opened new vistas of riches to the despoilers of the commons, and their ingenuity has been exhausted in the production of designs which for hideousness are simply unapproachable. No far as I can recollect, the premium most stultically in that direction is best described by comparing the perpendicular supports for the top rail to two stunted, gnarled, and jagged trees tied together at different points. The interesting links bent outwardly forming an

ellipse. For some reason, possibly that of association with frigid science, this style seems to have struck a popular chord, as there are miles of it scattered through the city. Perhaps the style in general cannot be said to have arisen from here in position by two horizontal bars attached to round-headed posts.

The writer lives in one of a row of thirteen well built houses situated on the north side of a street. The houses stand about twenty feet from the sidewalks, on elevated ground. A thirty-foot lot belongs to each, and if an infinitesimal grain of common sense had been used at the time of their construction, there might have been a beautiful lawn twenty feet wide by nearly four hundred feet long in front of the row, interspersed with beds of bright green and other flowers. As it is, although the original owner was a very keen man at a trade, and always attended to it that he got his money's worth, the lawn was enclosed by an iron fence extending along the entire front and thirteen subdivisions between the houses. The lawn is destroyed, each house has a little enclosure which is unattractive, and a large amount of good money is wasted. Now what are these fences for? They certainly are not ornamental, and vagrant sheep and goats have long since ceased to vex the patience of thrifty housewives. No animals, excepting dogs and cats, are allowed out at large, and no ordinary fence will keep them out. It's because people are so largely influenced by fashion, no matter how senseless it may be. Here was a man sharp at a bargain and quick to avail himself of every possible advantage, who deliberately depreciated the value of his property by a worse than useless expenditure of money, solely for the lack of a little taste, and because it was customary to do such things. There are hundreds of expensive houses in this city with little yards in front of them about the size of a piano cover, which are enclosed with iron and cost many hundreds of dollars, which serve a possible purpose other than to destroy the appearance of the premises. Then for the smaller dwellings, where the owners were meant to build an iron fence, wood is substituted. Usually rows of this kind of houses are divided by solid brick walls, which are enclosed with iron and cost many dollars, forming unsightly little boxes to catch the drifting leaves and hold the snow and ice as long as possible. To show how utterly absurd this fashion is, I can point to a lot situated upon one of our principal residence streets, which is elevated from street to six feet above the sidewalk. A solid wall of masonry is built to the level of the ground. This ought to have been sufficient to keep out intruders, but, "to make assurance doubly sure, and take a bond of fate," the owner has constructed a huge iron fence upon the stone foundation. The fence is of the most elaborate and principal street, and as it is a corner lot, with an elevation of at least six feet above the cross street, that portion of the wall is surrounded by a solid board fence. I can imagine with what emotion the owner said to himself as the last nail was driven home, "Now I would like to see any man try to look into my garden from this street." Then the house is set upon the extreme western line of a hundred-foot lot, is about twenty-five feet wide, three stories high and built in the conventional style, as though constructed by the mill and sawed off and placed in position as ordered. But I haven't reached the architect yet. That will come later. Two minutes, when I will speak my mind with freedom upon the miles of ugliness in which our people live, move and have their being. It will not be from an excess, but the opportunity is so great that a person with even the most delicate and refined taste and a pair of sound eyes cannot go far amiss. I will also add that I shall not belabor the architects so much—although some of them need it—as I will the people who employ them and by their own idleness perpetuate the reign of bad taste. But my text this week is on fences, and I am done.

Some time ago the unsightly relics of brocade dais surrounding some of our public parks were removed. How the people opened their eyes wide with surprise and pleasure when they saw what gems of beauty had been hidden from them by the ugly and tasteless dais. In its way as well, can be, but some years ago the public-spirited gentlemen who control it for the public good,

rooms, and made of the long hall-room one of the most fascinating scenes that can be conceived.

The very same evening, Mrs. J. M. Sellers, of Locust Street near Twenty-eighth, had a reception from eight to twelve o'clock, to which at least five hundred persons, both married and single, were invited. Many of the young people, unwilling to miss any pleasure of the fleeting days of youth now left them, paid their devoirs at the house on Locust Street, and then rushed off to dance until daylight at the mansion on Lenox Place.

Thursday was not without its wedding in high circles. Miss Grace Allen, daughter of Mr. Gerard B. Allen, uniting her fortunes with those of Mr. Gail Dickson, of Canada, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the service being very quietly performed at home, and the bride and groom leaving the same evening for St. Catherine's Wells, where the groom's home is, and where his two children await the coming of their new mamma.

Friday night Mrs. Hopkins and her daughter, Miss Lala, gave a delightful party in honor of their guest, Miss Floyd, a much admired young lady of Louisville.

Oral.

TTIES OF GIRLS.

Fiction has presented us with every imaginable type of girl, and as the writers of novels almost always, as a rule, drew their characters from real life, their creations may be accepted pretty generally as a reproduction of some one who has lived, moved, and had her being in this mundane sphere of ours, and not infrequently have many of us stumbled across the exact type of every heroine whose fortunes we have followed with surreptitious tears or uncontrollable exclamations.

Perhaps the most sedulous met with in real life are of the grandly heroic order, like the Romola of George Eliot. She looms up in the mental horizon large, calm-eyed, and of stately proportions, like some celestial goddess raised above the common wants and petty cares of her mortal associates. Her lofty aspirations of her soul are like those of the body, large, seemingly capable of taking in the whole world and caring for it like the Divine Presence. Yet, without, there is an intense womanliness underlying this quiet, self-contained poise, a warm heart, a shrinking sensitiveness, that results from the exposure of her language most akin to the gaze of the cold and curious stranger, as the striking truth exerts from the hilt of the sword. And yet, this noble specimen of womanhood, although serious, has a real existence, but to often found among the ranks of epistoles that in the company of matrons, her very superiority of moral nature and excess of sensitiveness leading her to shun general society, and making of her to the ordinary masculine nature a being too divinely good for human nature's daily food.

The Amelia of society—Thackeray's favorite heroine—are common as roses in June and familiar to every observer of human nature, and 'tis a not undesirable type to possess in abundance either. As the friend of Susan Witherby significantly remarks, "the officer that mounted woman repeats herself, the better for the world." So we say of these gentle-colored domestic women, whose hearts are larger than their reason, who make the mothers, the nurses, the sympathizing consolers and peace-makers of the world. As an effort to these ever-ready sympathizers, we can count scores of proud and wonderful beauties of the Lady Clara Vere de Vere stamp, who use their charms but to bring men to their feet, that they may enjoy the delicious illusion offered up at the shrine of their vanity and self-love—women who live but for wealth and position, and in whom the possession of a heart is but a physical necessity, a mere hydraulic machine for pumping the blood through their dainty bodies. After all, we do not know whether Mr. Hardy must not be awarded the palm for painting the most bewitching, beautiful little mother-of-pearl pearls of the "ladies of girls." There is nothing strong or self-reliant about their daily heroines—nothing apparently good in their moral make-up, nor yet is there any conscious wickedness, only a sort of irresponsible trusting into every human creature, followed by a pathetic grief and repentance which makes one wish they would do it

just for the pleasure of forgiving them. They are tender, clinging, sweet-spirited sort of beings, whose every movement is a silent appeal to the heart of creation for support and protection, their every look a silent testimony to the superior wisdom and understanding of the particular male personage with whom they chance to be thrown at the time. It is needless to say that in woman's case a cowardly plea of the male persuasion. Her influence over them is immeasurable. Silent in its workings, as all the great influences in nature, its effects nevertheless are as startling as that of spring sunshine on newly-sown fields. Flowers of the softest spring to its gentle lips, and its soft words are a cowardly plea of the male persuasion. And embracing beneficence seems to fill and swell their souls with a longing desire to take these tender lambs to their bosom and shield them from the storms of life—the tender, gossamer, playful little lambskins all the while smiling a silly little inward smile the unmitigated goodness of the whole male sex. The pages of matrimony disclose to the writer one fair sample of this seductive type of womanhood. It was at a seaside resort, where a dozen or so more or less attractive matrons were basking the tedious hours of the long summer-days with mild flirtations and their ensuing chit-chat. Boxes were plentiful, and nibbling beautifully at the balms of the fair angles, more than one of whom was congratulating herself on her prospects of making a good catch and landing herself at the end of the season on the long shore of matrimony. But, alas for the dreams of the gentle flower-maid, "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley." A new arrival was registered at the hotel—only a slender, petite girl, so quiet and modest, "nothing in her" was the verdict of her female companions. She treated them all politely, but seemed singularly averse to playing her part, in turn, of entertainer. A graceful languor distinguished her every motion; she would, when alone with the ladies, sit for hours in a reclining position, her limbs so sweet and tender, and her animated countenance, but only moving her cherry lips to respond in a soft, listless manner when directly addressed. She very evidently was not in rapport with her own sex. Shortly but surely, though, were the eyes of her informants attracted to the fair creature, and the generous element had been introduced into their midst. The slim hostess too in commencing her work of destruction. Shortly she sauntered down to the beach at the bathing-hour—her dainty form clad in charming morning costume, her delicate limbs gracefully peeping out from under her broad-limbed wide-side hat, first under her lovely little chin with a mass of fluffy white stuff, giving her a wonderfully charming and ethereal look. She did not bathe; the water was "so cold," she said with an expressive little shiver, and a pallid smile passed over her masculine features. For she—she would sit on the sand and watch the others; it was so amusing. Of course several of the gentlemen eagerly offered to keep her company, but she declined, gently, to accept the sacrifice, she did not wish to be alone. This with another look, a delicate glance and almost imperceptible swaying of her little and graceful form toward the staidest one at her side as a lowmanned sprig of ivy might bow toward the massive wall to which it vainly would cling. Perhaps there was magic in the gleam, or it may have been a certain emanation from her gently swaying body which wrung and enraptured the senses of the men around her. But that as it may, she was not left in solitary waiting, but sat like a thorned upon her prostrate worshippers at her feet, and the rest of the girls bathed with old Neptune's scented ripples as follows with only one-half their usual force of helpful efforts. There was bitterness in their hearts which exceeded by far the bitterness of the saline waters which they swallowed in their helpless warfare with the raging breakers. From that moment their happy married partners, their bright, to a man, deserted their standard and went over to the enemy. Go where she might, she was followed by a train of obsequious attendants to whom her slightest wish was law, her every whim a reasonable command. How many of the thwarted wretches laid their hearts and fortunes at her feet, will never be

known. She was also as the serpent, if not harmless as the dove. She knew better than to boast of her cosmetics to jealous rivals. The magic of her spell lasted during her whole sojourn—long enough to ruin the prospects of the whole sisterhood of belles there assembled, long enough, too, to give them their revenge upon their recent lovers, for it failed out after her departure that they were wisely engaged and to be married in the early autumn. If the girls triumphed a little over the lacerated hearts of the bewitched cavaliers, is it to be wondered at? It is not in human nature to forgive so grave an offense as the desertion of a lover. Considerable girls of no ordinary type and thick as leaves in Valhalla, and while they exert no special influence upon the world at large they are none of them so utterly devoid of charm or merit but that some one holds them in tender remembrance and hails them Queen of Hearts.

ANNABEL LEE.

LITERATURE.

Ernestine. By Wilhelm von Hilcken. New York: William S. Gottsberger. (For sale by St. Louis Book and News Company.)—This highly interesting story, translated from the German by S. Baring Gould, is a work of far more thought than one finds in the ordinary novel of the day. It is the story of a bright, beautiful soul, endowed with superior intellectual abilities, but warped by education and the influence of a bad man, groping its way to the light of God's truth and earthly happiness through the dark and devious ways of philosophical skepticism and scientific research. There are many minor points in the book which strike as so monstrous and overstrained, as in some of the domestic scenes and social conversations. This probably may be owing to two causes: First, the difference in certain social customs in Germany and our own, which would create a feeling of repulsion and anomaly, the difficulty of translating, in which it is sometimes impossible to put a thing exactly as it is meant in the original, the translator being often obliged to choose between an awkward rendition of a certain passage or a loss of the sense in which the shades of meaning may be materially changed. We noticed, besides, more than one place in which the translator has expressed himself in very indignant English. Having these few objections, the story is replete with interest, our sympathy heartily following the pure and noble-minded Ernestine, in spite of her many errors and impossible ideals. She represents the life of the intellectual equality of woman in a very able manner, and handles the subjects of argument in a course of German profundity and earnest with such excellent effect that, if they could be so slightly amplified, she was at least far from deficient. The evident object of the book is to prove that the emancipation of woman from the bondage of ignorance and prejudice, if not desired, inferiority to men need not necessarily interfere with her duties and obligations in the world as wife and mother. And in Ernestine and Johannes Milner we behold the ideal man and woman meeting on the ground of intellectual equality, yet meeting also and forming one harmonious soul through the transmuting power of a pure and perfect love. The author is a man of high culture, and his simple story every thoughtful person who shall give it the trial of a careful perusal.

The Heart and the Function. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (For sale by the St. Louis Book and News Company.)—This is another of that most excellent series of "Health Principles," prepared by one of the most eminent medical and scientific men of London, England. Coming, as they do, from the very highest sources, the information contained in each and all of these little books can be absolutely relied upon; and as a guide to the reader, they are of the highest value. This endeavor to simply disseminate the best information possible upon a subject of such vital importance as the preservation of health should meet with the encouragement of every thinking person in the land. It is the almost universal ignorance and neglect of the elementary principles of hygiene which

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is the primary cause of that delirium of organization and general ill-health among the people of this country, and nowhere in the world is just such knowledge as these "Health Primers" contain more needed than here in America.

"To Last Sweet Things in Cinders." To Artists' Vendetta. Philadelphia: Duncan & Hall. — This sparkling little philo-sophic drama is a very severe satire upon modern art in general and art critics in particular. Of all the exalts with which this world of ours has been favored, none has ever become more ridiculous than the so-called æsthetic cult which admires of art affect to such an extent. The manner in which certain artists whose works have received but contemptuous notice at the hands of Mr. Harshie Brown, the æsthetic art critic of the *Fig* *Wade*, revenge themselves upon the ignorant *connoisseur*, is amusing in the extreme. Indeed the whole work is replete with fun and genuine wit, and is a much-deserved satire upon a crying injustice, viz., the criticism of honest labor in the field of art by those ignorant of the first principles of that which it affects to understand so thoroughly. The "Artists' Vendetta" will receive the hearty sympathy of a host of brother workers writhing under the same species of injustice.

LITERARY NOTES.

[From the Literary World, February 22.]

A new volume by M. J. Savage is announced to appear shortly: "Belief in Fact: An Examination of Some Fundamental Theistic Problems."

George H. Ellis has in press a volume of selected sermons by Rev. Nisbet Brooks, to be entitled "Faith and Freedom." The collection has been made with the special view of illustrating Mr. Brooks's religious position, now a matter of so much interest by reason of his withdrawal from the Church of England. The letter to the Congregation of Bedford Street Chapel, and the sermon, "Salt without Saver," in which Mr. Brooks gave his reasons for withdrawing from the Church, are included in this volume, which is also to contain an introduction on Mr. Brooks's life and the significance of his new departure, by Mr. Edwin D. Mead.

J. W. Bouten, New York, has ready a new and cheaper edition of *Audley and Hovener's* *Kompo Art of Japan*, in our volume, &c.; a new edition in French of "Proseurs' Chances," and an entirely new and revised edition of *Vagueria's* "Dictionnaire Philosophique."

"The Critic," a fortnightly journal of literature and the fine arts, has made a creditable first appearance in New York.

Forbes, Howard & Hatherly publish next week "The Life and Letters of J. H. Reynolds," late President of Yassar College; "The Earliest Way in Housekeeping and Cooking," by Helen Campbell; "Pleasured Landscapes,"

the story of an Indian chief, told by himself; and "Furcation Camp," a romance of the rifle, rod and gun in California, by T. S. Van Dyke.

Henry Holt & Co. announced last fall an authorized translation of Saint Victor's "Deux Marques," by Miss M. M. Ripley, translator of "Captain Francesco." When is it to appear?

Foster & Wells have in press, "How to feed the Baby," by Dr. C. E. Page.

Col. Lucius B. Northrop, formerly Commissary-General of the Confederate Army, is preparing a reply to the assertions of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and Edward A. Pollard on the management of that department during the war. The work was originally intended to be incorporated in Jefferson Davis' "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," but has increased so much in size and importance that it will be published in a separate volume.

The first of a proposed series of translations from the French, called "Great Citizens of France," will soon be issued by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. It is a translation, by Miss Frances A. Shaw, of Alfred Barbou's enthusiastic sketch of "Victor Hugo: His Life and Works." The translation is said to be done with great spirit and vivacity, and its pages will be embellished by a *fac-simile* of a letter from Hugo to the author, and two portraits of him, one taken in early manhood and one in old age.

A lock of hair supposed to have been given by Anne Hathaway to Shakespeare, and the autograph manuscript of "Guy Rannering," are among the literary treasures for sale in London.

Mrs. Landolph, of Bradford, England, has been authorized by Gambetta to translate his speeches into English.

Miss Isabella Bird, who makes such prodigious journeys on horseback in the Sandwich Islands, the Rocky Mountains, Japan, and other out-of-the-way parts of the world, is said to be a tiny, frail-looking creature, with a slight diffidence, and we do not know how many other physical limitations. Whenever she feels particularly poorly, she starts off on an expedition. Bizarre says she is to be married in March to a physician of Edinburgh — a Dr. Bishop.

Roberts Brothers will publish "The Actor and his Art," translated from the French of M. Cosquin by Miss Agnes, a fifty-cent book, which cannot fail to give readers a bit of joy who enjoy the drama! "Quiet Hours," second series, edited by the same hand and with the same care as the first series, which is one of the choicest collections ever made of short poems, thoughtful and religious; and "Rivers and the Kindred Literature," a *deuxieme*, giving in simple style the results of much study of Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, German and English literature — a valuable and engaging book, excellent for use in reading clubs which read for profit and talk over what they read.

CONJUGATING TO CONJUGALITY.

Sally Slater, she was a young teacher who taught, And her friend, Charles Church, was a preacher who pranged! Though his mission called him a wanderer who roamed.

His heart, when he saw her, kept quaking and creak, And his eyes, meeting hers, began winking and weep. While she, in her turn, felt his thinking and think.

He listened to words he felt, and sweetly he wooed, For his love grew, and in a moment it grew, And what he was longing to do, then he did.

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke, To seek with his lips what his heart had said; So he managed to let the truth leak, and it leak. He asked her to ride in the church, and they rode; They so sweetly did glide, that they both thought they glided, And they came to the place to be tried, and were tried.

Then homeward, he said, let us drive, and they drove; And as soon as they wished to arrive, they arrived; For whatever she would confide, she confided.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole; And at first that he wanted to kneel, then he knelt; And he said, "I feel better than ever I felt."

So they in each other kept clinging, and cling, While Time his swift career was winging and wing; And this was the thing he was bringing and bring.

The man fell as wanted to catch, and had caught — That she wanted from others to snatch, and had caught — Yet the one so hard to catch, and she caught.

And Charles's warm love began freewheeling, and free, While he took to teasing, and cooing, and woo. The girl he had wanted to be squeezing, and squeeze.

"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to leave him, and left, "How could you deceive me, as you have deceived?" And she answered, "I promised to deceive, and I kept!"

AN IDYL.

(*G. M. Gray, in the Boston Courier.*)

I was parting from Elaine —
Nay, but me see — 'Twas Flin —
And I felt extremely sad;
Not was half inclined to go;
We clasped close each other's hands,
And we sighed — ah, how we sighed!
There were left us again,
And I could not if I tried.

And we both agreed to part,
Meaning truth by stare and moan,
And we clung as once before,
And I fear, were perfect spouses,
And we vowed eternity
Should be better than our name,
And if death sleep is to part,
We at least would both be gone.

But, as everybody knows,
In love as well as in hate,
For the sake of a word not set
Large allowance must be made;
So that now the truth is this:
Wonderful! that we should be —
I cannot remember her,
And she quite forgotten me!

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The Spectator.

ST. LOUIS, MARCH 5, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

What a power for torture lies in the hearts of those fair creatures that dwell in the "rose-hul garden of girls." Who would think to look at their pretty pink cheeks and sweet lips that they do make each other so utterly wretched? There are certain dangers in society whose chronic beast is their many escorts, the immense amount of attention they receive, etc. They pursue every complaint, every "good time," before their friends, and, while mercilessly assailing the qualities of their dear companions, sound their own trumpets to the skies. These a care, young ladies! Your hearts and faces will grow hazy with this sort of thing, and bitter thoughts and words come home like crows and young chickens in a nest. You make yourselves hated, and every time your big brothers take you out other girls wonder if those are your mimetic escorts. It is observable that many girls lose beautiful manner and you don't. "Living is a good god, but Holidais is a better," says the proverb.

I witnessed an amusing act of ill-nature and assurance in a car running from the West End, the other day. The occupants were all women—they would all call themselves ladies, but you shall be the judge of one—and as sitting close reasonably near together the women could not have been over two-thirds full, but their skirts were spread of their knees straddled sideways, and every woman, some movement on their part the passenger who entered last could not have sat down without coming in contact with the dress or person of one or the other. That is a sure little way some women have of isolating themselves from the common herd. The car stopped and another woman got on. Walking slowly up the car and looking from side to side, she sought a seat. No one stirred except one petite dame-like in waist and still sitting, who, sitting in a corner, turned her eyes sideways and laid a parcel which she took from her muff beside her. The new-comer took up the parcel and held it out, with daintily gloved hand, to the owner, asking in polite and cultured voice: "Will you make room for me?" Her senility highness said: "I only occupy one seat; do you wish me to give you that?" The answer came with severity: "I only want the extra space you spread yourself over, not the seat you would fill—for you are exceeding small." Up rose Senility, with frigid flaming under in her cheeks that the paint had failed to do, and with a furious poise on the electric-rod said: "This comes of putting oneself on a level with the capable," and stepped down and out. Madame Pleasant took part of the coveted place, and very rightly kept her knees at a straight angle, without even showing her dainty anointed insteps, until she got off at Eighth Street. But there were no men in the car.

A wonderful little "dass" is to be formed for Lent. Lord have mercy upon the brains of the students! "The Elder Eddis" is to be studied. What next?

I have a suggestion for the reader as answer. Study the various sayings and aphorisms of Lillith, the first wife of Adam. You have then an opportunity to add much to insignificant lore, to augment beliefs, and tell us more than even Monro D. Conway did about that first fair creature, who, as men were scarce in her time, always haunted her lost Eden, to the det-

rimont of Eve's happiness and the undermining of Adam's principles. How much can you add to these facts, most laborious *feminae scientes*?

It is freely stated that the regular Democratic Central Committee was operating in the interest of the candidacy of Mayor Overholt. No one can doubt for a moment that Col. George Knapp, who seems to have a good deal of influence over the committee, will throw all his weight in that direction. But I heard on Wednesday from a man who is in a position to know what he was talking about that Col. George Knapp was beginning to lose his grip, and that he would probably be thrown overboard in a few days.

It is by no means a settled fact that Mayor Overholt will be a candidate for reelection, and some people who are constantly accusing him of "laying pipes" in his own behalf may be a little too fast. I have it from the Mayor direct that no one is authorized to say he is a candidate. While he has made a good Mayor, and while the city has prospered under his two administrations, it would be better if he would allow a new man to come into the office. Things are a little too much cramped about the City Hall, and a break-up would be beneficial.

Mr. Pat Short, the treasurer of the Olympic, had a crowded house at his benefit last Saturday evening, and the little gentleman is, perhaps, \$1,000 better off than he was before. I don't begrudge him the money and only hope that Messrs. McManis, of the Grand Opera House, and Ed. Zimmerman, of Pope's, will be equally well treated. The former's house was taken full Monday evening, March 21, and that of the latter Friday evening of the same week.

One of the little towns somewhere in the South has been almost devastated by mad dogs. The same affliction is going to break loose here in St. Louis one of these days. The city is full of dogs—big dogs, little dogs, and all kinds of dogs, from a bloodhound down to the tiny terrier that spends half its time doing in the lap of some chafing female. You can't go anywhere but what you see dogs. They walk the streets by day and by night, stand on the sidewalks and watch the passing promenade, stroll in the parks, get into people's yards, climb up the back-stairs, go into cellars through coal holes, and make things hideous generally with their howling. All of a sudden some one of them will take a notion to go mad, and he will go and bite some other dog, and then there will be a spread of hydrophobia like the plague in England. Paying taxes on dogs does not keep them from going mad, and you must not fall into such a dangerous delusion. A dog with the tax paid on him can go mad just as easily as one that never wears a collar. Nor does paying the tax on a dog prevent him from being vicious and biting somebody. The only way to live in safety with dogs is to have them muzzled as well as collared. It is my opinion that the Municipal Assembly should enact a law compelling owners of dogs to not only pay a tax on them but to muzzle them as well, and then hydrophobia would lose its terrors and we should be safe from those dogs which, though they have not the hydrophobia, are nevertheless disposed to bite people when they get a good chance.

What, think you, was told in that marvellous house-lark-mad, the north of Paris Bernhardt? Did she have a feverish dream which embodied itself in that creation, or did she in cool blood tell so much that she did not wish read her clearly in this portentous drama? A strange conceit conceals, think of it and interpret it as you will. A woman's head, grave, thoughtful, dejected, yet resolute! The face beneath over a black form,

train—the pitchy darkness of ink. It sees itself reflected in the black depths, but turns not aside. The woman's arms grow into those of a griffin; they clutch and hold the black depths into which she must look. Great, powerful, flame-like wings spring from her shoulders—a woman's wings that fly with darkness, not from it. The face is Sarah Bernhardt's own. What does the fatal inkstand tell?

There is much truth in the following extract from a French author, who wrote thirty years ago but not with little beyond derision from his contemporaries, even those of his own country: "When will man learn that he is his own sculptor? He is his task to make himself beautiful. Scarcely was born as ugly as a satyr, but he is so thought, by the sculptors of reason, virtue and self-will, he is so reconstructed his face that at last a god saw himself therein, and the Phœnix alone with him."

I have seen a second instance of this phenomenon in one of my most illustrious friends, the first linguist of this century. When a boy he had all the mean ugliness of a little Norman peasant; but his powerful will, his immense labor and ingenious research traced in his face lines of exquisite delicacy. All Jordan refinements merged about his lips with the subtle traces of western civilization, while the genius of Italia expanded itself in the luminous beauty of his grand forehead, capacious enough to hold the world.

There was some talk last Wednesday of putting up Col. Dave Canth, of the hardware house of McComb, Currah & Barnes, for the Democratic candidacy for Mayor. While I think the gentleman good enough for most anything short of an angel, I know his innate modesty would forbid his accepting an office that would require him to "appear in public on the stage."

Have you ever noticed some dependent-looking females who appear, week in and week out, in the kinder-part of the scenes at the Olympic, the Grand Opera and Pope's Theatre? You have, no doubt, become familiar with their commonplace faces and shabby attire, and you have no doubt noticed a limited time—if you have been to the theatre that often—that you were not compelled to see them. They are the ballet, the standing ballet—not a dancing ballet, no, indeed, they never dreamed of such noble movement. It is their business to appear every evening and set off the scenes by filling up the deficient rank of whatever revolving company may be on hand. Each theatre has about half a dozen in its ballet, and each member of this unimportant but self-sacrificing band gets the enormous sum of \$6 a week. If they only knew what torture they inflict on the audiences they would not work for that. It is my opinion that the community would pay the theatres a good sum to dispense with the ballet altogether. I have never seen a human being yet who did not think a standing ballet a cruel and unjustifiable infliction. Will Messrs. Spalding, Norton and Pope give this matter a passing thought?

At the Harvard Alumni meeting in New York City last week President Eliot made an admirable and characteristic address, in the course of which he said that Harvard needs and must have and will get \$3,000,000 additional endowment in the next five years; and, as an earnest of the prediction, that \$800,000 had been received from various sources in the last three months. That is the right way to reach wealth, which is also the right way to act. When our rich men and women think and act with equal liberality and foresight, our St. Louis institutions—historical societies, academies of science, universities, art museums, etc.—will flourish in like manner.

Mr. Theodore Thomas appears to have lost caste in Cincinnati, where his name was employed to give prestige to the Medical College, and where he quarreled with nearly everybody, or nearly everybody quarreled with him, according to the way you look at it. Arnold and Mapeson, when in Cincinnati, declared that Thomas is selfish, bigoted and narrow-minded. The recent success of the Opera Festival has not Col. George Nichols, Thomas' opponent, on a throne; and the Cincinnati *Monitor* people say of the great Col. "We know Mr. Thomas' powers perfectly well; as the head of an orchestra he is a Napoleon, but as a musician, either emotional or creative, he has given us no sign whatever."

In his *Enlighten* (New York) Nym Crible says: "Mr. Thomas, like every other worker, ought to be measured by the best attainable standards; he could be weighed fairly; he ought to be told the truth like any common mortal. It is a painful fact that the chasm between his abilities and his reputation is bottomless. Every intelligent musician in New York undeniably perfectly well not only that Mr. Thomas excites criticism, but that he cannot stand it." This is criticism run mad. Mr. Thomas has unquestionably shown the New York musicians possibilities in orchestral music of which, prior to his successful and in many respects wonderful programmes, they had never dreamed. There are doubtless many things in which Mr. Thomas does not excel, some in which he is not exactly deficient; but, this being admitted, he is, in popular estimation, justly held to be the greatest band-master of the present time.

The regular monthly meeting of the St. Louis Sketch Club was held at the club quarters on Saturday evening last. There was an unusually good set of sketches illustrating "Sympathy." The gem of the collection was by Carl Gutzler. Mr. Meeker's sketch was remarkable for breadth and freedom of handling. Russell Bitter surprised every one by a well drawn and beautifully colored figure of a woman. It was infinitely better than any previous attempt of his which I have seen. A. B. Greene had an exquisite sketch in India ink. J. M. Tracy contributed a strong sunset effect, as did W. L. Mayhew. Messrs. Fry, Hallowell, Barnard, Schuyler and others asked satisfactory drawings to the collection. The host of the evening, F. H. Buckelshel, has reason to congratulate himself on the result. The club rooms will be open to the public on Saturday, when superfluity will be given to see what progress the club is making in the direction of illustrations. The rooms are 313 Ohio Street, third floor, over the Provident Savings Institution.

The third concert of the Philharmonic Quintette Club takes place next Monday evening. The change from Thursday to Monday in the regular concert evening has been made at the request of a large number of subscribers, and the 7th list, was selected in order to avoid any conflict with the Satival season, which begins on the 14th. The programme for Monday evening promises a rich treat to the lover of classical music. Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Holmeister and Schumann form a grand quintette of composers, and the prospect of hearing a work of each adequately rendered is indeed a pleasant one.

"Who have the strongest reasoning facilities, and digest their ideas most thoroughly, are always best able to persuade men of what they propose," says Descartes. I quote this paragraph for the benefit of the unemphatic young members of the legal profession. Now is their time for digesting their law, so that when the time arrives to be called before a jury they may have an inexhaustible reserve of "clicking arguments." So keep up your courage, Mr. Seriveller.

The "Home Circle" represents the *crime de la crime* of St. Louis society, and the favored members thereof have come to congratulate themselves that, thanks to the iron-clad rules and regulations of their astute committee of arrangements, no representative

of the plebeian class was permitted to force his contaminating presence within the charmed circle upon the occasion of the recent elegant *soiree-maitre*. It must have affected most acute satisfaction to the participants in this restricted affair to know that all the devils who disported before them were most respectable devils, and every knight might lean upon his shield the Bayesian motto, "*Sine peccato, sine reprobo*."

The Town Talker is of opinion that the majority of the "divines" of the Future first have about the "sainted things" in the way of position that he knows of. I think six thousand a year could almost insure any one to preach a first-class sermon.

The advent of the Lenten season will afford our fagged-out belief an opportunity to recuperate their exhausted systems before entering upon 'fresh fields and pastures new,' at fashionable ay or sea-side resort.

It abnegates them opportunity—but Old is so good—to get out the remnants of last spring and summer's wardrobe, and hold long constitutions with the dress-maker as to the ways and means of getting as many fresh new suits as possible out of the old ones. All the while they are occupied with these worldly affairs they are supposedly engaged in heavenly meditations, sprouting themselves with the spiritual ashes of self-humiliation and cries of "*Miserere*." And with good reason, doubtless, might many of them accuse themselves, if of nothing worse, at least of having talked an innumerable amount of twaddle during the last season's useless whirl of gentry, of having sold any number of little white-poodle fashions, of having lacerated innumerable masculine hearts, because the owner did not happen to possess an income of the requisite figure for maintaining a first-class establishment. Ah, gently denouncing, for forty days' fasting and prayer will scarce suffice to win you absolution for the many sins of vainglory and confusion of which you stand convicted!

Spring is undoubtedly coming, but she has such a capital old Winter yet that it fairly makes the cold chills run down my back to look at straw bonnets in the milliners' windows already. Those enterprising tradeswomen are always rushing one season upon the heels of the other in a most aggravating fashion. I have scarcely recovered from the financial shock occasioned by the presentation of the last bonnet-bill before here I am threatened with another. Troubles never cease.

Those aristocratic individuals of whom it can be said that, like Macbeth, their "birth was ennobled" may possibly find a pleasure in contemplating the features of their remote ancestor, as represented in the "missing link" in Peterson's window on Fourth Street.

Had the fast-bachelor been almost he certainly would have claimed a certain female on Fourth Street the other afternoon for his own. She was tall, she was thin, and she was evidently aging the departed Sarah. Perhaps she imagined she resembled that distinguished actress; she certainly was a comical baroque on her. A bright-orange, fuzzy felt bonnet, old and battered, was dragged down and tied under her chin with a piece of cardinal ribbon, forming a pike shape; a wide collar of shiny satin and well-worn velvet was severely neat and aesthetically draped, being flitched up in the most unbecoming of places, and a pair of long, loose Bernhardt gloves covered her long arms to the elbow. Soberly ribbons were her appearance that I could not refrain from a hearty laugh as she moved by me, apparently unconscious of any grotesquerie in her make-up.

If my boy and girl readers—and I know I have a great many—will go ground to see little Corinne at the Grand Opera House this afternoon they will be well entertained.

You may be interested in knowing something of the seating capacity of the New York Theatre and music halls. Here are the facts: Windsor Theatre (formerly

German Stadt-Theater), 3,065; Academy of Music, 2,835; Nibbel's Garden, 1,374; Stanley Hall, 1,500; Grand Opera House, 1,381; Nibbel's Theatre, 1,267; Tialla Theatre, 1,170; Olympic, 1,035; Wallick's Theatre, 1,030; Fifth Avenue, 1,029; Haverly's, 1,000; Daly's Theatre, 1,232; Chatterbox Hall, 1,200; Union Square, 1,110; Standard, 1,090; Globe, when the theatre, 1,061; Tony Pastor's, 1,000; Theatre Comique, 1,040; Park, 934; Hippo Opera House, 800; San Francisco Minster's Opera House, 700; Madison Square Theatre, 636.

Of course Mr. Jay Gould's arrival will fill the papers again to interview him. It is a generally known fact in journalistic circles that J. G. is a hard man to interview, harder in fact than Roscoe Conkling or Fred Grant, but each paper made up its mind to have a say at him, and the *Post-Dispatch* led off by sending its city editor, Mr. Moore, over to Yandell, to meet the modern Colossus of Bonds and catch with him. Mr. Moore had a wet, cold, hungry and sleepless trip of it, and, after infinite hardship, succeeded in getting his hand upon Gould's shoulder and saying, "I say, Mr. Gould—" when he was throttled and left off by the over-vigilant Talmage.

The *Globe-Democrat* started its whole local force out upon the quest—made them Gould-hunters for the time being, as it were—and, as a result, did not exactly interview Gould, but did the next best thing, interviewed Capt. Jay Stephens, of Boonville, who controls that whole railroad system connecting the county-seats of Cooper and Morgan counties—Boonville and Versailles.

The *Republican*, of course, did not hear of Mr. Gould's arrival until two or three days after he had left, and consequently Mr. Charlie Wright's peregrinations were not attended with any very brilliant results.

Oliver Reed Byron is one of the old school of melodramatic actors. His drama of "Ten Thousand Miles Away" is full of impossible hair-breadth escapes and wonderful, heroic deeds. Byron is the ideal for the "gods," and they applaud every point. For the cultured and intellectual Oliver Reed Byron can have no charms. His plays appeal to the high-moral, but of course the usual broad and thundery tones of the villain vanquished and virtue triumphant qualities fill the glaringly comic Bowdler's box of the hero. It cannot be denied, however, that Oliver Reed Byron in his peculiar style has decided ability. Without talent he could never have attained the popularity he has with certain classes of theatre-goers. But both Oliver Reed Byron and his plays are beneath criticism, from a dramatic standpoint, as there is no art either in the play or performers. The latter are tolerably clever variety performers, and not actors.

Lotha has continued her second week of the Olympic with unabated popularity. The houses during the week have been large, and the tricks and caprices of the imitatable Lotha have lost none of their power to excite her audiences.

Next week at the Olympic Joseph Jefferson with his splendid company of *artists* is announced. The demand for seats has been something uncommonly strong. Jefferson will appear in his famous character of Rip Van Winkle, and also in the role of *Bob Acres* in the old-fashioned comedy of "The Birds." The goal of "The Birds" will be something phenomenal. Mrs. John Drew is engaged for the part of *Mrs. Malaprop* at a weekly salary of \$300, and her rendition of this comically and valuable old lady is characterized by the Eastern press as one of the finest comic efforts of the day.

At the Grand Opera House during the present week the Corinne Merriamars have been the attraction in the operatic butchery of "*Cinderella*," or, the *Magie Silliver*. The principal feature of the entertainment was the clever acting of Corinne, a really wonderful child of about eight years of age. Corinne is a female

Boehm and is tainted before her years. She acts with charming *enfance* and grace, and there is a peculiar style about her movements which at once gains the sympathy of her audience. Corinne is a decidedly clever girl, bright, vivacious and attractive. She makes a most pleasing *Clotilde*. Her singing was especially good. She was supported by a very fair company, and the performances were worthy of a more liberal patronage than they received. The premises especially should see Corinne, as it is just such an entertainment as they delight in.

Salvini will begin his engagement at Pope's on Monday week. He will only appear four times during the week, viz., on the following occasions and in the following characters: On Monday night as *Orsino*; Wednesday night as *Antony*; a different play from McWhorter's ("*André*"); Thursday night as *Macbeth*, and on the Saturday matinee as *Othello*. On the "off" nights the company will appear in London and Wallace success. "The Girl's", which will also be presented on Friday evening, the 16th, on the occasion of Treasurer Zimmerman's benefit. The sale of seats for the Salvini season of four nights begins on Monday next. The prices are \$2 and \$1.50 for seats, according to location, and \$1 admission. Tickets for Mr. Zimmerman's benefit are already on sale at the box-office.

The two last great events of the dramatic season of 1880 and 1881 promise to be the engagement of Jefferson at the Olympic and of Salvini at Pope's during the next few weeks. These are the only two great attractions yet to appear before the close of the season. At Pope's, however, "The Voyagers in Southern Seas," the great Boston spectacular success, is booked, while Andrea's successful opera of "Olivette" will be presented at the Grand Opera House by the Barton Grand New York Company. That the success of Madame Mitchell is also announced in the near future. It is doubtful whether the latest New York success of "Billie Taylor" will be produced here this season. Among the other productions promised are Bartley Campbell's "My Girlhood," and Hooey's "Child of the State." Annie Price in "Miles" is also booked.

Last, which at one time was dreaded by the theatrical managers as a season of dullness and small business, no longer affects the receipts at the box-office of the theatres and makes no appreciable difference in the size of the audiences. There was a time, and not so many years ago, when what is termed "society" religiously abstained from attending the theatre during the Forty Days; but whether it be that the churches have become more lax, or that some other cause, fashionable society patronize the theatre as much after March (as before it). From Adelaide Nelson's last engagement was played here during Passion Week, and yet the Olympic was positively covered to its fullest capacity at every performance, notwithstanding the religious characteristics of the week.

The fate of the *Weekend* during the approaching summer is still in doubt. This elegant little theatre has not yet been rented, and Mr. C. K. Phillips has not made any definite arrangement as to its disposition. It is probable, however, it will be again opened, and Mr. Phillips will begin almost immediately for New York, where he anticipates a speedy and satisfactory agreement with parties who he says are anxious to rent the theatre.

Messrs. Collins and Short will on *Urania's* Cove this summer as usual, and promise a continuous change of attractions.

Judge Laughlin, it is said, will instruct the next grand jury to take steps leading towards the closing up of all the *theatres* without regard to class. According to the late grand jury the Mayor and police board are directly responsible for the running of the variety theatre on Sunday.

Mr. John A. Lightner will probably be the Republican nominee for Mayor. A hear that a call is in circu-

lation signed by Mr. Dan Homer, of the *Globe-Democrat*, and by Dr. Basil Proctor, of the *Wheatley* Press, uniting in requesting Mr. Lightner to allow his name to be used. If this is so it will harmonize the Grant and anti-Grant factions of the local Republicans, and go far towards insuring the election of Mr. Lightner if he secures the nomination. Mr. Lightner is an excellent gentleman, and his nomination would be a strong one.

The Filley wing of the stairs, however, intend pressing the claims of Mr. Ewing very strongly, and the race for the nomination will be pretty keen between Mr. Ewing and Mr. Lightner, with the chances in favor of the latter.

The new Board of Directors of the Iron Mountain Railroad Company at their meeting last Tuesday elected Mr. A. W. Soper General Manager, and thus gave him the same authority over their line that Mr. Talnage has over the Missouri Pacific. Mr. Soper now has next to supreme control of the Iron Mountain, which has become one of the leading roads of the United States, and one that is being rapidly improved and extended. The responsibilities of the post are very great, but the man is equal to the emergency. Mr. Soper is not only one of the very best railroad men in the country, but he is a thoroughly enlightened and progressive citizen and takes a deep interest in the general welfare of the city. He is of inestimable value to the city of St. Louis, and to his liberal and good judgment the merchants owe a great deal. We shall never have too many men among us like A. W. Soper. Dr. P. Slattery, and a few other wide-awake young men whom I could mention.

Have you stopped to consider the changes that have been brought about since Mr. Jay Gould became interested in St. Louis railroads? It has not been much over a year since he purchased the Missouri Pacific Railroad, but in that time he has been the inspiration of a dozen new enterprises of great magnitude and of vast importance to this city. In the first place, as soon as he got the Missouri Pacific Railroad he inaugurated a scheme for its rapid extension by the building of a number of branches and the purchase of a number of connecting lines already built, the most important of these being the Missouri, Kansas and Texas. With these changes the Missouri Pacific system has been made fully twice as large as it was when he took hold of it. Then he joined a company to build roads to transport grain from St. Louis to New Orleans, and the capital now represented by that enterprise is \$800,000—the largest large company in the world. He next commenced the erection of a grain elevator at Carondelet that is to cost probably \$250,000. Soon after that he purchased largely of the stock of the Vulture Steel Company, and when he was here a few days ago suggested that the works at Carondelet be rebuilt, and their capacity greatly enlarged, and thus make use of the most extensive steel-rolling manufacturing in the world. Finally he purchased a controlling interest in the Iron Mountain Railroad, and at the meeting of the Board of Directors of that company, a few days ago, and the capital stock of the company increased from \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000 for the purpose of making extensions and improvements. Thus Mr. Gould has shown his hand in our railroads, our grain trade and our iron interests, and he has put into them, and caused others to put into them, not less than \$15,000,000 and was not in them two years ago. This looks like business.

The largest chandelier in the world is in the Town Hall of Sydney, Australia. It was made by Mitchell, Son & Co., the celebrated artists glass-makers of New York. Their agent here, Mr. Cornelius Deane, sends us this description of it:

There are five tiers of lights which rise in groups, circle above circle, until the highest tier is reached, and then descend in an irregular way to the interior, about the central tube. The lower portion of this chandelier is formed of exquisite rings, each smaller than the other, below the silver; and from the interior of the whole descend transparent crystal pendants of

wonderful brilliancy and taste. Globes of ground glass soften and bend the light from a single glass, pass to the eyes, to a softened radiance approaching the light of day, and both as regards its appearance and usefulness the chandelier commands admiration.

The last number of the *Literary World* has an estimate of the past year's literature, and among other interesting facts it contains an account of the sales of his works. It appears that up to 1857 the number of new volumes sold was as follows:—

Title.	Date of Publication.	Copies.
Voices of the Night	1850	6,000
Ballads and Other Poems	1851	10,000
The Spanish Student	1852	10,000
The Heir of Bruges	1853	10,000
Evangeline	1854	17,000
The Scandal and the Forest	1855	10,000
The Golden Legend	1856	17,000
Ilsewath	1857	10,000
Notes from Paris	1858	7,500
Hyperion	1859	14,000
Karandak	1860	10,000

Total 110,000
Of Longfellow's collected works in four of the leading editions there have been printed to date as follows:

First Edition.	Date of Publication.	Copies.
"Diamond"	1839	11,000
"Red Line"	1860	20,000
"Household"	1853	15,000
"Library"	1875	4,000
Total		50,000
Grand total		160,000

The Paris correspondent of the *London Truth*, in the course of a long letter about high-class shoes, heavy dresses, etc., says this about tight lacing:

Tight lacing spoils the complexion, reduces the bone, and what is worse, checks circulation. Ideas cannot flow freely when the waist is squeezed. There is, therefore, no reprieve in conversation, no sparkle, no wit, no light of mind. The woman who is so tightly stays as little as she can help. Mrs. Knole Girdle was never out of her robe de chambre at home, unless when she gave an occasional dinner and reception. She dressed in summer in white muslin, as chamber, loose and flowing, with her beautiful blonde hair cascading up carelessly at the back. In winter she wore a gown of fine flame, Madame de Sevigne wore her celebrated letters on a corset of steel, after she put it on. Rachel patronized very loose and convenient clothing. Eliza, the actress died about whom the gossamer world of Paris, went in for utter simplicity of attire. A maxim of hers was: "With a sober face, a little color or complexion goes a long way, and particularly with a nice, young face, a finely-proportioned figure and a luxuriant head of hair." Another example of the power of simple attire to enhance beauty—even when it is on the wane—is afforded by the *grande dame*, the superb sculptress, the imperious Boudoinne who has stepped from the Faubourg St. Germain to the Avenue Villiers quarter, in which Nana resided. The noble countess in question attires herself at home in the garb of a Calabrian fisherman. In adopting her present look, she hoped heretofore to seize upon the reins of government—a high ambition, but for her a mild one.

As to Mr. Perry's piano-concert, which occurred in Association Hall last Monday evening, the only cause of regret is that the attendance was not large enough to make the financial success commensurate with the artists. Such enjoyable and legitimate piano-playing can be heard only from a man who is in thorough sympathy with the artistic elements of what he plays. Compared with other pianists, Mr. Perry is to be placed next but the last of his class. He never plays for length, and yet his playing is as broad as could be wished, extending from the most recondite of pianissimo to the most heroic of fortissimo. But Mr. Perry lacks no quality that is necessary for the finished performer on this difficult instrument. He has clear technique, wonderful accuracy, phrases with the nicest discrimination, and any one who knows what it is to go through the Meyer tests, that he played with such freedom and dash, will not think him lacking in execution.

In the annual report of St. Louis Mercantile Library Association just made by President Thomas E. Tott, there are some excellent suggestions about a new

building. No considerable improvements have been made in the old one, because it is hoped that one better suited to the size of the city and the actual needs of the association will soon be built. Among the strongest reasons urged by Mr. Tait is the danger from fire to which the library is now liable. The old building is not fire-proof, and, being in the centre of the city, comes within the area where fires are constantly occurring. The loss that would come from the destruction of the library is not to be estimated in dollars and cents—it would simply be irreparable. Mr. Tait's suggestions to the association deserve the most serious consideration.

An Englishman stopping at the *Lindell* a few days ago went into Pettes & Leathe's, and saw Mr. Echebarr's "Pickwick and San Weller," recently described in the *Spectator*. He was so taken with the work that he offered \$1,500 for it. The proposition was submitted to the artist, but he declined to accept it. When told that the picture was to be exhibited at the Academy Exhibition in New York, he said that he should heartily like to see it and hoped to secure it before leaving the country. It certainly speaks well for the conception of the work that an American artist should be able to captivate a Johnny Bull fresh from old "Hingham" by means of a subject which is thoroughly English in character. I hope that Mr. Echebarr may get a higher price for his work, but had I been in his place I should have told Mr. Englishman to produce his drafts.

On Monday evening a most delightful *musical* was held at the residence of D. R. Powell, on Bell street. Mr. Robyn, Mr. Carr, Mr. Carr, Miss Branson, Mr. Dierkes and the Misses Cogg took part.

The commencement exercises of the Missouri Medical College, at Mercantile Library Hall, Wednesday evening, were largely attended, and the unusually long list of graduates showed that this sterling institution is in a most flourishing condition. The men who have it in hand are active, progressive, and in every way up with the times, and their school is not only popular, but it is thorough in its course of study and provided with every requisite to the equipment of a man to follow the practice of medicine.

Messrs. H. Bollen and Sons and Conover Brothers gave a pleasant musical *soirée* at their piano rooms, 266 North Fifth Street, last Thursday evening. The principal feature was some excellent piano-playing by the Messrs. Charles and Jacob Kimmel. Miss Nellie Uhl, Dr. P. H. Cronin, and Mr. J. A. Kiewelshoff also took part. Taken altogether, the performance was very creditable.

The London *Truth* says Madame Favart has been engaged to play *Lacoste* *Buysa* at the *Gaieté*, in Paris, as Sarah Bernhardt will not return to time.

Vend's new opera, "Othello," is to be produced at Vienna, with Madame Materna as the heroine.

Patli is still at Monte Carlo, and will sing there twice a week till the middle of this month.

It seems that the people of London have discovered a way of getting cheap turkeys. Mr. Labouchere, of *Truth*, talks this way about it:—

Last last week a turkey which had been brought to England from Boleman, was taken from the farm, under a patent which, I believe, belongs to Mr. Mann, of "Mann's Sleeping-cure," and I understand that a depot has been opened in Oxford Street to sell Hungarian and Boleman poultry. The turkey tasted precisely like an English one recently killed, and if the importation be conducted on a large scale, I am afraid that, although the public may gain, those who raise poultry in England will be heavy losers, for in Hungary a fowl fed on Indian corn may be purchased for almost a nominal price.

Answers Mr. R. A. Proctor's solution of the 12 Puzzle as noticed in the *Spectator* last week, I write to call

attention to the far simpler solution published a year ago by Prof. C. M. Woodward, of Washington University. Prof. Woodward's was the first solution published so far as I know. The puzzle is an exceedingly fascinating one, and several mathematicians have discussed it. The reasoning of Prof. Woodward, though not difficult, is hardly easy reading, so I will give only the conclusion he reached. The solubility of any position depends upon its being essentially "odd" or "even," and is readily seen by a brief inspection, whatever may be the position of the men, and without moving a block. The key of a position consists in the number of men in position and the number of "chains." A "chain" is defined as consisting of a series of men occupying each other's squares. Thus, take a chance arrangement of the blocks as follows:

7	3	1	6
15	4	2	11
10	10	8	12
8	11	9	

Here two men are in position, namely: 12 and 14. Now it appears that 4 and 6 occupy each other's places; hence they constitute a chain. Again, 7, 12, 1, 5, 2, constitute a second chain, as is seen by inspection. 15, 3, 11, 8, 10, 9, compose the link of a third chain. Hence in this example the number of chains is three; the men in position are two; the sum of these numbers is five, an odd number; hence a solution is possible. Had the sum been even, a solution would have been impossible. Any position can be analyzed in the same manner, and its solubility or insolubility infallibly determined.

Judge Laughlin paid the late grand jury a high and deserved compliment at the conclusion of their labors. I think that it will be long before St. Louis has such another body brought together. It is a pity that a body like that cannot be made perpetual. There would soon be an added thickness in the path of the transgressor which would be money in the pocket of the good people of this town.

"I suppose," said a young lady to me the other day, "that there is more going on in this city than anything else with a girl can be allowed to know. You know our Tom started to bench-scholar last fall, and among other things I did I agreed to look after his team of goats for him. This office was a nuisance at first, until the brutes discovered that only a weak female hand was at the helm. I don't suppose that there is anything that a goat will not eat, anything, at least, not covered by the First Commandment. I know these two showed a cyclopean power of assimilation which would have done an Amazonian infinite credit. The neighbors were continually dropping in and requesting that we would either kill, or sell, or give those goats away. They are a clothes-line and a lot of white goats in the yard next door; they manifested the greater part of our back fence; their chief solace seemed to be, however, textile fabrics. Once I gave them to a man who had a little child out on his farm that he wanted to amuse. He took them as far as the Fair Grounds and then turned around and brought them back, merely because they had chewed off the tail of his frock coat and converted it into a roundsbottom. I told him that a man who would give up for a trifle like that that was not fit to be burdened with the care of goats. Another distressing feature was that all the boys in the neighborhood insisted on bringing stray goats to our place under the impression that one of ours had been weak-minded enough to get away. I have been awakened at night to come down and identify goats which I never saw before. No, really, I would sooner have a dozen husbands than two goats."

People are full of little superstitions which they are half ashamed of, but which they believe in implicitly. Few have an idea how fully superstition permeates our ordinary life. Who, for instance, would consent to marry on a Friday? Who would take little notice of an easiness when the salt spoils toward him at table? Who likes to fanble a white rat, or get two spoons with one's cup of coffee in the morning? Who would be willing to step into a house with the left foot first, if he noticed it? Who would—but why probing the

litany? We are all of us more or less the creatures of superstition. No matter how thoroughly we may have imbued ourselves with skepticism, the time will come, the time is coming continually, when we mildly try to propitiate fate by one of the many devices which the wisdom of antiquity has handed down to us. In every human breast, planted so deeply that it generally is entirely covered up with the debris of the day's work, there is a strong faith in the supernatural if not in the religious. As an easy evidence note what a difference there is between one's usual mental state and one's mind in the midst of a thunder-storm, when every crash of thunder polarizes and crystallizes one's hope that something wonderful will come to the rescue.

On last Monday work was begun on the new Grand Opera House, by the tearing down of some old rookeries on Sixth Street, where the some-ones and some other portions of the new structure are to be. In that particular locality there have been living, for an indefinite number of years, some poor people who had been charged only a nominal rental or none at all; and by some oversight they were not notified to remove until last Sunday evening. Naturally, there was a great deal of commotion of a certain kind; and on Monday morning, when the workmen went around to commence the work of demolition, there were active signs of a pitched battle. The old shutters to be removed had probably been there for many years, and many of them were propped back by the string-recesses who seldom came out into the daylight, and who were about like so many worms in a rotten tree. One of these was a Chinaman, Hop Lee, who lived alone, and apparently without any particular employment, in a sort of hole in the wall that was not long enough for a fair-sized man's knee. He surrendered his abode with many a wild gesture and defiant look, usually going away with all of his clothes and other worldly effects under his arm. Then there was an old Irishman and his wife. He kept a sort of tinkering-shop in front, and had a room back that was dark and dingy as if they had lived in the middle of a mountain, and as filthy as a pigsty. They slept in one of those rooms and ate in the other, and could look at all their furniture on a hand-saw. The old lady had two children, that she counted to think as much as two babies. She and the head of the house set to crying when they heard the news Sunday evening, and on Monday morning they looked as disconsolate as some of their people do over in Ireland when they are "pecked." They were told that not only "the Chinese must go," but the Irish also, and had to add to their scanty old den with as much tender regard as a king would feel in abandoning a palace.

The ground from which these old buildings are now being taken to make room for the splendid new theatre was once occupied by what was called "Lynch's Nigger Pen." That was long years ago, in the early days of St. Louis, and when slavery was in vigorous existence. The "pen" is described to me as having been a grim, forbidding structure, something after the style of a frontier stockade. It was not only a place where negroes were put up and sold, but was used as a prison for slaves that had been captured after having run away from their owners. One of the ground-keepers, who was a white man, told me some of the most stories of suffering it would relate. I am glad it cannot speak, for I don't want to hear what it would say.

I learn that D. Crawford & Co., after their unfruitful success of last season in their millinery department, have decided to send their own milliner—whose taste is unquestioned—to Paris, with *carte blanche* in the matter of purchasing.

Regular dramatic notices will this week be found in the department of the Town Talker.

Col. John A. Cokerell improved his time while in New Orleans by writing a letter to the *Spectator*. Readers of his brilliant editorials in the *Post-Dispatch* will hardly fail to recognize his style. He has a way of putting his pencil down that is always felicitous.

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The proposed compromise between the city and the St. Louis Gaslight Company does not appear to be dangerous or unworkable. It is estimated that it would result in bringing into the city treasury about \$5,000,000 in the thirty years the contract is to run. This is to be devoted to the reconstruction and improvement of the streets. The amount coming to the first year would be something less than \$100,000, but this sum would be increased each year as the business of the gas company increased. Under the contract, the charge for gas is not to be over \$2.25 per 1,000 cubic feet, which is not unworkable, and the city may at any time it chooses adopt the electric light, provided it gives the contract for putting it in and running it to the St. Louis Gaslight Company, who shall not charge a greater price for doing it than anybody else. This is a wise provision, and just to the gas company and not hazardous to the city, and one that will find a practical application in less than the first decade of the time the proposed contract has to run. Under these conditions we think the city will have cause to congratulate itself if it can have given it on an average \$100,000 a year for improvement of its streets. The greatest gain will not be simply in the having of cleaner and better streets, but in the increase of the value of the property. A million dollars spent on the streets would yield more than ten per cent in the increase of the value of property. We hope the proposed compromise will be adopted.

The accounts as reported in the daily papers of the "strike," with the doings and sayings of the strikers, at the Excelsior Foundry, ought to "strike" as well the unweakened consciousness of the community concerning an evil so senseless, and yet so portentous, as that which is included in the ridiculous action of these men. At the head of this great manufacturing interest is Mr. Giles F. Filley, whose integrity is known to have been severely tried in the fire, and "so small of few passed upon" it—a man identified with the earlier and later business prosperity of St. Louis, and immensely, as manufacturer and merchant, a contributor to it; a man of kind heart, of large

views—of liberality without ostentation, of enterprise without rashness. Because Mr. Filley employed an insignificant number of men and boys who are not members of the Molders' Union, four hundred "Union" men are now out on a strike. The business of the foundry company is interrupted, the trade relations of its patrons embarrassed, and loss and damages occasioned for which only the gravest reasons could furnish an adequate excuse. There is no pretence by the strikers that they are overworked or underpaid. On the contrary, they are willing to speak of their employers in terms of respect and of praise. The demand is therefore simply the insolence of brute force, which promises to hold at such disadvantage an important industry that it will be humiliatingly compelled to yield a great principle of universal application to save itself from immediate embarrassment and loss. It is to be hoped that in this they "reckon without their host."

The strong supporting sentiment of the community ought to be given to the Excelsior Foundry in its defence of a demand so obviously indefensible and dangerous. The avowed causes of this strike touch very nearly some of the most important social interests of the community. If boys who wish to leave trades, and thereby become useful citizens instead of drones and vagabonds, are to be prohibited from so doing by men already in possession of places and held there by inexorable and powerful society rules, and if there can be no successful defence of such "society regulations," the facts cannot be learned a moment too soon. As things are now, in some trades an employer cannot appreciate his own boy in his own factory unless the "Union" rules concerning apprentices permit. A great deal of silly sentimentality is expended upon the oppression of labor by Capital—with a big C; but if such things as are now attempted at the Excelsior Foundry are seen in the green tree what may not be seen in the dry?

The Mayor has wisely signed the bill passed by the Municipal Assembly granting a lease of a portion of the wharf near the Shot Tower for the purpose of building a new grain elevator. The grain trade of this city is growing very rapidly, and more elevator room is badly needed. The prospect now is that the need will be amply supplied by almost doubling the storage capacity of this market before the end of this year. The elevators already in existence will hold a total of about 4,600,000 bushels. There are now in contemplation and in course of erection new elevators that will bring the total storage capacity up to 8,400,000 bushels, or nearly double what it now is. This is a wonderful increase to be brought about within a few months, and speaks in forcible terms of the growth of our grain trade. The elevator men are determined to meet all the demands upon them and do their share of the necessary work. They will spend this spring not less than \$2,000,000 in new buildings. The elevator to be erected in the part of the wharf just granted by the city is, by itself, to cost about a quarter of a million. This money is laid out for a good purpose and will bring back a hundred-fold, not only to the grain trade of St. Louis, but to the city in general as well. The Mississippi River makes St. Louis the future grain market of

the Great West. Iowa, Nebraska, Illinois and Kansas, to say nothing of Missouri, will finally ship their surplus wheat and corn to foreign markets by way of the Mississippi. It is this wide valley's natural outlet to the sea, and no railroad running to the Atlantic seaboard can ever compete with it. That the elevator capacity should almost double inside of a single year is the strongest proof that the movement in the direction of this market has set in, and that it is coming with a grand impetus. The growth of our grain trade during the next decade is hardly to be estimated.

Some of the best information that the public has had of our public institutions and of public morals has come through the reports of the grand jury. The report of the last grand jury is a model of thoroughness and candor. Such documents are a credit to the men who present them, and are of incalculable value to all right-minded citizens. We do not know of any instrumentality of instruction which can be made to bear more helpfully on the problem of municipal government. The difficulty of managing the affairs of cities grows out of the evils that spring up in dense aggregations of population. Unless these evils are found out in their sources and speedily checked corruption soon seizes upon all the defenses of good government. For the time being the grand jury is the investigator and censor of the public morals. We are told where there is weakness of administration, where the laws are inadequate, what damages threaten the body politic or the social health. When done by men selected for this work, unimpeachable in character, earnest and intelligent, the importance of this information to the good citizen cannot be overestimated. No man who wishes the welfare of St. Louis can read the report just published without a feeling of obligation to the authors of it for a most careful and candid statement. The suggestion that hereafter these reports be filed and preserved is most important and will tend to keep up the standard of their quality. We are glad to know wherein our existing laws touch some of the questions which have been raised concerning the observance of Sunday, and we have long felt that the granting of licenses should be taken out of the Collector's hands. No matter who the Collector may be, no one man should have the decision in his hands. Abuse of the privilege will constantly occur where from the very conditions of the case it is often impossible to make any thorough investigation. If, for example, the bogus petitioning for dramsop licenses could be shown up, and the unavailing resistance and protest of residents, it would be a sufficient commentary on the present practice. If there is any school of corruption which more abundantly and completely kills out every moral instinct of youth or manhood, it is the low theatres like those which the grand jury designates by name. The indecency and filth of these places is of a nature more to be dreaded than any reeking garbage of the alley, than any pest or contagion of disease. The broom of the law should sweep those places clean, not only on Sunday, but on every other day of the week. They are breeding-places of foulness, lawlessness and crime. Not merely the city, but the whole country round about for a great distance, is poisoned by the notoriety and stench,

the language and representations and patronage of these vile play-houses. We cannot touch on all the points of the report. But we cordially think the grand jury for their patient, faithful, outspoken work. If its successors shall do as well, reiterating these statements and warnings from year to year if they are not heeded, they will do no slight thing in the education of public sentiment. It will give us a safer and better city to live in. It is the sort of moral tonic that is needed.

Mr. Theodore Thomas, the great band-master, appears in the new role of magazine writer for *Scholar's* of March, his subject being "Musical Possibilities in America." An article of this nature from such a mind would naturally display, as this one does, a considerable amount of pedantry, which is somewhat excusable, and a good deal of loose and inaccurate statement, which is less excusable. When Mr. Thomas claims to find in the effect of "the movable do system" a cause for so much of superficiality in American methods of elementary musical instruction, he is simply antipathizing the equally confident opinions of other "doctors" who are his peers in ability and experience. But when he speaks of church music in America that "it is largely operatic, it appeals to the senses only," he is guilty of an aspersion of the churches that may be charitably ascribed to his dense ignorance of a subject upon which he presumes to enlighten the public. For, of course, Mr. Thomas does not make a somewhat popular mistake by confounding the terms "operatic" and "artistic," since no musician would do that, and since Mr. Thomas demands, in his essay, "the most artistic church service" as being "the most proper one." When Mr. Thomas says that "the music which will inspire those feelings which (sic) ought to fill the soul of every worshipper, is noble, good music," he merely utters a truism about which there can be no dispute; but "good" is a relative term, and there is a great deal of "noble" music that religious people might not regard as essentially devotional. It may be questioned, also, whether a man, whatever his position as a musician, whose Sunday mornings are frequently given to the rehearsals of his band, and whose Sunday evenings are quite commonly given to concerts in bow-halls, where the circling of glasses filled with foaming lager is the only accompaniment of his orchestra, would be selected as just the best authority concerning the proper style of devotion or the best expression of it. What such a man would designate as "sentimental" might be in origin, purpose and effect the direct expression of true sentiment or reverent feeling. And who can justify any, that, if the three elements above alluded to be present, any music employed by the churches is unbecomingly, though it be something less than "noble" in "style" conception and scholarly form? There are some hymns set to simple melodies, which it is entirely safe to say Mr. Thomas would denounce as of the "dickie whistling order," that have done as much for the deepest devotional feeling of the churches as any notes that ever were sung.

Mr. Thomas to the contrary notwithstanding, it is in no sense true, even in carrying, that "in the church the music is looked upon as an attrac-

tion and given as an amusement." There are as many individual churches where the preacher's oratory is an "attraction" and his gestulation "an amusement" as there are churches, so-called, in which music is employed purposely or by indifference for such effects. With increasing culture comes the necessity, increasingly emphasized, that the musical service of the churches shall not repel worshippers by its positive demerit, its hollowness or its inadequacy. But that is a very different thing from an attempt to build up within the church service a separate "attraction" or "amusement" intended "to please the congregation."

Any man who, through fair opportunity for observation, has become moderately familiar with the church music of this country, knows that in an important sense it is advancing towards a suitably "artistic church service" by entirely worthy methods. Dudley Buck, Samuel Jackson and a few modern English writers have done much to stimulate this right movement by placing at the disposal of the churches appropriate and acceptable music, which they have eagerly employed. There is less that is meretricious and meaningless, more that has worthiness and coherence, than there was twenty or even ten years ago. Many good musicians and conscientious choir-directors, cordially supported by representative pastors and officers, are working with wisdom and energy for the best results of an appropriate, orderly, and therefore in the right sense "most artistic church service." In this they do wisely. Operatic frippery and fortune, however undeniably it may mingle, has no fitness in a religious service. It is to the scandal of friends should that by either carelessness or design it moved ever, even in exceptional instances, be found there. With the great wealth of worthy music now at the command of organists and choir-directors, it is a pretension of the place, and a insult to the intelligence and conscience of church-going audiences, when flippant or irrelevant musicians and singers dare to degrade the noble mission of sacred song to a level with the purposes of the stage or concert-room, by the employment of music which in design and meaning has only appropriate illustration under the glare of the footlights.

ART.

MR. AND MRS. A. ARE HOUSE-PLANNING, AND THEY CALL UPON NEIGHBOR C. FOR SUGGESTIONS, WHICH MR. C. OFFERS VOLUNTARILY.

MR. A.—"A good evening, Neighbor C. I am glad to see you. Take a seat near the fire. I tell you we have had a hard time keeping warm with gases this winter. The fact is, if we had not put in a stove in our sleeping-room, I don't know what we should have done. You see, Mrs. A. has been troubled with neuritis, and I don't remember when I have been so bothered with rheumatism as I have this winter, either that we have been through. Now, you are just the man I wanted to see. Mrs. A. and myself have been chafing the matter over, and have almost come to the conclusion to build a new house in the spring. You see, this climate is one that I want to be gone to. We are too far down here. Some time ago I bought a good-sized lot out in the fashionable part of town, and we have been studying over plans for a new home; and as you are a sort of chaotic fluid duster with things that are set to a certain standard of what you call taste, I wish you would look those over and give us your ideas on the subject."

Neighbor C.—"This is your plan, is it? I hardly see how you can go any farther than that is the kind of a house you want. There are ailes of them here. The same stone-front with mansard roof, two-story back-building, and I suppose the same atrocious odd-shaped at the rear of your lot, with all the best rooms in the house given over to servants."

MR. A.—"I don't exactly catch your meaning. My lot is on the south-west corner of Blank Street and Blank Avenue, and we intend to make the place as comfortable as our means will allow, and not give the servants the best rooms in the house by a long way."

Neighbor C.—"You certainly will if you carry out that plan. Your back-building will cut off the light and ventilation, leave your halls dark and gloomy, while you and Mrs. A. will occupy the front room, into which scarcely a ray of sunshine ever will penetrate, and you will ruin your own education and lose the health to your hearts' content."

MR. A.—"Well, how are you going to avoid it?"

Neighbor C.—"The first thing you do, light your pipe with that 'plan' you have been struggling over. Go to a competent architect and tell him the amount of money you propose to expend. If it is \$10,000 tell him so frankly, and don't expect him to give you a \$15,000 house for two-thirds that cost. If he is a competent man—satisfy yourself on that score before you call upon him—he takes a pleasure and pride in his profession. He keeps himself posted as to the best designs produced by the best men the world over. There are architectural journals published in this country and abroad, beautifully illustrated, giving week by week the results of the best thought extant. These, together with his own study and experience, will enable him to make the most judicious use of your money and give you something which will combine comfort with beauty."

MR. A.—"That all may be true; but I am a sort of an old-fashioned chap, and I am a little shy of these new-fangled notions."

Neighbor C.—"If you wanted to go to Chicago you would hardly object to that new-fangled contrivance the railroad. If you thought you could double the capacity of your mill you would hardly refuse to take advantage of new machinery which would accomplish that end. There is no more sense in trying to solve the problem of a new house than there would be in going to your doctor and telling him you knew exactly what kind of rheumatism you were subject to and exactly the kind of medicine needed to effect a cure, and commanding him to prescribe according to your directions."

MR. A.—"I know; but these high-toned architects are so exorbitant in their charges. There are builders, practical men, who have risen from the ranks, worked their way up—first as workmen, then brick-layer, then superintendent and builder. Their charges are more moderate."

Neighbor C.—"By these architects who never had a professional training. They have practiced their way through life precisely as these 'practical' men have in building. There is nothing gained by patronizing a charlatan. His pretense is to possess a knowledge which he does not have, and then he pretends to do your work for less than it can be done for, and he gives you a hideous blotch on the outside more than a shill, least said soonest mended, and who will build something of this kind for his lasting pleasure."

MR. A.—"I see that you are prejudiced against the plan we had in mind. Now tell us what can be offered as a substitute."

Neighbor C.—"Do, I ever assure to you that any story is almost entirely void in the manner houses are usually built in St. Louis?"

MR. A.—"I must confess that I don't see what you mean."

Neighbor C.—"By the usual plan the basement is deeply given up to the furnace and laundry. By relying the first story is a few feet higher—say three or four—the upper ground floor could be attained. I have in mind a house situated on Brooklyn Heights. The style is common throughout the East. It is built on a twenty-foot lot, with buildings close up to the line on either side. As the lot is not very deep, by building up the ground in St. Louis, they were obliged to accommodate

space; consequently, the coal-hole is under the sidewalk. Under the steps to the first story are those which lead to the cellar, and to a room for storage of such articles as you may choose to keep under your own control. This is lighted by two windows. A hall runs from the entrance to the rear of the building, where is situated the kitchen. The cellar proper is between the store-rooms and kitchen. In this is the furnace. The stairway from the first floor comes down between the cellar and kitchen. This latter apartment is at the extreme end of the basement. It is large, roomy, and is lighted by two large windows, or rather one window subdivided in three parts. It is flanked on either side by closets. The first floor has a hall seven feet wide, but for a woman to St. Louis no stairs are visible. The entire front of this story, excepting the hallway, is occupied by the parlor. This is lighted by a huge window, in three divisions. Back of the parlor is a hall twelve feet wide, from which leads the stairway to the upper stories. This hallway is lighted and ventilated by a skylight. Back of this large, cheerful hall is the dining-room, with a square bay-window composed almost entirely of glass. In the upper stories are four large, well-lighted sleeping-rooms, besides two small hall-rooms which can be utilized for bed-rooms if necessary. There are also closets, bath-rooms, and all the conveniences. The two first stories project a little beyond the upper ones, and a tasteful iron railing forms a sort of balcony in front of the windows. A large glass projects from the roof, lighted by two windows, which are protected by shutters or terra-cotta. For utilization of space, light, ventilation, general taste and convenience, I can remember nothing in St. Louis to compare with it. I mean, of course, one similarly situated. Now, such a house can be built, certainly for \$10,000, in a substantial and tasteful manner."

Mr. A. "That looks all right as near as you can understand it from your description, but you must remember that ours is a fifty-foot hall, and situated on a corner. So that we can get more light and room."

Neighbor C. "I was trying to give you an idea of what could be done under the most disadvantageous circumstances. When you come to a good-sized lot, of course the problem is more easily solved. I know of a house in Cincinnati which seems to me to be well suited to your purposes. In the first place there is a beautiful porch over the entrance where you may raise your umbrellas in stormy weather, or sit on summer evenings. The hall is seven feet wide, leading back to one of the same width running at right angles with the main hall. This communicates with what is called the stair-hall, which is twelve feet wide. In front is the parlor, sixteen by twenty-three feet. At the end of the main hall is the sitting-parlor, sixteen by twenty feet. The house back of the main and cross-hall is about six feet wider than the front. So there is a window in the sitting-room facing the front and a large one on the side. Back of this is the dining-room, and attached to that is a large china-closet. The second story is divided into four large chambers, all perfectly lighted and ventilated. The stair-hall, as in the Brooklyn house, is lighted by a skylight. There are two gables, besides dormer windows, and the whole home has a picturesque and comfortable appearance. It is finished throughout with natural woods and is surrounded by no iron fence. In both of the cases cited, the back rooms are attractive and the conventional \$200 coal-planted in the rear of the house is a real effort. By expending a few hundred dollars a substantial and tasteful structure can be built, which will be an ornament rather than an eyesore."

Mrs. A. "You speak of natural woods. What objection have you to that?"

Neighbor C. "None whatever, provided you don't attempt to practice a deception with it."

Mrs. A. "Do you not think also without graining looks well?"

Neighbor C. "I consider graining of any kind an abomination. There is no economy in its use and at best it is simply a miserable makeshift. I will illustrate. I saw some of drawers the other day beautifully polished, with a grain of wood in the middle which I have seen for years. It is something like the softest

and is crissed by dark lines of color. My attention was attracted by the variety and beauty of the wood, and I asked the owner what kind it was. To my surprise, he informed me that it was sweet gum, which grows in such abundance in this State. He said that it could be bought for \$12 per thousand, or a little more than one-third of what you will have to pay for clear pine upon which to do your graining. I can see no possible reason why this almost unknown wood cannot be utilized in building, adding not only to the beauty of our home interiors but materially lessening the cost of our construction."

Mr. A. "What do you think of a side entrance for a house built on a good-sized lot?"

Neighbor C. "I like it even better than the usual style, where you consume the space through the narrowest part of your building for the matter. The plan I have suggested is especially adapted to a side entrance. It will greatly economize space, and by that means the kitchen can be on the first floor instead of in the basement, if you choose it."

Mr. A. "You have certainly suggested some things which are worth considering, and I am favorably impressed with your views. We shall decide upon the plan in a few days, when I shall want to get some hints from your interesting description and architectural drawings."

Neighbor C. "I am afraid that I have already wearied you with my new-fangled notions, but if, on reflection, you conclude that any of my suggestions are an improvement on the styles so commonly in vogue here, I shall feel gratified to know that they are accepted, especially because of their novelty, and if I can be of further assistance you have only to command me."

W. R. H.

MISS LACKLAND'S MUG MERITLES.

At the performance of "Guy Mannering" by the McMillough Club, at the Pickwick Theatre, on Friday evening of last week, a decided sensation was created among an audience by no means lacking in critical power in the remarkable beauty and grace of Miss Daisy Lackland in the role of *My Meritles*. It was Miss Lackland's *debut* upon the stage, and a more arduous character for a young lady to undertake than that of *My B* is hardly possible to conceive. Her dramatic ability was visible in Miss Lackland's definition, and she commanded the most enthusiastic recognition of her rare talent, securing a genuine and brilliant victory. In Miss Lackland and Miss Ella Strang the future great actresses thus cultivated young ladies who are the gems of many admirably good actresses and the superiors of a vast number of so-called "professionals." It is too late now to go into an extended criticism of Miss Lackland's artistic effort. Suffice it to say that we must yet be patient and wait until her husband with the true dramatic instinct and has the histrionic gift fully developed. I merely wish to call attention to what I conceive to be an unjust review of the performance in last Sunday's *Republican*. Therein the lady is "damned with fatal praise," attested to as "never before," always interesting and sometimes more than interesting." Yet in a paragraph whose immense credit is claimed for Mrs. and Mrs. Scott for their part in the remarkable success of their pupils. How the success could have been "remarkable," and yet the fair actresses have proven only "interesting," is a conundrum I leave to the critic to solve. All this talk about amateurs is either the most bald-headed or the most spiteful work of a man who is not a theatre-goer, or who is so prejudiced against the *Republican*, and yet who are veritable sticks, and have less dramatic or musical ability than some dozen "amateurs" in the city that I could mention. Miss Lackland, with all due deference to the critic, was not a critic, was far superior to the ordinary amateur, and I have no hesitation in saying that her realization of *My Meritles* was more artistic than that of any American who has ever appeared on the stage. According to the *Union*, which I then saw and which was dated as of "1868," Miss Anderson is no better now than an amateur actress. I believe, if a young and cultured lady really shows by her work that she has all the qualities essential to a dramatic artist, she is entitled to a full praise thereof, notwithstanding that she cannot be

"classed" as a "professional." Miss Lackland has done this, and she is consequently deserving of as much praise as any actress, and that is true. To my credit, of course, may be conceded to Prof. and Mrs. Scott, but the mere fact that they gave sundry lessons in elocution to the young lady should not detract from the latter's splendid performance. As to doubt Prof. and Mrs. Scott have taught many sticks, and I hardly think they would want to claim part of the discredit of the failure. If the lady is without innate talent and is not endowed with dramatic fire, all our praise is wasted. It is our duty to make her a good actress. Mrs. Scott, I admit, is a clever elocutionist, but I conceive her no high grade as such, and neither do I see how she can rank as a professional, never to my knowledge having fulfilled a regular engagement with a dramatic company, or any theatre. She is a professional reader, but they are frequently the poorest actors. The *Republican* has shown always a strong tendency to flatter Prof. and Mrs. Scott beyond what I think is their true desert in the position of their work at the Knights of Honor entertainment, where Mrs. Scott's recitations were rewarded with "loud applause and bright cheers." I have known the time when Mrs. Scott received an ovation, and when she sailed before the greater theatrical brilliancy of Miss Helen McWhite, Mr. Garrett's friendship for the lady is well known, but that is no reason why the *Republican* should consistently praise her at the expense of others. Miss Lackland has done exactly the opposite because she believes the tenets of the *Republican* criticism was unethical and signally unjust. Have neither the honor of a personal acquaintance with Miss Lackland or any of her friends nor with Mrs. Scott. CANADIAN.

SOCIETY.

Society is an impatient fasting condition, tempering its digestion in the lukewarm consistency of its religious diets, but trying to do that craving for a change on a fritter of small talk consistent with the Lenten season just begun, and in keeping with the devotional language prescribed by fashion after the risk of the water and the noise of the carnival. It is interesting to see the old blinding of gray and mode, the deepening tones of violet that heliotrope takes on, the dusky browns and murky olives, of the robes that cling with circumspiced decoration to the forms of the stargazer who so lately blazed in the splendor of royal purple, glowing garnet, sapphire azure, or diamond luminous-green, as with proud bearing and stately step they trod reception-room or grand ball.

These formal girls with small heads and subdued gray whose the thickets of the city's churches at five o'clock—the hour they were wont so lately to appear at the brilliant afternoon tea or bridal reception—now kneel with beautiful penitence before the crucifixion scene, while the light through the ruby stained glass of evenly windowed chaises long pencils of color adorn their bowed forms.

"O consistency, thou art a jewel!" and every year for forty days the church's daughters are consistent.

Forty days! It is a long time to repeat the same thing and keep telling yourself you have left awhile those things which you ought not to have done, and people have been known to come to believe life true and themselves true.

There'd two society girls talking about the other day, and one said she should be of going to church every day in the same hour and saying the same prayers over if she did not have a comfortable room on every day here to think about it at all,—so she found she could do "more good small thinking during church services than elsewhere." I know she would soon tell her "good small thinking" was short, and I wished her well. It came out that she is a long time to repeat the same thing and keep telling yourself you have left awhile those things which you ought not to have done, and people have been known to come to believe life true and themselves true.

silk and garnet velvet, something like that lovely dress Mrs. L. brought from Rome, not known; and then with a little gray cloth and waist making dress, and one of those stylish dolman circulars from *Gumersl's*. I shan't need much for March and April. I counted it all up in church yesterday afternoon, and three hundred dollars will do it all, I'm sure."

Everybody is not so sure, but no doubt a great many other people make calculations in their churches, and there are even designs upon the cereals which enter into practical arrangements for future note-paper illuminations.

Lent is not to be without its intellectual as well as religious improvement, and a number of balled classes have been formed to this end. One of the most brilliant of these is a series of readings to be given by Prof. D. J. Snider from his unpublished book, "*A Journey Through Greece*." The inaugural meeting was held Friday afternoon of last week, at the home of Mrs. C. E. Smith, on Chestnut Avenue, where indicated all the meetings will take place. The company who assembled last week was intellectually and socially of the most brilliant character, and Prof. Snider, modest as he is, must have felt a thrill of pride at the appreciation shown to his talent, which is certainly of a high order.

Talent truly does meet with success in St. Louis, and there is a mood of it which may well claim proud acknowledgment. The splendid audience of the McCullough Club at Pickwick Theatre last Friday night did just justice to the talent of the most gifted amateur who has ever occupied a part in the plays of this organization; and more than a time days' marvel will the bright genius of Miss Daisy Lockland, in the difficult and daring personation of *My Mercedes*, remain in the memories of all who had the good fortune to see her. It is generally admitted that few pretty young girls would have assumed the rôle of the young and greater justice would be done to truth if the statement came as readily that none but genius could have caught the gleam of goodness and the glow of womanly affection hidden in the guarded and perverted nature of this strange character, and so rendered the part that, while assuming no outline and no regularity, the eyes see violence of Sir Walter Scott's creation. Miss Lockland yet gave with the wonderful fidelity that could only come from identifying herself with the character such glimpses of rude tenderness and innocent justice as carried all the sympathies of the audience by storm. Throughout every scene Miss Lockland was true to her conception of the part, and this conception, taken with the talent to portray it strongly and faithfully, was a revelation that comes only to genius—something as far beyond the mere eloquenty training that in amateur acting passes for talent as the idea of the sculptor is greater than the mechanical skill that he uses to give his late form. Every tone and gesture told its force and shading. Mr. Hardest as *Douglas Simpson* shared the honors with Miss Lockland, and well deserved the immense applause he received. The audience went to enjoy a failure, but they were overthrown by amazement and admiration, and without stint, but not without understanding, they rushed such acting as would have done her credit had Miss Daisy Lockland been a professional of long training, instead of a society girl who, for her pleasure and culture, has taken lessons in elocution for the space of one year.

Such an audience as was gathered at the Pickwick that night is rarely seen, except in the city, and, set forth in the beautiful landscape of this little gem of a theatre, it made a picture most fair to look upon. A representative of one of the great Chicago dailies remarked to a *Spectator* that "Chicago could not produce such an audience." The same newspaper man said that he did not wonder St. Louis had a pride in their society which lorded on conceals, for it certainly showed a refinement beyond that of the City by the Lake.

It was dying for a glimpse into a St. Louis ball-room, and could he have seen some of the fine masqueraders of the carnival balls he would have carried away pictures in his memory that in dreams might have haunted him for aye.

One fair *dolman*, Miss McKenzie. If she could have been portrayed to perfection on canvas, in her fancy dress as a Baker-maid, would have made the fortune of the artist. Over her short white robe was cast a net of gold that completely covered her, and through its meshes little green-and-gold and plaid-like ribbons seemed struggling to escape. In her hand she carried a slender delphinium with all its appropriate tackle; and her hair, that is like spun gold, shone with sunny glory in a Neapolitan net, escaping at the back and floating over her fair shoulders in ringlets as bewildering as those of the Lorelei.

Miss Julia Vail's was an extremely neat and beautiful costume, representing a Venetian model. The stiff trowsers and short skirt, the golden shawls and baubles without number, gave the delicate touches of perfect semblance and extreme becomingness to a dress that well suited the graceful, pliant wearer.

Mrs. H. L. Dossman's dress was superb—all of richest hosiery of a delicate blue that beautifully set off her very positive brunette style. Its charm was enhanced by a perfect shower of pearls that girdled her robe and fairly covered the lace sleeves that gleamed her faultless arms to perfection, while the gleam of ivory pearls made her glossy black braids complete a picture as exquisite as any that glows from costly canvas in her husband's famed gallery.

The carnival days did not pass without their tribute of song from lips that know how to express the very sum of exquisite melody. At Mrs. David Powell's, Tuesday night, there was a reminiscence some of the best musical talent in the city, and an extraordinary opportunity to enjoy the treat. Mr. Phil Branson and Miss Ada Branson, Miss Ada Clegg and Mr. Dierkes sang a quartet; Mr. Carr and Mr. Bolyn played a duet and piano duet, and Mrs. Dierkes and Prof. Bolyn played a piano duet. There were solos sung by some of these musical artists, and no doubt was omitted that could render the pleasure of the evening complete. Music and the drama are not likely to lose any of their charms during Lent, but rather will they carry off some honors now that Terephos has been invited to retreat, for only dance-music is out of fashion while the church-bells are muffled. *OTAT.*

FROM NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, February 25, 1881.

This being the only city of importance in the country that I have, I thought with my society, I concluded to run down here, the other day, simply that I might be able to say that I had been here. The barbers have a theory, you know, that an old, worn-out razor will take on a new edge if laid away in restful seclusion for a few months, and I have always found the jollies of a railway train to have the same effect on my tired intellect. I suppose of railroad trips if they can be made on the coast of a free press. I have heard two or three things since leaving home, chief among them the fact that this is a very insignificant world after all, when you can step into a sleeping-couch in the midst of arctic regions and ride to the zenith of the *Hyperborea*, so to speak, in thirty-six hours. After a daylight trip through Tennessee and Mississippi, I am more than ever convinced of the awful madness and folly of the Southern leaders who precipitated the war of the rebellion. They had, for the most part, been away from home, and they must have known the disparity between the sections. There were no pleasant farms, no thrifty farmers, no smiling railway stations, no pretty houses—nothing but miles and miles of emptiness, long reaches of gullies, sandy hillsides furnished by the rains, swampy cotton fields and desolate landscape everywhere, tapering off, eventually, in interminable swamps where blasted trees, hoary with moss, hung their dreary arms about and swept to mean because of solitude. It was Sunday when we entered the Ohio River, and all day long the male inhabitants exhibited themselves listlessly at the stations, with their hands in their breeches-pockets. I saw no man that day who did not have his hands in his pockets, and I saw no woman who did not have her hands in her lap. I saw no fellow who was whistling, and a negro whose unwieldy shoulders were so ragged that he might as well have stuck his ribs into an empty bag-rick as the place

where his pockets ought to have been. This pocket business is a peculiarity of the Southern States. It was curious to note, too, how the color of the clothing of the people about the stations partook of the hue of the soil. In Kentucky, where the soil was a yellowish clay, the prevailing style was drab and the colors sombre. In Tennessee, where the earth was reddish, the tendency was to fawn buff; and even the negroes and dogs seemed to have drawn their coloring matter from the soil. This is as natural, I presume, as that Rembrandt should have worked the wonderful Flemish sunlight into his wind-mill pictures.

Entering New Orleans through Southern boys, on a railway said to rest of enlarged cotton-bales, and finding everywhere nothing but slippery sidewalks for horses to rest on, I was profoundly impressed with the remark, credited to George Sheridan, when accused of being a Northern carpet-bagger in Louisiana. "Why," said George, "this infernal old rode belongs to the North. Every bit of it washed down the Mississippi, and in coming here I have only followed my native land."

Next to Quebec there is no city on this side of the globe so thoroughly un-American as New Orleans. Its architecture is peculiarly its own. Everywhere the overhanging veranda and the unsightly portion, the square, squat walls, the prison-like fences and the tendency to the arabesque in church and public edifices. There is certainly a quaintness about a city where people are buried in what seem to be huts-evens, and where the elevators are built on top of the ground. On the day of my arrival I traversed all over the French quarter. I was surprised to find that the early settlers brought so little of the Louis Quatorze style to the New World with them. That portion of the city given up to the Creole population is rather Italian in its appearance—a remnant of some portions of Naples.

To me it was amusing to hear the negroes on the streets talking glib French. I was reminded of the disappointment that I experienced when I visited Constantinople and found the place full of negroes who looked, for all the world, like over-plantation darkies, not who were attracted to the city by the fact that a language as English had never been invented. Here were swarthy creatures with elongated heads, with crisp Nubian curls, lips as plump as the Nubians' are, and when I met them I always felt like saying, "Howdy, Uncle Remus." All other forms of humanity about me were strange and unusual, and I really grew weary because I couldn't have one of the Nubians put jaws for me in a homelike way. The thing that most struck me about New Orleans, next to its few handsomely paved streets and its open gutters with running water, was its absolutely finished appearance. I don't believe a more beautiful city has ever been built here, and I am certain that nobody has made a paint-brush in the town since the death of Ponce de Leon. But everybody predicts a revival, now that there is a rail road to Galveston, and a new road into the Shreveport and Texas country which is expected to break up the St. Louis monopoly.

The weather here is precisely what we have in the East May. I have been out to the resorts on Lake Pontchartrain, where the marble citizens get their fresh air. Both are reached by steam-cars which start from Canal Street, the great artery of the city. The resort at the head of the new canal is a sort of Grand Bayou. New buildings, costing \$100,000 have been erected, the place is lighted by electricity, but the fact that the Mississippi is pouring its milt into the lake through a crevasse has a tendency to mar bathing. At the old Spanish fort I saw a lot of alligators, who appear to be the typical animal of this section, and interviewed a half-breed Indian who makes a living by catching the creatures and selling them. I saw one of his captives nearly seven feet long, laid on a board and sold to a side-show "a fable" for \$2.

I had been hearing of the St. Charles Hotel ever since childhood, and had been anxious to see some of the noble efforts to make the classic, Greek, Roman and Corinthian in a tavern building. When the hotel was first built, it must have been a grand affair. So was the Pantheon in Rome. Everything about the place is old-style now, and the furniture looks as though it

success Cincinnati has secured in her Opera Festival. Among St. Louisians I saw may be mentioned Dr. William Tausig, Mrs. Tausig, Miss Jeanne Tausig, Misses Clara and Emma Tausig, Mr. W. H. Bliss, Mr. George O. Carpenter, Jr., Mr. Carleton, Mr. Charles Fitzgerald, Mr. J. L. McKee, Mr. Otis Hall, Dr. H. Nagle.

The ticket speculators reaped a harvest. The ordinary price of good seats was \$5, though some people who were sharp waited until they went to the hall just before the performance, when those speculators who were "stuck" with a number of tickets were glad to sell out at \$2 each, the regular price. Every cigar-store, railroad ticket office, hotel newsstand, and I had almost said pawnshop-shop, had a choice seat for the opera. Friends, if you intend to go to the next festival, order your seats two months in advance.

I am asked what proportion of the audiences were Cincinnatians. That is difficult to say, but I suppose about two-thirds. That was the estimate I heard of a number of Cincinnati people make, and it seems probable. There were a like number of strangers in town. Beside all those who stayed with friends, all the hotels were full to overflowing, and the writer was glad to share a seven-by-nine room with a friend at a leading hotel. The Opera Festival paid the city of Cincinnati handsomely.

Col. Mapleson was very anxious to remain another week and give grand opera at popular prices, feeling confident of great pecuniary success, but the directors wisely refused to let him the hall, and he of course relinquished the project. The talk now is of what they will do at the Opera Festival next year. Col. Mapleson says he will bring over new prize dance and in every respect improve his company. The authorities of the College of Music will have no stone thrown at Mapleson in this festival, and it will probably be continued for a third year. The first step is the formation of a *prima chorus* of one hundred and fifty carefully selected voices. Your readers may put it down as certain that there will be an Opera Festival at Cincinnati next year as much surpassing this one as this surpassed anything in the operatic line ever before seen on the Continent. May you and all of your readers be there to see and hear.

VERITAS.

MY VALENTINE.

My valentine's a page of gold,
Upon it, by the morning's light,
I trace new hopes and fancies bright—
So sweetly is the story told—
That old, old story—put me now—
A little song of love—a muse
That bids my laboring heart be true—
A promise to the ever true.
—Oh, love, sweet love, this loyal heart,
Fiducially to conjuring art,
Hath sworn fidelity to you—
And so my faithful heart I press
My valentine with fond caress.
And now this long, long year has fled,
But still, as sweetly as of old,
I read the tender sheets of gold—
What then my love, shall I be dead?
Ask at I read, from tender sheets
An aged with a radiant crown
Crowned to my lonely chamber door
And lead me dry my streaming eyes,
So, in the soft declining day,
I think of him who's far away—
Whose lady in the churchyard lies,
And in my fondle heart I press
My valentine with fond caress.

EUGENE FLETCHER.

KANSAS CITY, February 26, 1881.

FROM MEXICO TO CHICAGO.

Mr. John F. Cahill, the Mexican Consul of this city, has been doing "the handsome thing" by Chicago in the way of a literary gift entitled "Mexico in the Nineteenth Century." It is a book written in three volumes, written by Emilio del Castillo Zegre, and is a work of considerable research and importance. It is very extensively illustrated, and the volumes are so differently colored, that it appeared to be shown at the Chicago Exposition last fall, but did not arrive in time. Mr. Cahill

delegated Col. P. Donan, not unknown to the readers of the *Spectator*, to deliver the work to Mayor Harrison of Chicago, and the presentation was made last week. Letters were exchanged between the Mayor and Col. Donan, and, as the title of the book is very interesting, owing to the references to a new nation that is just now being rapidly opened up to the trade of St. Louis and the whole Republic, it is here given in full:

CHICAGO, February 12, 1880.

To Hon. Carlos H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago.
DEAR SIR: Hon. John F. Cahill, who has long and ably represented the Mexican Government, as Consul, at St. Louis, has devolved upon me the pleasant duty of delivering to you, and through you to the city of Chicago, the accompanying document and the volume to which it refers. The work is wholly Mexican, written by a Mexican author, printed on paper of Mexican manufacture, and the printing, binding, gilding and engraving all done in Mexico by Mexican artisans. The three are each bound, as you will observe, in different styles, which was designed, and has been done here in time for your Exposition, to show the taste and skill of the native workmen.

The book is a graphic record of the struggles and trials, the aspirations, advancements and achievements of "Mexico in the Nineteenth Century," from the year of our own most gifted and eminent sons. As it comes as a tribute of admiration for Chicago, and as a slight testimonial of the desire of the Mexican people for the establishment, in the near future, of mutually pleasant and profitable relations between themselves and the enterprising citizens and merchants of the great metropolis of the West, the second city in importance on the continent. The object of its presentation will have been attained if it shall result in awakening even the least interest in regard to a country and a people that are to be found, not in the bosom of two great international railroad lines—a country of which we are strangely ignorant, a people of whom we have been increasingly oblivious.

Our sympathies and material aid have gone, food, life, birth to the Greeks, the Hungarians, the Irish and the Poles, to the Bulgarians, the Rumanians and Sandwich Islanders; while here, at our own doors, with only the width of the Rio Grande between them and us, are a people who have for seventy years been struggling against all conceivable obstacles and handicaps toward independence, light and freedom's rights, without any encouraging word or sympathetic thought from us. We are familiar with the names and exploits of English, French and German soldiers, scholars and criminals, of Turkish and Russian despots and conspirators, of American pirates, savage Algonquians and red-skinned Yamacraws; we know nothing of the heroes and sages, the soldiers, seafarers, historians and poets who have led the battles for freedom and progress in the far-famed "land of the Moctezumas," who have shaken the shackles of despotism, ignorance and superstition from millions of our nearest neighbors; who have emancipated hereditary slaves, quelled insurrections, established peace, order and good government, and introduced and applied all the improvements of the age in mechanics, science, art and commerce, among a people so much sojourners to ourselves in the New World.

We have intimate business and social relations with every region of Europe, and our traders have penetrated to every depth of Asia, Africa and Australian deserts and jungles; while adjoining our borders, separated from us by hundreds of miles by a mere imaginary line, lies, unexplored and unknown—a veritable *terra incognita* in our geographical—a grand federal republic modeled after our own, comprising twenty-eight states and territories, with nearly a million square miles and ten millions of people. It is so rich and fertile a realm as ever rose from barren heath and down upon a magnificent domain, bounding with every variety of agricultural, pastoral and mineral wealth, yielding, in the very profusion of abundant nature, all the products of every climate. The lowlands are irrigated, the high table-lands temperate, and the mountainsides clad with perpetual snow; so that, with an inclined railroad, one could almost realize the widest of "travel-

er's tales," and have, within an hour's run, his coffee, cotton and sugar plantations and his orange and magnolia groves in the valleys below, his wheat and corn-fields, his meadows, and orchards of apples, pears, cherries and plums, riding upon the tops of the rocks and his everlasting ice-house upon the frigid peaks.

The hills and mountains are veritable treasure-houses of gold, silver, copper, iron, tin, lead, coal, and marble of every hue. So plentiful are the precious metals that, in spite of all the efforts of the rude aboriginal methods of mining, the legend has been everywhere accepted that the Spanish conquerors found the commonest household utensils made of gold, and the horses shod with silver. Turquoises, rubies, agates and other gems abound. There is scarcely anything that the eye or hand of man could desire that cannot be found or produced somewhere in this most favored region of earth. It is the great Bonanza Land of the future. Its trade, ere many years, will surpass in value that of India or of India. Its people are anxious for a nearer acquaintance with their powerful and progressive neighbors of the United States, and stand ready to aid and encourage, with a liberality worthy of their generous land and climate, every legitimate enterprise for the upbuilding of our mutual interests and the common advancement and advantage of two peoples who are destined soon to be allied by closest and warmest ties.

Trusting that the little presentation I now have the honor of making may be a mile contributed to the hastening of this consummation, so desirably to be wished, and hoping that Chicago may maintain her reputation by leading in every movement looking to such an end, I remain, sir, with great respect,

Yours most sincerely,

P. DONAN.

LITERATURE.

The Poets of India. By John Alfred Langford. London: Chatto and Windus. Cassell, Putnam, Gifford & Co. (For sale by St. Louis Book Store, 205 Broadway.)—Every lover of books will take pleasure in following Mr. Langford through the pages of his preliminary essay on books, where one is repeatedly struck by what seems the singular coincidence of finding one's own ideas in the opinions expressed by the choicest and ablest philosophers. When he tells us that books are our best friends, our devoted counsellors, our patient teachers, and the only true equals in the world, that without love of books the richest man is poor, and with that love the poorest man is rich; one of the depths of our own hearts and experiences we testify to the truth of each and every statement, and warmly and approvingly to what recites the echo of our own sentiments. In the selections taken from the most prominent sages in the pages of literature of those who have said the words of wisdom, the author has displayed great taste and discernment. Every possible tribute could be paid to these living luminous books is collected within the pages of this little volume, each gem of thought being enclosed in a frame of the words of Johnson, Milton, Byron, Bage and a host of others, readers of inalienable value.

The Secret Gift Question. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (For sale by St. Louis Book and News Company.)—The practical, common-sense view in which the *Spofford* deals with this essentially practical question should recommend the book to every housekeeper in the land. The subject is one of vital importance, and should receive serious consideration at the hands of the more enlightened combatant in the daily warfare that is being waged throughout the land between miserliness and waste. The book goes to show that the difficulty lies not so much in the incompetency of the servant as in the lack of consideration for her interest and welfare on the part of employer. There are many pages in the book which it would be better every mistress be careful upon, and while waiting for the millennial perfection of the domestic machinery,

the evil might be materially lessened by a conscientious acting upon some of the ideas suggested.

Sister Augustine, an Old Catholic. New York: Henry Holt & Co. (For sale by St. Louis Book and News Company.)—Biographies of good people are generally very uninteresting reading, but this of Sister Augustine seems to be a bright exception to the rule. Possessed of an unusually strong and healthy intellectual nature, combined with a buoyant and happy disposition, she exemplifies in the highest degree the true nobility of a life devoted to the alleviation of suffering, and the absolute sacrifice of self upon the altar of Divine love, as exemplified by the Church. Accepting all that was good in the Catholic Church, in its broadest Catholic sense, she refused to admit the doctrine of Papal infallibility, and the exceptional strength of her mind is shown in the fact that she bore with fortitude and even cheerfulness the greatest persecution and misrepresentation, sooner than yield her convictions upon this important point. The book is both interesting and instructive, and may encourage hundreds of weak and erring mortals in their efforts to develop a beautiful character by prayer and earnest effort.

The Black Cross. By Adolphe Bellet. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A sensational story of the most sensational type, it is the extent of the praise which can be awarded this chronicle of the love and tragic fate of the dusky queen of the Amazons of equatorial Africa. It will, however, doubtless find its readers who shall recall the wonderful elephant hunt and passage with headless warriors in the critical position of the main in the holds of the pygmy.

Cervantes. By Mrs. Oliphant. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. (For sale by St. Louis Book and News Company.)—The above work is only one of a series of "Foreign Classics for English Readers," edited by this talented lady, whose name has been long familiar to readers of our best periodicals. The style of the work is bright and entertaining, and the biographical sketch singularly complete when one considers how little of the early history of Cervantes is really known. His interlapses, in which he fights the Turks, is imprisoned for five years, and spends the remainder of his days writing plays and stories which receive but cold recognition from an unappreciative public, reads like the romance of his own world-renowned "Don Quixote," which has made the name of Cervantes a household word in every civilized country of Europe. The success of this great work was instantaneous. An anecdote, says the author, will prove the universal popularity of this work: "Philip, being in the balcony of his palace at Madrid, looking out, saw a student at the corner of the street, reading a book, who continually stopped reading to stretch his limbs to the forehead, and to give vent to bursts of laughter. "That student," said the King, "is either out of his mind, or he is reading 'Don Quixote,'" which latter supposition turned out to be the case. As to the object with which the book was written, Mrs. Oliphant sums up her views in the following eloquent words: "The true reader has received and will receive 'Don Quixote' for himself. We know a great deal more of him in these days than we do of Amadis of Gaul: we care a good deal more for him than we do for Chastel V. We find far less and far more in him than any critic bids us. The folly of those wild, unscrupulous raids in search of adventure; the sad absurdity of those assaults upon one knows not what; the confusion of high-flown imagination with the actual life of the poor knights and galleys-armed for innocent captive to be liberated—a yet better known to our inward consciousness than either Spenser or chivalry. Ordinarily our appointments, our sense of having made ourselves ridiculous, our hesitations, our doubts, our half-intended enterprises and halting efforts for the good of others have turned out the most foolish, if not the most mischievous parts of our lives, find vent in bitterness, not in laughter. Many such enterprises had Cervantes undertaken in his life. What does he had hoped for, what good he had been confident of, what advantages to Spain and to humanity he had intended! And it had all come to nothing. Here he

was in Valladolid, penniless, severely known, having won no revolution in the world; the Turk just as strong as ever, notwithstanding all the passionate assaults upon him of that Spaniard; Spain just as belittled as ever, nothing altered, and himself, with his bright, keen eyes, for fifty years or more observant of everything, consulted by nobody, his opinion not worth more than that of the merest boy who came to Donna Catalina for his embroidery—something among the loose women, trifling with what perhaps they found in their hearts were life stories, at a corner of the table beset with gold thread and many-colored silks. And yet he has the heart, with his cheerful, sunny genius, to turn it all into laughter; no point of injury in his mind, so thought of neglect, not even a sign for the dear ladies, which he would do again, he sure, had he the power—generously unchangeable, though seeing so well the ridicule of it all. This is, in our opinion, the secret of "Don Quixote." Looking back, Cervantes saw what absolute it was to have imagined that one poor lance was to overturn the powers of this world! What foolish conceit even there was in his solemn certainty that he could do it—source of inextinguishable laughter! After all that his armor was but paper, his helmet not much more than a barber's tuck, his lance the Pegasus of imagination a Rosemont, shaly old horse of mournful aspect, fit for little more than the dog's! He said it all from the corner of the work-table at Valladolid, not having it in him to weep and avert his eyes and make their lives miserable, but rather to put a cheery face on all things, and keep their hearts up, though—laugh, thank heaven for him, with such irresistible and genuine laughter, so large, so honest, so innocent, and from the heart, that all the world might see, but yet does not see any better now, before, but quite that it is, what infinite suffering, what noble patience, what a child-like, friendly nature lies under that mirth!"

FASHION IN ART.

(From *Parson's Progress*.)

It would seem as though we had reached the climax in art, and that there were no further improvements to be made, or new beauty or effect to be attained; and yet the new year has introduced us to a variety of artistic novelties for the embellishment of our houses and homes. I say for the embellishment; well, we certainly do more nowadays than simply furnish our rooms; we beautify every corner, smooth off every angle, fill in every space, and yet we do nothing unbecomingly; a sensible motive governs everything. A practical Freshwaterman once remarked that the secret of being well dressed was to avoid breadth, to wear no more than was absolutely necessary, to have each article accomplish a mission, each button fasten something, each ribbon-loop tie something, to find a new even for each piece of jewelry that is worn. There is sense in the rule, and it applies well in the present mode of decorating. A fashionably furnished room may appear overcrowded, but look again—breathe in that delicious air of comfort, everything is rebellious with it; the chairs invite you to sink into their downy depths; the hangings at the window and doors bid defiance to draughts; that fire-screen, that chintz tea-service, the Dresden dish of flowers, with a grace that no pretentious bit of furniture could share approach. Truly, we have become wonderful decorators. Screens of divers shapes and sizes are the vagaries of the moment. Most effective is the screen of gauze, with coarse brown linen or serge, and worked in large flowers with crocuses. Sunflowers, giant poppies, cornucopias, tulips, lilies, daisies, and other bright-hued products of the field are entwined with trailing vines and worked upon the gauze. The frame is heavy, contrasting well with the willow slatting of the flowers. Being a light, movable ornament, the screen is such as admits of great flights of fancy; more

so, perhaps, than any other article that rightly comes under the head of furniture. The small specimens are frequently encased in fixed patterns in fine silk, gold and silver thread. The larger ones call for bolder design, and the artist is not sufficiently employed, but the human figure is scarcely a good subject for embroidery. In some few instances, especially in pieces of antique tapestry work, the experiment is found successful; but as a general thing, the garment needle-stitch is not sufficiently engaged in about with the lines of outline and shading to accomplish even an acceptable portrayal of the human form divine. The old-fashioned chimney-piece screen is met with occasionally. It is simply a curtain suspended on a cross-bar from the edge of the mantel. As it falls in folds, it does not admit of embroidery very well, but is made generally of a long piece of some costly Italian stuff. The reflection of the fire beneath dances and glows merrily over the mantel surface, and rebores the downy light and subdued hues that characterize the gorgeous stuffs of the Eastern houses. There is a new plan for displaying pictures. Over every door in the apartment is arranged a small trellis-work balcony, and upon this the pictures are placed in rotation. It shows them off admirably. The ornament is probably more suitable for a drawing-room, although drawing-room, salons, and even ball-dance-drawing-rooms of numerous pictures being hung upon the walls. Another comparatively new departure is in decorating the panels with flowers. There is an apartment where the panels and hangings are in pale blue, the frame of the door is white, and the panels a delicate turquoise-blue, painted with drooping clusters of fine flowers; again, when the room is furnished in a dark color, the panels are very rich if the frame of the door be stained, the panels done in gold, and the floor panels carried out in the variegated shades of green and brown, with perhaps an occasional dash of decided color, as a bright exclamation or poppy. A mosaic, gifted with an eye to the beautiful, tells how even a violoncello, usually considered such an ungainly article, may be made to do duty as a really artistic ornament. He says: "The wall of the room in which any instrument is kept is distinguished in taste least-colored." The violoncello, I found, would look well and interesting as a wall-ornament—not mounting or crumpled, but made to stand upright, back to the wall, spine unadorned. I keep it in this position by means of an elastic ring-rod, fixed in the wall by a brass-headed nail, just behind where the "scroll" comes up. Slip the elastic over the curve of the "scroll" and the thing is done; the violoncello becomes one of the best features of the room."

THEIR MEETING.

A bachelor found a teacher maid;
To who was her own kind;
And he saw her out of posing room—
It felt, real, real feeling.
The girl, that he could not meet;
Who would love him as a teacher;
But when he looked to marry, said;
"Fairy, please, and put the girl."
The teacher still pursued the girl;
His plans became more and more;
The girl to him, to find relief,
To him to him to him to him.
He knew that that his hopes were vain,
But as he left her to his fate;
But he was so much he did not know
Whether to live his.
He tried to drink to his own cure,
And there found no relief,
But his great work was waiting;
His weary waiting girl.
At last his weary road found rest;
His own was over;
A little well now to him;
Puck, better, he's a man!

The Spectator.

Vol. I. No. 26.]

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EVOLUTION.

"To find that 'Adam' was a 'man'—not
Extending from his ankles to his throat,
Which, while it kept him comfortably warm,
Showered every outline of his nether limbs
From that day to the present, more or less
Of thought and only have been given to dream.
Have we improved much since those early days
When bladders were manhood's coat of mail?
Increase of knowledge brought that sense of
Shame
Which blanches virtuous cheeks with sudden
Blush
At everything that borders on the 'naughty.'
Which is estimated both criminal and rude,
Which substitutes for bare skin—each worn
Here—
The 'heavy fold of skin' worn by later men,
The difference being, as we all can see,
Is transposition of the letter E!"

Eloquent invocations of to-day
Have, with an effort, substituted such words
And in their places introduced such words
As witness the element of the grades,
And with a subtle art they do have bent
To see that every man is properly dressed!

While our great city really has no lack
Of men who'll promise you to be your lack
As well as any found in the town,
We want you not to initiate each other down!
We say, and mean, to be unimpeachable,
"F. M. Humphrey" leads them all to death,
As he has the "ability" and "will."
Coupled with more than ordinary skill,
To dress the average citizen from divine,
So that it will in high-toned circles shine,
In national vogue to elevate from head to foot,
In everything that hat and cap and band—
Of "underwear" and "trimmings" you'll see
Line
Is really more than this ordinarily? But
His place is "Fifth and Pine," the "North-
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Where all the clerks are men of high-toned
Line

South-Bridge street, line around town in dress
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The Spectator.

ST. LOUIS, MARCH 12, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

Tommaso Salvini will play next week with an English company a round of his principal characters at Pope's Theatre. Salvini has already been pronounced by our ablest critics one of the very first of living actors, and he will be warmly welcomed, though the effect of the bilingual performance may fail to satisfy every requirement. Salvini is now fifty. Born at Milan, he received an excellent education from his father, a professor of literature at Leghorn. His mother, Guglielmina Zocchi, was an actress of fine talent, and from her he inherited, no doubt, his histrionic gifts, which he displayed even in childhood. He took part in amateur theatricals during the Easter holidays in his school, and surprised all who saw him act by his extraordinary precocity. He had won a local fame before thirteen, and was admitted at fourteen to the company of the renowned actor Gustavo Modena, regarded, while in his prime, as the ablest living interpreter of Alfieri. Modena was so deeply interested in the marvellously clever boy that he gave him special lessons and predicted his future celebrity. At fifteen Salvini lost his parents, and was for two years left to struggle engaged in study. He then returned to Modena and played with distinction in juvenile characters in Adelaide Ristori's troupe. He was engaged by the noted managers Domenico and Capocciotti, passing six years with the former. At twenty-one he entered the army, fought valiantly for Italian independence, and when it had been attained, went back to his profession learning various medals and decorations for gallantry. He joined the company of Cesare Daddini, won great applause in the part of *Edipo*, and established his usefulness as *Amleto*. He then visited Paris, and made the wonder of crowding French audiences by his *Othello*, *Coriolanus*, and *Otello*. At the celebration of the sixth centenary of Dante, at Florence, a grand performance of Silvio Pellico's "Francesco da Rimini" was given; he appeared in *Commedie di Maffei* and *Essai*, and won the greatest laurels. Florence presented him with a star of the Danne, and Victor Emmanuel bestowed on him several decorations. In 1846 he visited Madrid, and charmed the Madrilenos by his acting of *Corrado* in "Morte Civile." He made his first visit to the United States in 1871, an unfavorable time, on account of the financial reaction, but he excited enthusiastic admiration wherever he played. After Salvini has finished his present American tour he will go to London to give a limited number of performances at the Drury Lane Theatre, according to John McCullough on that well-known stage. His support in London, so far, will speak the English language. On his return to Italy, according to the London *Athenaeum*, Salvini will devote his energies to the management of a school of dramatic art which is shortly to be opened in Florence.

I observed some energetic church bells lamenting the other day that the ministers did not take hold of the new crusade against the theatre, with as much activity and spirit as they would like to be employed. They hardly comprehended their supposition as well as that of the English evangelists, whose influence was supposed to be sufficient to turn the balance in favor of the church party on the Sunday question.

Way is this thing? Can it be that any of our advanced and liberal-minded friends have so far conspired

themselves from the shackles of puritanical restraint as to look with favorable eye upon the approaching innovation of the European Salvini? A Salvini which shall no longer consist of three or four long and tiresome services of prayer, sermoneering and Bible-teaching, the intervals being filled in with reading good books, while sitting straight up in a chair with one's Sunday clothes on—but a Salvini given over to a good healthy sermon in the morning, and lots of fun and jollity in the afternoon. Taking one's religion as the first course of solid meats, as it were, and the afternoon's amusement as the light and toothsome dessert, the former for the nourishing of the spiritual body, the latter for the gratification of the natural body.

There certainly never was a more puzzling question to decide than this very one of Sunday amusements, with its various ramifications and consequences. There is, no doubt, much to be condemned in the Puritan Sabbath, but to attempt to correct the evils by rushing to the other extreme, throwing open all the avenues of secular amusement, seems to me very like the French system of financing in those ominous days preceding the great Revolution, when, instead of timely reformation and frugal economy, a still more reckless extravagance hurried the ship of State with only the greater velocity over the abyss of ruin into fathomless depths of anarchy, infidelity, and misrule.

Those fair daughters of the Future Great whose faces are their only fortune are naturally very little over and over the late publication of an evening cartoon in which are given the names of their more fortunate sisters whose "dots" run up into the thousands. So long as their amount of inheritance was a matter of conjecture there was a possibility of some levelheaded young man taking a lay in the dark, and flexing to papa's afterwards coming down with the stumps. But all the hopes of this nature are now over. Hereforth these unfortunate fortunes are privately labelled in the minds of the boys, "beautiful but dangerous."

After all there seems to be very little real romance in what is called "society." Maidens in the higher walks "are taught to guard their hearts well against the wiles of Capital, unless the god be backed by some substantial snuff than dots and kisses and pretty sentiment. The men, on the other hand, if they have money, care but little for the society of any but the diss-mouche, while those that have none are too much to share competitive poverty, even if they find one who is willing to do so "all for love's sweet sake."

"Well, well, gang yer ain gate," young people, but the Town Talker makes free to tell you that you are adding your little light of youth and beauty for a mass of postage when you sacrifice love's young dream for the clothes and a carriage to ride in.

A few days ago the femininity of the Lindell Hotel was in a speculative state as to why the elevator was so constantly crowded with all the sweet masculinity of its acquaintance, especially the rich barbers, and hints of some mystery "bound to come out at last" have been exchanged among the lady barbers, with constantly augmenting anxiety, and admitted a wise shake of the head and a nod to the effect that no good could come of "such a gettin' up-stairs." Still the great "catches" continued to ascend and descend, and as they went up there was observable on the lady barbers' countenances when they came down a glow of pleased satisfaction, with complacency on the part of the fair but shy watchers above them

nearly wild. Some ladies suggested, "She is a fortune-teller," others said, "A chemist whose nose senses for making men handsome whom nature never intended to be!" These others are called out "No, no, you mistake A. P. and he doesn't look as fat as he did." "Yes, and there comes J. R., and doesn't his hair look as if it had been touched with aniseed?" "Peep now, and see W. N. Doesn't you think he looks handsome than ever?" "And Robert's K. M. and this time I'm sure his hair is powdered." "Oh! there goes J. D. L., and he really isn't nearly so bald." "Look at C. G. Did you ever see his necktie quite so becoming?" And so on through the whole day, for from early morn to doxy eve these sweet men of St. Louis travelled up and down, and stage the rolling advantage of the afternoon drink in the lifts, the Town Talker tip-toed after one solitary bright who went toward the mysterious region, and saw him enter room 205. And as the door opened what a sight met his eyes! Men of fashion, wealth and style, sitting and standing close in every conceivable position those attitudes make possible, with shirts, collars and cuffs, neckties, hose and—under the breath be it said—*when de wall covering every place of furniture in the room, and crouching on the knees of the eager crowd, or carried around in the impalpable helpless way such a comfortable table as when being inspected, while the anatomy of this stunning sight, that so swell necktie or that non-labeled side de suit waited for some other fellow to get away from the glass and let him "see how a fellow will look de lifts."*

J. K. was trotting about the room with one of the most splendid plaid and striped shirts ever made in a man's brain and make women wonder where men ever find those figured patterns. B. A. was trying the effect of some very gorgeous silk hose by holding the legs against his waist, but discarded "B. S. de ready to fly." E. H. was perching the last out of a box of elegant handkerchiefs and negotiating whether they would match certain pet shirts he wears. C. G. and A. P. were stretching out the sleeves of certain extra-ornamented Cords silk, yokes de waist, undershirts down the front and trimmed to distraction. Only two or three seemed to understand that complexion, size or general style had anything to do with the eternal fitness of the garments brought out in the New York, dandy for the seduction of these earthy desires of our city.

An American artist, speaking of Mrs. Langtry, whom he met in England, says that her face when in repose gives the impression of "rather a feeble-looking woman with heavy features and a large mouth, but not at all remarkable. But when she begins to talk and becomes animated, then the features of this Galatea grow radiant, her eyes flash, the heavy look disappears, half a dozen bewitching smiles come and go, and the large mouth smiles in exquisite curves."

How a woman may have lost—oh! she was not devoid of it—that dew of modesty, that sweet reserve which makes her presence the more prized—as the fragrance of the violet draws up with a sweeter power because we must seek the lower flower that sheds it—when she can permit herself to become a professional beauty." Thank Heaven that species of woman is not found in America except where it belongs—on the stage. But I fear our advertisement hunters closely approximate the English "professional."

Our rising generation ought to beware how they imitate the modes of the British aristocracy. Just at present, in many so-called high-toned circles in New York, it is thought the correct thing to seek out the others' physical outward, formed on juvenile virginal at either side of the body. This is said to be the ordinary manner in which England's hereditary states-

1881
1831
180
1831

men enter the House of Lords. Unfortunately for the continuance of the fashion, a young Englishman, who happened to stand upon the steps of a New York clubhouse the other day, in the presence of some of these young lions, "I can't imagine what makes you fellows walk with your elbows stuck out. Except it," he said, after a pause, "because you all send to say parcels home when you were boys." Young New York is now walking around with limp elbows, and saying, "How utterly clever, ye know!"

This, from an exchange, has a smack of truth that will be easily recognized by the look-oner, at least, of fashionable ball-rooms.

American youths are very fond of dancing. At least they cultivate the accomplishment extensively, and have succeeded in making it, to technical purposes, a fashionable fashion. But to judge from their appearance, this passion is not a very good one, at least, in the eyes of the light. They take their pleasure, not easily perhaps, like their English cousins, but care and responsibility are evidently theirs as they whirl through the measures of the dance. A certain business element evidently pervades the dancing of our American youth. He achieves his task well in most respects, to the satisfaction of his partner, whose dress is not torn to atoms in making the tour of the crowded ball-room, and the approval of his fellow dancers, who are not deterred from the joy of his onward movement. To hinder a waltz or a four floor shall with advice and caution, to prevent an offer of an attempt usually fraught with peril to temper, if not to life and limb. Profuse apologies are offered in the "Frisco" tongue as well as in French, here de coulé from repeated contusions, lime back to her neck a salver if it is not a waltz, and a four floor, and, finally, they cure not the wound "they kindly hope to heal," are always accepted in the polite world with the stereotyped smile which is the result of a successful dance, and an aching head. Still, despite the undeniably uncomfortable element in terms of dancing, and at times in French as well, there is a certain frolic in their gambols quite lacking in the tynphoboid art of America, wherein enters in the most serious and passionless of amusement. Americans dance with grace and skill, through waltz and galop, but with the smallest possible outlay of energy, and no apparent feeling.

Several ladies of this city have already ordered wigs, as Dame Pashov's herald has announced that these convenient artificers of hair are about to be ordered to favor. There is one great objection to false hair, and that is, it's expensive, which deprives many a longing beauty of its possession. So universal is the use, however, in greater or less degree, according to the prevailing style of coiffure, and so convenient withal, that I have heard many ladies deploring the existence of a superabundant capillary growth because it could not be arranged half so stylishly as it was off their heads and adjustable at fancy.

French hair-dressers, it is said, are trying to bring into vogue again the high coiffure. It is to be hoped they will succeed in their efforts, although there is but slight prospect of it, at least at present. The rule for everything classically antique continues. Very few ladies possess the regular features and perfectly formed head of a Venus of Milo, which is the only style of beauty that will admit of the severe simplicity of the present fashion of arranging the hair. The majority of faces are irregular in their outlines, and these are improved and set off by puffs, pompadour, or coronet hair. The only advantage in the present style is the constant element of surprise in its arrangement. But dressing the hair is generally a labor of love in beautiful women; so time is no object.

Among the newest things in artistic fancy-work are sets of tin supplies to be placed under finger boards, and they are made of a rather coarse twisted linen, fringed on the four edges with an open-work border inside made by drawing threads and taking up the remaining strands with a needle. But the principal part of the work is a design in the centre square stamped and outlined in colored silk with what is called the etching effect. Many of these designs are exceedingly grotesque and fanciful and give quite an artistic air to the tin dolly, which is made in the fancy stores at no less than one dollar and a half. It is useless to say they can be gotten up at a much less cost, as it is the foolishness of the work rather than the value of the materials which runs up the price.

Now is the time to get out your hyacinth glasses. These lovely and fragrant flowers form beautiful decorations for window or table and afford excellent opportunities for the exercise of taste in the grouping of the various colors. Another beautiful plant for decoration purposes is oxalis. Its light, delicate and drooping tendrils are exceedingly lovely for bracket or hanging vase, and its blossoms innumerable. A trifling expenditure in this way brightens up a parlor wonderfully and gives the home an air of artistic grace which all the upholsterers in the city could not furnish.

There can be but one regret among the many admirers of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who has given us a rare treat this week in his personations of *Bob Jones* and *never-dying Dip*, and that is that old age is coming on apace and we may soon be deprived of his indubitable sniggering pleasure. Most heartily, I am sure, will the whole world join with me in wishing him his ever immortal bust—"May he live long and prosper."

After all, I do not think the comedian should be awarded the very highest title in the world's esteem and veneration. The man who by sheer force of kindly genius can make us forget all the troubles and vexations of life, and let ourselves of accumulated bile devils in bursts of innocent, irrepressible laughter, has rendered a greater service to humanity than the benefactors of mankind. Heaven bless him for his gift!

When *Mrs. Lippard*, in Sheridan's comedy, "The Rivals," quarrels with her lover because he has spoiled her romantic chaste meetings and contemplated elopement by turning out to be the approved choice of lawful guardians, she only too well represents the foolishly romantic sentiment of too many very young girls of to-day. This must ill-sorted non-reading frequently has a bad effect upon not over-young maids, and frequently results in marriages which are a life-long regret.

Among the pleasant memories of this theatrical season none will linger longer than the charming picture presented by Mrs. Drew as *Mrs. Maltripe*, in "The Rivals." Had she stepped out of a frame upon the stage, she could not better have represented a fashionable dame fresh from the stalls of Reynolds. One was transported from the careless, every-day world at to-day to the period of high-don gown gallantry and elaborate courtship. As *Mrs. Maltripe* and *Mr. Anthony* strolled joined hands and showed hands and feet in stately minuet steps, I could almost imagine these a pair of lovely unadorned ladies escaped from a gallery of art to handsome figures in pastoral noisette.

There is genius in writing advertisements. There is a popular clothing-house on Fifth Street, in the neighborhood of this, that has a man who is making a real hit with his line. He is getting a reputation for what he calls the cut of the shop who writes the head-lines for the *Chicago Times*, and who gets \$5,000 a year for his doing that and nothing else. There is, as I have said before, a great deal in the use of printer's ink if you use it properly. This clothing-house genius has struck the right vein, and he is attracting the attention of the whole town by his unique sayings. I leave you to find out who it is, since, if I were to tell you, I might be accused of writing a paid puff, a thing that I have never yet done.

This sentence one of the commentaries I often receive, asking me why I use the singular present pronoun "I" in the *Spectator*. This clothing-house genius has struck the right vein, and he is attracting the attention of the whole town by his unique sayings. I leave you to find out who it is, since, if I were to tell you, I might be accused of writing a paid puff, a thing that I have never yet done.

stored away. He says "I" when talking to you because "we" would be a much too dignified term to employ in conversation of this kind. You say that it is not customary to do that, but do that way, which does not make a particle of difference, since the *Spectator* did not start out to follow the fashion of any other paper published in this country. It proposes to have a way of its own as long as it has any way at all, and this will probably be so for some time to come.

Mr. Boland, I am afraid you are disposed to be a little too fast. Don't take the bit into your mouth with too much gusto, but content yourself with some of your conservative friends. Be especially careful to extend that courtesy to the Governor that he deserves, and find he must have it if he stands by you in this contest. This only in the way of friendly advice for the *Spectator* means to see you make a success of yourself.

Gov. Crittenden is not only abandoning the people of St. Louis, but those of the whole State as well, by his belated and decided course in the matter of our Police Commissionerships. He has displayed qualities that even his intimate friends did not know belonged to his character. While those who know him never doubted his good judgment, they were not aware of that real American Jackson sternness that he has so abundantly manifested. He has exhibited a profound admiration of the *Spectator*, simply because the *Spectator* is independent truth and likes to see it in other people. When Mr. Crittenden was inaugurated Governor, he appeared to have made up his mind that he would be for Governor indeed and that he would try to fill that high office for the whole people of the State, and not for a ring or clique, or even a party. This is the idea of reform elected by the people, and its manifestation is any public officer elected by the people should always be hailed with delight. It is easy enough now to see what fate Crittenden means as to the St. Louis Police Board; he simply means to give us fair Commissioners who are honest and above reproach. He could not well do anything else than choose Messrs. Finney and Moffett. Since they were under the direct control of the grand jury, if he had not done so it would not have been carrying out the policy he had adopted. This, of course, aside from all personal considerations and friendships, I believe Gov. Crittenden would be just as quick to remove Mr. Boland if he were under the tenure of a grand jury as he was to remove Messrs. Finney and Moffett. In fact he has already had very plain indication of what might happen to Mr. Boland if he becomes too officious. Taking all things into consideration, it looks very much as though the Governor means to put a little more into constitutional amendment and cut out its worst parts of passion and corruption. I hope the whole is done and that he will use it skillfully, so that we shall be able to look down into the wound and see exactly where the trouble has been nesting itself.

After I had written something of Police Commissioner Boland, the news came that he had been re-elected by the Governor. This was not surprising, and Boland has nobody to blame but himself.

In a conversation with a correspondent of the other day, the Governor said he was not inclined to appoint the new Commissioners, because the department was being well managed by Chief of Police McPherson. That was not complimentary to a man, highly able and efficient officer, and it was not surprising. It matters not what the Police Commissioners may be, the man for this City's place is the man who is there now, and who has long filled the office most acceptably.

Judge Laughlin, owner of the fair mill. Your last change to the mill is a good one, and it is a good one, and you don't want to see anything coming up. You are getting a warm place in the hearts of the honest men and women of this city.

Club-house is not a great growth indigenous to American soil, and it is especially difficult to make the European style the rose and flourish in the atmosphere of our own St. Louis. But you never magnifi-

be feign, but refined and incisive, he sees the ludicrous side of everything, and every one knows how charmingly he can tell a story.

He once told how Mark Twain came to write "The Jumping Frog." At that time, I think, Bret Harte was employed in the mint or custom-house in San Francisco. Sam Clemens was on one of the great expeditions, and had just returned from a trip to the mines, and was sitting in Harte's room before a cheerful fire, with his heels on the mantelpiece, smoking. Bret said, "What did you see or hear up in the mountains that was interesting or amusing?" "I heard a frog story," Bret replied Sam, "and it was the funniest thing I have run across for a long time. It was told by a chap in a quaint way, and was simply immense. Harte persuaded him to tell the story, and when he had finished he said: 'Now, you write out that yarn just as you have told it to me, and it will make your fortune.' Sam said, 'No, do you think so?' Well, he did it, and you know the result.

It was always a puzzle to Harte how his "Heathen Chinee" came to have such an immense popularity. He always regarded it as one of his inferior productions, and he felt considerable annoyance to think that his literary reputation with so many people rests on what he considers so shaky a foundation.

One time he was on his way to lecture at a certain place when the lecture commenced and he modestly advertised him. Seated in front of him in the car were two men, one of them a vulgar, low-mouthed loafer, one of the kind who always knows everything and everybody. His companion said to him: "Who is this Bret Harte who is to lecture in town to-night?" The knowing one replied, "Oh, I know him well, he lives in California. He is a drunken rowdy. A pretty fair writer, it is true, but a person no decent people would associate with." Mr. Harte leaned forward and said: "You will excuse me, sir, for joining in your conversation uninvited; but this man says he knows me. Mr. Harte intimately in California, and that he was a drunken rowdy. Permit me to say that my name is Bret Harte, that I never saw this man before to my knowledge, and that he is therefore an infamous liar." The collapse of the knowing one was so pitiable that Mr. Harte said that he was absolutely sorry for him.

Attracting great attention in one of the windows at Petter & Leath's is a superb Japanese table-cover of black satin embrodered in the inimitable style of these ingenious people. The centre is covered by a magnificent peacock, which seems just to have descended from some upper region, and the tail of its motion is still apparent in the swooping curve of its gorgeous plumage, which is curled about the body after the most graceful fashion. The colors could not be more brilliant or yet more natural in a real peacock, and the very skillful use of gold thread gives a touch of life to the plumage. All about this central figure, as if by magic, are the wings of its beauty, and yet far enough removed to fill the place of a border, are birds of every species and of marvelous resemblance to the tropical ones they counterfeited, in raised embroidery as skillfully wrought that they seem but to rest upon the satin ground rather than be part of it. More beautiful and wondrous in workmanship even than the cover in the window is one shown in one of the life-size departmental alcoves. It also is of black satin and of larger size, and the very skillful use of gold thread gives a touch of life to the plumage. All about this central figure, as if by magic, are the wings of its beauty, and yet far enough removed to fill the place of a border, are birds of every species and of marvelous resemblance to the tropical ones they counterfeited, in raised embroidery as skillfully wrought that they seem but to rest upon the satin ground rather than be part of it. More beautiful and wondrous in workmanship even than the cover in the window is one shown in one of the life-size departmental alcoves. It also is of black satin and of larger size, and the very skillful use of gold thread gives a touch of life to the plumage. All about this central figure, as if by magic, are the wings of its beauty, and yet far enough removed to fill the place of a border, are birds of every species and of marvelous resemblance to the tropical ones they counterfeited, in raised embroidery as skillfully wrought that they seem but to rest upon the satin ground rather than be part of it.

In one, men and boys are rolling snow-balls; in another, there is a running stream with fishermen loading up their boats; in another, ladies and children are beneath a shower of flowers and foliage, beside a rippling brook; and the fourth is such a gorgeous mingling of color, on earth, air, sky, and in the dresses of men, women, and children, that none can mistake the autumnal glory. By some graceful, laborable-like ladies of Japanese, the four covers, in the four seasons, seen the one but a natural sequence of the others, as in nature. The price of this beautiful cover is \$300, and no doubt it will soon adorn some of the elegant houses of the city, or may be sent as a wedding gift to some one of the brides of the near future. And it is while it is on exhibition, for otherwise you will miss a treat.

In the picture gallery at Petter & Leath's there is a charming painting by Carl Gutters, called "The Artist's Breakfast," which was exhibited and much admired at the Fair last fall. It represents a young and pretty woman in exquisite breakfast costume, a dainty French cap of pink ribbons and lace above her wavy hair, and in pretty contrast to her robe of blue, richly wrought with gold and blossoms, sitting in front of the coffee epaulet and ardently watching the fumes of sugar in the spoon above her husband's cup. He—the lover-husband—is not visible, but his presence is felt in the picture; for by the wife's sweet coquetry we know that he is regarding her with admiration from his place, just indicated in the picture by the bath as a smiling mingling picture, the small portion of the table that appears beyond the breakfast tray. Its suggestiveness is one of the great charms of the picture, which is replete with the French prettiness of interior and rich with the coloring Carl Gutters so well knows how to manage. The title of the painting was, "The Artist's Breakfast." It represents the lady's face is a portrait of the artist's wife; but the truth is that the likeness is of Mrs. Leach, the wife of an army officer stationed here, and the costume is copied from a robe made by Worth for this lady, although the picture lays its strict claims to being a portrait.

I have received the first number of the *American Traveler's Journal*, a handsome sixteen-page journal, devoted to the interests of tourists and excursionists. It hails from both New York and St. Louis, though it is printed by G. L. Jones & Co., of this city. Mr. James de Mandeville is the editor. It is the best-looking journal of the kind I have seen, and deserves to be an immediate success. The matter is well prepared and the presswork and typography are of the very best, and the only one to be turned out by the house that publishes the *Spectator*.

The *Harvest*, Mr. A. B. Cunningham's paper, has been incorporated, with a capital stock of \$25,000. Mr. Cunningham is president of the company, and Mr. Wm. H. Nave is the secretary. This paper is set on a sound basis and gives reasonable assurance of its success. Will the *Harvest* accept the *Spectator's* congratulations?

Mr. Will Nave is now almost into the editorial harness. I only hope that he will make as useful money in the newspaper business as he has by selling groceries. And I want to take this occasion to say that Mr. Will Nave is one of the most warm-hearted and interesting young men in this or any other city.

I am able to announce positively that Prof. William G. Hammond, late chancellor of the Law Department of the State University of Iowa, is coming to St. Louis. In what capacity and for what purpose will be seen in this extract from an address he has just sent out to the graduates of his school: "The Board of Regents has to-day (March 2) accepted my resignation, to take effect with the close of the current school year. Next October I expect to enter upon a new field, though not a new kind of labor, as Dean of the Law Faculty of Washington University—the St. Louis (Mo.) Law School."

I have seen those four pairs of diamonds that Morcos, Jaccard & Co. are saying so much about, and they are certainly very fine; as you can see by looking at a lot of sparklers as any one could desire to look at.

You ought not to forget the series of lectures now being given under the auspices of the St. Louis Public School Library. The first one was by Prof. Simon East, Monday evening, and there are to be four more on each successive Monday evening. These lectures are all interesting and instructive, and they are afforded to the public free of cost is most creditable to those in charge of the course.

Sarah Bernhardt is not knowing so well as she did. In Detroit her manager reduced his prices in order to compete with Fanny Davenport. Good. The times will yet come when the *Spectator's* position as to Bernhardt will be vindicated. She is a studied actress, but a selfish, cold-blooded, degraded woman. She will sink herself to meet any condition or circumstance to make money, and her American tour is nothing but a stupendous gorge. You ought to see what the best English papers say of her now. She has been to London twice, and the people over there have found out what she is.

I read in the *London Field*, the other day, some very humorous remarks on an extract from the masterful *Globe-Democrat* that by chance got across the Atlantic. It was the *Globe-Democrat's* account of a monarch of Sarah's that she said had been given her by the Princess of Wales, and that had been in the royal family of England for some seventeen hundred years or less, and that had an alleged value of untold billions. She was thus up here for two or three days in James Spyer's diamond-store, and the fools who believed the *Globe-Democrat* passed by to gaze in wonder. The *London Field* thinks this story "quite the climax," saying that it is even too silly to deserve continuation.

Schleiss has taken some fine photographs of Moore, Thomas, Sayell, McPike and Cornell, members of the McCullough Club, in costumes, and they have been attracting much attention from the passers-by.

Herrmann, the prestidigitator, who comes to the Olympic next week, is a capital fellow as well as the prince showman of his class. He went into a barber-shop at Memphis the other day and came very near seeing the barber to death by snatching his razor and apparently cutting his own throat.

The *Past-Denish* is prosperous. I hear Mr. Politzer has made \$20,000 during the last twelve months, and he announced in his paper on Thursday last that he had contracted for a new Hoe press to cost \$25,000. It will be set up some time during the summer, and when complete will print, cut, paste and fold 15,000 eight-page sheets per hour.

I do not know whether anybody in St. Louis or any other American city sells "Ideal" corsets or not, and I will not therefore be accused of advertising it if I quote this unique specimen from the advertising columns of an English journal:

Patented in England, America, France, Germany, etc. guaranteed unbreakable in the world. By it the bust, however thin, is made perfectly lovely. The most regular lines are easily formed. With its improvements, its support, fairness, softness and lightness, enable the wearer to regulate any degree of plumpness and roundness desired, and a contour of charming "Ideal" beauty, warranted unbreakable from nature, both to the eye and the touch. Beware of outlaws, when they have not the "Ideal," recommending other corsets and house-made abodes; these import an unsatisfactory, unbecoming, and unbecoming to every eye and regularity to either sex. "Could we see ourselves as others see us," ladies would no longer appear like the "dragons' backs" than a husband's or lover's ideal.

The fifty-second annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, will be opened on the 14th of March, Monday, April 4, and will continue during a period of eight weeks.

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American women dress well. This is the first observation made by every foreigner as he steps upon the shore of our big Republic laden with his old-world prejudices and preconceived notions of the *outré* people he is about to see. Paris is supposed to be the head center of fashion and style, but one can see more of Paris, as represented in woman's dress, in New York and the hundreds of other cities, large and small, scattered over the United States, than can be witnessed in the gay French metropolis itself. Doubtless there is very little difference in the brilliancy and elegance of the costume of the *very crine* of the crine of society in New York, London or Paris drawing-rooms. If there is, it is evidenced in a slight degree more of taste and existences in the toilette of the republican dame—some lucky millionaire's wife. But it is in the dress of the great mass of the people, the large well-to-do class, that the superiority of American female taste asserts itself, and this is a fact to be proud of, as it bespeaks a degree of artistic cultivation never attained by a people lacking in mental progress or educational advantages. But while this love of dress is far from deserving censure, being as it is the outcome of a cultivated taste and an innate love of everything refined and beautiful, there is a possibility of its being carried too far, of pushing it to the verge of extravagance and subversion of far more worthy aims. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," says the poet, and no more beautiful thing exists than youth, fresh-looking, prettily dressed woman; and, indeed, many a passive woman is good to look upon because of her wonderful art in dressing. Every body likes to see a well-dressed woman: women enjoy looking at her; men always gaze upon her with admiration, and some of them with awe, that such results can be obtained by means to them a hidden mystery. As if any man to whom it is not a mystery is of no account. If there is anything in the world delectable, it is a man who can tell the value of every article of a woman's toilette, discuss fearlessly the technicalities of her costume, and give away the secret processes of her coiffuring. Husbands are in-

variably pleased when they come home and find their wives daintily tricked out for their private inspection. It is a neat compliment to pay a husband, and wives should bear the fact more in mind. It is not the object of this article to inveigh against dress in moderation, but the indulgence of the passion should be limited by reason and common sense, and with the majority of womankind such is not the case. Extravagance in dress is the prevailing sin of American women, and the evil is growing in proportions yearly. There are two strong objections to this habit. One is the moneyed difficulties which so often result from its gratification; the other is the vast amount of time and attention which a woman who pretends to keep up with the fashions is obliged to give this all-absorbing subject. It is particularly in its latter bearing that this article will consider it. There are very few women so fortunate as to possess sufficient means to be able to engage a first-class *artiste*, like the world-renowned Worth, into whose hands she can leave the entire subject of her dress, without a thought as to the expense or a doubt as to the result. It requires the income of a Rothschild or a Vanderbilt for such imperial ruling as that, and the vast majority of womankind can only gaze upon it from afar with eyes of envy. Excepting always those scattered favorites of fortune, the wealthiest woman as well as the wife and daughter of the poorest clerk is obliged to give as much thinking to the subject of dress as would suffice to write a philosophical treatise or compile a Gibbon's Rome. In the first place, if a new suit is to be bought, my lady's ideal is always just a trifle beyond the limit of her purse-string. Then says and means must be contrived for getting the materials somewhat cheaper. The city is scoured; day after day is given over to shopping in the vain endeavor to find a "bargain" in some rich fabric which, by virtue of being the "latest thing out," is everywhere quoted at the highest possible figure. Foiled in her attempts to get her rebuster from the shopkeeper, the persevering little woman spends many a sleepless hour planning some domestic economies by which the required amount can be eked out. That once obtained, the dressmaker must be consulted. Previous time again is wasted over the manner of its making-up. The most elaborate of designs is frequently fixed upon. Time and labor are no object. Where the means are very limited, the lady herself is frequently dressmaker's assistant, and then hair and brain are wearied out with the close confinement over the needle. All this fret and worry, weariness of mind and brain, that she may always appear in the most fashionable attire, that she may have the reputation of wearing the most *à-la-mode* salettes in her set. In order to keep up with the kaleidoscope of fashion, which is constantly presenting new combinations of color and form, the unwearied devotee can have but one idea—dress; can find time but for one current thought—what to wear and how to get it! All else—her duties as wife, daughter, or mother, the cultivation of her mind by means of reading or house and social conversation—is pushed to the wall or allowed to pass completely by without a thought. Dress is the paramount idea; only dress, always dress. Selfishness, indifference to the pain and suffering in the world

around her, crushed-out affection, and over all and above all a narrowed, uncultivated mind, are the frequent results of this undue devotion to dress on the part of American women. This is no exaggerated picture; it is a common, everyday experience. Ask ninety-nine per cent of the women you know to visit the library with you to glance over the periodicals for an hour, to look at a gallery of pictures, to take an afternoon's rattle in the suburbs to gather flowers, either for decorative purposes or as botanical specimens, or just for the love of breathing the sweet, fresh air and feasting the eyes on billows of restful greenness, and the answer will invariably be, "I have not time, I'm so busy sewing, the dressmaker is here, etc., etc." And so they go on year in and year out, willing slaves to the voracious tyrant that ever ruled, cramping and narrowing their minds, bringing up their children to the same heritage of folly and ignorance. This is the real secret of woman's indifference and supineness in all things that concern the advancement and welfare of their sex. They are so absorbed and swallowed up in one idea as to be utterly oblivious to everything else. It is time that sensible women begin to awaken up to the importance of checking the progress of this evil of over-dressing. The remedy is simple, but it needs a strong mind and independence of character to carry it through. Let women refuse to follow every vagary of fashion, and adopt a simple style of dress, particularly for the street and church. The materials may be as good in quality as they can afford to buy. The colors may be as harmonious and the drapery as artistically arranged as the most aesthetic taste may suggest, but let the costume be simply made, easily adjusted, comfortable, but complete in fit, and above all out-dress the number thereof, so that the planning and making of a woman's wardrobe may be but an episode in her daily life—not the end and aim of her existence. It is true, the more elaborate and perfect the contriver's taste, the more her mind runs upon rich materials, the beauty and richness of whose folds are enhanced by simple, unbroken lines, and in this respect her ideas frequently outrun her bank account; but by a little mental discipline she can be brought to indefinitely good effects in plainer fabrics, and with a mind at rest and a satisfied conscience she is a much more desirable companion in the home-circle than if arrayed in all the velvets and seal-skins in the country.

HE TAKES "CARADOC" TO TASK.

Editor of the Spectator:—I have been delighted with the frank, fearless, impartial and generally very valuable criticisms of dramatic work which your paper has contained. I believe you have endeavored to follow the apostolic injunction and "speak the truth in love." Therefore I was surprised and pained to notice in your last issue a communication signed "Caradoc," which, in my judgment, was ungenerous, if not malicious. I am quite disposed to thank Mr. Garrett for his cordiality towards Mrs. Scott. Such a rebuke was certainly legitimate, but in castigating the editor why need "Caradoc" have thrown a slur upon the ability of a lady? Mrs. Scott was certainly not responsible for Mr. Garrett's partiality. When justification could then be, except such as arose from personal motives, her bodily indignation, and in commensurate a comparison between Mrs. Scott and Miss Helen Mar White? And now, as to the question of fact, I emphatically deny that Miss White ever

"overshadowed" Mrs. Scott in the judgment of any candid and competent critic of eloquence. Miss White has intelligence, personal beauty, stage attractiveness, and a voice of great native power and flexibility, but no judicious critic, such as "Caracole" has generally proven himself to be, could bestow upon her performance unequalled praise.

I know your correspondence will pardon me if with my sincere praise of his critical honesty and boldness I might a word of caution. It is often dangerous to the well-being of a man's own temper and intellectual serenity for him to obtain the reputation of being an unspurring critic. Sometimes such a reputation makes men envious and bitter, makes him play a sicker after faults, and actually tends to blind him to real virtues. The astute gentleman who found fault with the "graining" in my church overlooked some real defects in the building, and criticised the work of the Supreme Master of all beauty. We have so long needed in St. Louis just such criticism as your paper affords that I should be sorry to have people say of the critic, as Cresswell said of Keat:

"This is some fellow

Who, having been praised for his talents, does not affect
A saucy roughness, and contrived to grow
Quite from his nature. He cannot daunt, let
An honest man do, plain, he must speak plain
As they will take it, so, if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plumes
Harsh more craft and more corrupt ends
Than twenty silly dursing compliments
That stretch their delicate necks.

I have tried to present this matter as it appeared to me. If I have seemed to attribute motives from which the mind of the critic was free, I sincerely beg his pardon, and trust he will hasten to correct my unjust impression.

I am very truly yours,

J. S.

ON DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

Editor of the Spectator:

I presume that it is an accepted fact that all actors and plays are open to criticism; that to the eye and mind of the critic there is always some weak point or situation—something that could or ought to be improved upon.

The dramatic critic, after all, represents but his own views, and it frequently happens that he does not give them to the public, but for a consideration writes up a glowing description of many weak performances and plays.

I have read criticisms of plays and actors wherein both were eulogized and the critic had not witnessed the performance at all. There have been instances where the dramatic critics of the leading papers of this city published extended criticisms of performances that never took place, owing to the non-appearance of the star. This fact shows how "worked up" the whole business of criticism is at times. The ringing of celebration or wail-of-woe celebrities is heralded through the papers, and, no matter how truly the performance may have been, it is, according to the papers, excellent and the audience large. I know a reporter of this city whose weakness it was to write up the proceedings of literary societies. At one of the meetings of the Union Literary Society I received "The Seven Ages of Man," and for an *exoner* a suffragan from "Hamlet."

This same reporter asked me, after the close of the entertainment, what author my selections were from. I am personally acquainted with a gentleman who was at one time the dramatic critic of the leading paper of this city. I have seen him in the peripatetic of the theatre do drunk to write a criticism of anything, but yet the next issue of the paper contained a criticism from his pen in good style, commending both play and actors as worthy of praise. This article has been suggested to me by what "Caracole" has said in your last issue in reference to Miss Jackson's performance of *My Mother* and the unjust review of it by the *Register*. Those who witnessed Miss Jackson's impersonation of the part will indubitably say that "Caracole" has said in her defense. I am, however, not in accord with the opinion expressed by "Caracole" in regard to Prof. and Mrs. Scott. I con-

ceive them to be the best general readers that have appeared before a St. Louis audience. Prof. Scott is a pupil of Mordock. Mrs. Scott has enjoyed the advantages of the Professor's training and experience, which, coupled with her own experience as an actress, makes her one of the best of general readers. I am personally acquainted with them both and know it to be a fact that they have a stage experience.

PELTON.

ART.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE.

One of the social problems which should engage the attention of thoughtful people is the employment of women. I use the term in a restricted sense, excluding from consideration in this connection the ignorant, trifling and tyrannical herd who rule our kitchens and by their insolence and capriciousness render the life of many a housekeeper a burden. I refer to the multitude of young women who, by reason of education and natural endowment, are unfitted for the position of servants. Hundreds of them are graduated from our high and normal schools annually, besides those who finish their education at seminaries and private institutions. It may be answered that the natural aspirations of every young woman should be marriage. While this is doubtless true, and while every parent will naturally rejoice to see his daughter happily and prosperously married, yet who will not shrink from the thought that she should feel obliged to marry simply to provide herself with a home. The avocations open to educated and sensitive women are very few. Of teachers there is a superabundance. Those who are educated by the State especially for the profession of teaching are largely in excess of the demand for such service. And, in fact, every avenue to honorable and remunerative employment is crowded to excess by those eager and willing to relieve their friends of the burden of their support. It is there no place for merely intelligent and educated young women who preserve their independence and earn for themselves a respectable support outside of the school-room or the luscious bondage of the store or shop? I shall endeavor to answer this question, and I call upon the noble-minded men and women who have daunted and daunt who may be placed in positions where to provide for themselves will be an absolute necessity to give their attention to this subject.

In this wonderful age of invention, when it almost seems that the inert iron, like the belted goat, drawn from the soil in the vast fanned by the despoiling laborer, were to displace the liberator by expiring the place of skilled human labor and crowding to the wall the toiling millions, the outlook is dark for those who have simply their brain and hands with which to do. But, fortunately, no matter how perfect may be the machine, it never better itself. The superiority of man over matter will assert itself. The mind and which creates is superior to the thing created, and a reaction has taken place in favor of hand products. More particularly is this observable in relation to articles for home adornment. The whole tendency of household decoration is in the direction of utility as well as that of beauty. The shape of past decades are no longer tolerated. Things must be what they were.

The manufacture of such trash as wall flowers, which was once esteemed as a collateral branch of art-work, by soap, but always regarded as an abomination by those who had an honest admiration for the work-probable beauty with which nature adorns herself has gone into disrepute; good, honest work, grained to imitate that which is not, is out of fashion, as it ought to have been always among honest people; marble columns, marbled wall paper, and imitation ivory statuettes have been relegated to the limbo of bad taste and vulgarity.

Everything about the house should have its use, to be of itself an explanation of its existence, and be precisely what it pretends to be, nothing more and nothing less. The simple, the useful, the plain, the honest and educated endeavor, combined with a proper appreciation of what is something to the eye, is eagerly sought

for and brings a corresponding recompense. The oracle of England to-day, from whose edicts in relation to upholstery, carpet designs and household decoration in general no Englishman would presume to appeal, is the poet William Morris.

A few hundred women of St. Louis, looking about them for some practical way of assisting their less fortunate sisters, some time ago organized what was called a Woman's Exchange. It is a place where any woman possessed of a fair degree of intelligence, at least enough to enable her to produce something which will sell, may take the result of her labor, have it properly displayed and perhaps sold, in which case a small commission is charged and the balance paid over to the contributor. The enterprise is not self-sustaining, nor is it desired that it should be. The benevolent people interested in the good work are willing to contribute to its support. They are anxious to have assistance, not for the purpose of lightening their own burdens, but with which to extend the scope of its usefulness. Their present rooms, on the north side of Olive Street, a few doors east of Seventh, are too small to advantage display the articles which they offer for sale. Better accommodations should be provided where receptions may be held for the purpose of attracting the attention of buyers. Lessons are given in Kensington embroidery, porcelain-painting, and wood-carving. There is a growing demand, as I have before said, for work of this kind. There are multitudes of women with natural aptitude for art-work who would gladly avail themselves of an opportunity to learn those things which are specially adapted to the dainty fingers of women. But as the Exchange is now situated financially, too high a price is necessarily charged for such instruction. The teachers, although not compelled to rely wholly upon tuition for remuneration, are expected to be paid for teaching, and the fee exacted for instruction should be merely nominal, with discretionary powers left with the board of control to remit the charge entirely in special cases.

The annual sales and the monthly sales of \$20.00. And still out of this small sum, a number of deserving women are enabled to gain a living. There are many beautiful things offered for sale, but a lack of proper training is visible. The natural taste is to be seen, but in too many cases it is crude, heartless and clumsy. I am told by the management that the productions of skilled workmen are easily disposed of. In order to compete successfully with the great manufacturers whose wares are to be found by every store and shop, work must be done skillfully, and in order to do this facilities should be given for proper instruction, at a rate which will be within the reach of all. First, lessons should be given in the rudiments of drawing. Not necessarily a long and tedious course such as one would take who intended to be a painter or sculptor, but a sufficient knowledge of perspective and form should be acquired to enable the person to draw simple objects and see things correctly. But first of all, some persons should be benefited by the instruction. Suppose one hundred generous-minded people, having some thought of the educated and refined women in our city who are looking about them with anxious eyes for some means of honorable self-support, were to give fifty cents each per week. It is a small sum, ridiculously small in comparison with the good which could be accomplished, and yet I venture the opinion that by that means fifty women could be so instructed as to be enabled to earn a pleasant livelihood. Is not the result worth the start? It should be remembered that the mere state in this direction, the less will have to be done in the future. It is not better to contribute something toward industrial education, something to enable a woman to make her own living, than to pay her money and send when she is driven to the necessity of seeking help at this kind? I call upon the people of this city to respond to the appeal. Let us, every effort, to do the means, now so earnest in the effort to assist women. There are multitudes of articles with which to beautify your homes. I saw shelves with quilts composed of I know not how many hundred pieces, upon which weeks of patient labor had been expended. The quilt was worth \$100, but twenty-five dollars. In fact, most of the prices charged seemed reasonable. Orders for all kinds of work,

the Grand Opera House. It goes without saying that the "enigrants" is simply the frame in which are set the specialties of these variety artists, Baker and Farnon. The play is nothing, the men are the thing. The comedy is merely an absurd dime novel story, into which the "enigrants," Baker and Farnon, are introduced, who sing and dance and always turn out to be the *deus ex machina* who rescue the heroine, vanquish the villain, and reward the virtuous. During the course of the piece both Baker and Farnon assume two very dissimilar roles. Mr. F. F. Baker, as *London Eye* *Trickster*, introduces German song and dialect, while Mr. T. J. Farnon personates a Teutonic maiden, Christiana Von Hildbrandt. Both men are thorough disbelievers in German; they sing well, dance well; they are graceful and artistic in all they do. Baker also appears as *Jack Jeannette*, a negress, which character he assumes with skill. Farnon also personates an Irishman, *James McFinn*. His make-up is capital, and it is a thoroughly likeable portraiture. It is mainly, however, the singing and dancing of the clever twin which charm the audience. Both gentlemen must be awarded high praise as sketch and variety artists, and their entertainment is most enjoyable. Of the company much need not be said. Mr. J. E. McDonough is severely silly as the villain, *Arthur Spewer*. Mr. W. B. Stevens, as *Jack Von Hildbrandt*, the proprietor of a beer garden, is fairly energetic after the received Dutch type of a lager-beer dispenser. Mr. F. Nichols' interpretation of *Frank*, a Londoner, is a clever sketch, however, calls for recognition. It is a clever and artistic sketch, the living picture of a man whose nerves had been shattered and who had been brought to his miserable condition from his inordinate craving for alcohol. I cannot too generously praise to Mr. Nichols for this artistic work, and for the interesting denouement of a better opportunity. Mr. F. F. Jordan, as *Philip Worth*, was the conventional good young man, and was certainly weak in his role. Mr. Wm. Maynard, as *Dr. J. J. Brown*, the insurance agent, endeavored to express some humor and pathos, but his person was dry. The character of the heroine, *Anna Spewer*, was taken by Miss Etta Baker, who was pleasing in the assumption. She lacks, however, depth both of force and pathos. Miss Fannie Gonzales performed a scene which denigrated sketch of *Mrs. Dr. J. J. Brown* with all the comic elements required. A strong comedy, however, was not to be expected, and for the purpose the tessie attained well. The only member who proved to be a real artist was Mr. Nichols. Messrs. Baker and Farnon form the whole entertainment from *A to Z*; and they make all the points, and the piece was written for them. By their clever sketch-work they afford an evening's laughter. That is the sum and substance of the entertainment.

"THE WIDOW BEBERT."

At Pope's Nell Burgess has been appearing in "his original creation" of the *Widow Bebert*. As an amusing, extravagant sketch, *Bebert* is a laughable character, but after all there is little that is really in the *elle*. Mr. Burgess conceives the *Bebert* in a variety burlesque fashion. The *Widow* is an utterly unattractive personage. The fun arises from her garrulity, her coarse and vulgar sayings, and sometimes from her grand language. It is simply a rough caricature of a certain type of female, with little and resemblance to the genuine article. Her play and noise take the place of melody and real comedy. There is certainly nothing really humorous in the play. The laughter is produced from purely variety business. While Mr. Burgess has talent, I scarcely think the character calls for any display of it. His make-up and facial expression are the best features of his personation. But the coarseness of dialogue and facial tricks of business upon which, including the language of *Nelly*, his imagination has taken, is the weight of the piece depends, render it far from a performance of high order. It really only appeals to a certain class of audiences. The *Widow* will never remain a prominent stage personage. The *Elber Schiffs* of George Stoddard is another character, but less so than the *Widow*. Mr. Stoddard carries out his conception artistically, but it is entirely overdone. There are oddities in the clerical profession, and a *Chaffard* has become familiar to us, but a *Stoddard* I doubt whether

such a Baptist pastor was ever seen in the flesh. A good deal of rude, boisterous fun is extracted from the play, which seems to satisfy the audiences. The comedy of Mr. Burgess is a good one, but the play is better presented than it was by Haverly's company at the Grand Opera House. Mr. Burgess, too, is superior to Mr. Bishop in the part, which after all is not a difficult one to interpret.

CARLETON.

PHILHARMONIC QUINTETT CLUB.

THIRD SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT.

Last Monday evening the Philharmonic Club, assisted by H. L. Mayer, Jr., rendered Mozart's quartette, No. 14, G, and Schubert's "Vorleben" quintette, op. 111, for piano, violin, viola, cello, and double-bass. They played also a single movement, *Andante scherzoso quasi allegretto*, from Beethoven's quartette, op. 18, No. 4. The vocalist of the evening, Miss Clara A. Tausig, gave two songs by Schubert, "The Dew-drop" and "The Last," and two by Schumann, "Spring Song" and "The Water-Witch." And, in response to a recall, Brahms's "Du bist wie eine Blume."

The club has earned the thanks of the subscribers by the excellent and varied programmes which it has offered. Quartets by Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart, a string quintette by H. Goetze, a piano quintette by Schumann, and a quintette with piano and double-bass by Schubert, have been given complete—a quintette and a quintette on each evening, besides single movements and a few lighter pieces.

The great value of a series of performances like these is as recitals of fine music, carefully studied by the club, and shared in its freshness with an appreciative and sympathetic audience. This the members of the club very well understand, and the subscribers have heartily seconded them in their efforts by the respectful attention which they have given to each work as presented. As should always be the case in rendering chamber-music, there has been no attempt at display on the part of individual performers, but each of them all have been directed solely to the possible rendition of the thoughts and intentions of the composer as he set them down. The result has been most satisfactory.

A few minutes need to be called for on the subject of the introduction of vocal numbers in a programme of chamber music, which is, of course, not in accordance with European traditions or usage. Still, it cannot be denied that a song affords a welcome change and rest to ears and brains not yet fully attuned to the enjoyment of the purely musical notes of expression which are the delight of the cultivated musician. It was long by no means considered unworthy of a place in the company of the string-quintette; only tradition prohibits that they be sung by one of the instruments, rather than by the human voice. Yet the voice sings for beauty, the violin or viola, for melody only; that the instrument, it sings always in correct tone and tune, and with even quality of tone. Add to this the fact that in the power of expression the voice excels every other instrument, and there would seem to be no valid reason for excluding it from the company of the strings, only it must be required to do its part worthily, rendering none but good music, and always in the spirit of seriousness and humility. As in the instrumental part of the programme, the matter should be treated for more than the manner, and an intelligent and sympathetic rendering of the song should count for everything, and display of vocal quality or execution for nothing.

In noticing the second concert of this series the writer took exception to opera trills and weakly sentimental songs as wholly out of place in connection with the instrumental programme of the club. Opera arias are the chosen medium for vocal display, and when divorced from the overtures and the choral and vocal accessories of the stage they are apt to be nothing but a succession of vocal tricks, which are familiar to the hearer, they are, if well sung, but poor reminders of the theatre; if badly sung they become simply disgusting. A sentimental song may be described in the words of a lady to whom the writer owes the doubt

tion, as a song in which extravagance of expression is combined with trivial or unworthy sentiment. To find a dozen such songs we need only call for a dozen of the latest popular publications, in sheet-music form, enclosing only the "classical" and the "comic." They are to be true song with the sprig-eagle Fourth of July oration or the speech to a jury in a justice's court is to oratory.

The selection of songs by Brahms and Schumann, and their assignment to a young lady of fine musical cultivation and refined taste, was the most agreeable feature in the last programme. A slight *contrapunto* due to carelessness on the part of the manager, somewhat lessened the effect of the first of the two numbers, but the second was so contrasted with the free delivery and richer quality exhibited in the second number than by any marked inadequacy in the first.

G.

SOCIETY.

It would really seem that the feminine part of that small proportion of the world known as fashionable society is really enjoying the recent Lent gives from disipation. Already the forms and steps of society women appear less languid, and the glow and sparkle of health is driving from cheek and eye the fatigues heavy of nervous excitement that lately laid its place.

The shops divide with the churches and the theatres the fashionable interest just now, and the libraries and magazines do better have come in for more special notice than they received during the season.

The remodeling of the outer woman gives up space, not millinery and manum-makeup are the creative forces to which more feminine minds defer than are willing to acknowledge the soft influence. There is a certain sartorial frenzy that sweeps upon civilized nations with the periodicity of the industrial movements, and it is useless for individuals to protest themselves not susceptible to its influence. It is great vanity and conceit to think you can defy fashion—yes, and furthermore that woman may set down as unworldly who says otherwise. That she wears. Don't trust a woman who makes such an assertion. I should think better of one who even during her seasons of penitence disposed her such-cloth in the most becoming fashion, and more her adorn as hair-powder, with a sponge of ether, gold, pearl or diamond dust, as she best could afford.

However, we all have our ideas as to the eternal fitness of clothing, and I own to a predilection for a rather more subdued style on the streets than the dance and the theatre. Every year when shopping or promenade in public thoroughfares, I was asked by a Boston gentleman a few days since why it was that the ladies in St. Louis always put on their best clothes when they went shopping; that in London or Paris, or even in Boston, ladies would be ashamed to walk the streets in costume of velvet and silk, lace and jewels—in just such attire, in fact, as they would present themselves in the reception-rooms or drawing-rooms of their friends, were they invited to a reception or dinner party, the only difference in their clothes being the wearing of a bonnet, and only when they are to go as they would wear to the opera." This gentleman, who is a man of extensive travel, close observation and cultivated taste, and who greatly appreciates rich dressing at proper times, wondered if our ladies knew what opinion our forefathers first form of them when they use their magnificently dressed forms passing and repassing on the streets and going in and out of stores, galleries and restaurants. He added that he did not know many of these to be high-class, cultured women, and count them among the most lovely ornaments of the city. He said he would like to wonder whether they had no appropriate place to wear their rich apparel, that they paraded it so freely upon the streets.

Lacking over some very modish costumes in Greenwich-street, on a fine-morning last day, I saw among a number of walking dresses a simple, stylish, short dress of broad-shouldered cloth and black and satin of the same shade, made with a prettily draped skirt,

whereon rows of stitching in a self-abuse of silk were the only finish to the cloth desperado except horse-tails fastened to the shirt points, and a coat button similarly trimmed and fastened with cap-screw buttons. The price was only \$15, and, expressing my appreciation of its entire suitability for the streets of our not far-famed clean city, it was met with but a half-cordial acquiescence from the audience, who know well such an unsatisfactory style of dress evinces great favor with our fashions. The taste of the times and the latest styles are consulted in the fabrics and the make of the elegant robes, street dresses and mantles shown in these just-opened cloak and dress rooms, and some of the combinations of brocades and satins, silk and velvet, and cashmere and India and such like, are among the most elegant goods that I have ever seen. Such passementeries as embellish the richest set the jeweller's work at defiance when beauty is the end to be achieved. I saw a bridal robe in these new rooms that was a marvel of beauty, and I think the woman who can afford it has a right to marry royally for her marriage, for does she not go as a princess to fill the realm of her husband's heart? But our robe updates at General's. It was of a wonderful fabric of brocade shot with silver, and the sides were panelled with pearl-flecked duchesse lace, and the long train was formed of the shining brocade, laid back and forth in broad folds widening toward the end. Up the centre of this fold a large pattern was all of white satin, in which the design was a tangled scroll-work and convoluted blossoms, and all the edges of the folds which formed the centre of the train were bordered with a running line of pearls and crystals. These plates of satin underlaid the train and formed the skirt of the petticoat, which was of brocade, while every blossom shown with stamens of silver. The bodice was deeply pointed back and front, and the heart-shaped corset overlaid a chemise of plaited tulle, and over all flowed a tulle veil whose two ends were fastened to the bodice by a head-stick who waits the close of Lent to pluck her vases at the foot of the altar device a brother robe than this.

The event of the week, at least so voted among the feminine part of our population, was the anniversary opening at Dr. W.'s. The seven-day notice to the day and date as he hasn't done in this region for six months, and every woman for miles around tried to see what she could see. There was enough to be seen surely, and the crowd was not the least sight, all agreed; and to tell you the truth, the crowd was so all the way I couldn't half see the goods. I got a glimpse of some new half-sarcs of the most exquisitely harmonizing colors, in which the broad stripes that formed the checks, when the folds were turned over, showed the other, give much the effect of Roman stripes at a short distance from the fabric. These plaids combine beautifully with the soft rolled velvet fabrics, of plain or solid colors, and in this way will be much worn. The delicate shades that come for dinner dresses in both silks and wools for admittance are very beautiful, and I am glad to tell you that fashion dictates for dancing or party dresses such fabrics as *robes de Tulle*, footed, fluted, gauze, and a whole range of light materials; and silver jewelry, silver shoes, and silver lace gird and shimmer on many of the new dresses, and silver jewelry of the aldest and quaintest designs is the latest rage of ultra-fashionables. If it is black, enod with any, so much the more desirable, but chemicals can effect this point of fashion. They can happen to be a woman rich, and have no other ornaments left as a souvenir of her Swiss mare, your great-grandmother. It is not given to everybody to have both silver jewelry and great-grandmothers.

OVER.

On Friday evening of last week the closing lectures to the graduating class of the Johns Hopkins College of Homoeopathic Physicians and Surgeons were delivered by Drs. G. S. Walker and S. B. Parsons. The doctors on surgery was given by Dr. Parsons, and all who listened to his able address were more than ever convinced of his mastery of his subject, but most difficult branch of his profession. Dr. Walker's subject was "What

the Physician Owes to Woman." While it was addressed to those about entering upon the practice of medicine, yet I wish it could have been heard by every man in St. Louis. For every student of medicine should regard for the sanctity of womanhood, and as an ex-ample and impassioned appeal to all that is noble in man in the relation which he should sustain to his female patient, I have rarely heard it equalled by priest or layman. It heightened my respect for her and as a distinguished member of his profession and as a gentleman. I give below a couple of extracts from the lecture, from which may be inferred the general character of the entire address.

The second great debt of the physician to woman which I shall name to you on this occasion is the strictest morality. As a matter of course, I use the term morality in this lecture in its relative, and not in its absolute sense. It is no doubt true, if you can compass so high and so rare a virtue, that the established principles of morality should govern you actions in all cases and with all persons, but this is not mine to teach. I am no professional expert in moral science, and assume no title to sermonize. But what I have in charge to press home on all the honor and conscience of those to whom I speak is this: that his relative morality is the absolute and unqualified duty of the physician to his female patient. Whatever he may be obliged to her in his position, it is toward her. Disinterested, sincere, and candid, he should enter her presence as the recent priest approaches the altar of his God. No satisfaction of pleasure or profit to him should stain the purity of his benevolent purpose. Transparence, as he tends to the suffering, to every truth, his mind should welcome it as warmly and reflect it as brightly as the diamond does the light. Accompanied by the tender of conscience, and the sense of natural harshness, there should be always present in the physician's mind the element of tenderness. Under the circumstances which I am alluding to, the compassion of a generous soul. The natural unkindness and shrinking delicacy of sex, rendered more ill by disease and suffering; the burden and the sadness of her natural dose of womanhood aggravated by the disease of her mind; the delicate and sensitive ordinary phantasies and allusions of her sex; herself the representative, too, by simple virtue of the whole womanhood of our modern civilization and daughters—surely, here is a motive for all the movement of sympathy, forbearance, and patience. And another of equal if not of greater importance, is that of delicacy. In addition to its high and scrupulous quality, this should be uniform and universal, and absolutely without reference to the social position of the patient. The poorest and most degraded of her sex feels this compulsion, perhaps, even more sensitively than the wealthiest and most refined. In the latter case it is merely what she has been accustomed to expect, and what she is entitled to demand from her medical attendant, while to the former it will come with all the sudden and tender force of a pleasant surprise. "Take the least and tenderest of even the woman's life the aspect of a high-souled gentleness will come like a lance of purity from the best kind of her spotless childhood; and there are cases on record in which the potent influence of such a physician looked well as well as she and out the devil of vice along with the demon of disease."

LES INCOMPREHENSIBLES.

[After Victor Hugo.]

CHAPTER ONE.

Jacques was an organ-grinder. He had a square box fitted with cast-iron gas pipes. When he twisted the crank the air rushed into the pipes and the music came out at the other end.

Filme liked to hear Jacques play, and he liked to play for her. Jacques loved Filme, and he treated all the same she gave him. Filme did not love Jacques, and they both knew it.

"Don't love, Jacques," said Filme.

"Don't love, Filme," said Jacques.

This conversation took place just after the 12th of July.

CHAPTER TWO.

Filme's father was a bourgeois. Jacques' was a long primer. Jacques dared not tell of his noble birth, but the latest excitement for the Bourgeois should result in his death. For this reason he played the hand-organ. Playing the organ brought him near Filme.

"What are you doing, Filme?" asked Jacques one morning, as he was twisting "Nancy Lee" out of his hand-organ.

"Washing windows," said Filme. "I wish I had the North Pole to reach to top one."

Jacques picked up a rock and smashed his hand-organ.

"What have you done, Jacques?" asked Filme.

"Nothing," said Jacques.

Then he walked off.

CHAPTER THREE.

Jacques walked to the North Pole, and jumped into the Arctic Ocean. In four hours he came to the pole, ice around Spitzbergen. He climbed up on the ice, and walked to the eighty-seventh degree of north latitude. A polar bear attacked him. When the bear opened his mouth Jacques cried in.

"This is warm," said Jacques.

"That's cool," said the bear.

The bear started north, and plunged into the open sea around the pole. It is claimed by some scientists that there is no open sea there. The bear knew better. Jacques had out of the bear's mouth and saw he was in a whirlpool. He glanced at his compass and saw that the needle pointed to the centre of the pole.

"The North Pole is there," said Jacques.

CHAPTER FOUR.

Gervais was a map-peddler. He loved Filme, and often presented her with maps of Australia. Gervais loved Filme, but he did not care for him. She used his maps to stop up rat-holes.

"Don't see, Filme," said Gervais.

"Don't see, Gervais," said Filme.

The war while the Bourgeois were plotting to overthrow the revolution. Danton was dead. Robespierre had stretched his bloody hand from the throat of the people, and the coming danger of March already sent its thrills through the arteries of Paris.

"What are you doing, Filme?" asked Jacques.

"Washing windows," said Filme. "I wish I had the North Pole to reach to top one."

Gervais threw his maps into the sewer and left. In six hours he had reached the Antarctic Continent.

CHAPTER FIVE.

A and attacked Gervais. He sprang into the seal and sealed himself comfortably.

"This is fun," said Gervais.

"That's business," said the seal.

Thousand walked over the ice, and in an hour had reached the open sea. The seals looked on from the sea's eye and saw him in a whirlpool, toward the center of which the needle of his compass always pointed.

"The pole is there," said Gervais. "I shall carry Filme."

CHAPTER SIX.

The rings of the whirled brought Jacques and Gervais to the center at the same moment. Jacques was at the North Pole and Gervais at the South. Both pulled at the same time. Neither pole would stir. It was a continuous tug, and neither could succeed until the other let go. They stopped pulling and split on their hands, and then put again. The sacrament was terrible. They were twenty-five thousand miles apart, and neither knew of the other. Each was brave and determined, but it was no use.

"Come out," said Jacques, tugging away.

"Come out," said Gervais.

Both poles stuck fast.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

"Here goes it, Filme," said Francois.

"First-rate," said Filme. "I don't want windows any more. We keep a gap."

Filme loved Francois. He had been a cardinal, but had retired from business.

"Let us get married, Filme," said Francois.

"Good enough," said Filme. "Wait till I get my hand-organ."

She came out and saw Gervais and Jacques standing at the gate. Each laid a long pole on his shoulder, broken in the middle.

"Here is the North Pole, Filine," said Jacques.

"This is the South Pole, Filine," said Gervais.

"Come, Filine," said François.

"You can take the poles back, messieurs. I don't wash windows now, we got a girl. Excuse me, I am going to marry Filine."

CHAPTER EIGHT.

François and Filine came back married. In front of the house they saw two poles standing upright. Jacques was at the top of one, and Gervais on top of the other.

"Good-bye, Filine!" said Gervais.

"Don't mess gards, Filine!" said Jacques.

Then they fell off the poles on top of François, and smashed him like a walnut.

"Great Scott!" said Filine. "I don't believe any of them are good for much now, but the poles may be worth something."

Filine laughed and went into the house.

McGOWAN'S MULE.

On the sixteenth day of last July

John McGowan a mule he bought.

His christening is Langueyrie,

But he called it Long for short;

For dyke he was a creature—

Twenty pairs they called him work.

And he often sold his wife for work.

His wife never at a loss—

And that is the reason why he bought a mule.

The son came out next morning

In his effulgence

And asked him what Sunday eye,

And asked about pleasure.

And then he whispered to himself,

As he looked the stable door:

"If McGowan drives me out to-day

I'll drive him to the river."

So he followed the mule.

John McGowan Junior

Hitched the mule unto the cart,

For his father had requested him

To make an early start.

At last he got ready to start,

When the mule began to kick,

And John, very deliberately

His hand in the reins with a jerk—

Which caused the mule.

The mule went on obediently

Till he had broken the lot.

A string seven pipes in the street—

In his brain there was a plot.

But the plot of mule to make at new

They sometimes have.

For he made a mule to make at new

Till in the street he broke his path—

McGowan's mule was dead.

PARIS LETTER.

Gossip about some of the members of the
French Cabinet.

[Special Correspondence of the Spectator.]

It may be interesting, and at the same time probably of information to the readers of the *Spectator*, to hear something about the personnel of President Grévy's Cabinet in Republican France. The Premier, M. Jules Ferry, has been a good deal laughed at about his whiskers, which are out in the *parade of soft style*. His face betrays a *Latinian origin*—slightly, it may be, but certainly also *Christianian*, since the Ferry originated on the advice of a priest of their family, about ninety years ago, from the Frières. Jules Ferry has an open countenance and, what is more, good, twinkling eyes, along with eyebrows very much raised toward the ears of the forehead, and a slightly aquiline nose. His forehead is very full at the brow, which makes it appear to recede more than it does. The good nature expressed in his manner is real. M. Jules Ferry is one of those big men who are easily led by women and children. Refrains his marriage he was devoted to his father's religious Catholicism. His being an avowed, he

goes to the Protestant temple with his wife, who would not be content to receive her spiritual benediction from a Catholic priest. Out of regard for Mr. Ferry's relatives he did not ask him to present himself with her before a pastor. They both agreed to be satisfied with a civil wedding. This circumstance, Jules Simon being Minister, was urged by M. Mariéville Macdonald as a reason for not inviting Mme. Jules Ferry, as a Deputy's wife, to the fête at the Elysée. M. Mariéville, however, could not admit to Mme. Ferry the status of a married woman. Her refusal to receive was the temple done on *en cas de* our time from which Simon drew his temper-generating play of "Daniel Rochat." M. Mariéville not only presented to that a Deputy's wife, beautiful and pure as a lily, but set herself against the code. A storm of hatred was ready to burst over clerical France, which has ever since the restoration of the Bourbons been the persevering enemy of modern France. It might not have lost so soon had M. Mariéville, as wife of the chief of civil power, respected the law in admitting Deputy Ferry's young and interesting wife to her halls at the Elysée. M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, is in address and bearing a grave, courteous gentleman, looking much younger than his years. If caught in a shower of rain he raises his collar, buttons his coat across his chest, and walks on quite unconcerned. Nobody ever heard him complain of his bodily health. He is of a strong frame, strengthened by the stoicism of his mind and the sobriety of his habits. From early spring to autumn his life bristled with asperities. He was poor on leaving school and could only obtain the function of an unpaid attaché in the Ministry of Finance. But he found there business, drill, shelter, and leisure to study Greek, Oriental and European languages, and as an orientalist, M. M. Hilaire ranks with Bourneau and Max Müller, and there is no man accomplished Helio-List in France. Cousin, of whom he was in his youth the private secretary, left him at his death his library, which is the only library M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire in his life enjoyed. The Emperor tossed this servant out of the College of France because he refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Empire. Finding it impossible to support a great-uncle who reared him in Paris, he betook himself to a patch of ground at Meaux, and there became a market-gardener, living with his aged relative in a *cabane*, in the midst of his beds of artichokes and cactuses. Terrible his views toward him in a moderate degree and enabled him to live in a sack of rooms on a third floor, in a good street, and he kept a virtuous woman-servant to attend him. His mornings are devoted to Aristotle, his literary job; the rest of the day to the Institute, the Senate, and the translation of M. Thiers' papers. Cousin, Minister of the Interior, is a man of energy. M. Sall Caron, the Minister of Public Works, was brought up a clerk, a strict Republican, and in the worship of the great Carnot, his grandfather, when he resembles in a much less degree than his brother, whose sense has never come before the public, although a man of acute mind, great force of character, and endowed with a true power of inspiring other men with confidence. The most he appears before them. M. Sall Caron is a man of gentle and distant manner. He will always be true to his flag, but never enthusiastic about it. His name is not the only Eastern thing about him. There is Oriental gravity and asceticism in manner, and he is a Persian, in outward appearance, with a eastern eye *pourtrait* is to one degree in all. He will never lose *pourtrait de style*, will shrink from personal initiative, never plunges into hot water, will under all circumstances preserve clean hands and act as a man of delicate honor.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

[From the New York Daily Post.]

A conventional design of the tobacco pipe, long with flower, and covered with a bark, wood of *Myrica* brown silk, makes a pretty and novel pouch.

A wall-banquet of olive satin has a bunch of sunbursts delicately painted in water-colors. Another is a mass of real peacock's feathers, forming a square and bordered with garnet plush.

An elegant tie, framed in maroon velvet, displays a girl's figure dressed in *Gothic* costume, with hat and feather, rose and kerchief. She holds a pink parasol just above her head.

Painted dresses are usually of silk, but sometimes linen is used. The favorite designs are either flowers or Watteau figures, or illustrations of *King's* fables. Six inches square is the usual size.

Very much in demand are the lovely satin robes and baghous hags in white, cream, buff, crimson, pink, blue, and black, painted and embroidered, and tied with satin drawing-strings. One of cream satin has a single peacock's feather, or rather eye, embroidered on the side in silk, the rest in gold, and the others, bearing designs of dandelion, four-leaved clover, crimson-tipped daisy, violets, cyclamen, etc., range in price from \$1.50 to \$5.

Balised plush appliqué is a novelty, and very rich in effect. The design is cut out larger than it is drawn upon the ground, seven round, and the fineness equally distributed over the whole of the covered surface, by stitches disposed appropriately to the form represented. This produces beautiful effects of light and shade, and contrasts to great advantage with the ordinary flat appliqué work. Plush, with its exquisite lights and often softness, lends itself admirably to this bolder form of needlework. Examples of it are to be seen in combination of deep red and gold.

An original idea for the back of a glove, seen recently, was half of a long lid glove, neatly applied on satin, with the seams all elaborately worked in small flowers with colored silks, and two narrow floral braids above. Another skirt had two peacock's feathers embroidered with silks on a ground of pale blue satin, with a deep red (real) ribbon attached, appliqued on with gold thread. On one end was worked in gold letters "*Don Juan*." "*Don Juan*" is the fashionable name of the day, and it is painted and embroidered on all kinds of pretty odds and ends. A graceful spray of jessamine thrown across a blotting-book on black, dark red or pink blue satin is as effective. The newest material in risk. This should be sent into a frame of some kind, as the pressure of the hand spoils it in working. Satin, where the stalks and leaves are worked in gold and silver, is very pretty. The narrow China ribbon, is very pretty. Myrtle, with its delicate, feathery-looking branches and dark leaves, on pale pink or blue, is always beautiful. For a blotter, a quaint design is a handsome piece, worked up in a beautiful position, with the letter of a name swirling on, and a small spray of flowers in one corner.

LITERATURE.

Reviews. By Prof. Mahaffy, Dublin. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott & Co. (For sale by the St. James Book and News Company.)—This volume is the first of a series of Philosophical Classics for English Readers, edited by William Knight, LL.D., and having for its aim, as stated in the preface, the diffusion of a knowledge of the philosophers to the general reader, who could not by any possibility find the time to study their works in their entirety. The reader also has the advantage of having the subjects matter presented to him in simple language, devoid of all those technical words and expressions which almost necessitate a special acquaintance with the names of those who essay the study of Hegel, Kant, Bacon, Descartes, and other philosophical thinkers. The title of Descartes, who was born in the latter part of the sixteenth century, was one of comparative ease, as he was of noble family and inherited considerable property. Educated by the Jesuits, he ever retained a profound respect for their ability as institutions, and consequently avoided, that debatable ground of philosophical inquiry which he was to infringe upon religious thought, and even to threaten the whole structure of faith. René Descartes was the only member of a family of seven or eight children who exhibited any particular talent, and from his earliest childhood his father gave him the advantage of a private tutor.

He was not, however, particularly wanting to know the why and wherefore of everything that came under his ob-

servation. He was particularly fond of travel and seeing new countries, but spent the greater portion of his life in Amsterdam, with within a short time of his death, when, upon the invitation of Queen Christina, he visited Sweden, but the rigors of that northern climate proved too severe for him naturally delicate constitution, and he died there February 11, 1630. This is the latest outline of his life, all of the particulars of which are told in the volume in this singularly interesting manner. Speaking of his style, Prof. Malady says: "It is, indeed, these few letters to Balzac which have gained him a reputation for style; for, though many high authorities in the seventeenth century, and even some down to M. Guizot, have praised his mastery of the French language, and have called him as a writer, this is really in consequence of his clearness as a thinker. He is seldom more than clear and correct. His French goes into Latin and his Latin into French, chance for chance, nor does either lose by the translation. He is seldom grand, not often amusing. But the contrast of his simplicity, precision and perfect clearness with the current philosophy of the day made him justly remarkable as a writer of style." To attempt even the faintest outline of his system of philosophy would require more space than we could give it, but the whole subject is so clearly and succinctly treated by the author that a careful reading would easily repay any one. In spite of Descartes' pretended allegiance to the Church, his philosophy was steeped in the extreme, and persecution by the priests was the fate of all those who accepted and preached the new doctrine. "Cartesianism was propagated and spread by means of books and pamphlets, as all its enemies say; but, its influence reached far beyond theology and science, and invaded even the fine arts and the domain of aesthetics."

The "great conflict between the ancient and modern," as it is called, which occupied the minds of its errand men in France up to the middle of the eighteenth century, was distinctly inaugurated by Descartes. He was the first to deny submission to the ancients, even in matters of literary taste, and so there came a day when Racine was preferred to Euripides, and the new alliance architecture to the temples of Greece. Of Descartes' influence upon Europe the author says: "He sought not only his followers, but his opponents, for a century and a half, and he gave to certain sciences, especially in optics, in physiology and to physical astronomy, an impulse which has never been exhausted." Again he says: "He was a modern thought what Socrates was to Greek philosophy. Far greater, too, was he than Socrates in the range of his influence. In every department of life—ethics, politics, his philosophy, his theology, his physics, his psychology, his physiology—he saved the degenerate world from which sprung hosts of armed men to join in an intellectual conflict, interesting, like an arena, to their many arms and professors, but fragile and feeble in life and energy to the intellectual progress of Europe."

Chinese Immigration in its Social and Economic Aspects. By George F. Seward, late United States Minister to China. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. In this volume Mr. Seward has presented a valuable compendium to the statesman and the political economist. The Chinese question is one which has been lately agitated of late years, and any publication which will throw new light on the subject of Chinese immigration is entitled to consideration. Mr. Seward has ably and ably succeeded, notwithstanding his confessed bias, in impartially stating and collecting a mass of important facts and testimony relating to the present situation of the Pacific Shore. The evidence which he offers is in behalf of unrestricted Chinese immigration is mostly selected from the reports of Congressional investigating committees, and is therefore stamped with an official seal of authority. The result of his own investigation is briefly stated in the preface, in which he says: "I found, in brief, that the Chinese have been of great service to the people of the Pacific Coast; that they are still needed there, but in a less important manner than they have been; that they have been advanced against their own interests, unremunerated, and that minor evils incident to their presence may be

readily abated under existing treaties and within the limits of ordinary legislation. I found, also, that the force of a large immigration which have been entertained are numerous and growing." As an anti-Chinese and a convincing argument to the sensible citizen that "the Chinese must go," we recommend a perusal of this volume.

IN MEMORIAM.

Last Saturday morning the home of Mr. and Mrs. Zach Vanhooker was made desolate by the death of their little boy William Payton. Though only five months old, he had become very dear to his parents, and was a most interesting child. A friend contributes these lines:

One of our hearts, our household pride,
Fond, fatherly, loved,
Could have been saved, thus had not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Himself as low to fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
These tears for us, not for his tears,
Yet it is sweet to him to see,
Fond, fatherly, loved,
That heaven is true, and then art there,
With him to go.
These past are death and all its woes;
These tears' stream forever flows,
And pleasure's day no more knows.

MARCH 7, 1881, IN A DRIVING SNOW-STORM.

Unremembered old Winter,
And the heavy hoisted cap
Acknowledged with a knowing wink
He either had spring's day
And meant to sit upon his knees
Till he could feel on the church house.
To my astonishment
He replied with hoarse tone
He would hold the situation
For the balance of the year,
And explained his words with words
That really piled the driving snows.
Thus failed to my intention
To expunge the spring.
I could not help's attention
To the strange, absurd thing,
And growed the fact in answer said,
"Oh my dear, my dear, my dear,
For I will, say, for thirty days,
Faint on him my best love,
Till he dissatisfied shall see
Like we were united in the snow,
And together shall laugh, sing, and dance,
In view of her deliverance,
The converse, with reward, sweet reward
Shall tell the story of his death,
And behold with brilliant beam
Shall mark in their last year's end,
And bright end end-of-the-world
Their journey westward in the spring!"

The interview, though very brief,
I liked me so much better,
That I forgot it was snowing,
Nor could I find hard "twice driving,
But as my wife, exultant face,
I could not best leave her to the snow.

ST. LOUIS, March 7, 1881.

THE LATEST PARIS WIT.

Just nothing off for England, Mr. B. says to her
sister, one of the most practical women in the world:
"I am going to bring you a shawl. What color will you like?"
Madame, after a little reflection:
"Black and white, my child; your poor uncle is so sick!"

Starting for his catechism, Tommy runs to his
father:
"I have forgotten which hand you make the cross with!"
"With the right hand, my child."
Tommy reflects a minute, and then says solemnly:
"I will put it in my pocket so as to remember."
Alvina Dumas, walking with one of his friends,
meets an actress who formerly played in some of his pieces.

"I am sure you were glad to see her?" says the friend.

"Yes, she recalled to me my youth—but she didn't recall to me her oval!"

Cherry upon the boardwalk.
A poor man begs of a swell, "To buy bread, if you please!"

The swell passes on. The beggar runs after him:
"Between you and me, my good sir, if I begged it was for my babies!"

The swell immediately gives him twenty sous, adding:
"Be sure you buy cigars!"

Mistaken identity.
A young applicant, not of the better class, and somewhat inexperienced in the ways of the world, goes very early in the morning to the office of an official personage.

Returning home, her mother asks some details in respect to the illustrious individual.

"He had on a splendid coat all trimmed with gold cord."

"So early in the morning? Ah! in their position these people can have anything they want. He was haggard, then, was he?"

"Oh, no, simply as anything! He had a feather duster in his hand, and was dusting his furniture himself!"

"Well! well!" says Monsieur B. to an old college friend who has had not seen for some years, and whose hair has turned quite white: "Really, you look like a show-bush!"

"Oh, show-bush?" returns the other with an air at once pleasant and comic. "That is not polite of you, when you might just as well have said that I looked like a cherry-tree in bloom!"

NEW FASHIONS IN JEWELRY.

(From the *Paris Dispatch*, March 10.)

Beads in plain colored gold, or Etruscan tracery, used for necklaces, are largely worn by young ladies in New York, and are considered very stylish.

Bracelets are universally popular. Narrow bands encrusted with diamonds, rubies and sapphires are quite in vogue this season. Fancy bangle bracelets are more popular than ever; some of them are richly studded with jewels.

In brooches the prevailing style is the tooth or lace pin. They are made in every conceivable device, embracing objects of nature, fruits, flowers, painted camels, pearls, Etruscan gold, encrusted with diamonds and other precious stones, with engravings to match.

In rings there is a wide scope for fancy, including a great variety of semi-precious stones, such as opals, eyes, moon-stones, Peridot, hyacinths, cat's-paw, amethysts, garnets, etc. A very stylish engagement ring, which has appeared this season, is a combination of diamond, sapphire and emerald, set in the form of a trefoil. It has the merit of being not only handsome but moderate in price.

The long-necked ead, which was esteemed by the ancients beyond any other precious gem, promises to become a universal favorite again. It is the only precious stone which defies imitation.

It is always set on a cushion on both sides, and when seen by reflected light displays all the colors of the rainbow; in fact, at a fine specimen all the colors of the most beautiful gems are united in one. Those who aspire to be leaders in the fashionable world may have their requirements fulfilled by a visit to the E. Jaeger & Co. Jewellery Company, to whom we are indebted for the above information.

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Wednesday, March 15.

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Thursday, March 17.

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The Spectator.

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ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1881.

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 Withon' repaid leage or sets or statans,
 Are willing with an hour or two to part
 In order to advance their education
 In this department, I will lead them straight
 To where no art they can be taught!

Fond of the beautiful, this few long sought
 her
 In many sunny lands beyond the water,
 And when at last to mastery they found her,
 With all the talent groups gathered round her,
 She made the acquaintance of the grand
 "Gray."

And, charmed by his manner, gave herself
 away!
 You'll see her picture on that lovely plaque,
 Which, contrarily, said rich "Rosa Lee,"
 Is through a crystal plate glass window seen
 In radiant robes, ermine, blue and green!

On entering in, a thousand gems of art
 Delight the eye and captivate the heart!
 "Regalia," no style gaudier and glister,
 From Italy, England, and across seas;
 Rich "Langes," wares, and "Favos," by
 "Havanna."

In glowing colors, blue on every hand
 Then there are "Dresden's" faience, shell on
 their,

A most delightful study to meet,
 With "Havanna's" and "oriental" ware,
 "Chinoise," and "Oriental," choice and
 rare!

Artistic connoisseurs on raptured gaze
 Loudest exclamation on their lips out goes,
 With in the glimmering wilderness gales
 With all the sweetest music sweet tones,
 While others, near as crystal, thank the eye
 With their perfection, till one can't say!

My modest muse declares it hard to make
 In rhyme measure what it is to cry the
 "Crystal."

If in pronouncing this you would exult,
 You'll remember the following "L!"

The curious visitor crowd in various sets
 To see one "sacred" many "Anglo" sets
 In rich "Bijou" goods and "Parisian"
 statuettes.

No one interesting ever looks again,
 Should connoisseurs in beauty search a week,
 They'll fail to find a fair "Arab" look!

Their rare Arabian goods in unique style,
 In rich, deep colors, make ladies smile!
 Their choice selection in rare "Japanese,"
 "Japanese," and "Arabian" goods!

And bring the distant buyer to know!
 And then their "Limoges" and "Sèvres"
 ware,

Displayed in styles exquisitely rare,
 Have made for them a royal reputation
 Beyond the limits of the state and nation!

Art connoisseurs of most exalted minds
 Express their satisfaction with these goods!

In English "Cups," "Worcester," and "Dorset"
 "Cups,"

They have the most elaborate taste in form!
 They're connoisseurs, in a dozen styles,
 Adjusted for use, to candles, gas and oils,
 And classic, rare styles of rare imported lamps,
 With common goods for cottages and camps,
 And in addition they're imported crock
 Of French, old English and American faience,
 And stacks of plate and crock and drinking
 ware,

Tapestries, chamber sets and common jugs,
 In earthenware and common stoneware crock
 They're better than an ordinary stock!

There are no blanks in this enormous lottery
 Of China ware and rare artistic goods!
 While others may be good, this place is hot,
 In which the bargain hunter can succeed.
 The few wares all should closely scrutinize!
 They buy direct from manufacturer's hand,
 And thus, as they're unable now to pay,
 They hold the winning card and trump the
 play!

Now, in conclusion, should you wish to know
 To get such bargains where you ought to go,
 To William Gray & Company,
 To which the people rush from near and far,
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The Spectator.

ST. LOUIS, MARCH 19, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

A few days ago I went down town in the car with a young and pretty society girl, well known in her circle. She was fashionably attired, and her dark brown locks fell over her forehead in the customary "bang" of the period, with an effect more pleasing than on most foreheads. Just before she got off the car she carefully adjusted a thick blue veil over her face, and I thought she was taking precautions against March winds. An hour or two later I met this same pretty girl walking with a very stylish-looking man, who had that unmistakable air of a stranger so apparent in this village, and I glanced at them with interest, for they made a fine-looking couple on Fourth Street. But my glance, as it fell on the maiden, gave me a glimpse of a great change. What could it be? It puzzled me greatly, for I had studied every outline of the fair face in the car, and all its pretty coloring was still fresh in my memory. They passed me, turned up Olive, and went into a costly shop. I immediately remembered that I owed a box of candy, lost on a bet, and I went into the candy shop too. While my thirty minutes waited for the delivery of the confections in the trays, I studied her mouth, her dimples, her nose, her eyes, her eyebrows, her brown hair!—they were gone! Rings of gold lay over her forehead in airy grace and rich confusion. The blue veil of her bonnet-hinge showed with a more exquisite tint against the thick gold waves of her hair, and following the curl of her long plaques, it fell to the back of her head, I saw great shining bands of gold forming the decorative plate. The cavalier, who paid devoted attention to her slightest word, had dark curling locks, but he evidently admired her blond character, for she said something about the sun-visor, and he said, "there was more gold in her tresses"—and I have no doubt there was! Wigs of all shades are fashionable, I learn.

There were eighty-six members of the St. Louis Club present at the business men's reunion in the club house last Saturday evening. It is really true that this is not only in its appointments one of the most elegant, but it is in the management one of the most wide-awake institutions of the town. It really was what was said! It appeared a great visit in the social and business organization of St. Louis.

How do the gifted youth of both sexes like this from the tips of an old bean of the old region?—*The fountain source of fust of my youth is extinct as the dodo. Language is slang, society is a mule, dress is display, amusement is not; people are all into society who have no other claim to be there but money and impudence, and are ignorant as mules and grouse, and more so.*

Here is a word-painting that is as vivid as any ever furnished into the canvas: A lonely church set high on a fragrant hill-side, with sheep among the olive-boughs, and the glow from the vest that were all about it, and high-begone of wild rose and clusters of white flowers, crowding around its old walled graveyard. The ground was blue with violets and the grass golden with crocuses and lupines; there were buttercups and lilies in the air; the male and blackbird were singing.

I learn that an engagement that has been regarded with great complacency by the mutual friends of the betrothed, who are well-known members of society,—although the prospective marriage has been kept very quiet,—has been broken off, the parties most reluctantly becoming positively too late-wait to sustain the faint pretences of affection which are considered polite under the circumstances.

Tryp do it spoiled the well-laid plans of the "males and men," as it has many things, from the making of proselytes to the frying of artichokes.

When to let things alone is perhaps the safest, rarest, and most useful of all knowledge. A man here and there it is; it may be said that no woman has had or ever will have it. If Napoleon had but it he might have died at eighty at St. Cloud instead of St. Helena. But genius, like woman, never has been known to have it; forgotten and causing are as far apart as the poles.

Now, if you were told that a woman did this philosophy, you—men at any rate—"wanton" think it half as good as it is. Therefore you may find out for yourselves who said it.

I hear the howling-club is likely to become a new feature among the "society" aristocrats of St. Louis this spring. Our staid youths are being attracted to this beautiful recreation by its growing popularity in the Eastern cities.

Strange that St. Louis "society" has to wait the sanction of Eastern opinion for its amusements. One would suppose that the greater amount of time in our Western atmosphere would prompt its earlier movements, especially toward physical development by means of innocent and healthful recreations.

The "maquet" travelled here quick enough, but except by name it hardly needed an introduction. As long as a year before there was my mention of the "maquet," a party of young society ladies and gentlemen, who assembled at some tableaux given in Mercantile Library Hall, for some fashionable charity, danced in costume to their own singing of the Mother Goose melodies, and if there ever was any greater "maquet" than that, except for the limits of the stage, then I hope I may never be there to see.

Do you not think it was a little out of taste in the *Blonde* of last Saturday to publish a fulsome sketch of Mr. William M. Nave, whose name appears at the head of its columns as an officer of the company that issues the paper? This only in the way of suggestion.

Speaking of bad taste in journalism, I am reminded of some very cheap work that the *Post-Dispatch* has been doing of late. It does not seem to me that the public is interested in the salaries that bar-keepers draw, or that it is the public's business. Nor is it a matter of startling importance to know which club the young ladies of the community attend. This is a sort of journalistic detective business that is liable to run to rack and harmful end; but if the *Post-Dispatch* is going to keep it up I would like to suggest a topic for treatment. A readable article might be made out of the crime people have on their toes. Crimes are very numerous, and I do not know that they have ever been fully written up. Besides being numerous, they are interesting. I do not know of anything that will attract more attention than a healthy one—from the person, of course, who happens to be

its unfortunate possessor. I have known people to have three or four crimes on a single foot, and I have no doubt a *Post-Dispatch* reporter could find people with a great many more than that, but even so, it is her ought to make the subject interesting—to the man who has the crime. Now there are various kinds of crime, big ones, little ones, and lumbous. A *Post-Dispatch* reporter would, no doubt, find other crimes, and would, no doubt, startle the community with new disclosures. You will see at a moment's rest full for an article. I have suggested only a point; or two; I have said nothing of how to cure crime, or whether there are more on the foot of a woman than a man, or whether they grow better on fat people than lean ones, or whether they are affected by the dark of the moon. And then a personal application of the subject could be highly useful. A reporter could interview Col. J. C. Norville, Mr. J. R. McCallagh, or some popular person who should happen to be along—Mary Anderson, for instance, who wears *garter* tops, or even one of our own timid society ladies. There would be some delicacy about this last venture, but it would be no more delicate than a great many other things that reporters have done. How delighted the community would be to see an article with *hanging* headlines telling how the well-known people about town were all for crime! If the *Post-Dispatch* should attend the suggestions here make, it is to be sincerely glad that nobody will hesitate about giving the desired information.

Readers of the masterful *Globe-Democrat* of last Saturday will, on doubt, remember a long account of the new Grand Opera House. In this house a little tale, the *Grand Opera House*, of the *Post-Dispatch*, who always took as strict as a bishop of parties, went around to the Grand Opera House to meet Messrs. John Norton and Pierre Clowson by agreement and spent three hours of the afternoon in getting from them the points of a three-column article on the new theatre. The same evening Mr. John J. Jennings, the perfect young man of the *Globe-Democrat*, happened by chance or some other way to drop into the office of the Grand Opera House, and by chance again, or some other way, got a peep at the architect's plans, and by chance, or still again some other way, was "filled up" with points for an article by Mr. George McManis. And then he laid himself to bed in the second story of the *Globe-Democrat* building and wrote two columns "solid" at the expense of a great deal of time and perspiration. The article appeared the next morning, but that of Mr. Thornton did not appear in the *Post-Dispatch*, though he had sat up till two o'clock in the morning getting it in shape. This only in the way of history.

What has become of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals? Mr. E. S. MacDonnell, the lawyer, was its president the last time I heard anything of it; but he don't seem to be doing much. Why don't he get up societies and get into the newspapers like Mr. Bergh of New York? But seriously, the *Spectator* urges a little more activity on the part of this old society or the organization of a new one. There is much need of vigorous action in the direction of preventing cruelty to animals in St. Louis, and it is the duty of good and humane citizens to take hold of this matter with vigorous hands. Hardly a day passes that I do not see some unfeeling and outrageous exhibition of cruelty on the part of street-car drivers, and drivers, or tanners of souls, etc. There is a certain street-car line running into the southern part of the city on which the drivers seem to make a practice of beating the poor horses and mules with heavy sticks, for as other reason than to see how much of it their animals

new kind of dress for women, that they would see ten thousand pin-green noses and waistcoats blazing in the streets the week afterwards." And surely there is not more a dash of truth in this remark: "The incessant talk about dress is so tiresome and so vulgar; the women who wear their costumes praised are women who have only the beginning to dress tolerably and are still not quite sure of the effects."

Did you make any discoveries about the Ideas of March this year, dear newspaper readers? I heard of nothing extraordinary, only a superabundant stupidity in the *London* lectures. I hope that after about two thousand years more of enduring the platitudes of preachers, it will be considered good form to do your fasting and praying in secret and flatter your soul quietly, but the Ideas of March are only an incidental period of the Christian Lent, and not in any way responsible for our bad dinners. The one superstition having passed out of fashion encourages the hopeful to think the other may do so in the next cycle.

The second musical night, 1881, of the Beethoven Conservatory took place Thursday evening, at Association Hall. The attendance was excellent and the programme varied and interesting. The Beethoven Conservatory is doing a constantly increasing work in the way of a sound and beautiful musical education.

Miss Flora Pike has returned from New York, and will remain at home with her parents for some weeks. She is looking very pretty and speaks in glowing terms of her success on the New York stage. Prof. Waldner is at work on a play in which she may get out next season. She has received a number of flattering offers, but has declined them all for the present.

Among the many queer people I know is a lady who has a mania for getting into strange sales of household furniture. This being the spring time, she is now very busy, and is consequently most of the time away from home. She watches the papers very closely for advertisements, and reads all the posters on the billboards, house-walls, and old fences. She seems to have an idea that she will make a fortune in this direction, though I have not yet known her to get rich. She is a very odd creature. She is forever talking of how cheaply she will get a bedstead, a wash-stand, an old stove, a dining-table, a pair of boots, a suit of clothes, or something of that sort, but she never buys any. The auctioneer has come to know her as well as the Sunday frequenter of the "Post-office Corner" and Phil Ferguson, of the *Universal* *Times*. She is generally the first one on the ground when a sale is to take place, and is generally the last one to leave. And it is amusing to see her going from room to room, from cellar to garret, and from kitchen to parlour of some bankrupt mansion, looking at every article with as much care as if she were a military inspecting officer. When the bidding commences she takes a place close to the auctioneer, and looks under as much excitement till the last thing is sold as if she were trying to buy a hotel, a steamship, or a railroad. And she bids all the time. Nothing escapes her, and it is with a deep sigh of regret that she always sees somebody else give more than she will.

And when the sale is over she goes home full of regrets till she is able to go higher on this or that, and she will have called in her mind. But she is a very odd creature. She is forever talking of how cheaply she will get the next day and make up for lost opportunities. And, thus, she lives.

"No men come and men say yes,
But I am no force!"

Some weeks ago the *Spectator* gave an account of the rapid growth of the grain-exporting trade of St. Louis as shown, among other things, in the organization and success of Commodore Levee's bureau-line. The morning papers have since discovered what is going on and are "wailing and wailing" with statements, some of which are a little odd. The *St. Louis* of the *Spectator* said, that with a high river some hours on the *Levee* and *John* *Smith* will take some hundred thousands of grain to New Orleans in eight

days. It is not true that there is \$20,000 profit, or anything like it, in such a trip. It would be great fun for a boy to slide down hill if he did not have to tug his sled back again; and after barges have floated down to New Orleans it is a tedious and expensive job to get back to the starting-place. For this reason, the boatsmen pay no-dime centime for a second trip. It will be a long time before three or even five cents for "grain to the Gulf" is a "prevailing rate" for the average shipper of the year.

It is not yet time for the cities to view with the unalloyed alarm they manifest the loss of portions of the growing grain trade of St. Louis. Not long ago the papers of Chicago had proved to a demonstration that the export trade of St. Louis would never, because it could never, amount to anything. There was nobody here—according to Chicago—that could buy the grain, nor any way to transport it; and if it were bought and shipped it would all sour and only become food for the catfishes. That was a lively tune in the major mode, which has now changed to a tremulous wail in C minor. But for St. Louis the fun has only just commenced. The Secretary of the new "Foreign Dispatch" line of ocean steamers from New Orleans, in connection with our St. Louis system of river transportation, is delayed with letters of inquiry from both large and small importers and exporters concerning rates and facilities. This hurry shows that the great natural artery of commerce—flowing from St. Paul to the Gulf, and receiving into its own current a number of tributary streams, themselves of the most vital importance to the commerce of the country—is attracting the attention it has long deserved, but which the expensive artificial systems have contrived in a large degree to obscure.

Mr. Wayman McCrory's new opera, "L'Africaine," which by Will Seligier will probably occupy the house of the Olympic for a week in May. The soloists will be Miss Clara Carpenter, soprano; Miss Pauline Schuler, alto; Mr. Phil. Branson, tenor; Mr. Rob. All, baritone; Mr. Poincette, bass. The rehearsals will be had under the capable direction of Mr. Alfred G. Robyn. Considered in such matters who have examined the work pronounced it to be a masterpiece. It is said to be brim-full of melodious melody and "stunning" exclamation. The orchestral score has been revised and much of it written by Prof. L. Meyer, a musician abundantly competent for such a task. The cost of the principal soloists, under the artistic supervision of Prof. Robyn, and of Mr. McCrory as well, to give to this opera a very fine illustration.

The attaches of Pope's Theatre presented Mr. Zimmerman last night, on the occasion of his benefit, with a very handsome silver tea-servant. The set came from Mennel, Jackson & Co.

In Dr. Boyd's church, last Sunday evening, Mrs. Peabody sang Coward's "Come unto Me" as it ought to be sung, the quire dramatically of the music being effectively subservient to the grand suggestions of the text. It is not usually given, especially by the ladies, as singing it. The advantage lies altogether with Prof. Bowman's interpretation.

That worthy gentleman James Richardson, who has been for some time an inmate here, is a man of material possessions and his business reputation was suitably honored last Tuesday evening in the presentation. For years Mr. Richardson has been among the foremost of the friends of the public schools, giving to the cause of common education time and energy, and what is best, the same ardent benevolent sympathy that he has so successfully brought to the management of his private business. Such a sincere recognition of usefulness and patriotism will be a great asset to the public mind. Richardson is a married man, but upon the men who were thus moved to him here. Among those at the presentation who have not already been mentioned in the daily papers were Messrs. Cuthbert, Grawley, Dwight, Durrer,

John D. Perry, J. M. Mason, Hon. George Farngrave, Dr. Forbes, J. N. Street, Hon. John Rogers, and Judge Remondar. A. A. Patton, William H. Gardner, A. F. Culwell, many members and ex-members of the School Board, including James M. Corbett, Col. Remondar, Frank Verlies, M. B. Richardson, Dr. Clayton, M. J. Murphy and others, and Messrs. H. H. Morgan, E. C. Robbins, George S. Elgert, and Charles H. Turner, of the Library Board. Among the ladies present were Mesdames Richardson, Barlow, Turner, Robbins, Remondar, Bernoulli, Morrison, and Misses Pettis and Bonner. The gathering is by no means an exceptional one, and is by no means an excellent likeness.

There is a great deal about things that might be said and a great deal that might not be said, but I think this is pretty well said:

Handle her gently,
Lift her lightly;
She swallowed a hair-pin
While longing to stare.
The curling iron slipped;
And burned her fair brow,
She uttered a shriek,
But never saw a row.

Have you seen the pictures of the marriage of Baronesse Burdet-Conte and Mr. Asmead Bartlett? The likenesses are said to be admirable. The bride wore a wedding robe of richest ivory satin and embellished with very velvet trimmed with white marten, and was enveloped in a costly lace veil. Under the veil there is seen a sort of cap, the only part of her attire that corresponds with her age, for in face and figure she shows fully the sixty-eight years she has numbered, although the English papers said she appeared "twenty years younger than she really is." The groom is handsome, and manly in bearing, but his manliness was exact only in outward appearance, for otherwise he could not have perpetrated such an outrage to his members as to marry a woman who appeared old enough to be his grandmother, for her wealth. The proverb says a woman is old as she looks, a man is as old as he feels. To feel justified in this marriage Mr. Asmead Burdet-Conte Bartlett should feel seventy at least.

I wonder if the rich old woman can recall a proverb of her youth:

"To change your name and change the letter,
Is to change for the worse and not for the better."

For I suppose she shares in the termination of the long name she has endowed her husband with. Well, may they live long and happily.

There is not much writing written against the lottery since abolishing that thing. The argument had been against gambling in club-houses and private houses, and the system of public lotteries. "The persons who are ruined by ordinary gaming are, after all, persons who would certainly be ruined by some vice or another. The compulsion of rivalry and excitement which makes the attraction of licensed shows are alike the higher kinds of chances. Besides, the vice does not do to the player; the player goes to the vice. Now, on the contrary, the lottery attracts openly and to the public, in very despite of themselves, the much older gambling vice of the very rag and sport of a nation. It is the people themselves. It turns the workman to throw away his wages, the student to squander his time in feverish dreams, the simply self-indulgent to become his victim in senseless calculations that often bring his peace, until ruin to members. The lottery awards them the prize, it is carried to the public in the lottery. Drops some poor people first to beg, then in turn to turn forever afterwards. It changes honesty to cunning, peace to cunning, desire, industry to perpetual want, peace to chance, and finally to an individual absolute poverty, the victims of signs and portents and the victims of a fortune which never comes. Epigrammatic gambles are only the highest degrees of the vice of the State; they may not away without departing from the true, but the lottery gives the state to the very trunk and root of it, because it depends on the people."

The San Francisco Argonaut gives this and calls it "Kerouac-hung-hung."

The girl stood on the kitchen floor—

The little maid in her hair—

She only could the kitchen door—

And went into the street.

She found some flowers in there,

And then she came in here.

The girl in pink looked all around,

And then she smiled in gloom—

There came a burst of thunder sound,

The girl—oh, where is she?

Ask of the fragments which you see

Upon the kitchen floor—

There were the girl, but they 't were not

Coloured any more.

Herrmann, the magician, has been puzzling crowds nightly by his feats and illusions at the Olympic. People are surprised to find an explanation of his really clever tricks, but I can explain a few of them. Take for instance "The Realization of a Beautiful Arabian Dream." This trick is really a French invention. When the person who is to be suspended in mid-air is dressing himself, she looks around her a light but strong frame composed of knotted and stay bands. These bands are so arranged that the water could be suspended from any one of them and retain the free use of her limbs. The first point of attachment made use of in this trick is a small belt at the right shoulder. Miss Adelle rests her feet on a stand between two upright rods about six feet high, her elbows resting on the top of the rods. The rod under the girl's right shoulder is really a false, down she passes a strong belt made up with a catch at the upper end. Under the pretense of arranging the girl's dress, Herrmann slips this catch into the snapping spoken of, the attendant below the stage grips the rope, and by an easily understood principle of leverage not only keeps Miss Adelle erect when Herrmann removes the stand and left-hand rod, but also draws her into a horizontal position. Bending securely in her frame, Miss Adelle moves arms and legs according to her husband's disposition thereof.

The great deception act is another of Herrmann's remarkable feats. This is from it is time: The ruler who completes of a "sinner's baptism" in his hand is seated in a huge arm-chair, the back of which is thickly padded, with two gilt ornate running carriages, one from the inner edge of either arm up to the top corner of the opposite side of the chair. When the ruler is administered to the patient he is held that he will have to splash his head in a receiver. The sinner's receiver (which is shaped like a diver's helmet) is placed over his head, the trickery begins. The countryman's head in the receiver, because he speaks through the open close in full view of the audience; but directly the voice is closed, and whilst Herrmann is placing the chair about the neck, the sinner's presence against the back of the chair which gives under the pressure and upon a triangular shape, the two sides of which are formed by the lower portion of the X spoken of above, the base being on a line with the chair-arm, where this swelling portion of the back is kept. On this they so to speak, the opening of which is concealed by the towel and the receiver. Master mechanics rests his head behind the chair, his body bent forward, and the receiver has standing upon his chest close to the neck. His right hand is now suddenly drawn up, whilst he struggles and kicks as Herrmann pulls his armround his neck, and a false hand, in which he holds the chair back, is introduced behind the receiver. The person who is to be placed upon a cushion which occupies the cover of the stage; the view is opened to show that the head is still there, and then dropped again. The cushions, shaped like a saddle, apparently contain deep springs filled with bolts, wheels, etc. On this they so to speak, the view, a mirror which is of the same height and breadth as the cushion being placed in such a position as to leave about four-fifths of the space vacant. In this vacant space sits the countryman, his head and shoulders up to his back, like the countryman. When the receiver

is placed on the cushion and the view down Lorelei No. 2 opens the trap on which it rests, removes the false hand, and inserts his own. Herrmann takes away the receiver, and the leader makes the promising-sounding speech, and then falls over, this movement being given to the supposed member by the young man in the cabinet leaning his head on one side. The third Lorelei plays the "Devil," and the artificial skeleton is worked by a galvanic battery behind the scenes.

"The Invisible Cameraman" is a trick in Herrmann's repertoire which causes a puzzle. A small glass box about nine by four inches is exhibited, containing a number of canaries. This is placed on one of the side tables, and a cage of ordinary size and appearance is passed among the audience, who are thus enabled to see that it is a perfectly empty. The cage is then suspended from two wires which are fastened to a couple of spring brass rods fixed in the centre table. Two large silk pocket-handkerchiefs are placed over cage and box, and Herrmann, standing at the side table, dresses a pistol, instantly withdraws the pocket-handkerchiefs, and shows the glass box empty and the cage full of canaries. For a long time this trick was a mystery, but the following is the explanation: The ordinary-looking cage has in reality a false top, or rather a false bottom to the top. The roof of the cage is pushed, and between its ridge and the bottom of the cage is what might be called a gutter. Before being placed on the stage the same number of canaries is therein confined as the box contains. The wires which hold the cage suspended are connected with a battery outside. The glass box is also peculiarly constructed. The sides are secured by brass rivets, joints, but the bottom and top are held together by wires concealed by these joints, and can at will be slid down until the top forms the bottom and the bottom hangs below, sustained by the corner wires, like the standards of a window. When the box is placed on the stage it rests on a spring-rod, and at the moment the pistol is fired Herrmann passes the spring, the trap descends, with it fall the sliding top and bottom of the box, and the canaries then descend into their quarters. The spring is released, the box returns again to its top and bottom in their places, and the canaries are left on the table. Simultaneously with this movement, the attendant ascending passes the bottom of the battery, the door of the cage "gutter" gives way, and the released black-fat drops down into the cage.

The fish-bowl trick is he no means a new one. The magician uses upon the stage a large fish tank, and his assistants usually shared upon towards his cage, a stout rubber cover that fits tightly over the rim of the bowl keeping both water and fish from escaping. The large handkerchief which he throws over his arm and shoulders is withdrawn and the rubber cover is removed, the cover, a devious pull at the edge of the rubber cover withdraws that, and this stamp cover grasped in the handkerchief is the reason why by that a new audience is required for each new feat. But Herrmann introduces frequently a clever novelty into his performance of this trick. The fishbowl when exhibited has curtains of some two or three inches high and shaped like a small tripod. It had seemed impossible that such an unsteady article could be sustained upon any one person. The tripod, however, is not the fixture it seems to be. To be sure it is erected on the bottom of the bowl, but all these legs are angled, so that when the tripod is along the bowl it is not there at all, without at all or materially increasing its bulk.

The new Southern Hotel is to be opened on the 1st of May. There is to be a grand ball, and the first guests will be the members of the National Foreign Agents' Convention, which is called to meet here at that time. The wood-work of the hotel is now complete, the plastering is done, and the fresco work is well advanced. The carpet and furniture have been ordered in New York, Sioux, the well-known dress, furnishing the interior. The landscape for the ladies' wardrobe, showing pictures, and old scenes in the hotel, will be of solid mahogany and the most expensive ever put into

a Western hotel, except, possibly, the Palace of San Francisco. The grand saloon parlor is where the time was in the old Southern, and the general arrangement of the hotel makes the present building roomy in the south end of the building, and just north of it is the ladies' saloon, which has a hall on opposite side and is almost rectangular in shape. It is an apartment by itself and need to describe. This will be the gem of the hotel and a source of beauty. The frescoing is begun, having much of gold and striking colors in it, and some paintings of some that have high artistic merit. The frescoing throughout the saloon rooms is of picture and scene without end, but in the latest design, and will, no doubt, be much admired. A parlor in the north-east corner is in the Anglo-Japanese style, and looks as light and airy as if it were made for a picture gallery. A striking and much to be praised feature of the whole building is the wood-work, which is done in soft white oak and ash, both kinds having been obtained in South-East Missouri, where they can be found in perfect perfection. Nowhere is there to be found any paint, but every door, every door-casing, every window-casing and window blind is in natural finish, showing the true colors and dressed only with a coating of varnish. It is the first time that such a thing has been done, but it is hoped that it is not the last.

The furnishing of the new Southern will cost \$500,000, and the building itself, with the ground, has cost nearly \$7,000,000, so that after it is opened it will represent a total cost of \$10,000,000. It is not yet known what the result will be of the new hotel, but the success is not far from being a certainty. The hotel is to be owned by Mr. George W. Jones with a few of the lessees. Another, and the only one so far known to the public, is Mr. James H. Bredin, of the Chicago House, New York. Mr. Bredin will have the immediate charge of the hotel.

The New Line Railroad is making special arrangements for Eastern travel this summer, and among other things the company are offering to carry on the New Line sleepers. Last week the "Saratoga" left here on its first trip, and it is described by the daily papers as being something wonderfully clean and convenient.

The Globe-Democrat is better than a gold mine. Last Sunday its value amounted to over 100,000 copies, and it had 25 editions of gold advertising. The paper, when it got out a half a million for every copy, so that they realized on that edition, from circulation alone, \$250,000. Every edition of advertising was probably worth \$100,000. The paper had a circulation of 100,000, which, with the news realized on circulation, would make a total of \$250,000. This estimate is more likely to be below the mark than above it, but, however that may be, the paper is one of the most successful of the kind in the United States. It is owned by Mr. J. H. McLaughlin, who has done a great deal of good for the world, and it is well managed.

And, speaking of newspaper management, it is not found to see how the steady old *Republican* faith behind the *Globe-Democrat*. Five years ago the *Republican* held the preeminence in both circulation and advertising. It was then a paper of 100,000 copies, and it was so much advertising as the *Globe-Democrat* had. And therefore the *Republican* is about the first newspaper in the country to lose the "news" and the "advertising" of the country. It is now a paper of 100,000 copies, and it is now a paper of 100,000 copies. That is, it is now a paper of 100,000 copies, and it is now a paper of 100,000 copies.

There is something in the management of a newspaper. There is always something that is well managed, but never any one who is a poorly managed. The *Globe-Democrat* has, in the first place, a very strong and influential business interest. It is owned by Mr. J. H. McLaughlin, who has done a great deal of good for the world, and it is well managed. The *Globe-Democrat* has, in the first place, a very strong and influential business interest. It is owned by Mr. J. H. McLaughlin, who has done a great deal of good for the world, and it is well managed. The *Globe-Democrat* has, in the first place, a very strong and influential business interest. It is owned by Mr. J. H. McLaughlin, who has done a great deal of good for the world, and it is well managed.

reformer, but he has that intuitive sense of journalism that enables him to know what will interest the world as it is, and this he exercises to the fullest capacity and in the most successful manner.

It was once said of a certain famous lady that "to know her was a liberal education." The same remark might, with slight limitations, be made to apply to a performance of *Odette* by the great Italian tragedian Salvini. He has evidently made not only the character, but every detail of the dress, a complete study. Never was just such an *Odette* presented to the eyes of the public before. I felt when he walked upon the stage that here indeed was the *Moor* himself, the veritable Ibrahim, half savage in spite of his association with the cultivated Venetians. And when he glided off the stage, his eye encircling the fair *Dodonno*, his fierce eyes gleaming upon her beauty, his white teeth glistening, I could think of nothing but a tender white hand lamently mated with a tiger, or Little Red Riding-hood tenderly solacing for the welfare of grandma Wolf.

And how thoroughly he kept up the appearance of the tigerish instincts of the Oriental savage. How he circled round his prey, the shrinking, fear-stricken *Dodonno*, with that peculiar soft, gliding motion, gradually narrowing the circle, until at one sudden spring he seizes her by the hair of the head and hurries her to the death-chamber. The scene was horrible enough to haunt one of a dark night and suggest the advisability of looking into corners and under the bed before blowing out the light.

If Signor Salvini is a bachelor it is not to be wondered at. No woman would ever have the nerve to marry him after witnessing his personation of the Jealous Moor. If he be a Benedict, I'll wager his wife never goes to see him act.

His costume, when he comes out appraised for the wars, is a study in itself. The loose trousers, the heavy, coarse fabric which forms his shirt, his breast-plate and side arms of glittering steel, are an exact reproduction of the costume of the warlike people of Morocco.

I think I never before heard so much inconsiderate applauding as there was on Monday night at the first Salvini performance. At least four or five different times was the intelligent part of the audience obliged to rise down this inexpressible and unkind applause. It is most annoying to me, and must be so to thousands of others, to have the illusion of reality upon the stage suddenly dispelled by loud and continuous clapping. The people might as well shout out at once, "That is well acted," "You are really very natural," &c., &c. Now, if I know anything about the art of acting, its perfection consists in causing the observer to forget that there is any art about it, and concluding him for the moment that he is looking upon real personages living their real lives before him. But how is this possible when at some sudden climax of passion, some moment of silent intensity, a crowd of excited admirers begin a noisy stamping and clapping. It always puts me in a rage, and I think it must be far from pleasing to any true artist, who cannot fail to know that it spoils the very effect which his genius is trying to produce. It is my opinion that in tragedy, at least, no applause should be received until after the curtain drops upon the last act. Then deign the actor with thunders of applause if you will. If he has succeeded in arousing your enthusiasm to that extent, has for a brief hour transported you from a world of commonplace into the realm of fancy and imagination, he deserves the expression of your appreciation and should have it.

Another great annoyance at the theatre is the conversation of the people about you during the performance. The first principle of good breeding is consideration for the feelings of others. Then it is very evident that a person who, through thoughtlessness or indifference prevents another from enjoying the enter-

tainment is transgressing the rules of politeness; and yet certain parties whom I could name as belonging to the "ton" of this city would regard with indignation the accusation which I might justly make against them of having been guilty of this very breach of good manners. If people of education and refinement cannot observe the simplest rules of social etiquette, what are we to expect from the ignorant classes? I might say something here about a party that occurred last night at Pope's Monday night, but for this once I'll forbear.

Says the latest fashion despatch: "The year honest as far as possible; it will keep your ears warm and you'll be in the height of the mode." That's just like the inconsistency of Dame Fashion. Had she been called out Christmas time, when the thermometer was sales below zero and unprotected ears were painfully conscious of the "nipping" qualities of the atmosphere, our helms might have appreciated it more, and for once utility and style might have joined hands. But attack the day! here is hot weather upon us, and every cardinal bonnet-string—they're nearly all some shade of red—is going to have a bloody street around a delicate throat, until our feminine population will be a constant suggestion of the suicidal razor or the Turkish bow-string.

Fashion, like history, repeats itself. The night-gown of *Dodonno*, a Venetian maiden of the fourteenth century, was caught together in front with a heavy cord and tassels, after the exact manner of which are nearly all the dresses of to-day known.

If having the authors of two well known cook books to help or further the enterprise avails anything, the *Cooking School* ought to be a success—indeed, should be permanent. The following are the contributors, in which all matters are referred, and from which information may be obtained: President, Mrs. C. R. Springer; Chairman, Mrs. T. T. Richards; Secretary, Miss McKinney; Treasurers, Miss Alice Litton, Miss Mary Moore; Household Committee, Mrs. Macomber, Mrs. East, Mrs. Springer and Mrs. Green; Billie of Fare, Mrs. John B. Henderson, Mrs. Chapman; Publication, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Springer, Mrs. Noyes, Mrs. Gaster, Mrs. Bill; Disposal of Cooked Food, Mrs. J. Louderson.

The can-can is a dance which is the last of its elegant, woeful for polite ears. But a reference by our Paris correspondence to the introduction of the character of Pomme into the drama of "Nana" recalls to my mind some recollections of the woman who was the inventor of this voluptuous and suggestive serpentine movement. About forty years ago there was a dispute between the French and British governments concerning the island of Tahiti, which was then ostensibly governed by a queen named Pomme. Tahiti and its princesses were then clothed simply in crowns of lotus-flowers and used to be a subject for chameleons and rusevilles. The evangelist Englishman, Fitchard, through jealousy of the over-mannered hostess, opposed the French naval officers who attempted to establish an Oriental province on the islands. He had laid, until they came, a *bonnet-maker's* paradise all to himself. The humble pie which the British government forced down Louis Philippe's throat gave rise to a state of feeling that rendered it all possible. Very little was understood by the Parisian public about Fitchard or his identity. They only knew that he emanated at the court of Queen Pomme the functions of ladies' doctor, Bible reader, and consul, and that there was a humiliating intonation in the demands of the Cabinet of Queen Victoria which were yielded to. To that diplomatic incident and the effect produced on the Parisian imagination by sketches which Admiral Duperre-Pompey gave of Queen Pomme and her maids of honor the world owes the can-can. A certain gibe, of an African type of beauty and African cast, adorning herself with long tresses and shaved head, which could procure no other, was hailed by the students of the *Casino des Lilas* as Pomme, a name she ever

went by. To celebrate her coronation she invented the can-can and performed it as she only could. Pomme became at once the *levra* talk. Immature authors, to prevent rank and fashion from flowing into these clinics from the theatres, used to send boy-tickets to her, and announce in the gazette when she had promised to avail herself of their interested attention. She also introduced the *poils* at the *Chambre*, where it is that she was to take the salute. But since Pomme in one of his novelties, but made her a *circus*-dancer. She was in the habit in the midst of her dances of throwing off a loose jacket and unfastening, by the removal of a cord-headed pin, a thick coil of black hair and letting it fall about her. Victor Hugo went to study Pomme at a dancing-salon. Theodore Gautier left a painted portrait of her. Theodore de Banville retains a very distinct recollection of this abort, about whom he wrote and Gustave Nadard sang, in connection with the Fitchard effort. The events of 1848 turned the tide from her in the dancing-garden. M. Paul de Villiers in vain called, "On with the dance!" to the Parisians, whom he did not like to see crowding in the streets and about the National Assembly. Pomme was seized with a mortal illness and died in a hospital. And such was the brief and chequered career of the inventor of the can-can.

The demands of society upon the time and attention of its devotees are such as to leave very little leisure for the cultivation of the higher faculties. Hence an excessive mentality is not looked for among what may be termed the really fashionable class. A few of its members, however, are thoroughly cultured, and, in spite of ever increasing ball and rout and *soirée*, manage to find time for improving reading, even though it be necessary to sandwich it between a fashionable afternoon reception and an evening at ball or opera. This, I understand, is the course pursued by a well-known society dame of Elysée Place and her talented young daughter. Some said books is selected, as for example "Macaulay's Essays," from which mother and daughter read out alternately while the other is making her toilette. No wonder Sir L. Lewis is obtaining a reputation for culture and progress when its ladies of fashion devote themselves with such ardor to the study of the English classics, and perhaps even employ the welcome blarney of the Linton season in the consideration of the more abstruse sciences and philosophy.

Spending of reading, how few people, comparatively, one needs who are great readers who have ever read all the poets, novelists, and essayists whose books go to make up what is considered polite literature, to say nothing of books of a higher order. I have frequently met with very intelligent and educated people who declared they could not read *De Quincey*, and any number who admitted that George Eliot was of very uninteresting, while scores of really educated people never read a line of poetry, having not the slightest appreciation of the beauty of rhythm and thought found inside the covers of our *Templetons*, *Longfellow's*, *Browning's*, and a host of others. They do not know what a world of enjoyment they are shut out from.

Editor of the Spectator:

No doubt you have been wondering if the "School for Cooking," or "Cooking School," had forgotten the readers of the *Spectator*. Not at all. But we had the David Crockett, "sure we're right," and then proceed. We expect to hold our sessions at Mary Institute, morning and afternoon, not longer than an hour and a half each. The price for the course will be \$5 for twelve lessons, or fifty cents a single lesson—that is for the morning class. For the afternoon class, which is devoted to "Fancy Cooking," the fee is \$10 for some number of lessons; and, as long as it may seem, there are more who wish to join the latter than the former class, and while it was limited in the beginning to twenty-five, the ladies of the community have been induced to fifty, and forty are already secured. This certainly speaks well for the enterprise and push of this charge.

Each lady is expected to bring her note-book and

pencil, as Miss Curzon wishes many of the points pointed down for future reference.

Not even the authors of "Cook Books" will be excepted, for the teacher believes that there are many minor points, essential to this good work, which are entirely overlooked, and when the time comes for the preparation of the article the cook has forgotten, and to the mistress, alas! it is floating in the air. And this reminds me that any one who wishes to know how to concoct or prepare any dish, and wish my information, can readily obtain it by applying to the "Household Committee," who will endeavor to see that all those little things so often passed by will be noticed, and many vexatious questions smoothed over. We hope we will be backward in recalling the merits of this help to domestic economy. Let us be humble and beyond what others do, let the ladies receive themselves to greater effort and help on this good cause, certainly far more tangible, and which will do far more good than any Sunday movement. Now don't forget April 14th—an inauguration far better than any President's, for we think that good cooking tends to make men better-natured than politics.

ETHELIA.

Salvini has an back road—no cerebellum development. How do the phrenologists account for his animal power and magnetic qualities?

Miss Marie Prescott, who has often shared the honors and applause with Salvini this week, is a Kentucky lady and is comparatively new to the stage. She has shown surprising talent as an actress while here, and will, no doubt, rapidly make her way into popular favor. Her *Ennio* in "Othello" is an exquisite piece of acting.

The assassination of the Czar of all the Russias so soon after the launching of his private steam yacht, the *Livadia*, recently built for him on the Black Sea, almost seems like the fulfillment of the poet's curse, as found in Schumann's line written upon that important occasion. I quote a couple of stanzas of the poem:

All eyes be about her, and all ill
Go with her; heaven be thick above her way,
The puff beneath her glad and sure of wing,
And, where'er her give be pointed, still
The winds of heaven take all one evil way.
Conspire even on her length of long to stay,
With murmur of wings to beat and ogle and pray,
And cheerless look whose white teeth scarce shall
With more than sinners' smiles more poisonous shall
The lazar of his kingdom toward the earth,
The doer of his kingdom toward the earth,
And though death be at the deadly hand,
Be it none achieve toward her that come both
Nightly, for day she knows all that have caused.

Till all time ceased for ever, and the sun
Be reamed of all the radiant suns laid
Out on his head, by all their senses ruffled,
Over its curved and crowned forehead, dumb
And blind and thick as though the more's more noise
All cease within it, and all conscience cold,
That hangs round tears of low imperial soul,
Like a snake in the folds of their dusky come
Or heat, fast bound of frozen pain, but
All nature's, as all true men's hearts to thee,
A two edged sword of judgment, have her be
And how at least for pilot career,
With death for enemies and despair for fate,
And the true world is shrouded for the White Czar.

Editor of the Spectator

Your attention is called to a few errors in your article about the Mayor's Guards in last Saturday's issue. No one was to make the corrections. Capt. Bull's Company was not organized in July 1872, as during the sixth Capt. Bull served as a corporal in Company A, St. Louis National Guard.

In the fall of 1878, the Mayor's Guard did not win second prize in the Fair arms contest, which will be the following officials: Capt. Bull's Guards, first prize, average 8.50; Company K, National Guard, second prize, average 8.53; Company E, Mayor's Guards, third prize, average 1.78. This can hardly be called "giving the famous Chicago a close run for first honors." With the exception of a petty contest at

Jefferson City, their "subsequent trials" are recorded with an 6. If this record constitutes them "the crack company of St. Louis," please give us the standing of K Company, National Guard, whose record at home and abroad makes them the only rivals of the famous Chicago in the United States. With these few exceptions the article may be considered as stating facts. Please correct and greatly oblige.

"THEODORE JAMES."

The speech of Judge J. H. O'Neill, at the Knights of St. Patrick banquet last night, was infinitely long and tiresome; that of Col. A. W. Shayback impromptu and more humorous at times than people suppose him capable of; that of Judge John D. Finney earnest and sensible; that of Mr. John W. Norton, Scotch well-spoken, and interesting; that of Mr. H. W. Hogan full of Irish eloquence, and that of Mr. H. T. Kent as gentle and pleasing as a brook, with all the sweet tones of spring and love.

The new press to be put up by the *Post-Dispatch* is of the latest design and is the second one of the kind made by Hoe & Co., the first of the pattern being in use by a Boston morning journal. It is a perfecting machine and prints, plates, folds, and counts. The *Post-Dispatch* press is the first one to have this last feature, which gives all the completeness required. It is to print thirty thousand folio sheets per hour, or fifteen thousand quarto sheets, and will be the first and most expensive printing machine ever by any other journal or newspaper, or in the United States. Evening journals are a success in St. Louis.

Mr. M. A. Rosenblatt will probably be the Republican nominee for Collector. He is the most efficient man in that place the city has had for many years, and has made himself very strong with the people, who want to see the taxes carefully gathered. The *Spectator* trusts Mr. Rosenblatt for Congress for the reason that Mr. Thomas Allen was thought to be a better man for the place, but the position of Collector is quite different, and is one for which Mr. Rosenblatt has proved himself so well fitted that he ought to be retained.

LITERARY NOTES.

Admirers of Stagnard Brooke will be glad to know that George H. Ellis has in press a new volume of his sermons entitled "Faith and Freedom," for the most important representation of religion that thought which has yet appeared. The selections have been made chiefly from "The Fight of Faith," "Freedom in the Church," and other collections of Mr. Brooke's later sermons, which have never been published in this country, and may be fairly taken to represent his general religious position, which has become a matter of so much interest by reason of his withdrawal from the Church of England. The volume will contain Mr. Brooke's recent letter to his congregation, and the sermon "Satan without Scars," in which he defined his reasons for leaving the church, together with an introduction upon his life and the significance of his new departure. The volume will be ready for publication about April 1st.

George H. Ellis will issue, about March 25, a new volume by Mr. Savage, entitled, "Belief in God." Contents: 1. Introduction. 2. Origins and Development of the Idea of God. 3. Does God exist? 4. Can we know God? 5. Is God Conscious, Personal, and Good? 6. Why does not God reveal Himself? 7. Shall we worship God? 8. Shall we pray to God? 9. The Gift and the Shame of Attraction. These sermons have attracted very wide attention and excited the profoundest interest, as they have been delivered and published in pamphlet form. They are generally regarded as the best work which Mr. Savage has yet done, and their publication in next book form should insure their reaching thousands for the thousands who have heard them or read them in the "Valley Pulpit." The book will be a small thin volume, with "Talks about Jesus," etc., and will be published at \$1.

J. R. Lippincott & Co. have in press a new novel from the German of Otto Reppert, entitled "Conrad Hagen's Mistake," and a volume of travels by Major Septus Titius, under the name, "How I Crossed Africa."

COL. DONAN'S CHICAGO LETTER.

CHICAGO, March 14, 1880.

Did you ever go shopping with a girl? No! Well, your life is a useless waste. I have been; went with the other day with a typical Chicago damsel; and ah, lawyers, news, but it is fun. Trying like a fairy, or a seamstress, or a fly-by-the-crowd, from a store to shop for millinery to necessaries-molders. Patterning and patterning to and fro, and all promiscuous haphazard of mind-distracting fabrics and inconspicuous wares. Gliding hither and thither and swarming over ponder, holding mysterious discussions, in whispers, over interminable seamless flannelshirts. Chattering across counters, with pale-eyed and blue-necked expedites, in regard to quality, style, finish, durability, and price of a hundred do-mung articles, such as no well-regulated bachelor's optics ever beheld.

STRANGE IMPLEMENTS OF TORTURE, relics of the Inquisition, compounded of steel and whalebone, cypher-bands and cords, resembling the strait-jackets used in the case of insanity, at which beyond my power to imagine what they are for or where they go. Inspecting bottle-neck-bard shoes, in which Thomas of Ephesus or the Venus de Medici would look like a lame one. Darting here and there and everywhere, a broken crowd and ways of one, of a leading salesman. Tumbling and mousing up the wondrous products of every loom and mill. Stirring around in endless masses of shattered raincoats. Marvelling at long-sleeved silk and cotton gloves with perforated stripes. Trying examining long-fingered gloves of floral and vegetable monstrosities, botanical impossibilities. Rummaging among acres of yellow millie plaids and blue and white ones. Marvelling at tropic trousers with ribbons and daisies. Opening, buttoning, and shutting.

GILL-SPANNED AIRY NOTINGS

Known as fans, of which a million would not be worth a pointed fan for all practical purposes, but so many valuable in flirtations and first-class fainting tableaux. Sauntering into establishments whose horridly airy garb of scalp, black, white, brown, Auburn, jet-black and spun muskine, gray and flaxing red, would make a Kichipoo or Sioux Kichipoo's first eye stare with ecstatic admiration. Thumbing long nonexistent deluded hairbrushes, though no more fit for scullion-servant than they are for tabby-cats or sea-monsters. Glancing at the "dainty wigs," who amuse themselves as they do, and who do not know of the crowded corners. Trying kid gloves made of cat, rat, dog, and squirrel skins. Examining tiny gold watches, eighteen-brush-outlet-pink, full-dressed with links, any size gold and small gold, and warranted to last three hours to any ordinary cathedral clock's outburst. Pummeling with peck-buckets of combs, pearls, amethysts, and diamonds, all palling their ineffectual fires before the radiant eyes of our fair and lovely pilot and her friends. And finally purchasing a spoon of thread.

A PAGE OF PESS.

and a package of caramels. Ah, luckless wretch, who never has been, just me and imagine what you have missed.

Do you ask why she was out shopping in the Lenten season? Preposterous question! Are you a man of mature years and name, and do you demand a reason for anything a girl does, or may do, and especially for a Chicago girl? If she had a thousand reasons, it reasons were as plenty on her tongue as bees in a buck-wheat-patch or ignoramus in Congress, she would give you none except "because." What cares she for Lent? She is a healthy nation, and she needs forty days and forty nights as for holy time given to a gracious Providence to pick out an Easter bonnet and all the countenances of gorgeous plumage. It is simply a beautiful-pink that the Christian world— which does not include Chicago—takes between the walls,

route, suppers, and elegant music, the theaters, operas, and wild frivolities and dissipated times and seasons, and the yachting, strolling, luncheoning, fishing, and flirtation of the summer lake and seaside holidays, places of giddy fancy.

My sleeping friend may have been a little oblivious to the proprieties of the occasion, times and seasons, etc., may have been a little regardless of the trouble she gave a thousand bothered and overworked clerks and saleswomen; but she is a pretty fair specimen of that gay and gaudy, empty, rattling, straining, evanescent mod which

CAUSE FIFTEEN SOCIETY.

finds a substitute for pleasure in an eternal round of folly. Without taste, manners, or morals, it sets itself up as "the model of fashion and the glass of form." It constitutes itself the patron-a-dieu of literature, science, and art. With an appreciation of narratives and kingdome, strange waltzes, and Mark Twain, it settles the fate of dramas and Italian operas, and essays to make and unmake the Tyndals and Huxleys, the historians, poets, philosophers, and editors of the age. If society could be bought at its real value, and sold at its own estimate of itself, the net profit would pay all the national debts in the universe before to-morrow's sun went down, and leave surplus enough to endow all the old maids in Christendom on the Burdett-Conte plan with bay-windows, gas, young husbands, and every modern improvement. There is

BEANS ENOUGH IN ITS CEREALS

to run all the kettle-families in creation for a thousand years, and furnish backbones of all the leading cars for a trumpet as whose blast the heavens could roll away as a scroll, and Sonny Tilden and the Bonnier Overlating asphixians as frisky as the young lilywhites around old Aleck Stephens and Susan B. Anthony rode for saddle-romances when they went to the theatre in the shadow of Ararat, before Methuselah was born.

The fact is that, as American alleged great men reverse all the laws of optics and grow smaller the nearer you get to them, society loses its charms as one grows familiar with it, unless one is cut out by nature for it, in which case he is cut out from everything else. It has recently met with a conspicuous instance of

ITS ARMED STANDARDS OF ESTIMATION.

In the case of a young gentleman who is yet destined to make his mark in the history of the country. He is of the highest family standing and connection, one of its brothers being a famous Presbyterian doctor of divinity. He himself possesses brilliant talents, and, having sufficient personal pudibundia to be man, and being blessed with an ample fortune, he entered society in Chicago with everything in his favor. The doors of every charmed circle swung open for him. Eminent matrons smiled tenderly upon him, and there was no petal but he did not show marked interest in it he did and said. He was one of society's special pets and darlings. But presto, change! In some bold expedition the curls went wrong, and in a few years ago his entire fortune was swept away. He found himself reduced in a day to absolute poverty. Never did summer butterflies dash at the bowling of the first windy blasts more quickly than all his begonia of society friends. He found himself

ETTERED DISRESPECTED AND ALONE

In the world, which would only a few hours before seemed swarming with his admirers, he was deserted, his tailors. All the lavish hospitalities ceased, and in a week or two all mention of his name had died away upon tips that had been profligate of pledges of studying respect.

He was a merry and a loving fellow, and after the first stunning stroke at the fidelity of his trusted friends was over, he went to work with a will that was determined never to lack what he had earned for himself a far larger place than he had held before. He studied law under the tuition of one whose name and name are more than enough to give credit. For two years he labored night and day, without one evening of encouraging word from his hosts of former society friends. Recently he concluded and won two great cases, in which human lives were at stake. The

trials were exciting and dramatic. The court-rooms were jammed. Vast audiences went and cheered him. The papers rang with praises of his genius, his eloquence and skill. His name was in everybody's mouth; and to his sweet society friends have again remembered him. Bouquets, notes, invitations to dinners and suppers, and recitations upon the stage, and young people whose doors were closed to him during all the time he needed friends. Need I tell you that he scorns their hollow courtesies and scoffs at the silliness and selfishness of what is known as society? I would like to give you his name, but I know his modesty, which is only equalled by his merit, would revolt at the idea, and so forbear.

AMUSEMENTALLY.

We are woefully dull, Fanny Davenport and Lotta being the only breaks in the monotony of stupid variety shows and "nigger" minstrelsy.

The streets are shocking and the river soap-spectating.

Col. Jay L. Torrey, one of the brightest young lawyers in St. Louis, paid us a visit Saturday and Sunday, and leaves for home to-morrow. He gives it up. He has seen more people in Chicago in three days than he ever saw at home in as many weeks. Like all young men from the country, he is apt to stop on the street-corners to wait for the crowd to get by, thinking the churches or the theatres have just dismissed their congregations.

Gen. Grant is to be here this week, on his way to Mexico, a land in which his name is a power and his influence more potent than that of any ten thousand other men on this side of the Rio Grande. He will probably be in St. Louis about the last of the week.

P. DONAH.

PAUL LITTIER

"NANA," AND ZOLA'S ATTEMPT AT REALISM ON THE STAGE.

[Special Correspondence of the Spectator.]

PARIS, March 8, 1881.

The dramatization of Zola's "Nana" has not proved such a success as was anticipated by the great French apostle of realism even in fifth, and M. Bismarck, his adapter, and M. Chabrilat, his manager, have been disappointed. It is true the first night's performance of this much advertised play attracted a more than usually brilliant Parisian audience, but since the first week the *Auditorium-Comique* has not by any means been overthrown. It was Zola's desire to produce the same realism on the stage that he indulges in when writing his much-overrated novels, and as a consequence the Parisians were all going with expectation. To say that they have been disappointed is to say very mildly. The dramatization after all lacked homogeneity. The drama is simply a series of episodes which have, as it were, been culled from the novel. It is inordinately long and consists of ten tableaux, which may be briefly summarized. The first tableau is located by Nana's suit of apartments. It is the day after her debut, and her admirers are visiting her and overhauling her with congratulations. The hotel of *Comte Mafat* is the second tableau, and the various characters in the drama are introduced to the public. *Philippe Renouard* responds generally. *Comte Mafat* shows the first evidence of his infatuation for the star, while her other admirers express their rapture in frenzied phrases. The next episode exemplifies Nana's coquetry and introduces the *Comte's* declaration of all of which people are the progeny of the theatre. The fourth tableau is specially fascinating from a scenic point of view. There is a break of real water, and also a mechanical right-angle which warbles an accompaniment during the love duel between Zola and Nana. The scene represents the ruins of *Chateau de la Roche de l'Archeveque de Villars* represents the fifth tableau. Nana is in the full month of her fortune. *Philippe* implores Nana to release his young brother from her clutches. This vividly recalls the scene between *Camille* and *Dont* just before the latter beseeches *La Dame aux Camille* to save his life by rescuing him. An effective incident in this tableau is the introduction of *Powery*, the old *châtaigne*, whose somewhat appearance and her casting of the horseshoe of the fortune-favored courtesan is one of

the best scenes in the entire play. The privilege of Nana's fall is the subject of the next tableau, which is the grand stand at Longchamps. Here the modern *Aspasie* is turned out of the ring, while none of her admirers concludes a word or offers her his escort. In the seventh tableau the courtesan's star has set. It is Nana's husband. Her creditors besiege her; she is incorporeal; the *Comte* is ruined; *Mafat* cannot liquidate her debts and receives his *compte*; *Philippe* has stolen money to squander on his mistress, when he is overthrown by Nemesis and arrested; *George*, the boy lover, stabs himself in the breast; *Camille*, the mother who carries out her son, hurls a fearful anathema on the *deu-mundus* head; the old *Marquis de Chavard* brings the fifty thousand francs to save the woman; the *Comte*, his son-in-law, surprises him, and exclaiming, "Comte!" puts his mistress aside. The eighth and ninth tableaux illustrate the exploit and end of a family. The *Mafats* have lost everything; the portals of a convent receive their daughter; *Sardanapalus* is recalled by the *Comte* and *Comtesse*, who perish in the flames of their hotel, to which they have set fire. The tenth and final tableau is in the Grand Hotel, Room 208. Nana, no longer the snail-pace from her son; her face is covered with the scabs and pustules, yellow and green, of that loathsome disease. Friendless and alone, deserted by every one, she expires horribly in front of the foot-lights. And this is the end of the comedy in a courtesan. The sixth tableau, in which the *Comtesse Mafat* applies a match to the window-curtain and is burned to death in her husband's arms, was cut out after the first act, as the fire scene was not nearly so effective as was anticipated. Mlle. Massin, who undertakes the rôle of Nana, is far from being a great actress, although she plays her part very well. She is a tall and well-made blonde with a generous bust and fine arms. She has some subtlety, and in the scene where Nana breaks with the *Comte de Mafat* acts with considerable nervous energy and a cleverly chosen and appropriate *air de tête*. But she is not natural enough for Nana; and in any case, the picture of such an enchantress seducing everybody by her vitality and charm would be extremely difficult to realize on the stage. In the tenth tableau Mlle. Massin, her beautiful features disfigured by the ravages of the loathsome disease, jumps out of bed, runs about the stage, shakes, has a rattle in her throat, and dies with a horrible shriek, while through the windows come the strains of "Blue Danes" played by the orchestra of some neighboring *off chateau*. Daily plays the part of the banker, *Steuart*, a most unusual character. And was the *Comte Mafat*, an impenetrable sketch. *Philippe Renouard* is taken by Delavray, and is admirably played. The *Comte* is personated by Laressonnière. As before stated, the most dramatic episode in the play is not in the novel at all. This is where *Powery*, a beggar, is gloriously depicted by Mlle. Florentine, struts into an apartment where Nana and her gay friends are assembled, and, encouraged by a glass of brandy in addition to money, goes up to the hero and says, "Forty years ago, my girl, you and I would have danced together!" Then she seizes *Renouard*, a reigning toast in the time of Louis Philippe, and in a dramatic speech tells how her brilliant and licentious life was followed by a wasting disease, want, repulses, beggary. She is hurried away as she becomes too insistent, too free, and too suggestive of the possible end of her impudently boldness. This scene evokes about the only genuine applause of the performance. The first six tableaux are inoffensively dull and inept, and the supposed realism is most unrealistic. "Nana" as a drama teaches nothing convincing. It has no mission; it does not tend to educate. It is another step in the direction of the *Comte de Villars* who is harrying the Parisian public—materialism and realism. And materialism and realism depict only the lower phases of our nature. As preached and practiced by Zola, its greatest evangelist, it reveals in consciousness, immorality, and sin. A lofty idealism, however, is lacking. It is distinctly a downward step in the drama when such plays are produced and portrayed.

Y. C. H.

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THE SPECTATOR.

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It is a good idea not to talk before you know what you are talking about. This was exemplified by the discussion which recently took place relating to the action of the School Board regarding married teachers. Quite a degree of indignation was worked up by editorialists and communications in the daily press. It was understood that the board had resolved to discharge all married teachers, to employ no more, and to discharge all who should hereafter marry. But the indignation cooled down, the enthusiasm died out, and the writers of cards and editorials subsided, on the publication of a statement by the president of what the board had really done. This action was simply that when a lady teacher marries she by that act offers her resignation. Whether this resignation will be accepted will be a question which will be decided upon each case as it occurs. A *Republican* editorial on this subject, which was rather vague, not to say muddy, in its composition, seemed to base an argument against the rule upon the idea that it was aimed at a class. The writer objected to a general rule referring to all persons of a like condition. A teacher should be employed or discharged upon her individual merits. A rule referring to teachers of a certain sex or condition was *obnoxious* because it did not discriminate between those fitted and qualified for the work. But this does not follow. Experience has taught that males are better fitted for the principalships of one large school than females. Hence it has been the policy of the board to appoint males to such positions. Is that policy an unjust discrimination? And yet there may be cases, and doubtless are, where females have done equally as good work as principals. Again, it has been found that it was more desirable to employ females as subordinate teachers. Hence the Normal School is not open to males. Is that an unjust discrimination? We have no doubt that males could be found who would meet all the requirements for subordinate teachers. Experience has shown the board that a large proportion of teachers marrying do not give value received for their pay, owing to obligations which they necessarily assume. The board adopts a rule which affects those

teachers as a class, but carefully controls the subject by making it a matter of discretion as to the acceptance of the resignation when it comes. Finally, let this general truth be understood: When a woman marries she should look to her husband for a living, and not herself. If he is not able to support her, she had better not marry him until he is.

THE DRAMA.

SALVINI.

The great event of the week, dramatically, has been the engagement of Salvini, the great Italian tragedian, at Pope's. In three different roles has this incomparable artist of modern days delighted the most cultured and intellectual audiences ever gathered together in St. Louis. First came his *Othello*, a performance which was repeated at the matinee to-day; then the *Gladiator*, and lastly *Macbeth*. It was in the season of 1874-1875 that Salvini last visited this city, when he played at the Bar's Theatre. Then he was supported by an Italian company. An innovation was made during the present engagement, and bilingual representations were given, Salvini employing the soft, melodious tones of his native Italy while the other members of the troupe spoke in English. The plan has been found to work admirably. All of Salvini's imperiousness bear the imprint of dramatic genius. His wonderful *Macbeth*, ever approaching more and nearer the doomed wife, the glare of those eyes, betraying his devilish intent, and the ferocity with which he at last dragged her to her death by the hair of her head, were startling in their awful frankness. It was a human giant slaying his prey, and at last with one fell blow girding his animal rage. What a wonderful transition there was as he appeared from behind the tapestry. The cold, hard, burning glare of his eyes, those more dead the devil's own, as with steel-like spring he thrust a sword between the arch-thief, the traitorous *Yago*. Then, in the last episode of this grand tragedy, the nobility of *Othello's* nature resuscitated itself. What a depth of passion, what a devastating cry came from him in his last speech. The climax was reached when he seized by the throat the insidious Aseptic Turk and, drawing his sword, passed across the stage, flung it to the wall, and said: "The death was horrible in its awful position. No one but Salvini could enact such a horrible scene. As the steel blade passed across his throat the gurgling at the first moment knew the death was not violent. As the body lay upon the stage life was not yet extinct, each muscle beat with nervous energy, the quivering gradually ceased as the limbs stiffened with the rigidity of death, and the corpse lay upon the face of the tragedy. Although the tragedy was not yet over, it predominated after the earlier acts, Salvini showed his mastery of the tenderest confidence in the first stages of the play. His face was suffused with fading rapture as he feigned *Ishmael* in his arms, and his voice, descending in its loneliness. In his apology to the Senators Salvini spoke the noble lines with easy eloquence, grace, and full of the phrase, "I read it in speech." There was nothing ostentatious in the effort, and therein lies the difference from the tragedians of the past. *Macbeth* ("The Gladiator") a different play, by the way, from McCullough's "Gladiator." Salvini's wonderful art was again evidenced. His rare skill was again illustrated in his *Macbeth*, which was entirely dissimilar to that of *Othello*. One word I must say in conclusion. Salvini is the first actor who has costumed *Othello* exactly according to the era and class in which he lived. This costume attire is his own. It is marvellous and new. His costume never a perfect study, all the company little can be said in praise except for Miss Marie Prescott who was good, and the only one possessing nobility. Miss Ellen Wilson and Miss Julia Stuart were intelligent and good. The other actors were all good. Their roles. Mr. H. A. Weaver is an old-time actor whose *Iago* was excellent. Nothing could be more from his rare artistic or more out of phase than Mr. H. Crisp's

out of an Oriental race—a hidden tigerish instincts. Next Salvini, the central figure of the *Macbeth* rebellion, was a Hindu of intellectually, culture, and refinement, but, once the seeds of hate implanted in his breast by the faulst instincts of the British, he became the incarnation of devilish nature. He with *Othello*. He is metamorphosed under the hands of the treacherous ancient into a barbarian, with all his brute instincts. So far, then, Salvini certainly is not untrue to nature. His portrayal is the most graphic coloring the effects of jealousy. The continuing passions of his soul transform him into a wild beast. In his blind rage and despair the un governable brutishness of man's baser nature overmasters all else. He wreaks his vengeance on his hapless victim with diabolical intent. The fury awakened in the Venetian soldier's mind is first witnessed in the scene with *Iago*, where Salvini and doubly supports upon the lighter and, self-willed his head from his body, hurls him to the ground, and in his Titanic outburst is about to trample him under foot. The applause which greeted this display of violence by the actor was terrific. But of far greater merit, and evincing the perfection of his art, was the wonderful play of facial expression during the two scenes with *Iago*. The struggle of the soul between faith and doubt of his so lately wedded and wedded wife was reflected in every varying detail on his mobile features. The agonizing struggle of soul and sense conscience therein. It was a convincing proof of the genius of the actor. The scene where *Othello* murders *Ishmael* was another marvellous bit of acting. The cold, hard, burning glare of his eyes, those more dead the devil's own, as with steel-like spring he thrust a sword between the arch-thief, the traitorous *Yago*. Then, in the last episode of this grand tragedy, the nobility of *Othello's* nature resuscitated itself. What a depth of passion, what a devastating cry came from him in his last speech. The climax was reached when he seized by the throat the insidious Aseptic Turk and, drawing his sword, passed across the stage, flung it to the wall, and said: "The death was horrible in its awful position. No one but Salvini could enact such a horrible scene. As the steel blade passed across his throat the gurgling at the first moment knew the death was not violent. As the body lay upon the stage life was not yet extinct, each muscle beat with nervous energy, the quivering gradually ceased as the limbs stiffened with the rigidity of death, and the corpse lay upon the face of the tragedy. Although the tragedy was not yet over, it predominated after the earlier acts, Salvini showed his mastery of the tenderest confidence in the first stages of the play. His face was suffused with fading rapture as he feigned *Ishmael* in his arms, and his voice, descending in its loneliness. In his apology to the Senators Salvini spoke the noble lines with easy eloquence, grace, and full of the phrase, "I read it in speech." There was nothing ostentatious in the effort, and therein lies the difference from the tragedians of the past. *Macbeth* ("The Gladiator") a different play, by the way, from McCullough's "Gladiator." Salvini's wonderful art was again evidenced. His rare skill was again illustrated in his *Macbeth*, which was entirely dissimilar to that of *Othello*. One word I must say in conclusion. Salvini is the first actor who has costumed *Othello* exactly according to the era and class in which he lived. This costume attire is his own. It is marvellous and new. His costume never a perfect study, all the company little can be said in praise except for Miss Marie Prescott who was good, and the only one possessing nobility. Miss Ellen Wilson and Miss Julia Stuart were intelligent and good. The other actors were all good. Their roles. Mr. H. A. Weaver is an old-time actor whose *Iago* was excellent. Nothing could be more from his rare artistic or more out of phase than Mr. H. Crisp's

dellation of Cæsar. The others need no mention, as they were all below mediocrity.

On Thursday evening *Salvati* appeared as *Macbeth*. His interpretation of the role was marked with the same mysterious traits which distinguish all that he does. His facial expression was wonderful. The soliloquy to the dagger was delivered in the most artistic method. In the murder, banquet, and battle scenes his marvellous art was displayed most effectively. The two-handed combat with sword and claymore was very badly executed, and all the effects of the scene were destroyed by the blunders and ridiculous incapacity of the fighters. I am surprised that *Salvati* should not have worked the combat up more artistically. It is a great defect, and mars the entire scene. There is one fault which is conspicuous in the Italian, and that is his stage stride. His walk is of the old-fashioned semi-dramatic "staggy" style. In some parts of *Macbeth* his peculiar shabbiness, patchwork shoes were in artistic harmony with his conception, notably where the Moor strangles *Donalbain*; but this strident gait spoiled the dagger episode in "Macbeth." This walk is evidently a mannerism of which the great actor is unable to rid himself. A genuine Italian, his behaviour in gesticulatory action is likewise somewhat observable, which, while natural to the Moor or the extensible people of Southern Europe, is scarcely a habit of the sunny Scots. The engraving of Italian gesticulation on *Macbeth* seemed strange, and partook also somewhat of the nature of a mannerism. Miss Prescott's *Lady Macbeth* was a signal failure, while *Cripp's Moor* was a facsimile of his *Ned Shagstone*, as was his *Cæsar*. The other characters were poorly sustained. One remark I must make concerning the *Salvati* performances, and that is the inordinate length of the "waits" between the acts. On Monday and Thursday the "waits" occupied nearly as much time as the actual performance. The consequence was that every one felt tired and wearied, and lost interest in the performance. A word of praise must be accorded for the excellent stage setting, especially of "The Gladiator." Mr. Ernest Albert, the scenic artist, deserves credit for his splendid work.

"THE GUNBOAT."

Three performances of the humorous comedy of "The Gunboat" were given on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday last. "The Gunboat" was first produced in London, and was the production of a Mr. Lushington, about whose identity there is much dispute, and whose name is generally believed to be a *non de phrase*. In New York the comedy was presented at Wallack's, where it also met with success. The play is of the "farce" or "vaudeville" type, and is rather unoriginal, and all the fun arises from the misapprehensions of the various characters as to the identity of each other. But the story is well told, while the action is brisk and the few newer gags. The dialogue is exceedingly brilliant, witty, and pungent, and in this respect can claim precedence over any other recent production. The comedy is occasionally English in detail. Some of the dramatic persons are sketched with fairly finely characteristic. Mr. *Batterdown*, the noted manufacturer, is the role which in London made the greatest hit. Mr. David James is the most defensible of somewhat London local character, and in his hands the part is a study. Mr. Weaver, however, while he played it fairly to Pope's, had evidently not been able to crystallize the author's conception. *Freddy Batterdown* was taken by Mr. Crip, whose personation was really admirable. It is the best bit of acting Mr. Crip has done here, and shows that he is better fitted for comedy than for the legitimate. Mr. W. F. Green, as *Thacker Macintosh*, the boat-builder, made the hit of the performance. His "make-up" was excellent, his facial expression splendid, and his little bits of business were remarkable by good, and elicited in a few choice artistic thoughts.

Mr. Kitley was an average "Punch." The comedy was a good one, and was acted by Mr. T. M. Hunter, Mr. A. D. Phillips' *Tellus* was a good performance, well-defined in his outlines. *Gregory*, a grocer, was played by Mr. J. H. King, and it was a most finished rendition. Mr. King sang the part to the life, and it was more than mortified in all its

details. Mrs. E. L. Davenport was natural and easy as Mrs. *Macintosh*. Miss Wilton was an interesting *Corrie*, and Miss Julia Stuart was a bewitching *Kate*. "The Gunboat" is full of numerous humor; it excites during all the three acts, and keeps the audience in one continual state of mirth.

"M'ISS."

"M'ISS; Or, The Child of the Sierras," is one of those sensational dramas of the wild Western mining districts, which contains an abduction, a murder, a typical villain, a rough diamond as the protector of virtue, a drunken father, and one or two comic characters drawn in as lightest lines to the main line, which the whole forms a frame in which is mounted the heroine—an undisciplined, mouth, self-willed girl with a generous heart and instinct for what is good and right—a waif far from civilization, a mixture of boldness and goodness, who can sing, dance, receive, skip and jump, and cut up other capers not particularly feminine in themselves, for the decoration of the rocky caverns. The child of the Sierras is the heroine, *M'iss*. It is what is called a subergetic part and it is the role in which Annie Pixley, for the last season or two, has been starring the country with much success. *M'iss* is a wild girl of the mountains with an experience of animal tricks which find vent in song and dance and comic tricks. The part is peculiarly fitted for the special qualities of Miss Pixley. She is a singer of more than the average subergetic culture, dances nimbly, and acts with a *coze* and spirit which carries the piece through successfully. The humor lies in her distinctly feminine utterances and actions, which are placed in strong juxtaposition to those of that "white girl" *Clytie*, and it is interpreted in a thoroughly broad vein by Miss Pixley. This actress evinces decided talent for this order of entertainment, and she keeps her audience in a continuous state of laughter by her amusing oddities. Her weakness lies in the emotional and pathetic passages. *Falcons* is not all in her line, but in bright, broadly comic scenes she abides to advantage. As *M'iss* Pixley is a success. *Yule Ball*, the stage driver, a bluff old fellow, is personated by Mr. John E. McElmough, who is an actor of the old school. His bluntness is staggy, while he mouths in the old style. He is the leave producer of the family of the mountain, and he, of course, the immediate family of the comedy. *Judge Beesinger* was well played by Mr. H. C. Daly. *Old Deaneer Smith*, the father of *M'iss*, was taken by Mr. William Johnson, whose delineation of the victim to drink was not without merit. *Joan Pithon*, "the grocer" and arch-foe of the play, was fairly presented in rather a humorous way by Mr. S. Robinson. Andrew Walton as *Trinidad Fahn*, a travelling showman, evinced fair power as a comedian. *John Gray*, the schoolmaster, was intelligently rendered by Mr. Lisa Harris. *Clytie Mopier*, the rival of *M'iss*—an impossible character in the body—was presented quickly and effectively by Miss Virginia Bradford, while Miss Florence Robinson can hardly be called a success as *Miss Smith*, the adventures. In its entirety, however, "M'iss" runs very smoothly and is full of fun, while the dramatic incidents are numerous and sensational. It is the kind of play which is the favorite of popular audiences, and certainly no better exponent of *M'iss* could be found than Miss Pixley.

HERMANN.

The Great Hermann is now one of the very cleverest, and probably the cleverest professor of the Black Art of the day. As a prestidigitator he is entirely unexcelled, and his purely athletic and trickery are marvellous in dexterity and shrewdness. His feats are executed without any bungling or delay, and to the uninitiated they are wonderful. Hermann is now assisted by Miss Addie, and the hosting in the air and other phenomena best which he performs with her show that he is a veritable prince of wit. It cannot be expected that new tricks can be invented on successive evenings, for the magic art has reached such proportions that to discover new and striking illusions is almost impossible. But the same feats varied and executed in different form always delight the lovers of magic. Of Hermann's skill the most skeptical are

soon convinced, and the ease with which his fingers can deceive the eye is marvellous. In addition to the swiftness and cleverness which characterize his tricks, Hermann is himself very entertaining. He is perfectly at home upon the stage and is provided with a fund of happy sayings which are always provocative of hilarity. The entertainment also includes a ventriloquist display by Val Vose, the man of many voices, who is exceedingly clever at his specialty, and also the three wonderful Loretas in their grotesque capers and antics as cills in Impromptu. The Loretas are phenomenal and must be seen to be appreciated. By the intervention of the ventriloquist and the dances beside Mrs. Addie's remarkable performances, the evening's programme is varied and all monotony is avoided. As a proof of how the eye and senses may be deceived by a dexterous and skilled conjurer Hermann's wonders are unrivaled.

CHAS. H.

ART.

THE IDEAL ASPECT OF HOME ADORNMENT.

I can imagine the smile of incredulity which will overpass the features of many who may chance to read the above heading, but that there is a moral aspect to the question of home adornment I shall endeavor to demonstrate in the course of this article. The beauty with which vice adorns itself is a prolific source of danger to the unwary. The gambling-hells into which the unsuspecting are enticed are often marvellous of sumptuous elegance. The tiger is clothed in a garment of bewitching beauty, the claws alternating between the softest white and brilliant gold. His claws are encased in dainty cushions, and no sound is awakened by his powerful tread. His attendants are polite and gentle in their manners; their reinment is of faultless cut and the rarest dials; their language is choice, and nothing is allowed to offend the eye or ear. The pictures are reproductions of masterpieces, and not infrequently the original works of the greatest living artists. But a short time ago a New York gambler sold his collection of pictures for about \$100,000. The machinery with which they rob their victims is of the most expensive make, and everything is conducted in the most deferential and courteous manner. They strip the poor fool of his money in so artistic and apologetic a manner that he feels ashamed to hint at possible unfairness.

The elegance of drinking-salons has become proverbial. The man who would set up a so-called respectable gambling-hall must be possessed, not only of the means with which to buy the liquor and the paraphernalia of the bar, but he must make his place attractive and elaborate one of the rules of good taste. The most exquisite example of interior decoration which I have seen in this city is in a room occupied as a first-class dress-hoop. The wood-work is not grained as in nearly all private dwellings, but of maple white with malachite in tasteful and artistic patterns. The wall-paper is a delicious combination of harmonious colors, unobtrusive and restful to the eye. The walls are adorned by reproductions of celebrated pictures by Melosier, Grosse, Elbert, Bognarova, Kossak, and other artists of equal celebrity. There is a suitable set of all sorts of furniture of the latest design, and the most perfect decorum may take this mid-day dream as an atmosphere as choice and gradually in an apartment would seem beautiful than any of which the man can boast. Not only is the art of decoration exhausted in rendering the place attractive, but that neglected art of cooking is brought into requisition, and fragrant bouquets are speed and served with smiling affability to all who may chance to partake, without money and without price. Many a man who has left his home in the morning after an ineffectual attempt to masturbate a laugh and poorly cooked steak, prepared by an ignorant and tyrannical female minister, cooks, and finds of an excuse to leave up the inner man with a glass of grog and a carefully prepared lunch at eleven o'clock. In all the different grades of dwellings will be found some attempt to please the eye and the palate. The life-kindness where so many of our young men depend

so large a proportion of their meagre salaries are made attractive by the appliances of the decorator's art. Is there then no moral appeal to house adornment? May a living mother who sees her son slip away each night after the evening meal, revolve in her mind the cost of the ornaments in her house. If she will not look about her at the bare walls, ornamented perhaps by cheap pictures or faded photographs, the furniture antiquated, the carpets musty, the hall dark and forbidding, the entire absence of all taste and pleasantness will force her own estimate. Is she dwelling the reason of her son's indifference. He may not realize why he frequents the billiard-room or the dance, but in many cases it is because the one is bright and pleasant, the other dull, so that some of the beautiful which prevails all men, while the other is unadorned and uninviting.

The religious asceticism of the early settlers of this country caused people to look upon adornments of all kinds as the devices of the arch-demon, and the whole current of life was tinged with the sadness and gloom which spring from the prevailing theology. The fine arts, outside of portraiture, were regarded with almost as much disfavor as among the Mohammedans. The disciples of Luther and Calvin, in their revolt against the Church of Rome, condemned not only its dogmas, but placed a ban upon the aesthetic spirit which it had fostered by it. Thus, in 1567, when the Protestants of Antwerp, driven to fury by the infamous policy of Philip II., to show their hatred and contempt for the religion which he was endeavoring to thrust upon them, by means of hangings, burnings, and tortures, burnt the doors of the cathedral Church of Notre Dame, and began the carnival of iconoclasm. "Every statue was hurled from its niche, every picture torn from the wall, every wonderful painted window shattered to atoms, every ancient monument shattered, every sculptured decoration, however inaccessible in appearance, hurled to the ground. Indelibly, audaciously, endorsed, as it seemed, with premeditated strength and aimed at those forerunners who had exulted in the dizzy heights, shrieking and clattering his malignant angels as they tore off in triumph the slowly matured fruit of centuries." For ages Protestant churches, outside of the Church of England, taught that all unnecessary ornamentation, either in architecture or personal apparel, was not only wrong, but absolutely sinful. This spirit of religious fanaticism was carried to such an extent in Scotland, during the seventeenth century, that not only were the foundations of beauty turned to bitterness and gall, but every joy-giving impulse withheld as heinous by a merciless God who was vengeful, and the horrible eagerness of misguided zeal and religious bigotry dropped for lust with a peal of laughter. Shortly last year, his reason asserted its prerogative, and non-Protestants as well as Catholics think it as well to build beautiful temples of worship, feeling that by so doing they manifest in an acceptable manner their love and adoration of the divine Master, and the attestation of form and color for the beautifying of that holier sanctuary, the home, is therefore recognized not only as a privilege, but is almost regarded as a duty.

It is not my province in this connection to belabor the excess which have led to losing the habit which creeds have had upon the people of this generation. But that such is a fact I think some will venture to deny. The number of churches is increasing. It is not only the English-speaking peoples, but the most religious nations should be decorated with all the religious trappings, and the young girls should dress in the old Japanese and Chinese costumes, and serve the tea in the cherished old china from the temples over the sea; and each lady when she paid for her tea and her pleasure at Red India conventions was charged the price not on the plate of which she had eaten, and her cup, its lid and saucer, and the Japanese tray on which they were served, but on the number of her admirers at the Oriental tea. This all came to pass, and was really the origin of the fashion that has found such favor in New York, for the wife of a wealthy and successful banker of that city, who is a native of the old Virginia town and a society lady at whose house the Oriental tea has found its way of popularity, was present at that occasion last Lent, and her account of

seeing, but brief and alone and mood were placed in artistic juxtaposition, and the result was a beautiful outwardly pleasing and inwardly soothing and revival. From the hour of its opening the seating capacity, which is large, has been inadequate to accommodate the throngs who attend. I do not know that the charge has been so great as to make no large following would naturally insist. The choir is substantially the same; the same organist provides as did in the old parlors. What is it but the feeling of devotion, joined in the delicate sense of harmonious beauty, which finds itself more fully satisfied here than elsewhere, which attracts the multitude?

In bygone ages the church or cathedral was the highest expression of the artist's devotion. The image of the Virgin was bedecked with jewels as a tribute to her who was considered the apostrophe of maternity. But in our own time the home is becoming the ideal, and whatever household art and pleasures more attractive the dwelling-place of the family strengthens the barriers against vice. Children trained in an aesthetic atmosphere, and taught to see and appreciate the manifold beauties with which the world is filled, will be less easily attracted by the art with which vice seduces itself.

W. R. H.

SOCIETY.

It would be an insult to "society" to suppose it could be caught but held during Lent, and its members would resent the imputation of anything sly in their lives during these forty days. But when tempers the wind to the storm, and it would be vain to say that if society could not so far as its penitence by select theatre parties and charming light suppers, at which pretty women look none the less pretty because they wear simple robes, cut in new instead of modified for each they not wear the most becoming lace and great clusters of roses and oxalis, or sprays of the rare and lowly anemone?

There are many effective ways of playing prettily at charity that are fashionable in other cities which might be made to serve the purpose of very proper Lenten amusement as well as helping the poor, which is often made a feasible pretext for amusement.

The Oriental tea parties that are so fashionable now in New York, had a precedent in a small but historic city of the South a year ago, when, for a noble cause, some aristocratic ladies who owned some precious relics and old curiosities, thought of a way to turn some of these treasures into money. For this most worthy purpose they brought together their Virginia oddities, and their rare old china from beyond the sea, and put them up for sale. As the ladies' hands that had been brought by travellers or by accident to their friends' new families in the great old Virginia towns in those years long gone by, — when "craggs to the far East" were made in sailing vessels, — and which had been effectively treasured and looked away through all the vicissitudes of civil war, until they had grown to have a value far beyond the gold that fashion pays for such curios. Now they were brought together by these generous women to swell the collection for some charitable's sake.

They would give an afternoon tea in the grand old parlor of a certain historic house, whose aged mistress was then exactly in the declining age. The guests should be decorated with all the religious trappings, and the young girls should dress in the old Japanese and Chinese costumes, and serve the tea in the cherished old china from the temples over the sea; and each lady when she paid for her tea and her pleasure at Red India conventions was charged the price not on the plate of which she had eaten, and her cup, its lid and saucer, and the Japanese tray on which they were served, but on the number of her admirers at the Oriental tea. This all came to pass, and was really the origin of the fashion that has found such favor in New York, for the wife of a wealthy and successful banker of that city, who is a native of the old Virginia town and a society lady at whose house the Oriental tea has found its way of popularity, was present at that occasion last Lent, and her account of

it so delighted her fashionable New York friends that they determined to introduce this novelty in New York society. And thus began the Oriental entertainments, which doubtless far eclipsed the Virginia ladies' tea-party in magnificence, but never can surpass its elegant clarity of design and simplicity.

In St. Louis there are many homes rich in treasures of travel and curious collections from foreign lands; and were the ladies of culture here to undertake some such scheme of entertainment, I believe they would be unopposed by anything the New York ladies have done.

If these things are accomplished with the means at hand and without any great outlay of money, from the stores of old curiosities, and the like, which are so common, they seem to me to possess a greater element of refinement, for there are some things that money vulgarizes. But there are things that money cannot buy.

The most charming fancy party that I ever saw occurred at a large country house in Ohio, where it had been the habit of the family for several generations to put away carefully in the old cedar chests of the garret every season one suit or costume most characteristic of the style of that season. Various in the inevitable manner, and they were numerous, — clearing of this custom, frequently would leave or send back some strikingly modern article of attire, and in the years since it had been introduced a great collection of such articles, of suits and head-dresses of every description had accumulated; for those who began the collection were contemporaries of the earliest settlers, and I remember that in the course of a few things that had been the property of the Bantam family.

From these stores some hundred young people were invited on a certain anniversary to choose their costumes for a fancy ball, and never was there more pleasure in the choosing of ball outfits both for ladies and gentlemen. Nothing was to be worn to the party but what came from that wonderful garret; and there was no lack of adornment, nor did the merry-makers lack attire to come home with and to contrast themselves with linen-woolsey smocks and their partners with "frocks" made of striped domestic, representing the pioneer period. Just before this couple, perhaps, came a gallant in the old militia uniform leading a lady fair in a wedding gown made in the time when skirts took only two breadths of satin and the waist was not over six inches long, trimmed with rich-laced ribbons. Next, a pair, and a veil of "chamois," green yellow with blue and red, with ribbon a lady's hair of amber, and then they came down through fashion's periods and the years, paired according to the style of their clothing, and in the grand drawing-room a modern aristocrat, in the dress of the present day, presided over the long lines for an "old Virginia reel." The scene was unlike any other fancy ball that I have ever attended, and the enjoyment could not be excelled.

But one evening more continued my writing about fancy balls in Lent. At a house of one that was given in the best Jewish style last Tuesday night, when the dressing was superlatively elegant. Two ladies, noted as the most magnificent beauties in the city, appeared in bright and simple, in very short and simple, white tulle, decorated with lace and bows of pink and blue ribbons, and low-cut bodices of pale blue satin most trimmed with white lace and pearls, and with hands and feet in the most delicate and beautiful. They were not, in fact, out of place in the olden times, together over the shoulders, and diamonds of eighth size and master made a kind of prominence given above the black laces of the feet, and the feet were even twinkled with a rich luster of gold on the heels of their delicate blue satin slippers, and their pink silk stockings were wrought with gold thread and seed pearls. I asked these ladies if they knew no Lent, and they told me that they did not. They had been in the East the Jewish law of the Passover begins, and until then their guests continue. It is rather painful to think every society is not sitting in such splendor and robes in the same time, especially when the question comes before the society.

DEAD.

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POE AND HIS ART.

The critics, with fresh-nibbed pens, are again at their old problem of reconciling the irreconcilable in the career of Edgar A. Poe, by setting the events of his life in chronological order, and by trying to make his intellectual work with these data, and, in other words, by seeking to make his personal history explain his writings. Of those who have, with this intent, busied themselves among the byways of biography, none have acquitted themselves more honestly than Messrs. R. B. Stoddard and E. C. Stoddard, who have each, during the past few months, come to the front with a memoir and criticism of Poe and his works. Their productions are a great improvement upon former efforts on the same subject, more philosophical, more discriminating, and more worthy of their theme than anything hitherto published about him. When one sets up for a serial and moral chafferer, it is certainly little to ask that the business be done as quietly and decently as possible. And for the delicate manner in which these gentlemen have discussed their subject they deserve praise, and imitation by all who shall hereafter come in their footsteps. As far as the value of their literary criticisms there can be no doubt, for, though we do not always agree with them (and they by no means always agree with each other), we cannot fail to find clearer analysis and more dispassionate judgment than we are accustomed to find in books of this class.

But after all has been said and written that could be said and written, what are the results? As far as his personality is concerned, a few facts and uninteresting details have been gathered, of no public value unless they prove again that the supposed relations between the outward life of a man of genius and that inner life from which spring the creations that charm or astonish the world do not necessarily exist. And the question naturally arises in every fair mind, "Why, then, seek it? Why pry into that which the public has no right to know, so long as the public is in no way affected by it?" A man's private life ought to be a refuge from the meddlesome curiosity of sensation-seekers, autograph collectors, and the like, but if voluntarily he comes before the world with a thousand a month, or a deal more, which may be of use to the world, let him have his say, and judge him by that, and that alone.

Poe, more than any other American author, has been subjected to the scrutiny of the curious. All phases of his private life have been so thoroughly scoured that no details, even if desired, would be difficult to discover, and, if discovered, no more the property of legitimate criticism than those already passed upon. But we may properly inquire, whence comes that strange power, shown in nearly everything he has written, which always holds his readers, in spite of themselves, in a peculiar subjection to itself?

It cannot be denied that Poe has been, and is yet, a sort of enigma to a nation that loves the bright and cheery rather than the dark and melancholy, and the weakness so pronounced in his writings has been looked upon as a reflection from his life in the world and the circumstances which surrounded him. If we must conclude that his work is marked by an originality of tone and treatment that sets it in marked contrast with the literature of his time, and, indeed, in many respects with that of our own, then is the popular estimate not only superficial, but untrue. We learn this much from the biographies, and his environment was of the most commonplace character. He was a man of the most common kind, and he would certainly not be the kind to be sought by memoir-builders or users of his name. None the worse for that. Only it proves that the soil from which he sprang possessed no uncommon properties, and that it could never have grown the timber for "The House of Usher," "The Hound," the "Berenice," or the ghastly imagery of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt." Soil and surroundings may, and doubtless do, influence the destinies of ordinary people, but in Poe we are called upon to deal with an extraordinary character, one that defies ordinary influences, and for whom ordinary measurements are inadequate.

We guess, then, lack in another direction for the cause of those curious intellectual perturbations which were

the source of his fantastic creations, and which also tyrannized over his sensitive body with a capricious and at times un governable power. And though we need not hope for more than fragmentary answers to our inquiries, though the mystery of the inner life of soul and body will probably never be unraveled by any one in the flesh, yet, in our slow approximations to the solving of it, we may strike out some sparks of truth, or "leave some footprints on the sands of time" for the guidance of those coming after. Though not an inveterate, though the mystery of the inner life of soul and body will probably never be unraveled by any one in the flesh, yet, in our slow approximations to the solving of it, we may strike out some sparks of truth, or "leave some footprints on the sands of time" for the guidance of those coming after. Though not an inveterate, though the mystery of the inner life of soul and body will probably never be unraveled by any one in the flesh, yet, in our slow approximations to the solving of it, we may strike out some sparks of truth, or "leave some footprints on the sands of time" for the guidance of those coming after.

Notwithstanding the little that has been discovered in this direction, we have good grounds for asserting that the peculiar bias of Poe's mind was the result of a disease the most withering to the mental faculties, the disease of self-consciousness. That introverted state in which the soul turns ever inward upon itself, contemplating itself alone, and continually misjudging the outside world from that false outlook, is a state of epidemic from which none but the most robust mind need be expected. And that this, in a certain degree, was Poe's spiritual state, his work abundantly shows. Limited by a supreme egotism to his own personality, he seems quite cut off from that busy world which, nevertheless, he is always trying to move, chafing passionately whenever his intellectual lever proves unequal to the task.

Between his detractors, who will have it that he was a drunken debauchee, with merely a talent for scribbling, and those who insist upon setting him up among the stars, the true mean is not easy to find. His nature seems to partake so largely of the fantastic element, so strong in his writings, that he might be likened to the will-o'-the-wisp, now here, now there, and continually cheating his pursuers with the belief that he is about to become their prize. Hence the divergent opinions entertained about him, every one seeing him at a different angle. If we agree with the biographers that he was a highly gifted person, with a keen sense for his physical powers, and with a moral nature that bore its true base, we must conclude that such a constitution could not but be at war with itself, and that, whatever its outgrowth, they would naturally reflect the chaos of their efforts. And that they do reflect it, the construction of his plots, and the gloomy and distorted imagery in his art, are ample proof.

Stoddard speaks of him "as a pioneer of the art feeling in American literature," and says that "as an artist in an untried period he had to grope his way, to contend with stupidity and coarseness." That may be true as applied to the time in which Poe wrote and lived, but already that time has begun to grope toward our standards are different. If so, better, than those of that day, and we can, without shaking any of the prophecies, raise the question whether he did or did not possess that artistic insight and feeling ascribed to him, and whether any of his works may be looked upon as the highest and truest sense of that disenchanted truth.

A work of art can only be important or influential in proportion to the truth of the idea which it embodies, or, as Miller says, "It is the conception of a work which should strike us first." And this idea or conception must be possessed of a vital quality, and should be for its people real as well as ideal, otherwise it is a sham, a mere impulsive assertion.

Then again, if a work, professing to be a work of art, has not conjoined with and flowing from this heart of truth a power of ministry unto something nobler and grander than itself, this ministry to feel expression through the beauty of representation, it is but a dishonest image of true art, and the sooner it falls from off the earth the better.

When we come to examine the central ideas of Poe's writings we shall find them too far removed from the experiences of most people, too different in essence from the conditions of life, for them to be of use to us, though there may hereafter exist a class of beings, like Bulwer's "Coming True," for instance, to whom they will be normal. But the relative positions of our

day and generation and this author are as in a darkening corridor, faint-lighted by a lurid sunset, you should meet a ghost. And though you look you see his ghastly form full in the face, though his trailing garments brush your ears, you are conscious that by no earthly calculations could you estimate your distance from that apparition.

Considering now his works in regard to their power of ministry, where, in all that he has written, can there be found a real flesh and blood relationship to humanity or to what we know of the world around us? What great ideal has he ever raised up? What noble has he summoned responsive to the world's hearty? And although a certain weird beauty must often be accorded to his creations, we are more often repelled by their grotesque and by a bare and literal horribleness, inconceivable by a sane imagination, and which can never serve as a medium for truth, even a mere truth extract.

His admirers may console themselves, however, with the reflection that, if his works are not exemplars of art in its truest and highest sense, there is in them an artfulness which has placed them upon a pedestal from which, though an untried one, they are not likely soon to be dislodged.

Take for example "The Raven," which Mr. Stoddard says first made him popular as a poet. Let us imagine the author going to work in cold blood and systematically to construct a poem which shall startle by its novelty of scenery and incident. The form and movement are already in his mind, for they are a part of his stock in trade. He wants only a motive, and this he finds in the conventional, wholly affected personality of a lost love. Doubtless lost, too, for not only has the love once passed from earth, but a dark, insupportable fate denies to the lovers even the hope of meeting again. The idea of this tale, strictly classical in its conception, is borrowed in "The Raven," a creature of the poet's own manufacture, for neither Chaucer nor "The Night's Plutonian shore" are responsible for this hybrid.

The opening scene is commonplace enough at first glance: a luxurious chamber where a student sits by a dying fire at midnight of a winter night. Not a hint of the supernatural is given until the student's sympathies touched when we find that this student is trying to drown in his books his "sorrow for his lost Lenore." We are conscious that this is but a pretext put forward to amuse as while the machinery for certain slight-of-hand tricks is being made ready. But, indifferent as we may be, the very long journey to his chair upon his, while the rustling of the allusive curtains and the trembling shadows that still about the room aid in arousing our curiosity for what is to come.

The play opens with a ghostly car that penetrates the stillness and gives the cold student, who forthwith enters upon his part with spirit and alacrity. He bids the rapper-carer, but, failing to get a response to his polite invitation, he abandons himself to a frenzy (while his would-be visitor is having the blast) to his book, and, as he reads, he is haunted by the thought of the lost Lenore. He sends his imagination to explore the inconceivable, he questions the comprehensible, until, with a courage born of this simulated despair, he opens wide the window and peers out into the night. Carried along on this current of high-wrought emotion, we are not surprised when a "ghostly, grim, old, silent, vast, antique" figure, with long and flowing hair, and a robe of "a hue of Pallas" above the door. And now, while this strange visitor maintains a dignified silence, "while he perched and sat, and nothing more," his human co-actor strives in vain to elicit from him the reason of his presence there. But the wise bird will not consent, and, when, from interposition, he sticks to his part, which consists of a solitary word, chosen solely because it rhymes with the name of the supposititious maiden; and his monotonous repetition of this word gives his creator time for conjecture and for "lurking fancy with loquacity," while a new influence begins to make itself felt.

This influence is in form the most fantastic, being a mixture of Christian and Oriental imagery, and is a harmonious accompaniment to that fever of feelings

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Cook's Imperial

Received Medal and Diploma at Paris Exposition 1878, and American Institute, New York, 1880, Silver Medal and Diploma as

THE BEST CHAMPAGNE.

Equal to the Best Imported Champagne

And at Half the Price.

**J. LEONARD
& CO.**
Printing
210 N. Fourth St.
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Bee Line Route.

SPECIALTIES:

THROUGH SLEEPER

—TO—

NEW YORK

Without Change.

Elegant Sleeping Coaches

BETWEEN

St. Louis and Indianapolis.

In which Passengers are assured entire night's rest.

No other Line can offer these combined advantages.

TICKET OFFICES:

GRAND UNION OFFICE.

No. 120, Cor. Fourth and Pine, and Union Depot.

D. B. MARTIN, A. J. SMITH,
Gen. Western Agt. Gen. Pass. Agt.

A MOST SATISFACTORY EXHIBIT!

The Thirty-fifth Annual Statement of the

Connecticut

Mutual Life Insurance

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Hartford, Conn.

Surplus ————— Expenses
Ratio of total expenses to total receipts ————— 7.15 per cent.

Since it began its business career it has disbursed to the members, or to their legal representatives, for death claims, married endowments, etc., ————— \$1,276,961.00

To meet the existing contracts it has resources as follows:—

Invested, safely and profitably, ————— \$1,276,961.00
Cash in Bank ————— 1,400,000.00
And a steady income per annum of over \$100,000.00

A. B. DENTON,
General Agent for Missouri,
S. E. Cor. Fifth and Olive Sts.

TEMPUS FUGIT!

But WE have not lingered by the wayside, as we are already largely stocked with attractive Spring Styles of Men's, Youths' and Boys' Clothing, to which we invite attention.

Our display of Spring Garments is far in advance of all former efforts, while their well-known elegance and good fitting qualities must insure for them a rapid sale.

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SUCCESSOR TO C. MARANIS,
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—MAKER OF THE—

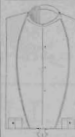
Guarantee Fitting Shirt,

—AND—

MEN'S FURNISHER,

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The Most Extensive Silk Thread Mills in the World.

MUSIC.

A stranger in the city, asking where
He'd find a Music House whose name were
fair.

And whose fine stock of music covered all
That had been published since poor Adam's
fall.

And whose integrity was ranked as high
That one, though blindfolded, could safely
buy.

And on whose judgment, as to what was best
For him to purchase, he could safely rest,
Was told by prominent persons passing by,
Whose high-tuned honor money cannot buy,
There was one man, who, say for forty years,
Outranking others, really had no peers,
And whose ability, good sense, and skill
In all departments, more than filled the bill!
And whose choice songs on friendship, love,
and hate,

By best composers from the earliest date
(Songs which survive the harshest criticism
Imposed on by the narrowest opinions),
Are by the best of judges much sought after,
For their inherent, much-proving laughter,
Which proved the authors' uncorrupted powers
In forming sweetest from poetic flowers,
And filling sympathetic ears and eyes
With alternating smiles and tears and sighs!

In musical instruments their clayestones
Are much in vogue in dancing minstrels,
In orchestral performances their transcendent
Essence the fullest, mildest, softest tones,
While those who make the most persistent
trials

On drawing bows across their fine bass viol
Fondle in the vibrations of each string
The sweetest harmonies exultant find
Themselves upon the circumstance air,
Breathing bright hope that baffles dark
despair!

These goods from every part of Europe come,
The rare and costly, low and better than,
And every foreign seasonal variety
That genius can suggest or money buy.

The genuine Elkhorn broadly grins
At the mad notes of their violins.
Their sharp ringing harp and son guitars
Will cover

The wildest needs of every ardent lover,
But when a maiden with the low, soft lute
Accompanies her lover on the dote,
Two souls then swept with one romantic thrill
Merge personality in a single will,
And, like two instruments in perfect tune,
Each love outlives the joyous honeymoon!

These parlor organs for the retail trade
Have proved themselves the very best now
made.

No one was ever known to feel regrets
At buying their ownsets or their flageolets.
There are not few can blow a full, clear note
Of sweetest music through a trumpet's throat.
The trumpet's call, the lute's with the men
Who trying fail, and failing try again,
Till perseverance always leads them through,
We've known a dozen such, and so have you.
Their fine pianos now age all the go
And take their dirt premiums though they're sold
as new!

This firm has published full four thousand
songs

On loves and hopes and fears, and rights and
wrongs,
And is the effort time and strength would
fail

To name the wondrous things they have for
sale.

Besides their own four thousand songs they've
over

A million other songs for maid and lover,
Thus fully meeting every gust you want
Of every human being now extant.

If buyers of music goods will just reflect,
Our goods are bought from makers' hands
direct,

And as importers we get better terms
On European goods than other firms
Who pay commission on the goods they buy,
And consequently sell them much too high.

'Tis on North Fifth Street, three hundred
threes,

Where such surroundings make one dream of
heaven,

And where, we'll metaphorically say
These splendid goods are almost given away!

BAUMER & WERNER,
1311 North Fifth Street.

HEADQUARTERS

— FOR —

Gentlemen's Gloves.

The Celebrated "Cisatlantic Kid Gloves."

Dog-Skin Walking Gloves.

French Castor Gloves.

Undressed Kid Gloves.

New Features in Driving Gloves.

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ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE,

North-West Corner Fifth and Olive Streets.

Pure Medicines, Fine Perfumery,

SPONGES, MIRRORS, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, SOAP, AND
OTHER FANCY TOILET ARTICLES.

ALEXANDER'S UNFALLOO COLOGNE WATER!

Prescriptions Accurately Prepared by Competent Apothecaries, under the
supervision of

M. W. ALEXANDER,

Graduate Philadelphia College of Pharmacy.

FOR COMPTROLLER,
E. L. ADREON.

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Pictures taken instantaneously
on the new Gelatine
Dry Plates.

627 OLIVE STREET.

Medal Awarded at the World's Exposition,
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THE MUTUAL BENEFIT
LIFE INSURANCE CO.
NEWARK, N. J.

INCORPORATED IN NEW YORK.

Assets, Jan. 1st, 1881, as ac-
counted by Examining Commis-
sioners of Massachusetts, Ohio,
and New Jersey.

LIABILITIES, as stated by same.

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Standard

Surplus by New York Standard

All policies non-forfeitable after second year's
work retention; large dividends declared and paid
every year since organization; ample surplus;
corporate values; most liberal; losses promptly
adjusted and paid.

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St. Louis Railway Line.

Travellers will bear in mind that the
KEOKUK & ST. LOUIS RY. LINE is the
shortest and most direct line from St.
Louis to all points in the North and North-
West sleeping car rates less than by any
other line. By taking this line passengers
will save time and money, and avoid mid-
night changes.

TICKET OFFICE, 101 N. FOURTH ST.,
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A. KELLOGG,
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THE
Event of the Season,
WHICH WILL BE OUR
GRAND
EXHIBITION!

IS FIXED FOR
Wednesday, the 6th inst.
The Public may rely upon a
Display Richly Worthy of St. Louis,

And of our Acknowledged Reputation
as its Leading

RETAIL FIRM.

No Special Cards to a favored few will be issued, but
Every Inhabitant of the City, our own and the adjacent States is invited to visit us, full compensation being guaranteed to all who may honor us with their presence on this, which, he assured, will prove a most

PLEASANT AND MEMORABLE OCCASION.

Scruggs,
Vandervoort
AND Barney.

OUR NEW DESIGNS
— IN —
Spring Overcoats
AND ULSTERETTES
Are pronounced by all Gentlemen of Taste to be far Superior
in every Respect to any yet Introduced.
GOLDEN EAGLE,

South-west Corner of Fifth and Pine.

For \$10 We Sell a First-class Melton Overcoat.
DANIEL C. YOUNG, - Manager.

THE FIRST
GRAND BALL
— OF —
The Rosicrucians

WILL TAKE PLACE

IN SAINT LOUIS,
Wednesday Evening,
MAY 4th, 1881.

By Order of the

W. C.

The Spectator.

ST. LOUIS, APRIL 2, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

The atmosphere, which was so lately heavy with the perfume of orange-blossoms, is necessarily free of it just now, but a little bird tells me there is to be an unprecedented bloom of these flowers later in the spring and early in the fall.

And, by the way, has it ever occurred to any of the readers of the *Spectator* to interest themselves in the history of this accommodating little bird? No one will deny that, to all appearances, he is in the hey-day of his youth, searier, so unremittent in his work; and yet we have scriptural proof that he is at least twenty-eight centuries old, for when old Solomon knew of the little fellow and his feminine propensity to carry the news, and said: "Curse not the King, nor, not in thy thought, and curse not the rich in thy bed-chamber, for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which has wings shall tell the matter." Eccl. x. 20. We hear of him, too, in the *Basque legends*, where he is introduced as "a little bird which tells the truth." The sisters had deceived the King by assuring him that his first child was a cat, his second a dog, and his third a bear, but the little bird revealed to him the true state of affairs: the first two were daughters and the third a son. He appears in different tales of great antiquity, is introduced into the tale of "Princess Fair Rapture" (*Contesse d'Amoy*) as "a little green bird who tells everything." Also in the "Arabian Nights," in the last story, called "The Two Sisters," and *Byron mentions him*:

"I think I hear a little bird who sings,
The tongue by and by will be the strongest."

In every instance he is spoken of as the truth-telling little bird, from which I infer that either the morals of our time have corrupted him or he has been unjustly accused of sometimes spreading false reports. Remembering the last accusation, I pressed him pretty closely about the recent marriages, but he says there is no doubt about it; he has all the particulars of one or two, and knows something of several more that will cause no little commotion in St. Louis.

Last Sunday morning the pastor of one of our Presbyterian churches asked the members to put into his baskets what their hearts dictated would be a good and proper gift to the missionary cause. One gentleman, a prominent car-manufacturer, after interviewing his for a few seconds, wrote out an order for one hundred dollars. Now it would be unjust to conclude it was the faith of the other hearts that there were not fifty like orders, for men have been known before this to disregard the promptings of that organ.

Those familiar with Miss Arabella Buckley's "Fair Land of Science," and "Outstanding Tales for Young Students" will be glad to know she has written a new book called "Life and Her Children." Miss Buckley's pen, which seems "alive to her thoughts, obedient to her will," has a dainty touch in revealing what are generally unattractive truths in science. Only those determined not to learn could resist her easy, delightful manner of imparting valuable knowledge.

Where is the man who is anxious to be a public benefactor? Where is the man who is anxious to put every father, husband, brother, and son under everlasting obligation to him? Where is the pious Stuyves-

ant whose heart is beat on reform? Where is the man who is ready to march to victory and fame by laying before our Legislature a bill forbidding every woman in the State of Missouri to bang her hair or to have anything whatsoever to do with the banging of any other woman's hair? And where—who—oh! is that legislator who would not give a loud, ringing vote to pass this bill unanimously?

About the only man in the Democratic City Convention at Mercantile Library Hall last Tuesday who seemed to have not forgotten the propensities of a public assemblage was Mr. T. J. Hennessy, a gentleman who follows the trade of a plumber and takes a turn in politics now and then as a sort of holiday recreation. At one time, when the excitement was so intense that a man did not know which way it was to the City Hall, Mr. Hennessy rose to a point of order and insisted that the crowd should take off their hats. The point was well taken, for the bland Mr. Samuel, who was chairman, immediately suspended business until, through the efforts of police and natural politeness, all the head-gear was removed.

Mr. Ewing Campbell, in nominating Mr. Overholt for Mayor at the Democratic Convention, made the best speech of the day, and it was a pity that he was so eagerly intercepted by those who wanted some other candidate. I am very sure Mr. Parks never sustained such apologetic conduct in his behalf. Mr. Campbell is an excellent talker, and has the great advantage of a handsome face and a fearless form; and, even, he always dresses in good taste. All these things have a good deal to do with a speaker's success, and, therefore, you need not laugh at what I am saying. People who have the dyspepsia, who wear long hair, ruffled shirts, and big-legged pantaloons, like Mahome, the Virginia "what-is-it," never ought to try to make speeches.

Speaking of this man Mahome, I hope the Town Talker will be pardoned for saying that of all the despicable characters that have yet arisen in American politics he is the most contemptible, and it is enough to make an honest man sick at heart to see how a false and ridiculous sentimentality has induced both the men and women of the National Capital to flock about this cheap fellow and cover him with their worthless compliments. A republicanist at home, and a "devil-in-the-box" in the Senate; a barterer for small offices and piousness fame; a Democrat to-day, a Republican to-morrow, and nothing generally; a weakened, withered soul that never felt the ennobling influence of a patriot; a skeleton phantom flying about in the dark like a bat likely to flap its clanking wings down over any place that will afford it a resting-place; a seller of the patronage and his right given him by Washington, Jefferson, and others who made Virginia an honorable name in the country's history; the author of this lie—this Mahome, this fool, sting mad that defies every clear pool he falls into, and that makes a stench in the nostrils of every honest citizen. Bah! Please drop the curtain.

The masterful *Globe-Democrat* paid a handsome editorial compliment last Sunday to Mr. Morrison Ben-shaw, the secretary of the Missouri Immigration Society. The compliment was well deserved, but how that paper ever so far forgot itself as to recognize in any manner the existence of any man who had ever had the misfortune to be employed by it is a mystery. The *Globe-Democrat* theory of journalism is that a reporter ought never to be anything but a reporter, and that he holds about the same position in the community as a coal-leaver on a steamboat.

Mr. Hewitt is one of the few men who could survive the throttling influences of such newspaper selfishness and imperialism. As secretary of the Immigration Society he has developed remarkable activity and intelligence, and the State is experiencing every day the value of his services. The late Legation was this and very justly gave him a complimentary resolution.

Hon. Chas. P. Johnson has returned from his labors as a legislator at Jefferson City, and last Tuesday he had a most interesting interview in the *Post-Dispatch*. The reporter remarks that the Governor yawned at the conclusion of the conversation as if he were tired. The Governor ought not to yawn after having made so many important statements.

I hear that Mr. Ewing, the Republican candidate for Mayor, is a great cock-fighter. In fact I'm told this by a gentleman who occasionally engages in that exalting amusement himself; and he says that he has seen Mr. Ewing at the "pit" many a time. He thinks if he should be elected there will be a noticeable improvement in the breed of St. Louis chickens.

And now comes the time when our belles are beginning to hush their riding-whips, and their special devotees to wonder if Arnot will ask as much for his horses as last year.

Speaking of riding, why do the young ladies make so little exertion to appear well on horseback? Why not, sacrifice one walking-dress for a suitable riding-habit; one pair of six-buttoned kids for the appropriate gaiters; one of those gorgeous bonnets for a jaunty hat? I never heard of an ugly, inharmonious, unbecoming opera-toilette securing a young lady invitations to hear *Giuseppe*, and if it is only a very ill-fitting young woman who can think a shabby outfit will serve her any better during the riding season.

There is a certain class of people who seem to suffer distressing moral indigestion the moment they have admitted a kind or charitable thought into their hearts; and they are very prompt in finding narcotic relief in mutual spite and mutual denouncing. However, as some one says, the slanderer is as great a recommendation as the praises of others.

And right here, let me remind those young ladies who indulge in "soft buzzing slanders" at their clubs and dinner parties that Thompson was pointing his finger at them when he spoke of the "silly moths that eat honest names."

It is devoutly to be wished for, if only for his own sake, that that young man who, one evening this week, persisted in showing all the passengers on a Washington Avenue car just how far below par his mental capacity is, may meet with and profit by the following: "It is with shallow-minded people as with narrow-necked bottles. The less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring out."

Hon. Thomas Allen has engaged passage to Europe and is to leave New York April 1st, on the steamer *Adriatic*. He will take his youngest daughter and will be gone a number of months. In France he expects to join his son Thomas, the artist, and will then travel through Spain and Italy. He now proposes to enjoy some of the rest that he is certainly entitled to after many years of arduous labor.

There are now about four hundred notaries public in St. Louis. According to the new law introduced

Hotel, last Tuesday evening, by Mr. Porter White, to the journeyman plasterers who were employed by him on this magnificent building. Those who were invited were agreeably surprised when they saw the somewhat elaborate preparations that had been made. There were three long tables set in the south end of the grand rotunda, the middle one being for the invited guests, among whom were many of the most distinguished men of the city. Hon. Thomas Allen, the builder of the hotel, and his son George, who has had the general charge of its construction, were both present and took a lively interest in the entertainment. Several speeches were made late in the evening, and the dinner was universally pronounced a complete triumph. It was a relief to forego the grand opening that is to take place a month hence. Mr. Porter White showed by the beautiful provision made for the comfort of his guests and fellow-workmen that he is a liberal and wide-awake gentleman.

I was struck by the presence there of some of the wealthiest men in the city and a large number of workmen. It was the coming together of labor and capital in pleasant communion, and it was good point made by Hon. Nathan Cole, in the latter he went announcing he could not be present, when he said, "A most pleasant thought occurs to me, in looking at the card of invitation, and is another expressive of the rapidly approaching day when caste and grades will be among the things of the past, and when the true test of social standing will be integrity, industry, and fidelity in whatever calling one may have."

The bill of fare was varied and substantial, the best that has been provided for an occasion of this kind in St. Louis for some time. It reflected great credit upon Mr. Tony Davis, the caterer.

The wine used was Cook's Imperial and Cook's Burgundy, the latter being of 1868. Col. Joe Cook was himself there to see that both varieties were well tested, and I have no doubt that he saw enough to satisfy himself that he is a popular wine-maker.

Mr. Henry F. Gillig, of the American Exchange, Louisiana, who was here last week, left Mr. Joshua Hill in charge of his business at that place. Mr. Gillig made a very favorable impression on the minds of many of our citizens while here, and the invitation of which he is the manager will, no doubt, be well patronized by European travelers from St. Louis. The assembly of an American Exchange in London has long been felt, and Mr. Gillig has managed his enterprise so ably that the people of this country are disposed to give him their warmest encouragement. Mr. Hill, the St. Louis agent, can be found at the Laidlaw Hotel.

A musical and literary entertainment was given at the Pilgrim Congregational Church last Tuesday evening for the benefit of the young people's and Bible School prayer meetings. Prof. A. J. Phillips acted as musical director. Among those who took part were Misses Chase and Scholer, Miss Helen E. Poshely, Mr. Elmer, Miss Spaulding, Miss May Kilgusworth, and Miss Josie Bush. I understand this affair was a good success.

Mr. C. A. Barstow, manager of the American business of Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, the originators of the celebrated Cook excursions, was in the city part of this week.

Our society misses and meddles have caught the new French decorative craze, and are doing the art to perfection in everything, from party dresses to perfume-scented bags. I have seen some very fine specimens of the handwork of several belles, showing considerable artistic taste. A lady at 1325 Olive Street is giving lessons.

There will be a concert at Pickwick on the evening of Thursday, April 25th, given by the Princeton Club, of Princeton College, who propose making a Western tour during their spring vacation. The organization this year is said to be very fine, and an

excellent selection may be assured to all those interested in the rendition of college songs by college boys.

We have some "snobs" who swell along the street. So full of arrogance and self-conceit. With headless heads, and cast countenances, they cannot stand these six feet feet poles. With wadded umbrellas, ring hats, and now and then a cane pole, you'll see these so-called snobs. We will use an act, adjust their quivering glances. To every woman as she passes. Some say perhaps, quite possibly, by chance. Have caught the tendency of the passing glance. And in response have felt the crimson rush. Of indignation every feature flash. And then the silly scoundrels will glaze On the grin thus mounting face and throat. And, dressed "to kill" with "Byron collared" neck, Imagine they're the "maisons" of the ark. So such snobs snobs, of vile distinguished blood, A public cart tail flagging is too good. Despite position and ancestral sources. They should be harked to death by green grasshoppers?

The G.D. not long ago contained a request from a correspondent, addressed to Dr. John Snyder, asking that minister of the Word if he would kindly give his morning services at the advertised hour. The reason for this request, as avowed by the correspondent, might strike some of the devout brethren of Dr. Snyder's church as a little peculiar, inasmuch as it merely contemplated a prompt beginning and an early dismissal of the service, and in no way interfered with the gospel of the Post-office corners. The *Spectator* believes that a good many church-goers sometimes feel very much like addressing a similar petition to other church authorities. There is apt to be in most communities a good deal of irregularity and a little slovenliness in the method of opening church services. Punctuality is not the only thing that is wanting. There is often a lack of adjustment of the parts to each other and to the whole which betrays carelessness and laxity, and, in the worst cases, a disregard of the apostolic injunction, "Let all things be done decently and in order."

I used to see in a church in this city an order of service, arranged by the tasteful minister, that seemed to me without a flaw in the respects above indicated. The minister came, at the appointed time, from his study directly to the pulpit; his appearance was the signal for choir and congregation to rise and all write in the directory. The whole movement was natural, orderly, and unobtrusive. It was evident at once that all parts of the service had been provided for by careful arrangement. There was nothing haphazard about it. The organist did not have opportunity to prolong his "prelude" indefinitely, nor, from some sudden conceit, to cut it short before the minister had got his "papers" arranged to his liking. The great matter is undoubtedly worshipful feeling; but the lesser matters of punctuality, order, and good taste materially affect the greater for good or ill.

Not long ago I attended service at one of the Dutch Reformed churches in New York. There seemed to be no general agreement about the hour. After a very long organ voluntary the choir "opened" without action. The gas was barely lighted. When the anthem was about half finished the gas was turned on, and not long afterward the minister was discovered in his seat in the pulpit. As the choir concluded the anthem he arose and said, "Let us commence our worship by singing hymn No. —." The choir sang that, and I understood that the worship had "commenced." Out in the Western wilds are do things considerably better than that, but, as has already been suggested, there is even here some room for improvement.

The excellent ladies who are conducting the crusade against the theatre have, I fear, a Herculean task before them, since, as I understand, more than one of the most well-known theatres in our city not only advocate but are regular patrons of the Sunday evening lectures.

It is generally expected that lovely women will set her face against everything objectionable from a moral standpoint, but I greatly fear any one entertaining such old-fashioned notions must have received a sort of mental shock had he witnessed the reception given by an audience composed largely of the first belles of the city to the dancing of Miss Catherine Lewis in the opera of "Olivette," on Saturday afternoon last. A more suggestively sensuous movement I have never witnessed on the stage, and the pond of its vulgar attractiveness was seen in the fact that numerous members of the opposite sex dropped in just before the beginning of the dancing scene and took their departure immediately after. And yet all those irreproachable maids and matrons sealed approval, and even applauded several scenes of a performance the agreeableness of which must have been borne in upon their understandings, be their minds ever so pure.

Whilst it is not necessary for the most virtuous and straightforward of women to eschew the drama altogether, as there is not only real instructive and harmless amusement but positive good afforded by it, still I am of opinion that those who pretend to superior morality should exercise more discrimination in the sort of performance which they give expression to, at least should they refrain from applauding that which bears on the face of it the stamp and insignia of vice.

Can too much be said in condemnation of that little-seen of soul, that ridiculous seeking after fashionableness (?) and popularity which its expression in the chattering of the movements of private individuals, as the departure of Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so for this or that unheard-of place, the arrival of some guest, relative, or friend, etc.? Of what possible interest can such a fact be to the public at large? And certainly it is not necessary to see the newspapers as a medium for transmitting the news to the party's own limited circle of friends.

I think there is no more glaring proof of the shoddiness of the growing moral and aristocracy of America than this. And St. Louis, to its shame be it said, betrays a larger proportion of this moral epidemic than almost any other city in the Union.

Am happy to state, however, that there is a decided tendency on the part of the really intelligent and sensible portion of our good society to contract this absurd and belittling practice of giving publicity to every trifling act of private life. If every woman of real sense and worth would give not only the influence of her act, but her voice, to the improvement of many of our social customs, the effect would soon be apparent, not only in what is termed "society," but in the whole moral nature of the community.

Notwithstanding the fact that some lying rhymer has said:

Of course you've seen the courser fly
Around the racing course,
And heard the cooing, cease and rout,
Discussing of the horse,—

the spring races of St. Louis will come off all the same, and will no doubt be largely attended. Of this we are informed by the *asteroid glaze*, *freemason*, which the other day, under the lead of "A Splendid Selection," announced the fact that Mr. J. B. McCullagh, the editor of that paper, had been elected vice-president of the association.

This maiden had learned that wigs are in fashion:

A poor, old maiden in Paris
Four years had a husband been seeking.
At last, in despair,
She sat on her bed,
And exhaled a bald-headed dreamer!

By the February 20th at the printing establishment of Messrs. Rockwell & Churchill, D. Lathrop & Co., lost the plates of "Chips from the White House," then on the press, but estimated at over four hundred, and eighty-nine pages was again put into type, printed from new plates, bound, and was ready for delivery on the 20th.

A new story for little folks, by Fanny, entitled "See! This!" is announced for early publication.

Mr. Paul H. Hayes, the Southern poet, lives in a rough set of pine boards on the Georgia Railroad, about twenty miles from Augusta, where, completely isolated from the social and artistic world, he devotes his life to literary work. A complete edition of his poems, to be sold by subscription, is in preparation by the Boston publishers, D. Lothrop & Co.

Mrs. Anne Dickinson, author, lecturer, playwright, and actress, but always and ever the steady advocate of woman's right, will soon "wear the breeches" in point of fact, and in no more metaphorical sense, as she intends appearing upon the stage in such well-known characters as *Charles Malotte*, *Hamlet*, and others. It is to be supposed that her presentation of the masculine character will disclose a much higher and finer ideal than has yet been witnessed in the genuine actress.

Milton was, doubtless, a very great poet, but he is not much of a favorite with the "emancipated women of the period." There is, he decided a flavor of localism and acknowledged inferiority of women to the lords of creation expressed in his verse, particularly in the line where he makes Eve say to Adam:

"God to me lay—thus said."

As an encouragement to the services of the cooking school to preserve in well-doing and preserve realising sense of the dignity of the accomplishment which they are endeavoring to acquire, I would remind them that Mary Somerville, the most renowned woman mathematician of any age, was rewarded for her good housekeeping, and well-known as an excellent pot-jew with a well-dressed dinner and of choice old cherry.

Madame de Staël, too, is said to have gone about Europe, when driven by Napoleon from France, "greeted by her reputation, and followed by her cook." Excellent proof that the greatest woman of her day did not neglect the personal supervision of her meals.

Those foolish women who have an idea that all manual labor on their part must necessarily be a shame and degradation would be well to meditate upon these lines of George Herbert:

"Who everge a house for me the lines,
Makes that said the action fine."

The greatest of modern philosophers, Carlyle, set in his arm-chair and smiled benignly upon his wife, doubtless never smiling for more than while engaged in scrubbing up her kitchen floor, during the absence of her maid.

The Elks' benefit Thursday afternoon was a great success, and I learn that some \$2,000 was realized. The programme was generally excellent. I desire to remark, however, that Mr. Gildie Vogt had better wait awhile before he tries any more violin solos. His better ought to know better than to allow the young man to be crucified in such a manner.

Some of the personal friends of John Norton presented him with a very fine diamond ring Thursday evening.

There is to be an important art sale at Thomson's new gallery, 69, Olive Street, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of next week. The paintings to be disposed of are by Carl Brueser, of Louisville, and the various other emblems, some of which are landscapes. Mr. Brueser is a pretty well known St. Louis by some of his pictures which have been purchased here. As a painter of wood scenes he ranks very high in America, and his works are now sought for by connoisseurs in every important city of the country. Some of his pieces were on exhibition at Thomson's one of exquisite beauty, and every lover of art should see them. They are very attractively arranged in a new room fitted up expressly for this sale, and I have no

doubt that they are going to excite much attention and surprise. There is a private view given to the press and a few invited friends last evening, and the gallery is now open for visitors.

I learn through various authorities reliable that a new secret organization something after the style of the Veiled Prophets has been formed, and that a prominent man may be expected from the grand chief of the order in a short time announcing an invasion of the city about May 1st. The members of the new cult call themselves the Rosicrucians. I have looked in the dictionary for this word, and find that it is from the Latin *rosa*, dew, and *crux*, cross;—that is, the most powerful of all gold according to ancient ideas, and cross, the emblem of light. There was a sect of hermetical philosophers in Germany about the close of the seventeenth century the members of which called themselves Rosicrucians. They made great pretensions to a knowledge of the secrets of nature and the application of the Cabala and science of numbers to discover the most hidden things. The Rosicrucians of St. Louis are to appear, it is said, at the Merchants' Exchange, the evening of May 4, dressed in long robes ornamented with crosses and roses, and will take part in a grand ball. As I have received only vague intimations you will have to get the details from somebody else.

I say this week a beautiful lot of sponges in the window of Alexander's drug store, corner Fifth and Olive. On inquiring I learned they were from the Mediterranean Sea, and that they were part of a special inventory. Some of them were priced as high as \$1. One that was especially attractive was still attached to a large piece of the coral to which it grew in the deep sea.

The falling of the time-ball in the roof of Jackson's building was a success of great interest and amusement to the patrons of the several saloons on Saturday afternoon last. The amusing part of it was that to the surprise of the ladies, gentry in the front, feathers the dropping of the plate-looking black ball had no more meaning than had the falling of innumerable apples to the world's gaze before the genius of Newton discovered therein a great scientific principle.

Said one dispirited dandy at my elbow, in a tone of disappointed surprise, as he had quietly and nobly dropped to the place, "Is that all?" Sir doubtless had said nothing about it in the papers, and had happened to mention the subject to her. Consequently she had no idea what she was to see; yet everybody was looking; eyes, there must be something to look at. Hence the disappointed sighs and mutterings. The black ball fell from the top of a stall to the bottom. Why shouldn't it fall? As Pat remarked when asked if the fall of water was not wonderful as Niagara, "What's to hinder?" Why shouldn't the world, and the sun rise in the east and set in the west, and the rain fall, and all the other wonders of nature go on as they have done since the world began? Oh, seven plattitudes of ignorance and ignorance! So on your way repeating, O zany, and equivocal dwelling of fortune! The world would progress too rapidly if such petty heads as you were filled with the scientific facts and theories of an Eddis or an Edison.

Gail Hamilton it is, I think, who remarks somewhere that a lot of women can never accomplish anything in the way of a business or scientific matter without a man for a mouth-piece. This is true not only of their public speaking, but in a great measure of their thinking and reading. Who has not seen a group of the gentle cross-eyed ladies in the lecture hall surprised around some prophet of the sterner sex, willing to be explained, in language built as the thought would be thus blithely through the dark and empty chambers of his brain, the subject under discussion, of which he probably knows just so little as his listeners.

Emma Abbott is reported to have still, among other things, that a fine physique was necessary in order to become a good singer. Thus she explains her own

claim as a lyric artist, that some grounds can only be accounted for by the grand theory of the great actor and explainers of gentle woman, to which class the enthusiastic Danes is no exception.

Gray indeed knew that one universal truth in his famous Epithet, prominent among which is that contained in the stanza running:

"The hand of beauty, the power of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth is ever,
And all that beauty, all that wealth is ever,
The path of gray lead but to the grave."

The sad truthfulness of these lines struck the Turen Taylor as he stood before the flower-bordered tier of a young and beautiful stationer of our city in her new domestic home on Locust street last week. She had looked all that wealth, beauty, and the fond affection of husband and children could bring in the way of earthly happiness, but neither the power of gold nor the tenderness and solace of love could avert from her the stroke of that stern Reaper who disconcerts among the fairest youth and commonest field flower, but lays them alike low with one fell stroke of his relentless scythe.

At such a moment, bowed down beneath even so infinitesimal a portion of the world's woe as this one individual sorrow, the heart triumphs over the head, faith rises superior to reason, and the efforts of athletes and unbelieved to overcome the Christian belief seem but the vain battling of pygmies against an impregnable fortress manned by giants.

How truly one own poet, Longfellow, enters into this shadowy side of life, bringing words of comfort on his lips. His "Resignation" has been somewhat taken to more than one bleeding heart.

It is already whispered that "Art" is on the wane. The world can well afford to dispense with a great deal that has lately come under that category and be none the worse off as regards comfort, convenience, and real beauty.

Enter flies must mean by putting out their heads. The dust is approaching when they will be called upon to yield up their largesse of creamy purity and fragrance for the adornment of cleaned and fro. No more joyous and beautiful scenes than the Enter flies occurs in the Christian year.

TELETYPE SAYS:—"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." That might have been the case when the poet laureate was a young man, but in this degenerate age, so far as the Turen Taylor's experience goes, the calm form of the average young man's mental resources is taught to bear upon the important question of the selection of a new spring suit, and if his "fancy" lightly turns to anything, it is to ponder how he shall manage to meet the bill when his tailor shall present it.

In fact, not more than one in a hundred nineteenth-century bony possesses sentiment and imagination enough to form a genuine, disinterested love attachment. Their hearts are generally so encased in selfishness and conceit that the finer emotions never penetrate to any vital part. There is a certain stolidity required in a lover which the average young man is no more capable of feeling than he is the higher meaning of some exquisite strains of music or beautiful poetical fancy.

Tell me, were you ever asked, just before entering a room to fly your mental clouds, that the half dozen curious people within ought judge as to whether you belonged with the know-nothings, or the phobots, or the really well-informed and capable?

It is, it is to say that there was born within you, tender, an irritation with your hostess, an irritation with her guests, and, paramount to all, an irritation with yourself, for that the time must be, while, perhaps, your hostess had meant to imply your personal

superiority, had robbed you of the *song-froid* of manner with which you had descended the stairs.

I hope the *Post-Tribute* will not feel called upon to publish the names of the readers who stayed away from Bethel two weeks ago, making it necessary to dismiss the school without the customary exercises. This should teach the young ladies that no benevolent institution can be properly conducted by "fair-weather Christians." I am told that many of the scholars cried when the few faithful teachers declared themselves unable to instruct so many, and over one hundred and fifty children went home disappointed.

The force of society to-day depends upon its women, and this is one trait of American society that of any country in the world; for nowhere is there such a general deference and respect paid to women. But they must know how to retain it. Let the young women, then, beware that in their desire for the attentions of men they do not descend to those same advances as pollution.

To be a belle, many girls sink themselves in their own estimation, and in nothing more than in the mischievous attention they encourage from men of all no character. If an ambitious but high-principled politician could dictate ethics to the ladies, he might say, "President, cannot a maiden lead and show that it is better to be brave and true to herself than to be a belle at the expense of decency and dignity?"

I find this cruel contrast in the ever entertaining and delightful *New Orleans Assoctant*:

THREE WIVES.

- "Oh, shall it be a red rose, a red rose, a red rose,
Deep-tinted red rose" said she.
- "In the sunny garden closes,
How they burn, the dewy red roses—
How they tell their glowing tales to me!"
- "Oh, shall it be a blush rose, a blush rose, a blush rose,
A dewy, dainty blush rose" said she.
- "At its blush and blush so tender,
With a sweet and sunny fragrance,
How it droops its languid head toward me!"
- "Oh, shall it be a white rose, a white rose, a white rose,
A fair and shining white rose" said she.
- "With its pale cold beauty,
Like a vernal pure and stately,
Let it light its silver lamp for me!"

THREE WIVES.

- "Oh, shall it be a red rose, a red rose, a red rose,
A deep-tinted red rose" said he.
- "For the sunny garden closes,
How they burn, the dewy red roses—
How they tell its burning tale to me!"
- "Oh, shall it be a blush rose, a blush rose, a blush rose,
A dewy, dainty blush rose" said he.
- "In its blush and blush so tender,
Lighting up the sunny landscape,
How he droops when he isn't at a spouse!"
- "Oh, shall it be a white rose, a white rose, a white rose,
A flower, shining white rose" said he.
- "A rose of grave demeanor
Like a wild rose pure and stately—
Let that be his rose," quoth he, "for me."

SOCIETY.

As the Lenten season draws to a close, the after Easter gaieties are being slowly anticipated by the younger members of society, and already those who wait in *Hyacinth* seats behold this overgrown Cupid stand with the veil in his hand and just ready to set a match to his belated torch. It is to be held by light is for a good many fair St. Louisian this month, and quite a goodly number of St. Louis' favored sons.

The first marriage announced for Easter week will be that of Miss Mary Lackland to Mr. Trevenant of Dallas, Texas. The 27th of April is the day set for the ceremony, which will be one of the brilliant society events of the spring. The nuptials are to be Miss Daisy Lackland and Mr. Leland of Galveston; Miss Berenice Morrison and R. J. Lackland, Jr.; Miss Nancy Maffett and Mr. Atwood Villet of New Orleans; Miss Ada Ames and Mr. R. T. Brookings; Miss Nellie Schaeffer and Mr. James O'Connor of Dallas, Texas.

That same Wednesday, the 29th, will be remembered by many as a red-letter day in the annals of the "society" set of our city, for it will also witness the marriage of Miss Ellen Cahill to Mr. Gray, and rumor says that one of our fairest belles, the Misses M.C.P., will wed a gentleman from Louisville that same day.

On the 21st Miss Lottie Turner and Mr. George Paschall will fulfil their engagement vows, and the next week Miss Eliza Cahill to Mr. Gray, and rumor says that one of our fairest belles, the Misses M.C.P., will wed a gentleman from Louisville that same day. The will summon society to witness the marriage of Miss Rose O'Fallon to Mr. William Randolph of Virginia, a brother of Mr. Grimes Randolph, who married the lady's eldest sister, the lovely Miss Ruth O'Fallon, and this coming marriage will be the third that has taken place in Mr. Ben O'Fallon's family in three months. Mr. William Randolph, the groom-elect, is now a resident of St. Louis, and thus her friends will not be so dissatisfied by the marriage of Miss Rose as by that of Mrs. Grimes Randolph, who went to share the pastoral life of her husband in the Old Dominion, where he fills the ancestral acres. I do not now belittle me of any other fashionable wedding that will happen before June, for all the world knows that May is unlucky for weddings, a superstition that arose probably because the moon in this month coincided with the festival of Bona Dea (the goddess of charity) and the fests of the dead; at any rate, it dates far back into antiquity. Shipping May, it seems rather long before time to commence the weddings set for June. However, it is very well known that early in this month Miss Kittie Lawson, a niece of Mrs. Kearney of Louisiana, will be married to Mr. George Mittenberger, one of that band of ten brothers who own but one sister, the charming Miss Kate Mittenberger, who, by the way, has just returned from a long sojourn in New Orleans.

Before saying an adieu to the ladies, prospectively and briefly bunched, it may be told that Mrs. Trevelyan, the wife of Mr. Trevelyan, formerly Miss Maggie Wilson, who married and went to Pittsburgh about simultaneously, are now in this city visiting their maiden homes.

With the trumpet notes of spring—which seem rather smothered by the fog-haze of winter—several charming young ladies residing are preparing to return to their homes in distant cities. Miss Grace Larned, of Washington, who has divided her visit between those two friends of her mother, Mrs. Senz and Mrs. John A. Dillon, returns East this week, leaving so many warm friends that it is fondly expected she will come again as long to St. Louis. Miss Kennett, of Baltimore, a very attractive belle, who has been the guest of Mrs. Wayman McCreery and her sister, Miss Carrie Carr, left Thursday for her native city, and in a few days Mrs. Miss Kenzie and Miss Addison, of Richmond, depart for the Virginia capital. These ladies will all be missed from the circle they have adorned during the past gay winter. But I bear that to another elite will be long speed a certain beautiful belle whose record is brighter than that of most; whether as the cherished prize of one who long has sought her hand, or only to win fresh laurels as a queen of beauty, may be guessed but not told.

A dinner was given on Thursday afternoon at the St. Louis Club House by Mr. L. D. Dozier as a parting compliment to Miss Kennett, of Baltimore. It was a most elegant affair, consisting of eleven courses with hand-painted cards at each place and bunches of exquisite rose-buds for each lady. The party consisted of Mrs. Wayman McCreery, as *chaperone*, Miss Kennett, Miss Carr, and Miss Papin, and the Messrs. L. D. Dozier, R. Stokely, G. B. Greeley, and C. Mallin.

Amusements of note in society circles are Mrs. Edgar Ames and her youngest daughter, Miss Maudie, and Mrs. John Knapp and her daughter, Miss Ada, who are spending the Vacation Lenten days amid the orange groves and blossoming banks of Florida. Another absence of note in society circles are Mrs. Edgar Ames and her youngest daughter, Miss Maudie, and Mrs. John Knapp and her daughter, Miss Ada, who are spending the Vacation Lenten days amid the orange groves and blossoming banks of Florida. For the pretty presence in the city who have done the same prayers not patiently and bent their knees from dancing in gushions on their *pre-dance*; and as millinery and modistes are coming on bravely with the Easter bonnets and gowns, clubs sometimes appropriate into

tea-parties, and wherever the urn steams, go—tally, I mean, is stimulated. Thursday afternoon Mrs. Gilbert Chapman gave a charming tea-party at her elegant home on Locust Place, where I'll warrant the conversation merited the name, albeit there are few who understand the art of conversation now.

Last week Miss Ada Ames entertained the Shakespeare Club delightfully, and the previous meeting was held at the home of Miss Haseltine, and voted the most enjoyable of the season. By the way, this select club is rapidly gaining its members by marriage, four having taken upon themselves the yoke of matrimony in the last six months, and now Miss McCreery goes.

The week's record would be very incomplete without mention of some beautiful millinery shown at an opening to which the ladies of the city devoted the fifth and gayer number of the three days of its continuance. Such a number of beautiful bonnets and millinery confections are rarely seen under one roof, and although a few lady was heard lamenting that she had to go to Franklin Avenue, and declaring it strange, indeed, to be in order to see the finest millinery in the city, yet she could not but acknowledge

"It well worth while going." Truly such beauties as those bonnets and hats at Cranford's are unequalled in the city. I am aware that descriptions are very inadequate to depict "beaux of bonnets;" nevertheless I venture a few. A half-line stunner *repose* of the Spanish Bernhardt pipe-shape hat, the brim neatly covered with white marabout, and lined with puffed satin coming down at the sides to form the wings, which are shirred into small space where they join the bonnet, but here are edged with comeline lace and white satin scarf-ends that trail together in a great loop on the breast and held by pearl pins. Quantities of white lace adorn the bonnet, caught here and there with pearl pins, and a superb clasp of oxidized steel and gold holds the great satin bow that rests on the front of the crown. A steel bonnet of exotic shape has the sides of marabout hair straight together in a perfect crown for the crown that it resembles one of heart-shaped, and is in charming contrast with the outer crimson satin that covers the brim, held down by balls of steel beads, and the wide crimson ties attached by handsome steel ornaments to the sides. Tails of marabout hair cluster at the left side, surmounted by fancy little pompons. In flower bonnets there are some most charming creations, as are entirely formed of crushed white-brown roses, their golden hearts in perfect union with the wide lace strings of creamy Spanish blonde; and, and all of pale Parma violets, with barred tips of Spanish lace; an exquisite blue bonnet with brim slightly poked, covered all over with the pinkish purple bloom of the blue blossoms as they look when plucked from the pyramidal clusters. The front of this lovely bonnet is fringed all around with white marabout hair, which is held in a wreath of blue blossoms, and a full of Marabout hair sweeping over the face and then forming a bridle and jabot thickly interwoven with the plucked-out bloom. At the left side a cluster of marabouts are caught to the crown by a gold and steel comb.

In Tassan straw hats there is a bonnet whose coronet front overlays a twist of primrose straw which falls in wide straits at the sides, and a thick plume of bronze, shading to primrose, droops at the left side from a clasp of bronze and gold, the only ornament except a fringe of bronze beads that droops on the hair from the brow-strings which are secured each side to a wreath in bronze, on the right side. A very beautiful Tassan hat is much trimmed with comeline lace and clusters of pink and corise roses—the lace caught at the left side by a bouquet of corise roses and buds, set about with forget-me-nots and mimosa. The lace forms wide strings which are secured each side to a wreath of blue blossoms, and a full of Marabout hair sweeping over the face and then forming a bridle and jabot thickly interwoven with the plucked-out bloom. At the left side a cluster of marabouts are caught to the crown by a gold and steel comb.

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The Democrats held their city convention on Tuesday, and both tickets are now in the field waiting for the people's verdict next Tuesday. As predicted in these columns last Saturday, Mr. Overstreet received the Democratic nomination for Mayor. The opposition to him was not as strong as expected, and the ticket that had been predicted by some people who wanted to see one did not take place. The ticket, as a whole, that the Democrats put up is much weaker than that of the Republicans, and this fact was freely acknowledged as soon as the nominations were made. The Republicans have a weak candidate for Mayor and strong candidates for nearly all the subordinate offices, while the Democrats have a strong candidate for Mayor and weak candidates for most of the subordinate offices. The Democrats had a chance for the Collectorship, which is a very important office, but by putting up so obscure a man as McHose they probably threw away their opportunity. The *Spectator* is interested only in the welfare of the city and looks at both tickets from an absolutely independent standpoint. The question of national politics plays no important part in our municipal government: what we are most concerned about is the growth and prosperity of St. Louis. While we believe that the spirit of republican institutions requires such changes in officers as are necessary to secure fresh ideas, develop new capabilities, and guard against fossilized and corrupt government, we at the same time see as thoroughly convinced that sometimes it is better to give one man two or even three terms of office, yes, maybe a life term, than to give another man a single term. It is sometimes a choice between men, and it is a good rule to take the one best fitted to the place. If the Republicans had nominated one of certain members of their party that we could name, a man like Gov. Stanford or Carlos S. Greeley, we should have gladly supported him, but they put up a man who, while he is a clever gentleman, is not of the material of which St. Louis Mayors ought to be made. He is not quite up to the standard. On the other hand, Mr. Overstreet is a man of admitted ability, and he has been proved to be an excellent officer.

The city has prospered in his hands, and we fail to see how it could be a subordinate for him to remain in office another four years. He is not a politician, but is liberal in all his notions, sober, wise, and trustworthy. If he is elected, we sincerely believe he will aim to be the servant of the whole people, without regard to party, notwithstanding the hampering resolution passed by the convention that nominated him. We are glad to know that he has already announced that he will not be bound by the resolution calling on him to appoint none but Democrats to office if he is elected. His duty, under the law, will be to fill certain offices with the best men he can get, without regard to party. After having made a careful examination of both tickets we have concluded that the following is about as good a one as can be selected: Hon. Henry Overstreet, for Mayor; Mr. E. L. Adreon, for Comptroller; Gen. A. J. Smith, for Auditor; Dr. Robert M. Jennings, for Treasurer; Hon. N. C. Hudson, for Collector; Mr. Emilie Thomas, for Marshal; Mr. David Powers, for President of the Board of Assessors; Col. Henry Flad, for President of the Board of Public Improvements; Mr. W. H. Rudolph, for Inspector of Weights and Measures; Mr. Nicholas Berg, for Registrar; for President of the Council, Hon. George W. Parker; for members of the Court, Messrs. E. S. Rome, Henry Ziegenhein, W. H. Sandler, Henry S. Parker, J. P. Vastine, and Frederick E. Zelle. It is not necessary that we shall go into detail as to any of these gentlemen further than what we have said about the Mayoralty. Messrs. Adreon, Flad, Rudolph, and most of the others are all well known, and we are convinced they will make good officers. In our advertising columns will be found this ticket printed in such a form that those who fancy it can "scratch" it all they make one like it, and vote at the polls. We put it in this shape for the convenience of those who may wish to use it, and not because its insertion is paid for. It will be seen that we support the Republican nominees for the Council. This we do for three reasons: first, because they are all good men; second, because there are several Democratic members who hold over; and third, because, if we are to have a Democratic Mayor, it would be but a fair thing to have a Republican Council. This would give the city government a healthy equilibrium, and insure protection against the dangers of party supremacy.

THE DRAMA.

Maggie Mitchell has been delighting the audiences of the Grand Opera House during the present week with a round of characters from her well-known *Requiem*. Maggie Mitchell's popularity is perennial. She secured a niche in the hearts of the American public almost at the commencement of her career, and she has retained it ever since. Succeeding seasons add to her wrinkle to the face of this artist. She has to-day all the buoyancy, light-heartedness, and vivacity that characterized her more than a decade ago. She is the same Maggie Mitchell now she was then. Time has neither added nor subtracted from her powers. Her method, as every one knows, is not a mystery. It is a school of its own, and is as distinctly Maggie Mitchell's as Lotta's is her own. With what may be termed mannerisms or Maggie Mitchellisms, with her sudden transitions of tone and gesture, mixed with a pert coyness and bold naiveté, this actress exercises a potent spell over the

theatregoers of this generation. With the ladies she is a special favorite. Perhaps her hold upon the public may be accounted for by something more than her charming and laudable talent. During the many years she has been upon the stage her conduct has been thorough and irreproachable. Her reputation has never been stained by scandal. Married to an estimable gentleman, Mr. Henry Paddock, her life as a wife has been both happy and exemplary. Generous and unpretentious in disposition, she invites all those qualities which endear one to the public. Her popularity is sure to endure as long as she is upon the stage.

Wills Edouard's Sparks Company appeared here last fall in "Dresser," and now, as no exact equivalent. It is still the best entertainment of the kind on the stage. The first act is active in every sense, and the acting of Edouard as the grandeur is a fine effort at legitimate comedy. The humorous specialties in the second act are as irresistibly funny as ever. Miss Lillian Lancaster, while most acceptable, does not fit the place made vacant by the temporary retirement of Alice Harrison. Miss Lotta Belows, the lady with the phenomenal lower voice, is also a loss. Nevertheless the company maintains its high standard of excellence and the performance is undoubtedly the best of its class. "Dresser" maintains its high position in public favor. The Harrisons have also made their second appearance here during the present season. "Dresser" has been somewhat improved and embellished since last fall, and this edifice is now exceedingly amusing. Alice Harrison is in her special brand the cleverest subordinate in the company, but, however, owing to the belief that her peculiar qualities do not show to advantage in the present place. Some of her specialties are remarkably clever, but they do not afford scope for the full display of her talent, which is unquenched. Louis Harrison is a clever actor, and works hard in all that he does. In conjunction with E. S. Graham he gives some amusing sketches. The grotesqueness of his make-up is a feature with him. Graham's specialties are also clever, but, however, he is a bit tired. Mrs. Theresa Wood—Miss Harrison—was graceful dancer. Her dress is not so pretty picturesque as the one she wore last fall, and, somehow or other, the evening was present her dancing did not please me as well as on her first visit. Miss Carrie Daniels' guitar playing always pleases. Next year, I understand, Miss Harrison will appear in a play written expressly to suit her special ability. She is bound to meet with success.

PHILHARMONIC QUINTETTA CLUB—FOURTH CONCERT.

Monday evening's subscription concert made rather heavy demands upon the performers and the audience. In spite of the rain the attendance was excellent, but the strings of the orchestra and the enthusiasm of the hearers were both appreciably dampened. The programme, too, was decidedly heavy, including a quartette (op. 13, in A), by Mendelssohn, and a piano quintette (op. 15, in A), in five movements, by Friedrich Kiel. The short instrumental piece, which might have been made to suit the programme, was unfortunately an Andante (theme and variations), by Ouslow, from quintette for two violins, viola, and two violoncellos (op. 15). Both the quartette and the quintette were new to the audience, and the quintette fairly bristled with difficulties for every instrument. The result was an enjoyable, though serious, quartette, a somewhat heavy instrumental piece, and a very satisfactory instrumentation as strengthened by the second violin, and a quintette full and rich in its construction, but lacking somewhat in mobile charm. The vocal part of the programme was assigned to Miss Julia Kraus, who sang the song, "The Song of the Sea," "Wiedung" and "Alleskath in Freude," by Schumann, and Schuler's setting of Gretchen's pathetic song in "Faust," by Felix Mendelssohn. The next concert appointed for Monday, April 18, may be a little tight but good food in the course of the next banquet, in order that we may be better enjoy the rock, solid dishes which the club is sure to set before us.

ART.

GREEK ART.—RECENT DISCOVERIES AT OLYMPIA.—CASTS OF THE "HERMES" OF PHIAIDIAS AND THE "VICTORY" OF PRAXITELES, IN THE MUSEUM OF THE ST. LOUIS SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS.

The question naturally arises as to the cause of the immeasurable superiority of Greek sculpture over any of the productions of modern times. Why was it that their branch of art reached its highest development nearly five hundred years before Christ, and among a people who, judged by our present standards of knowledge, were in a state of childish ignorance? Notwithstanding the profound knowledge of anatomy accumulated through centuries of patient study and scientific research, through dissection and the splendid achievements of modern surgery, the sculptor of to-day looks upon the animated and headless torso remaining of that wonderful age with the reverence and enthusiasm with which a student of science regards the achievements of Humboldt and Darwin. The accumulated knowledge of the centuries simply enables him to comprehend the perfection of an art which he dares not hope to approach, much less to rival. This beautiful plant, the outgrowth of Hellenic civilization, matured with the ripening intellect of the race, blossomed, and bore its precious fruit, and when all-conquering Rome made Greece a province of its empire, it died and was buried. They were a joyous people, living in a beautiful country, having a mild and equable climate, and a religion which taught that every element of nature was permeated with divinity. A river was itself a god to be worshipped and propitiated; a fountain, perchance, was a nymph metamorphosed; the sun was *Phœbus*; the moon pale *Diana*; the stars were divinities turned to constellations of dazzling light. The gods dwelt upon Olympus, took part in their games, and framed the code of laws which regulated them. Zeus was the embodiment of the powers of nature and the original owner of the soil. Their games were acts of religious worship. Physical perfection was the standard to which all aspired; it was this for which the Greek mother prayed as the pious bond to her unborn child. Gymnasiums were in every town supported at the public expense. These were the schools in which the youths of Greece were educated. They exercised carefully under. They had no complicated costume such as modern wear, but a short tunic, without sleeves, for the male, and a long one for the female; sometimes a square mantle; and for the woman, a veil when she went out. Their games were acts of religion. It could be removed in a moment, and was no restraint upon the figure, and the form was indicated through the openings. The human form was as familiar to every eye as the face is to-day. So thorough was this knowledge, when the balustrades ordinarily worn were thrown aside in the gymnasium, it has been said that one could tell by the contraction of the muscles of the back the length of time since the man had broken his fast. So, as regards form, every one was a critic. Physical training was common to all grades. Alexander, when he died at the Troas, threw aside his clothes and raved around the pillar which marked the grave of Achilles, to do him honor. Plato and Chrysippus were at one time athletes. Euripides was crowned as one at the Eleusian games, and Pythagoras took a prize for boxing. From local festivals and athletic games arose the great Pan-Hellenic festival—the Olympic, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian. Of these the Olympic was the most important, and exercised the greatest influence in maintaining a Hellenic feeling. Subdivided into a great number of factions, city against city, the idea of national unity never seems to have occurred to the Greeks. They were engaged almost constantly in feuds, but during the season of the Olympic festival a truce was declared, called the "truce of God," and all who entered the sacred territory of Elis were compelled to leave their arms behind them. For three years vast multitudes went to Olympia to participate in or witness the exercises.

The chief building at Olympia was the temple of

Zeus, which contained the most marvellous work of art ever created by man, the chryselephantine statue of Zeus by Phidias. There were many other buildings, the chief of which was the Heraion, or temple dedicated to Hera, the consort of Zeus. In the *heliasterion*, or council-house, stood the Zeus Horkios, with a thunderbolt in each hand, before which all who participated in the sacred games were obliged to take an oath to perform their several parts justly. At the foot of this statue was a bronze tablet, upon which were inscribed in elegant verse solemn denunciations against all who violated their oath. Severe fines were imposed for this crime, and the same fines realized were applied to the erection of bronze statues called *Zones*, which were dedicated to the offended deity. On the bases of these statues were inscribed the names of the offenders and the cities to which they belonged, so that they might be handed down to lasting infamy.

The victors at the Olympian games were allowed to commemorate their prowess and that of their horses who had been successful in the races by means of bronze statues or groups erected within the sacred precincts.

The wonderful museum of art was enriched by contributions from different cities of bronze statues to commemorate victories won, among which were a great number of Zeus. The greatest of these was dedicated by the Eliahs in honor of their victory over the Arkadians. This was twenty-seven feet high, a detailed description of the statue and the place in which it was given by Pausanias, who visited the place in the second century of the Christian era. The total number of statues there at that time is not definitely known, as Pausanias only mentioned those which he deemed the most important, but if we may believe Piny, the number must have been fully 2,000. But this is probably an exaggeration. The most important of the Olympian statues were so minutely described by Pausanias as to be readily identified in the event of their recovery. Fortunately he gave not only a description of the statue, but also the name of the artist who executed them. The statues erected to the victors in the athletic games proved a great benefit to sculptors, as not only were the features required to be correct, but the whole figure, rounded and hardened by the ten months' training which each one was obliged to undergo before he could enter the arena—this must also be a likeness in every detail.

From the date of the first Olympiad, B. C. 776, until A. D. 394, when the games were suppressed by Theodosius, upwards of eleven centuries, Olympia was one of the chief glories of the Greeks. Christian legends of the life of God, and the Greek legends of the life of God, were down the precious traditions of art. From the time of the Gothic invasion, A. D. 395, until 1776, there is no record of civilized man having visited the spot. An earthquake had thrown down the temple of Zeus, the house of the rivers Alpheus and Keryneia, which enclosed it on either side, had broken the temple down, and marshes formed, breeding a deadly malaria. Desolation settled upon the sacred plain as though sent by the gods as an evidence of displeasure at the desecration of their temples. In 1829 a partial excavation was made by the French government, but no serious attempt at excavation was made until October 4, 1875, when operations were commenced by the German government. During that year a convention was concluded between the German and Hellenic governments whereby Germany obtained the exclusive right to make excavations at Olympia for five years, on condition that all antiquities found should be the property of Greece, the Germans only having the exclusive right of taking casts, drawings, and photographs of whatever might be found, for a limited time. One of the first discoveries made was a statue of Victory by Pausanias, who is known to have been a contemporary of Phidias and to have been the artist who decorated the pediment of the temple of Zeus with statuary. The inscription on the base gives the name of the sculptor and also states that the statue was dedicated to Zeus by the Messenians and Megarians in gratitude for their success over their enemies. The finding of a statue by a Greek contemporary of Phidias is an event of great importance to the art world. It is

heavily mutilated,—the arms, wings, and part of the head are missing,—but enough remains to discover the motive. It has been described as follows: "The Victory was represented nearly lighted on earth. She was clad in a long chiton, the flying movements of which indicated the rapidity of her descent. The wings were doubling nearly upright on the shoulders, and the body had a forward inclination,—something like that of a ship's figurehead,—resting on the right foot, with the left a little advanced in the air. To this forward tilt of the figure the skirts of the drapery flying behind must have acted as a counterpoise, while at the same time it helped to express the swiftness of the downward swoop. The ground on which the Victory stood was alighting is irregularly carved to represent rock, and at the side of the right foot is a head which has been thought to be that of an eagle, but seems more like the head of a gull or other marine bird. The design of this figure is very striking and original, and the composition of the drapery, though in some parts rather dry and meagre in execution, is not unworthy of the contemporary Athenian school."

Among the statues described by Pausanias as standing in the Heraion at Olympia was "a stone Hermes bearing the infant Dionysos, the work of Praxiteles." In the ruins of the Heraion was found in May, 1877, the identical group described by Pausanias seventeen hundred years before. This is the most important discovery of modern times. It is the only work which can with certainty be identified with Praxiteles that is now extant, and, if we except the marble of the Parthenon, the only work by one of the Greek masters. A cast of this magnificent piece of sculpture, together with the Victory above described, was secured by Prof. Tiedemann for the Museum of Fine Arts last summer. The Victory of Hermes is ready to be placed in the position which will eventually be assigned it. It is mutilated: both legs below the knee, the right arm below the elbow, and the entire upper portion of the infant are gone; but the head and trunk are perfect. It has been pronounced by the most competent critics to be the best piece of sculpture known to be in existence. The works of Praxiteles have heretofore been known only through copies and descriptions, but at last the art treasury of the world has been enriched by a group which was thought by him worthy of a place in the Heraion of Olympia. I dare not attempt a description, for no poor words of mine could give the faintest idea of its incomparable beauty. The divine beauty of the face, the joyous life which pervades the Hermes, is almost worshipping. All their jeweled of the smallest appreciation of art have reason to be grateful that this cast will find a permanent home in the beautiful museum now nearly finished. It should be remembered that a cast, aside from the intrinsic value which always attaches to an original work and the cheaper material of which it is composed, is precisely as good as the original statue. It is not a copy, but an exact reproduction.

The formal opening of the Museum will take place some time during May, when this and the large collection of casts from the antique may be seen by all.

W. R. H.

LETTER-BOX.

Editor of the Spectator:

The estimation in which the Spectator is held by our people is shown by a mark of literary merit in the form of a general paper and a mark of literary merit on the part of your paper. Literary revolutions are quiet and bloodless, but potent and far-reaching in their influence. The people are beginning to realize one fact in the life of modern America—the power of the press. The press has always been in the van in the most important movement for the elevation of the race during the past two hundred years. In no instance has it been made for any considerable time the plant root of power in oppressing the people. When true to its own best interest, the press is the most powerful and the most common people. It is an owner of much future good to our city that a journal devoted to a fearless discussion of all questions bearing upon our material,

social, educational, and religious welfare should find no hearty a welcome in our midst. There are questions touching our material interests which demand an honest purpose and a frankness which is in itself management. There are questions of a social nature which public opinion expressed through the press alone can regulate. There are vital questions connected with the educational institutions of the land which no power less potent than the newspaper can finally settle. May your mission in our midst be laid out on the right side of every great question that involves the growth and prosperity of our people.

MALCOLM HOWE.

Editor of the Spectator:

Rites and customs pertaining to the beloved dead we approach with reverence and profound respect. But there is one custom I can no longer refrain from mentioning, and that is the placing of flowers, over some one of the floral offerings sacred to the dead, usually a monument, a stuffed white dove, with outspread wings. The heartlessness and unreality of the stuffed bird, which stands for a live one, is such an abomination that it seems to me the blinding ridicule with things that are sacred and holy. The sentiment which symbolizes is in the highest degree poetic and beautiful—the Holy Spirit, or with some religiousists simply Peace. The association of these elevated sentiments with the poor stuffed bird drops to the plane of ridicule. If a real live and no make-believe white dove, when I am dead, will come and light upon my bosom, or rest upon my cheek, and fly away when it chooses, I make no objection; but no stuffed white dove with stiffly stretched wings for me.

LISA.

Editor of the Spectator:

"One Who (thinks he) Knows" has certainly been misinformed in regard to "K" Co. of the 1st N. Y. Cavalry, Tenn., last May. There were four companies that took part in that competitive drill, and not three, as stated. The official score was as follows: CALCIFORNIA, 324 1/2; "K" Co., 302; Porter Rifles, 221; Berk City Guards, 161; 2d, the strongest of the 2d. The Porter Rifles and Berk City Guards were never in better condition than at that time, and when "K" Co. arrived had been in camp and drilling twice a day for a week or more. The "Porters" are today considered the second-best drilled company in that section of the country. The gentleman is correct—"I" was mistaken in regard to the organization of Co. E; but may I ask what "Innocent" or "important duties" have they ever performed, if I have not the time or inclination to refer to the police. As for Co. A, "K" Co. was not organized until August, 1874, they could not possibly have received the Porter Rifles in October, 1877. The gentleman is mistaken: "K" Co. was not organized from the "dissatisfied" elements of various companies, but from a majority of the ex-members of "I" Co., F. R., and now men who had never drilled before. Is the competitive drill at the Fair Grounds, October, 1878, Co. F, 3d rank third, as stated, and "K" Co. fourth, and why? Because "K" Co. had been organized last year, and had been only been drilling with arms three weeks. Have Co. E ever beaten them since? No, sir! Now, in regard to the Atlanta trip, let me say a word or two. Owing to the inability of "K" Co.'s first regiment in procure leave of absence, E. Townsend's first regiment did fill that place with "K" Co., and he was a disgrace to the militia. He went into the competitive drill heavily intoxicated, and his individual errors counted more against the company than all those done by the balance of the company. The 2d and 3d regiments were the only outside men that made the trip with "K" Co. The drill was fairly and squarely won, and the members did not "acknowledge openly (or otherwise) that they did not deserve it." I should like to ask you if you think that Company F, drilled the 2d regiment in preference to drilling "K" Co. for it. Now, a few words more, and I can thank. Since the gentleman has been so kind as to refer to the "outside men" relict by "K" Co. in Atlanta, allow me a "partial solilo" to give him a few facts in regard to that drill

trip and exhibition drill by Co. E in front of Willard's Hotel, at Washington, D. C., March 25th, by twenty-four picked men, and the number of outside men drilled with them. A majority of the twenty-four were not members of Co. E. Their names are as follows: J. V. Johnston, Joe Merrill, Frank Merrill, Mandell, MacMahon, Brown, Cameron, Jones, Kerr, Powers, Ryers, and Temple, members of "K" Co., Staebler, Iron Branch Guards, and Sperelman, from Co. F, N. G., leaving ten Co. E men that actually drilled at Washington. From the above showing you will see that it was more a "K" Co. drill than anything else. Had "K" Co. been allowed to take, his article should not have carried forth a reply from

THURSDAY JAMES.

Editor of the Spectator:

An article appears in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March entitled "New York Theatres," and reference is made to McCullough and Forrest, and a comparison drawn between the two, wherein McCullough is spoken of as "an intellectual Forest." That is he possesses more intelligence and genius than Booth—that Booth's *Hamlet* is nothing more than "an elaborate piece of recitation"—that McCullough's performance of *Hamlet* is so superior to that of Booth's that it is like witnessing a new play. Whenever a writer of critic makes such assertions as these, he must expect to find a great many who entertain different views. I am no champion of Booth and his style of acting; but when such a comparison as the above is made, I am anxious to bring my opinion for what it is worth. I deny that McCullough is "an intellectual Forest." In any sense of the word. His most intimate friends do not claim for him any great amount of intelligence beyond the conception of a plot and its execution. Forrest was a man who was a man outside of his profession; McCullough is not. If the comparison of McCullough and Forrest is not in accord with the facts, what must it be when McCullough is asserted as having more intelligence and genius than Booth, when in point of fact Booth is the superior of what Forrest was and what McCullough is to-day, intellectually and artistically. I know that McCullough is a fine actor; that in some plays, such as "Virginia" and "The Gladiator," he has not an equal outside of Salvini; but I deny that he is the equal of Booth in the character of *Hamlet*. McCullough plays *Hamlet* as a "robustness" bearer of a passion to tatters—to very rag. I agree with the *Atlantic Monthly*, that Booth's *Hamlet* is "an elaborate piece of recitation," but I am disposed to refer to the matter, and say that it is not only an elaborate piece of recitation, but the finest impersonation of the character that has been witnessed in this country, and the best portrayal of the character of the philosopher, scholar, and son written by Shakespeare and edited by Hamlet." Whenever McCullough plays the part of *Hamlet* for one hundred consecutive nights as successfully as Booth, I may then conclude that he has approximated to Booth's conception and acting of the part.

PETER.

Editor of the Spectator:

May I ask you to solve a doubt? In one of our new and elegant churches the pulpit is located so far to one side that the listeners upon the extreme of the other side have difficulty in viewing the apostolic form even after a gratuitous exertion. Now, is this novel arrangement intended to symbolize the greatest division of Christianity into the good and the bad? If so, which side of the aforesaid auditorium is considered the good side? Are the sheep to be thus drawn near the gospel manger, or is it the rebel goats who are to be kept under closer supervision that they may not dare wash their heads of sin? Please resolve my doubts, until then I must keep out of the fold, since self-interest will not allow of such uncertainty as to the stamp upon my particular pen.

TOWNSHIP, PENNSYLVANIA.

The veteran missionary Rev. TITUS COPE is soon to give to the public a volume of his personal recollections of forty years of life and missionary labor in the

Sandwich Islands. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) These publishers have made ready for Easter three appropriate and attractive books: "Easter Chimes," an entirely new collection of songs and hymns, a little square volume with red-lined borders, in simple binding and tastefully decorated by hand in floral designs; "Heart of Christ, My King!" and other translations of ancient Christian hymns, by the late Rev. Dr. Edward A. Washburn; and "The Heart of Hastings," a book that looks on the fires of an anchor, with colored cover and a ribbon instead of rope or chain. Its contents are in verse.

Elder Peter Deman, father of Col. P. Deman, the well-known journalist and correspondent, died at his home in Palmyra, Mo., Friday night of last week. He was a man of distinguished politeness and culture, and a minister of the city.

CHICAGO LETTER.

CHICAGO, March 21, 1881.

It is hardly necessary to say that the city is at present under the influence of its annual social stupor. Society is actually doing nothing, except attending the opera, shaking at the risk, preparing spring bonnets for the coming Easter exhibition, and buying Easter cards. Many of the gentlemen devote all their time to political matters just now, and the ladies devote their time to shopping. The number of ladies, young and old, who parade the streets between the large dry goods stores and the new and old-fashioned ladies, and the gentlemen who turn their heads to admire a pretty face are not to be blamed, for what would the maidens do if the lady did not stop to admire? Not that the girls are handsome—not at all; we have but a very few really handsome ladies here, and when a bona Chicago girl is one, you may believe him. Our ladies, as a rule, are works of art, beautifully and wonderfully made up, always reminding of the question of the painter in "An Arabian Night," who, in response to the remark of a London painter, who said she could paint well, asks: "Do you paint yourself?" As I said before, handsome girls are rarely to be seen here, except when some St. Louis or Baltimore belle visits us, and how happy the gals are when some fair visitor arrives here. They are anxious to be her honor, entertain her, and make her visit short by pleasant entertainment, but very often the fancy society group, instead of entertaining the "maiden fair to say," bores her with a repetition of stupid talk and the cheapest society gossip.

The French opera company, with Madame Andrie and M. Tourne at the head, is filling an engagement at McVicker's Theatre and crowning itself with glory. The general opinion is that no such opera company has been here in many a day. It came here without any flourish of trumpets, with but little advertising, but with great faith in the people. But the latter have been backward in coming forward. The attendance has been fair, not at all commensurate with the merits of the organization. The latter is not a star attraction, but relies for success upon its ensemble. The orchestra is in many respects the very finest operatic orchestra that we have ever had here, consisting of forty-five performers. The chorus is fair, the ballets large and excellent. The scenery is not bad, but on the whole the features and has attracted many people. At its head is Mlle. Henneaux, a very pretty, graceful young lady who has a remarkable technique in dancing—if the arena may be allowed—she and who adds additional charms to her person by allowing her hair flowing hair to drop gracefully while she performs. During this engagement the ballet in "Pant" and "Carmen" have been introduced here for the first time. The former has made a divided impression here. It is characteristic of the modern taste that the ballet is almost entirely neglected. It is indeed refreshing to find a ballet that is introduced without being irrelevant. Take first in "Pant" the Devil," given here Saturday evening, and you will find that the portion of the opera could be omitted with loss to the plot, but that the other part of the work of the same length. It has its bearing upon the continuity of the work, is highly dramatic and interesting from a moral and unusual point of view, as well

as from the terpsichorean. To me the ballet seems to be "Robert," as presented by this company, was highly impressive and almost as good as a sermon with a good moral to it.

The operas presented are of the heavy dramatic school, including "The Huguenots," "The Jewess," "Aida," "Robert the Devil," "Carmen," "L'Affaire," "Roméo and Juliet," and "William Tell." The two finest artists in the company are Madame Ambroise and M. Tournaire. In many respects has the latter gentleman been the star of the season. He is a great tragic actor and a remarkable singer. He is conscientious and faithful in the most minute detail, never sparing himself for a final effort. Every emotion is truthfully and forcibly portrayed. He is mainly in figure and in action and impresses his auditors more probably than any tenor who has ever been here.

Catherine Lewis as *Olivette*, and John Howson as *Cyprien de Morvaine*, are playing large audiences here. People are anxious to hear "Olivette" because some one has said that it is the successor of "Pinafore." If this opera were less good than it is, the public would go all the same, for "successor of Pinafore" is a strong attraction.

The Chicago Music Company has sold four hundred copies of the score of "Julius Taylor," who "was a fresh young fellow, full of mirth and full of glow." This new comic, and popular opera will be presented here next week.

The many Chicago friends of the esteemed Col. P. Donati are sympathizing with him, owing to the recent death of his aged father. His numerous friends were much pained to hear the sad news.

A very fine oil painting of the late Lucretia Mont is on exhibition here, and is attracting little attention. It can not be satisfied in your selection of Easter cards in St. Louis, and in Chicago. The assortment here is large, varied, and useful.

We are being afflicted this week with a succession of tragedies, the work of Frederick Paulding, who is killing *Hamlet* and other characters every evening, and people go in large numbers at a dollar a head to witness the execution.

The Roller-Skating Rink continues to be a source of pleasure to numerous attendants. Some evenings last week as many as five hundred people were present at one time, most of them on skates. Many come every evening, and always enjoy themselves. Some come in parties and hold little receptions, skating by wickets, as it were.

The Chicago Press Club, which numbers nearly one hundred and thirty members, will hold another reception Saturday evening. EDGARDO.

PARIS LETTER.

CHIEF ABOUT MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS.
(Special Correspondence of the Spectator.)

PARIS, March 16, 1881.

It is a significant fact, and not generally known, that a great proportion of the most famous French painters are present here. It is not without many sacrifices, hard work, and sometimes despair, that the men who now occupy foremost positions as artists have made themselves names. Meissonnier, now a very potent worldly power, acquired by indomitable industry, as well as by his inventive genius for his genre of art, was as a student subject to deep depression, not only occasioned by the difficulties incident to his artistic apprenticeship, but from a want of conviction as to his possession of any real talent for the career he had chosen. Bonnat is thought by many to be the greatest portrait painter in Paris, and certainly manages in capturing as others persons bearing the greatest names in high places. Within the last few years he has given to the world portraits which will be valued as much for the personages they represent as for the artistic qualities of the works themselves. Even to these who have not seen the portraits or the originals, engravings and photographs of his pictures bring as living reality such men as Victor Hugo, Thiers, Grevy, and Don Carlos. Bonnat has also executed many able orders for the State. Among others, his "Christ on the Cross," exhibited in the Salon of

1874, and now in the Palais de Justice. He is a man of pleasing presence and kindly disposition, and many are the instances cited by himself and students which help generously given. His studio is a favorite with artists, some of whom many are under his tuition. No name among French artists is better known than that of Gerome, a painter of historical as well as general and dramatic subjects, whose work is characterized by a wonderful finesse. He is a professor at the *École des Beaux Arts*, where he has the largest atelier of pupils in Paris, many among them being Americans. Spure and Quistice in appearance, his countenance is full of seriousness, although traditions of his wild pranks as a student are kept alive and handed down from year to year by his disciples in the "school." He is an enthusiastic equestrian, and his figure on horseback is a familiar object in the offices of the Bois de Boulogne. In an elegant little "hotel" looking out upon the Parc Monceau lives the famous Cabanel, dictator of the aristocracy, the painter of the *Academy*. Nominally at the head of French art to-day, Cabanel has the air of feeling and enjoying his enviable position. A member of the *Institut*, he is a high authority in matters of art, and has received important commissions from the government. Among these is the wonderful fresco in the "Pavilion of the *Academy*." In the *Salon*, the walls of the Pantheon also display his genius on a larger scale. With a fine presence he combines a somewhat pompous carriage, making him a figure to be noticed wherever met. It is asserted, as he has been deprived of a travelling opportunity, when coming, whether in hand, to the *Academy*, the much-sought-for privilege of becoming his pupil, of the power of speech. Cabanel neither helps him nor encourages him, but waits in endless silence for him to have his say, or, should he so disposed, dismisses him without a hearing. His pupils are more of the class of extraneous than any other in the *École des Beaux Arts*, yet his disciples are more successful in carrying off the prizes awarded by government than those of any other master in Paris. Cabanel's work is characterized by classic elegance and a cold feeling for the beautiful. Whatever he touches becomes refined and spiritualized, but too often in a cold, intellectual way, impressing one more by the finished capabilities of the artist than by any kindling feeling for the subject. Both in style and work Jules Breton stands in striking contrast to Cabanel. Breton's heart is in the fields and cottages of provincial France, he loves the harvesters, the plowmen, the twilight, and the moon; the peasant's toils and yearnings are his own, and when his points of view the observer's sympathy and the humanity he depicts. His well-known picture, "The Blessing of the Cornfield," which made his reputation and still sustains it, fairly thrills with the spirit of the scene it represents; and his colored figure of a gleaner which was seen in the Salon of 1877 is a noble type of economical conviction. Breton, which shows a fine intellectual appreciation of the life he interprets. He rarely visits Paris, yet it is sometimes one's privilege to see his honest and unobtrusive figure striding through the galleries of the Louvre, where, near the entrance, he is constantly seen, observing, or endeavoring to reproduce, his famous picture. If by chance he sees one who seems to have caught his intention, he generally approves, or perhaps offers a suggestion, which is gratefully received and highly prized by the fortunate worker. The question from Jules Breton to Millet is only natural on the principle that the more we dig the deeper we go, for where Breton gives us the sentiment of lonely scenes and peasant life, Millet gives us the essence of things, life itself, and an overpowering suggestion of the great power of the human mind, and touches the vital springs of existence. The spirit seems to dwell when his pensons life down to rest; it is more than repose from physical fatigue that he delineates: it is the oblivion of their whole nature, and the carrying cases of life are for a moment forgotten. The transition from Jules Breton to Millet is only a few steps, but the struggle of his early life have tended to make the strain of his artistic thought as broad and manly as it is. That he was but little appreciated

while young is most natural, but that the world should have let him die without having fully seen his praise is a fact which seldom fails who admire him now. Corot's father, developed late in life, but Corot, Millet, he received his share of this world's goods and honors before leaving it. His work, if not joyful, is bright. Whose skies are as sunny as those of Corot, or whose atmosphere suggests so much good health? He certainly brings in what what happy one may do, for Corot made and increased his reputation after arriving at the years when some men deem themselves old. The jury not having awarded him the *Prix de Salon* a short time before his death, Paris united by acclamation to bestow it upon him with double honor, for the constant work of his brush, the artist's kind, the noble appreciation of his contemporaries went even beyond the grave, for the medal was carried upon a velvet cushion behind the horse at his funeral. Jean Paul Laurens is one of the most dramatic and powerful of the French painters of to-day. Delighting in death, his subjects are generally post-mortem, but painted with a solidity and vigor that must be accorded. Beginning life as a poor boy, he has by industry won for himself a name respected in a circle of artists. His work indicates a strong capacity for whatever he undertakes. He has a positive way of painting that impresses one as something the assertion. The very name of Charles Duran has a ring of affection, but the painter possesses so much remarkable genius in his power, which is almost exclusively portraiture, that we can forgive him the weakness of his manner. Duran avoided conventional methods, and did not enter the *École des Beaux Arts*. After having studied in his own way in Paris, he went to Rome, where he painted a remarkable picture called the "Assassinat," which won for him considerable recognition, and a large portion of the Prix. Everard established him as a portraitist. Since that time his brilliant canvases have rapidly succeeded one another, and he now stands the acknowledged rival of any portrait painter in France. His large canvas of "Cressida and Chloé," which was sent to the "Centennial," is a masterpiece of portraiture, and his sister-in-law, Duran's men and women stand out from the canvas with the vividness of reality, but his portraits want subtlety. His personages are essentially physical, almost without soul. He is thoroughly French in temperament, dry and impulsive, fond of music and dancing, playing the guitar with some skill, and, as most great men, "do they paint a picture, his words write a poem," finds himself a greater musician than painter. Roumer, one of the most consummate painters of flesh tints among the French, is an Italian. He is a man of great power, and his women are depicted, and the changes he rings on one exquisite type of feminine beauty would in any other artist become monotonous; but such is his skill that each repetition becomes a delightful surprise and awakens in his admirers new and new applauses. In conjunction with Charles Duran, Roumer produces a school of the *Industrie*. He excels the former in drawing, while his duffy and mysterious manner of painting admirably tempers in instructions Duran's sometimes too harsh realism. One of the rising stars, and much younger than any before referred to, is seen in debasing the *Academy* school of nature. He follows the classical and learned, but to produce the pictures which gave us many a shudder at the Centennial. But despite his temperament, which certainly tends to the gloomy, Becker has a artistic grasp of the picturesque on its smaller side, as seen here in *Decorations for the preparation of the feast*. Schiöen has acquired such reputation with such intricate qualities for his foundation springing into so sudden maturity as that of Bastien Lepage. The years since Lepage was a poor student, in-day everybody acknowledges his power, and his work is a masterpiece of conscientious, painstaking thoroughness. One would say that his technical interpretation of an object could go so far; but it is not soulless there is a subtlety that suggests great beauty in his work. With all this

accomplishment he is still lacking in an intellectual power to grasp and treat intelligently the dramatic art. There is a secret that borders on feishness in his conception of dramatic incident, but his portraits are creations of truly high art. Alas! Nicolas Moré, to whom was awarded the first prize in last year's Salon, was a pupil of Clésier. After becoming one of the strongest in his school he concluded to compete for the Prix de Rome, which he won in 1874. Under thirty, to study in Rome four years at the expense of the government. Having acquired a style of his own which was too unconventional for the requirements of the "Académie," he told that if he wished to succeed he must completely change it. Within a few weeks he altered entirely his manner, conforming to the demands of the school traditions, and carried off the grand prize at the universally early age of twenty. Not long after Rome during the succeeding four years such representations of his work as the State always expects while the student is receiving his pension, to him thus fulfilled the "brilliant promise with which he set out." "Moses," one of his *grandes de Rome*, is a grand conception, possessing qualities of the most mature and finished workmanship. His "Good Samaritan" of last year was a *chef-d'œuvre*.

VERY.

DOGS.

Our late State Legislature passed an act to abate the nuisance of sheep-biting dogs. It was easily felt that some sort of legislation for the protection of the farmer in Missouri was long overdue. For sixty years we have had on the statute-book an act encouraging the destruction of wolves; and all this time we have been permitting, if not encouraging, the production of what may, in all adaptive agencies, be termed a partially domesticated wolf, whose ranges on the sheep of the farmer in Missouri have been, at the very least, ten times more than those of the authentic, unequivocal, unvaried wolf. This most ridiculous condition of things is perhaps approaching its close. Such is the vitality of our disorders, and so extreme is the moroseness of our law-giving people, that, after all, we shall be as much surprised as pleased if the present legislation for the protection of the farmer's sheep is supplemented two years hence by more drastic provisions which will carry within themselves the means of getting executed. It is wonderful that even our General Assembly did not perceive that one of the best modes of afflicting immigrants in Missouri would be a demonstration that we were tired of allowing our matchless facilities for cheap agriculture—Union agriculture combining the cultivation of grain and other crops with the raising of the most useful domestic animals—to be nullified by measures for the almost utterly worthless class of quadrupeds in the State except the rate, and some destructive by-law acts than these laws. I presume the average legislator had before his eyes the living varnishes to the owners of cures that delight in flesh woe, and the necessity of facilitating this class seemed more pressing than the duty of giving the needed protection to what ought to be one of the leading industries of this great State.

But all this is merely preliminary. The *Spectator* is not an agricultural journal, but a city weekly, and there is another aspect of the dog question which impresses itself forcibly on the attention of all our citizens. It has been anywhere else in the world (outside of Sicily and Constantinople) a city so cursed as this with not merely wolves, but vicious dogs, I should be glad to be told of. I will give some of my observations during the last few weeks and the reader will draw his own inferences, in addition to those I may make.

I was driving through the city limits. I saw two men walking with two animals, one of which was a mottled color which, distinctive as it had the most unobscurable variety of the canine species, is yet fully somewhat more innocent as I stopped, and, though recognizing the color of the animal, I did not know the name of it. They replied, "The Shit-brown found." (The name is the "Shit-brown blood.") I said, "These are very dangerous animals." "Not at all," said one of the men; "they are as good-natured as possible,"

and so saying he called one of the monsters to him, seized him affectionately by the skin of the neck, shook him with words of endearment, and asked, "All the children in my neighborhood would get lost." "No doubt," I said, "it will as long as these dogs are in as good humor and not hungry. But what would happen if either of them should get into a passion?" "Oh, then, of course, somebody would get lost," said one of the men, with a chuckle; and he really seemed to think he was talking humorously and rationally. "In my judgment," I said, "such dogs are as harmless as so many tame wolves." The man laughed, and, in parting, said, "Was along Fourth Street with a dog named Tom, and west of Fourth Street, a negro was leading by a rope, attached to a collar, an enormous and powerful white dog. The animal had a large infection of the blood of the building, but was the product of a cross which gave length of leg and body. The dog evidently not more than fifteen months old at furthest—it wanted that steadiness and sedateness which mark the mature dog," didn't confine himself to a direct line on the sidewalk. He was like a drunken man in his playfulness and walked on both sides of the street." I saw several ladies and some men leave the sidewalk as they met him and bade themselves to the water, I happened to be going the same way, and, dog and his keeper, and at a short distance behind. The keeper afterwards could not conceal his satisfaction at the discomfort caused by his companion. He grumbled as the feet of the passenger gave way, and said, "I walked in this manner from the Twelfth Street. At this point the man and his dog turned south-west. During this walk no policeman was encountered. I met one on Thirteenth, and mentioned what I had seen; but the dog was then out of sight, and the policeman did not seem to know (and I did not) whether, if they had been within his ken, it was competent for him to interfere upon this festive occasion."

2. Almost daily I see something of this kind, viz., a man on horseback, sometimes a lady and gentleman on horseback, will pass along the street. Some dog will fly out into the street, and will sometimes bite at the horse's heels. I have seen some horses become actually unmanageable under this irritation. I have seen them jump and start in a manner well calculated to unsettle the rider, and sometimes have seen them bolt and run. Now it is no trifles for a horse to bolt in a city, or for a horse to bolt in the first instance. It cannot run far without imminent risk of inflicting against some person or thing in the street, to say nothing of the chances of his losing his footing on the paved streets, particularly the crossings, which give him a perfect hold for his shins. I can understand the annoyance caused to the rider, supposing them to be merely annoyed, not injured in life or limb by the occurrence.

What is the need of dogs in a city anyhow? As I was in a butcher's yard, and in the butchering field I recognize a use for them, which in the first two cases, at least, is undeniable. But what is the use of them in a city? What is their reason of life in a metropolitan? They can only answer one of two purposes. The first is that of a watch-dog. The experienced still services that in this field they are of some utility in a town. These workers know better. If my house this year had been so small as to be a city, I should have a dog which clears the way; and there is another mode, which we will not mention here, at effectually stopping one of the fiercest without destroying life. The second purpose is that of fighting a dog. The first purpose is one of the uses of the household. Whether the pet be that abominable piglet a pug-dog, or a bulldog, a sheep-dog, or a terrier, it is a dog, and a dog is a dog, and we have no particular admiration for the taste that detests this kind of dog, for, first as we are of dog, and proper places, are almost indispensable to the life of a city living the pampered, unwholesome life inseparable from residence in a city, out of from proper exercise and indignance, is always liable to be. And the second purpose of a dog is as a means that not even under the influence of public opinion they ever like any number of their master's family, they may inflict death in its most horrible form just as certainly by licking the chapped hands of a child. But I must

bring this long article to a close. I set out to-day that it is simply impossible in our city government to permit these animals to inflict our citizens, and do not know what the city authorities say on this subject, and I do not know any sources of accurate information on this point. I have spoken with a very good lawyer, who tells me that there is no volume accessible to him which contains the latest information. But it should be provided by law: 1. That the owner of every dog in the city of St. Louis should pay a yearly tax of at least \$3 into the city treasury. 2. That every dog should wear a collar on which the owner's name and the number of his tax should be placed. 3. That every dog, anywhere in the city, not wearing this evidence, should be conclusively deemed to belong to a delinquent owner, and should be killed, or impounded, if he can be readily captured, and released on payment of say, \$5 and including the city tax. 4. That any unlicensed dog in the streets or parks or alleys, or at large within the corporate limits of the city, should be summarily dealt with. 5. That the owner of any dog going at large and unlicensed within the city should pay a fine of at least \$5, in case the dog itself should not be captured or killed. 6. That \$5 of the above penalty should be paid to the policeman killing, capturing, or giving proof of the offense.

In this way we should, first of all, get rid of a large number of pure nuisances; secondly, we should, from those which remained, with greatly increased means of search, collect a considerable sum of money. Finally, we should have a more complete supervision, danger, and perhaps less of life.

T.

LITERATURE.

THE JOURNAL OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The volume on the Law of Stocks and Bonds, which is the work of a Philadelphia lawyer, is one which at once commands attention. It is a complete compendium of the law bearing on the subject of money securities. The table of cases referred to by the author is a sign of the thoroughness with which his task has been done. Every decision on any noted point has been carefully collected, and as the result of Mr. Lewis' labors we have an accessible handbook for all persons who deal in money securities.

The first chapter of the book is devoted to the Stock Exchange and contains matter concerning these institutions, from which we quote liberally as being of general interest, and affording knowledge of our country which is not readily to be won of the public.

It was the custom toward the close of the seventeenth century for brokers and jobbers to aggregate about the Bank of England, and they were given authority to carry on their dealings in the markets of that building. But in 1694 the apprentices became so obstructed that they were compelled to move their quarters to Change Alley. At length the respective brokers hired a house in Chapel Court, in which any one desiring to buy or sell stock was admitted on payment of a small fee. So many obnoxious persons, however, found an entrance under this arrangement, that the corporation petitioned for government method. Accordingly in 1801 the present Stock Exchange was organized, the members of which are elected by ballot once every year. Those engaged in the negotiation of foreign funds and their operations were to be kept out of the government funds. The London Stock Exchange now consists of two distinct bodies: First, the stockbrokers or proprietors, who own the building where business is transacted, and who are introduced as members of a joint stock

1. Law relating to Stocks, Bonds, and other Securities in the United States. By Francis Lewis, Esq., of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1874. Sold by Messrs. F. B. Thomas & Co., St. Louis.

undertaking. Second, the subscribers, or persons generally described as members of the Stock Exchange, or members of the house, who transact the business. The Paris Bourse consists of sixty agents, *chefs*, appointed by the government. Each must deposit 125,000 francs in the national treasury as a guarantee of good behavior, and also 100,000 francs with the syndicate of the Bourse as a cautionary fund, applicable to losses sustained by a customer through the broker's fault. A broker's seat is worth from a million and a half to two million francs, and cannot be sold without the consent of the governing committee. There are sixty *courtiers de bourse* and eight *courtiers d'assurance*, who transact matters of business at the Bourse. The *brokers and insurers* correspond to the *commissionaires*, *hôtels*, and *café*, and the *café* to street or curbstone operators. Cash sales are unfrequent and the greater part of the business is privileged, or technically *marché à prime*, the buyer deciding on the 15th or 30th of the month whether he will take the stock or not, but in either case having to pay the premium. The *parquet* is in session every day for two hours. The *café* is in session through the day, and it includes a large number of female jobbers and speculators. It will be necessary that some brief explanation be made of the method of dealing in the English Stock Exchange. The members of the exchange are divided into two classes, brokers and jobbers. The former are the means of communication between the outside world and the jobbers. The latter are dealers in stocks and shares, but with this distinction the jobber is a dealer and that of other dealers, that in very many instances no goods actually pass between buying and selling jobbers, they being, as regards the actual reader and purchaser, nothing more than middlemen. The point must be kept constant in the view that the actual transfer of stock and shares, and payment of the price, is between outsiders, differences only being paid or received by the other parties to the transaction, the jobber only bargaining to find some one who will sell or buy the actual stock or shares. It may be well at this point to sketch briefly the English stock transaction as the best method of explaining the system. A man has twenty shares in a certain company which he decides to sell, and he instructs his broker. The broker asks a jobber who deals in that class of securities whether he will "make him a price for them." The jobber then names two prices, one at which he will buy and the other at which he will sell. The broker informs him he has twenty shares for sale, but does not disclose the name of his principal. The custom then is for the broker to give to the principal a *note*, on which the name of the jobber is written. The original jobber may make a little bargain with a second jobber, and this may continue on indefinitely, no shares, however, passing until the broker of some outsider is found who is ready to buy, at course at the selling price of the last jobber. English stock is transferred by shares, by this time, have become split up into smaller quantities, and so have reached the hands of several buying brokers. The transaction will now rest until the "same-day" or "tick-day," which is the day preceding the "settling-day," or "account-day." For government stocks, and for all other stocks, two days account-day in every month, on which day contracts for the accounts are performed, unless some new bargain is made by which the execution of the contract is annulled or practically deferred until the next account-day. On the same-day the buying broker will have to pass a name, which will be that of his principal or of some put forward by his principal. This is done by passing to the jobber, from whom the purchase is made, a *ticket* bearing the name of the intended transferor, the price at which the shares are bought, and the name of the buying broker. The ticket, or now tickets representing portions of it, if the shares have been originally sold by different persons, is passed from hand to hand until it reaches the original selling broker. The selling broker of shares is bound, upon any sale to a useful stock jobber or broker, to accept, on the same-day, any name given to him for insertion in the transfer, unless he can show fraud. If the buying jobber fails to furnish a name by

the same-day, the selling broker may "sell out" and charge any loss to the jobber; so default of the seller to deliver stock he has sold within ten days entitles the buyer to buy in the stock against him. A seller may, upon payment of premium, postpone the delivery of shares until the next settling-day. This is known as "backwardation." A buyer may do the same, and this is a "contango." There are two settling-days in every month, and all bargains are made for a particular settling-day. It may be well to explain some of the technical terms used by brokers in England and the qualification of them in this country. A "bull" is one who buys for settlement at a future date with a view to gain by a rise in price in the interval. A "bear" is one who sells for settlement with a view to gain by a fall in price. A "time dealer" is one who cannot meet his engagements. An "option" is a right to buy, sell, or do nothing, at a future time, at a certain price, with a view to gain by variations in the market prices, a premium being paid for this right. Options are of three kinds. A "put" is an option to deliver stock or not, on a certain day, at a fixed price. A "call" is an option to claim stock or not, on a certain day, at a fixed price. A "put and call" is an option to claim or deliver stock, on a certain day, at a fixed price. This is known here as a "straddle." The premium or option money is looked at the time the transaction is effected and paid on the settling-day. If the price is the same at the expiration of the option time as that originally fixed, the person paying the premium has always a right to declare whether he buys, sells, or does nothing. Option account-day is the day before the account-day or same-day. The English definitions of bull and bear are too narrow for this country. Here any one is a bull or bear who is operating in any way for a rise or decline. An option with us is the privilege of the seller to sell, as the case may be, to receive or deliver stock within a certain prescribed time at a price agreed upon, usually with interest, but often by stipulation without interest, or, as it is termed, "flat." A man is said to be "long" when he has bought stock which he expects to sell at an advance. He is "short" when he has sold stock which he expects to purchase which he anticipates buying at a decline. A "share" is a bonus paid for an extension of time, either for payment or delivery. A "spread-nagle" is the operation of a broker who sells a large quantity of stock—for example, sixty days buyer's option—and buys the same quantity at a lower price on the same day, selling it off. If both contracts run their full time he makes his difference, but if the buyer or seller calls for a settlement before the time he may be seriously embarrassed. The system of dealing in the Stock Exchange in the United States is extremely simple and requires little explanation. The usual method is for the seller to execute a blank power of attorney, which is usually indorsed on the back of the certificate, and hand the certificate to his broker, who, when a purchaser is found, enters his name, which is passed to the vendor's broker, in the power, and executes a transfer on the books of the corporation, delivering the new certificate to the vendor's broker. Sales are for the next day, or at any time within six days. There are no jobbers, or same-days, or settling-days.

Stanzas by Song. By Swinburne. New York: R. Worthington. (For sale by the St. Louis Book and News Company.)—Allegoric Charles Swinburne has been long familiar to the reading public as one of the few favored mortals upon whom the gods have bestowed the divine gift of song. His lyrics are distinguished by a richness of imagination and a wonderful facility of word-painting. He possesses an inextinguishable fertility of expression and a wonderful facility in using those calm and beautiful words which the poet laureate has used with such exquisite and sentiment imbued. He seems to rise with equal ease and gracefulness to the highest points of grandeur and beauty, and sink to the lowest, tenderest, and sweetest depths of love and passion. The volume before us opens with a stanza for the centenary of William Shakespeare, in which the author reviews, in words which ring with fervor and measured cadence of rhythm, the principal works of his fellow poet, closing with lines of generous and noble passion and tribute. The poem

is much too long to quote but a stanza or two, of which we select first that in which he refers to London's first poetic effort, where he sings the praises of Lady Godiva:

As dropping flakes of honey-heavy dew,
How soft this nation's hair, tell me the first a woman's head,
From straits the swift young hand strayed lighter than
Than leaves through cold air, whirling toward the ground,
Scay down the drifting wind, and the first a woman's head,
Nor yet the wings of father winds unloosed,
Ever enter lovelier all the Italian crew
With curls unloosed than this hair like a bound.
As lightly rose and sank
Beside a grey, a flowered band,
The first clear notes his harp, his lyre, his lute
To sing her sacred praise
Who rode her hair's rays,
Clothed with bright hair, and with high purpose crowned,
A song of soft peaceful faith
Puffing as his hair and hair in life and death.

The last stanza is a beautiful tribute to the memory of one whom he humbly acknowledges much higher and greater than himself:

Poet whose large-eyed beauty of face
Was pure toward all high poets, all their kind,
And all bright words and all sweet words thereof;
Singing like the sea, and like the sea's own wind,
Heart that no fear but every girl might move,
Wherein men's hearts were bound of powers that bind;
The sacred soul that ever could find proof
From kind of tortures or of various mind;
Whose eyes close and clear
Nor shone nor ever less
But only of glows which could bind;
Names not of his own
Hill like light in every heart,
Face like a father's toward any face inclined;
So gifts like these are mine to give
Who by their own words have this hall and live.

"Evening on the Bosna" and "The Launch of the Livadia" contain some strong and beautiful passages, but "By the North Sea" is as strangely wild and weird, as grandly, silently beautiful as the great rocks and boulders which the poet apostrophizes. There is suggestion of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" in the volubility of the verses. We quote a few scattered stanzas here and there, but the poem should be read in its entirety to obtain an adequate idea of its solemn grandeur and beauty:

A land that is lovelier than rain;
A sea that is stranger than death;
Far below that a sea never less;
We waste where the wind's weak rain;
Waste endless and boundless and forever;
But of much lovelier frolic as flow;
Where earth's line is exhausted, as powerless
To strive with the sea.

The pastures are heartless and cheerless,
No pasture or daffodil for birds,
The wind is cold and cheerless,
And restless and restless the birds.
There cries from afar far loneliness,
Their ring is lightning that be,
For the land has two birds that are deathless,
Poetry's self, and the sea.

The "Studies" close with one entitled "Grand Chorus of Birds," from Aristophanes, attempted in English after the original of the Greek. It is rather peculiar than beautiful, the first, ponderous tread of the Greek measure scarcely suited our modern ideas of rhythmic harmony and poetic cadence.

Final Favorite's Sporting Scenes and Characters. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Two handsomely bound and often volumes contain four most entertaining stories from the pen of Henry William Herbert (Frank Forester), together with an interesting sketch of his strange and checkered career, by Will Wildwood. The biography of this brilliant but unhappy writer reads, in point of pathetic interest, strange turns of fate, and romantic attachments, the thrilling narratives which his fiery imagination and really keen have produced. Descended from the famous family of Herbert which has been distinguished for generations in the annals of English history, Henry William Herbert was educated at the famous institutions of his native country, threw up all worldly dignities and advantages, and came to America, where he spent the remaining twenty-six years of his life, earning for himself a reputa-

tion as one of the most versatile and brilliant writers of his day. He was a horse sportsman, and horses, and gun forms formed the main source of the recreation of his lighter hours. Yet following the famous pack at Melton Mowbray or picking his way over the low marshes which surrounded his retreat at "The Colliers," in Northern New Jersey, he was equally at home, and always the ardent and experienced sportsman, whose great love for and knowledge of all outdoor sports continually fitted him for the task of transferring faithful and graphic pictures of this fascinating life for the pages of literature. Whatever is healthy and true cannot fail to interest and improve, and for many a morally healthy and thoroughly fascinating and thrillingly reading nothing in their own particular field can exceed "The Quorndon House," "My Shooting Box," "The Warwick Woodland," and "The Deer-stalkers." Besides the richness and beauty of the language, the faithfulness with which the beauties and various aspects of Nature are reproduced, there is a smack of the old-fashioned primness of English society for some thirty or forty years ago, which is quite refreshing after so much of modern slang and free-and-easy manners depicted in the literature which floods the reading-market of to-day. For example, where the charming and attractive Maria D'Arcy is represented as being reluctant to elope with her lover for escape from a tyrannical teacher, her own mother gives her to do so, this is somewhat at variance with the character of the majority of her sex at this advanced stage of society, who would only be too delighted to have an opportunity to perpetrate so romantic a feat as a runaway marriage, with or without the maternal consent. The works will, no doubt, take a fresh hold upon the popular taste and prove a successful venture in the hands of the enterprising firm which has brought them before the world in so attractive a form.

My Marston. By George Macdonald. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A book from the pen of George Macdonald is always a welcome treat to those who have taste and intelligence enough to appreciate real thought and plenty of sound doctrine, even if it be not always orthodox. That this last-mentioned, plain-speaking Scotchman should write a book so directly out of the usual order, is a matter of no surprise to those familiar with the author of "Robert Falconer" and "Wilfred Camberlain," but the way in which he exposes the petty weaknesses and commonplace nature of his characters and divests the story of all the unrealities and impossibilities of the novelist's art gives one a sort of unpleasant little shock all through the book. My Marston, his heroine, is a creature beautiful in its perfect simplicity, straight-forwardness, and other truthfulness. The daughter of a shopkeeper, she yet shows herself a greater lady than she whose mail she reluctantly becomes in order that she may be of benefit to her. Her life is a consecration to the relief of suffering and battling against wrong, in what ever form it presents itself. She finally pays the last touch to her singular unorthodoxy by marrying a blacksmith who has nothing to recommend him but a great soul, truthful life, and a marvellous love and taste for music. The whole book is a protest against wrong, against the worship of Mammon and earth, and an illustration of the beauties of a pure soul, a well-souled, thoroughly balanced mind, and a strong faith and truthful life. The work is full of gems of thought, and the lesson to be learned from it is valuable. Such books are of more real benefit to the world than all the sermons that ever were written.

Memoir of Emily Elizabeth Parsons. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.—This is the history of one of those self-devoted women who gave up the comforts and pleasures of a home for the purpose of relieving fatigue and hardship in order to minister to the wants of the sick and suffering in the late war. Her correspondence shows her to have possessed a pleasant, cheerful disposition, strong nerves, and tender heart, the great requisites of a sickle woman, who, like ministering angels indeed, go forth to watch beside the pillow of tortured and dying humanity. The details of such a life are always replete with interest and instruction, and those of Miss Parsons are especially so.

Aspects of German Culture. By Granville Seebock Hall. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.—In presenting this book to the public, the author brings before it in a simple, clear, and well-defined form the principal topics of interest and discussion in the scientific, philosophical, and social world of to-day; for modern steam-presses and telegraph-wires have annihilated space and nationality, and whatever interests or concerns a part of the educated world belongs to the whole. Whenever the author asserts his individual opinion or views upon any one of the questions under consideration, it is done with a firm assurance and supported by an array of facts, such as conclusions, and illustrations, as carry conviction with them to the mind of the reader. Notably upon the vivisection question, than which no subject has excited more interest and animated discussion, when almost the whole world is arrayed against the small handful of scientists, Prof. Hall leans most decidedly towards the scientific view of the question, and reasons so ably in support of his theory that one's sentimentality divides away in the strong light of his logical reasoning, and we feel that, although "convinced against our will," we are not of the same opinion still. The papers upon "Rings," his Followers and Critics," and "Recent Studies on Hypnotism," are especially interesting and instructive. Indeed, the entire book is so clear, concise, and logical a view of the main points in the advanced thought of Germany as it is possible to conceive.

LITERARY GOSPEL.

[From the Literary World, March 26.]

Early in April will be ready the long-expected novel, by Miss Greene, author of "The Leavenworth Case," entitled "The Secret of Danvers," the new volume in the Knickerbocker novels, by the Marchioness Lansdowne, the talented daughter of Dr. Huxley, entitled "Mr. Perkins' Daughter," and "The Journal of a Farmer's Daughter," by Elaine Gaudin, author of "Apple Blossoms"—not a volume of poems, but a series of prose sketches. The next volume in the "Series of English Philosophers" will be "Hartley and James Mill," by G. B. Fowler. The Putnam also announce a new and cheaper issue (\$1.25) of their handsome, large type, standard edition of Irving's "Watch Book," revised and complete text, and fresh supplies of the pocket edition of the same, and of the Spayten-Dayrell edition of Irving complete.

The Boston publishers are laying out broad and inviting plans for "spring work." J. R. Osgood & Co. project a "Round Robin" series of anonymous papers by American authors—a sort of new "No Name" series. Roberts Brothers are going to bring out Miss Riedel's "Personal Reminiscences of Sister Dora." Lee & Shepard have in press a new novel by Mr. Wm. M. F. Bond, entitled "Rosa," Editor & Lauriat are preparing an edition de luxe of their American Art Review for 1886. Mr. Howells' literary connection with James R. Osgood & Co. will bring fresh prestige to the house, which is already attracting back some of its old author-circle. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s new series of "American Men and Women of Letters," to be edited by Mr. James T. Fields, is certain to attract much interest. A similar series was announced some months since, in the name of D. Appleton & Co., but we have heard nothing further of it. A very large edition is certain to be issued for Mr. Aldrich's last number of the Atlantic, which will be that for May—a good deal for this spring season to strike his first new editorial note. Mr. Aldrich has left his Poughkeepsie home for Boston, and Mr. Howells is also temporarily residing in the city. It is entirely within bounds to say that Mr. Aldrich is the most brilliant man who has yet laid hold of the Atlantic. We will not even say that he formed it. If he does make it show, it will be the Atlantic's own fault. Mr. Howells is busy in his new study, but just what at the public will have to wait a little to know. The author of the article on "The New Brunch," in the April Atlantic, Mr. Howells' last number by the way, is Rev. Julius H. Ward, an Episcopal clergyman who has been doing much clever journalistic work from Boston as a point of operations the

past two or three years. He is understood to be a regular editorial writer for the Boston Herald and New York Times. Prof. Moses Gott Tylor has come to Boston to deliver a course of Lowell Institute lectures on Revolutionary American Literature. Dr. R. S. Storrs' lectures on the state foundation upon the historical argument for Christianity have been listened to by large audiences with marked attention. Mrs. Abba Gould Weston has been lecturing very acceptably at Hawthorne Hall on English Literature. Mr. Lathrop is preparing an article on literary and social philosophy for Harper's, and Mr. F. H. Underwood one on Longfellow, his recollections of him, for the same magazine. Mr. Longfellow is also the subject of a paper by Mr. Trask in the next North American. We had a glimpse the other day, on its way to its final destination, of Mr. Longfellow's own copy of the illustrated edition of his works, superbly done for him at the Riverside bindery, in the finest style of Russia leather and crimson silk. Mr. Longfellow, Dr. Holmes, and Mr. Whittier continue to be deluged, as all eminent people are, with letters from people in all parts of the world, on all sorts of topics, of an sort of account except to the writers. It is time that the public understood that there is a limit even to the patience of poets. Mr. Higginson may be seen daily going back and forth between his "Confidential Cottage" in Cambridge and his "Home in Boston," where he is sitting this winter as a legislator, constantly returning taken down with books from the Athenæum. Mr. Houghton, the publisher, who also lives in Cambridge, makes his daily return from the Riverside Press and his Park Street office in Boston with unceasing assiduity. At the latter residence may often be seen Mr. Whittier, Mr. R. E. Scudder, Mr. Arthur Gilman, and now Mr. Aldrich, while farther down the Tremont Street side of the Common Mr. Osgood's new quarters are fast becoming a literary centre.

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The Spectator.

ST. LOUIS, APRIL 9, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

While we froeze in this ungenial time the boats glide slowly along the lary brown river to the land where roses are blooming and daffies sit on logs, laid asleep in the sunshine, basking for shivers. There is no hurry in boat travel. That is one charm of it. Talked a fast pucker line it will meet with no favor from the old-school men and women, whose reminiscences are so full of interest. "They tell a story of Captain M," said an old lady to me, "that he stopped his boat one day just below Natchez, to see what a woman wanted who stood on the bank waving her umbrella as a signal. She had eleven brown eggs tied up in her handkerchief that she gave him to trade for her in the city for needles and tape. 'Captain,' she said to him, 'my old hen is on the nest now, and if you wait a few minutes you shall have the round dozen.' And they do say, my dear," concluded the narrator of the anecdote, with a twinkle in her eye: "they do say that he waited."

The Vanhalla Line has just put on five new Pullman sleepers, which cost about \$25,000 each. They have the most elegantly appointed drawing and smoking rooms, and are said to be the most complete in their general appointments of the luxurious travelling coaches turned out by the Pullmans. The Vanhalla is a most enterprising road, and I hear its travel is constantly increasing.

There was something very funny about the old method of testing a ste in Ziegland. The "ste tester" arrayed himself in leather duff and trousers. In order to determine whether the ste was adulterated with sugar a quantity of the liquid was poured on a clean board. Here the patient man is leather "eat" the sun "until the bench was dry. If in rising the leather adhered to the bench, of course the ste contained sugar; otherwise it was pure.

Here is a good anecdote of Trechter and Booth, never before in print. Booth was playing Ziegler, and Trechter, from a stage box, watched the play, and seemed tremendously impressed. As it was one of his own parts, the compliment of his attention and rapture was extreme. He clapped his great hands and wiped his eyes. Finally, going behind the scenes, he fairly clasped Booth in his arms, and kissed him in foreign fashion after either cheek. What an embarrassment for the sardonic and reticent American actor! He exclaimed himself with a murmur of "But—really—my dear Trechter—I am flattered—yet I don't quite understand. My conversation of the part is so different from yours—" "Yes, yes," interrupted the Frenchman, with something like a sob from his honest heart, "but oh, Edwin, you looked so pretty!"

Who will give us points on the significance of turned-down cards? The meaning should be as fixed as the price of postage stamps, so that those who run may read. Yet is a recent discussion many diverse theories were advanced. To begin with, a gentleman's card folded in one corner. A beautiful matron from New York said this signified that the lady was social in the usage, and the visitor should not hold his hat in his hand. Another lady said that such a card signified that the caller awaited you in person; while a stylish St. Louis girl said that the fashion was obsolete and no longer in use among people of good form. This

same authority declared that a card folded in the middle signified for the young ladies of the family, and across one side of the ladies. A gentleman present said his way, and the only way beyond criticism, was to leave an unfolded card for every person on whom he called. Now who will give us the very latest, rightest etiquette of the card?

A Fiji Islander once offered to buy Mrs. Scott-Siddons from her husband, offering six bunches of bananas in exchange. This seems a low price for the petted woman in the world. I heard the other day of a man who offered his daughter with a penning of much more value than the bananas and customary charms. A delightful old gentleman, sweet, kindly, full of sunshine, his memory a very storehouse of riches, told the story. In his youth he had been much among the Indians, and had made the acquaintance of an Indian chief called La Fleur. The Indian was a gentleman and a man of education, with no fault except, perhaps, a misplaced devotion to his white race. He offered his daughter and her weight in gold to any white man who would marry her. What a dear girl she must have been! How readily her lover would have exchanged a double chin, and lapped her to feed on rice and brown sugar up to the evening time! She found a husband, and founded a family; her descendants today, people of the highest respectability, boast of their Indian blood. Whether any of the flowers from that stem are worth as much as their grandmother, is the question.

What is a girl worth, anyhow? Take a fashionable girl. At the first blush one might almost suppose that her weight in feathers was equivalent to her value. She is a wonderful creature. Anybody with vulgar money can buy fine clothes, but to be fashionable, as Dogberry says of reading and writing, comes by nature. She is sometimes called frivolous; and, truth to tell, she does "frivol" more than good be. She walks along Fourth Street conscious of admiring glances. She steps at a milliner's, and tries on a dozen hats, with her head on one side as she gazes into the mirror, and with lips forming the single word, "Imported!" It is rumored that she flies away nights planning her clothes. Somebody saw her buying suits of tartan to bound her hair. She has a passion for macramé lace, and tassels her admirers by the skilled play of her white fingers in tying knots. She is popularly supposed to be a bit of china, either to be packed away in cotton-wool or set out in the best light to ornament the drawing-room. But on this same girl at home, and critics may be abused. Should any of her family fall ill, she is the tender, tireless, capable nurse. She runs down stairs for her letters and packages to save the housemaid steps; the quietly adornments of her room are the work of her own fingers; she battles successfully against even St. Louis doctors; and her next neighbor knows that she may rely on her kindness and skill in case of a sudden emergency requiring a salad, a dairy dessert, or a new kind of soup. In short, she is not an idler, or a fashion-plate figure, but a bright, helpful creature, gifted equally with her diller sister with the talents of the ants they emulate, and beyond them with the attractiveness of a butterfly flashing in the sunshine.

Mr. Edmund Collier, who has been playing the Zephira to Mr. W. E. Sheridan's *Lucie*, will be the leading support of this character at the Paris Opera. Mr. Collier is an excellent actor who is most clear and distinct enunciation. He will play the roles that have been taken during the past two seasons by Mr. Fred. B. Warde.

Mr. Fred. B. Warde has severed his connection with the McCullough company, and next fall will essay the arduous role of a "star" himself, probably opening his season in this city. Mr. John J. Collins, who is well and favorably known here, will be the manager of the new "star." Mr. Collins was formerly stage-manager of the Olympic and afterwards of the McCullough company. He is an educated, intelligent gentleman, and his friends will wish him success in his new venture. Mr. Fred. B. Warde's talents as an actor need no mention. He has been seen in many difficult character acts, and suffice it to say he has met with praise in all. He is a popular artist and has everything in his favor. His repertoire will include *Boys and Brides*, *Mr. Warde* will be away last Saturday and left on Sunday for New York. He intends taking a short trip to Europe during the summer.

It is probable that Capt. Wm. F. Connor, who is now measuring Mr. Wm. F. Sheridan, will also direct this actor's business next season in addition to his managerial duties of John McCullough's company.

Miss Kate Forsythe, who it was rumored at one time would not support John McCullough as leading lady, is now definitely settled, will remain with the popular tragedian's company next season.

While Edison's Sparks Company progressed before leaving this city last week, on route for San Francisco, Miss Ellen Lancaster has retired from the company and Miss Alice Althoff has resumed her position. Mr. W. F. Stetson, the musical director, has been replaced by Harry Hayden. Miss Lisa Shapleigh has also left the troupe, while two valuable additions have been made in Miss Marion Elmore and Miss Lisa Meyville, the two talented actresses who were formerly leading members of Rice's Surprise Party. These ladies joined the Sparks here last Saturday. A serious loss to Mr. Edison, however, is Mr. Jacques Kruger, the imposing photographer, who has severed from the organization. Mr. Kruger has been engaged for three years by Mr. Richard Hoady of Chicago, who will "star" his next season in a new farcical comedy by Robert Lambton, called "Birds of a Feather." Mr. Walter Hiles, the gentlemanly business manager of the Sparks, does not accompany them to San Francisco. He left St. Louis on Thursday for Baltimore, where in a few weeks he will be wedded to Miss Annie Schaeffer, who is remembered here as the most popular of Hobs.

Mr. Sheridan has been complimented on the historical correctness of the costumes with which the dramatic personae are provided in "*Lucie*." This reminds me that Miss Sallie, the ballerina, was the first who undertook the herculean task of rendering stage costume reasonable and natural, and she proposed, in defiance of the prevailing custom, to give to each person in a ballet or other dramatic work the dress of the country and period to which the subject belonged. Miss Sallie was a friend of Voltaire, was educated here in an appropriate verse, and she carried with her in 1776, when she visited London, a letter of introduction from Voltaire to Moliere. Appearing at Covent Garden Theatre in a ballet of her own composition on the subject of "*Pygmalion and Galatea*," Miss Sallie dressed the part of *Galatea*, not in the Louis Quinze style, nor in a Polish costume such as was afterwards adopted for this character at the Paris Opera House, but in a dressy indeed as readily as needed, and from the statues of antiquity. It was announced on the occasion of Moliere's birthday at Covent Garden that "servants would be permitted to keep places

on the stage." This, however, was an exceptional arrangement. Enchokers were already being made in England to confine the actors to their proper places in the front of the house, and on many of the play-hills of this period the following notification appears:—"It is desired that no person will take it ill that he not being admitted behind scenes, is being impossible to perform the entertainment unless these passages are kept clear."

Somewhere on this earthly plain was there once an Isle of Cooks. This singular realm was governed by a queen,—Queen Marmitte,—who believed that the art of cookery was the elementary basis of good government. So some very curious orders were issued by her. Her subjects were all forced to dress as cooks. The court language was, so to speak, reduced to the kitchen. They called a new law a new dish; spoke of hatching from taxes which might cause hard digestion; embodied the wisdom of the country in proverbial more savory than salt; favored those poets who sang of puffins and lemon-colored tea-gowns and leg-of-mutton steaks.

"The cherry cheeks of the rich dress her woe"

To a sherry 'gill a strong resemblance bore."

Doubtless they would have said, *apropos of Turelley's* content and result, that we had jumped out of the fry-pan into the fire. Here originated that fashion which still attracts. I believe, when you get far enough down the social stratum, of calling one's sweetest such pet names as "Birdie," "Duck," or "Dumpling," though of course the boxes of that day were much better than any place of the present, and pleased their most exacting lovers by comparing them to pumkin grouse when their cheeks were trimmed from the shoulders, or towing them in cocotte moments as satisfactory as delicate goose. As the story goes, a young man rose to fortune and fame by his compounding of a dish of macaroni, which toothsome dish the queen had not tasted before. She was not, however, such a glutton as it appeared, but a lady of very keen wit and unimpaired sense, which is usually called common sense by people who are not artists in language). For instance, she judged that the macaroni young man had good sense of his own, since, although of high birth, he was willing to wear himself into a cook for the time, that he was bold and enterprising, because he undertook to serve the dish without knowing in the least how to make it, and that he was persevering and patient, since, disregarding failures, he tried and tried again until success was attained. This clever lady judged of the character of her subjects by the way they were their little cook's ep. Put us roughly and loosely, she would say, "That fellow is of an vulgar," or in the very language of the times, would denote stupidity; as pulled over the eyes, a suspicious glint, called for an ambassador or a St. Louis police officer; or over one ear, that the master was ripe for a logical argument, as trimmed and fringed, that a "well" was loose in the light of day; and so on through infinite variations. Furthermore, it was known among the initiated that when Queen Marmitte came to the throne agriculture was almost like conversation, a lost art. When her notes became known, presto! what a change! The hares, the corn, the vine, the fruit, all attained their highest possibilities, and the island flourished as a garden, for true taste and good sense, as Queen Marmitte's strange ways have long since died.

This story is just crowded with moral, as Mr. Henry James' *Daughter of the Sea* is with moral, the progeny of his "culture." For one thing, the power of fashion. Who knows, even ignorance and stupidity and babbling and slandering might "go out" some day, if some fair, wise, generous lady should put her foot on them, so to speak, and "quill stroke" send them flying out of the game, beyond recovery.

When Maria Antoinette and the fair ladies of her court dressed themselves as dairy-maids and played at butter-making, they set a fashion as well as amused themselves. Not the sweetest "girl grubstake" that ever won hearts would have dared them to ask which one gave the butter-stick.

That cooking should ever become fashionable seems too good to be true. Yet the indications point that way. The graceful ladies of St. Louis and the pretty matrons talk not only of "Olivette" and the latest "coiffe," but of chicken croquettes and beefsteaks, French rolls and angel's food, and "compare notes" with respect to about their lovers, but, with "a couple dishes." This brings me naturally to the cooking school, the popular at present pursued like a vocation by any number of charming women. Miss Cosson indeed would make a good Queen Marmitte. Her law is extraordinary in its intelligence, and there is a quizzical twinkle in her eye which indicates that she knows her audience quite as well as the wise queen could have done. The lessons are very interesting. Enthusiastic ladies, all eyes and ears, note books in hand, write to the teacher, who stands on a raised platform surrounded by her "implements"—in themselves a study. There is everything that an inspired cook could imagine, from the delicate *canot's* hair-brush with which she batters the French rolls—pocket-books we used to call them—to the gas stoves, which the ladies will call "magnificent," as if they could say much more of the Falls of Niagara. Miss Cosson has a rich, pleasant voice—not a New England voice at all, although she is a New England woman, instead of an English or a German woman, as has been variously represented. Very slowly and distinctly she tells how to do a thing, and then does it before your eyes. "It is a good play," said one lady, as she enthusiastically followed the plot of the dinner and saw every dish developed, much more harmoniously, alas! than ever a human character developed in one of a play.

Children are banished among the people for "proof of the pudding," and every lady brings her own spoon, unless she is prepared, like little Jack Horner, to "put in her thumb and pull out a plum," which is hard on gloves. Notes are rapidly scribbled. Every one sighs despairingly, "Shall I ever be able to report that to my cook?" Fear not. The definition, the witty manipulations, the neatness—for the prettiest wears white cuffs and aprons, and never a speck is to be seen on her dress—these are all Miss Cosson's own, and I fear, not to be taught. After the lesson the ladies crowd about the platform, and without any appearance of hurry Miss Cosson carries on half a dozen conversations, as if they were dishes, at one time.

The afternoon was given over to the study of the more elaborate and fancy dishes. When I was present Tuesday afternoon the subject of fish was under consideration. It took about two hours to get through the history and the practical demonstration, and I wondered how the ladies gave such good advice for over an hour, some ground in behalf of their own tables. All the pupils, however, seemed to be much in earnest, and took notes diligently of all Miss Cosson said and did. Every lady was presented a little blank book and leaf pencil, and they looked up at the teacher with respect putting down the "spoons" of a public meeting. Most of them were married and wore quite a snail and dignified appearance in their hats and wraps. To some I even saw considerably askew, while others were aglow with real personable ways. The greater difficulty seemed to be in keeping their head-pieces in good condition. You know a woman never learns how to tie a head-piece, and generally calls upon her brother, father or husband to do it for her. I saw one very stylish pupil, dressed in figured velvet, grow very red in the face after having made a half dozen warm attempts to put her hair in working order, and she sat finally in tears over the back of her head, with her next neighbor. Miss Cosson was talking most of the time during the two hours, and you may imagine that the ladies had their little black books pretty well filled by the time the lesson closed. To the teacher the entire course is finished each learner will have a regular cook-book in manuscript.

Miss Cosson impresses you at once as being "master of the situation." She is quite large, is more than sixteen, and wears glasses. She does not bang her hair; neither does she use frizzes or puffs. Her nose is rather large, and her face indicates a decided tendency to look into things.

Miss Cosson has two small and neat gas-stoves for all her experiments. These are standing at either end of a long table, behind which she stands while talking, and on which she has the utensils and ingredients for immediate use. The members of the school have fallen much in love with these little stoves, and it is more than probable that they will become quite popular at St. Louis.

The Cooking School has stirred up quite an interest in cooking-studies. The most complete assortment in the city is undoubtedly to be found at the Simmons Hardware Company's store, at Ninth and Washington Avenues.

Of course there is the usual bug in the *Globe-Democrat* about what the "eye-line" did in the late election. The *Globe-Democrat* is generally very right when Grant was defeated for the Presidential nomination in Chicago that it has never been so far from since, it was something else that pulled Mr. F.W. Thompson.

Miss Adelaide Kerkstein, daughter of F. W. Kerkstein, of this city, died Thursday, March 21st, at the age of eighteen years. The young lady had just finished into womanhood, and was much esteemed among her classmates, teachers, and a large circle of friends for her amiability and graceful bearing.

The St. Louis Athletic Club had a meeting on Tuesday evening, and it was discovered that the affairs of the organization were in a much better condition than was supposed. Instead of there being an empty treasury it was found that a fair sum was on hand, and that the prospects were really good for some active spring work. The Athletic Club is not satisfied by any means, and will probably propose a contest with the Missouri Gymnastic Society.

The Spectator is the first paper in St. Louis to adopt what is called the Mottling Milling Machine, for sale by the St. Louis Type Foundry, and it is without doubt the best contrivance yet gotten up for papers that have large mail lists. It is simple, durable, and cheap, all of which are good qualities.

One of the most enjoyable events of the week was a complimentary entertainment given on Wednesday evening at Marvin Hall, by the Kentucky Lodge No. 201, A. F. & A. M. The first part was musical and literary, in which the principal performers were Mrs. Vincent, Miss Baber, Mrs. Jordan, Messrs. George E. York, E. A. Becker, D. O. Grand, Julius, George W. Norton, and C. W. Wilson, D.D. and D. C. Under Prize, all of whom acquitted themselves admirably. A banquet and ball followed, in which at least six hundred guests participated.

Mr. Ed. Forster will be the baritone of Wyman McCreary's opera, "L'Africain." The rehearsals are in progress regularly and satisfactorily under the enthusiastic and capable direction of Prof. A. B. Kohn.

In Chicago, last week, there were two opera companies, giving both light and heavy opera; the theatres were running attractive plays; there were, besides, at least one prominent concert every night of the week, and all were liberally patronized. Without any opera, two concerts in one week of any kind, prominent or not, would make St. Louis concert-goers "find."

A year ago, when the singularly ineffective combination was here which by a brilliant use of imagination and sheer Miss Abbott called her English opera Company, the St. Louis concert-goers were disappointed. The only that great artist, Miss Emma Thursby, freshly crowned with the accredited approbation and honors of the European capitals. The manager instead of St. Louis was really much towards it. But's Opera House, where, despite the poor operatic success, the auditory oscillations of Caddy and the Abbott, as Paul and Virginia, evoked, at least, the applause of the gallery patrons. For consequence, the opera of the concert stage at Liberty Hall sang to an audience

pitifully small. Not one first-class concert company has been heard in St. Louis this whole winter; and no wonder! Even the local amateur musical entertainments have been less in number and manner in quality than they have averaged in past years.

The new Choral Society think of repeating the Handel "Te Deum," Easter week. Let them consider that the Unitarian Church concert is already announced for that week, and that two such musical events would certainly overstock the market and create a sensation for which St. Louis has no stomach.

In the municipal elections this week, the vote of St. Louis was about 35,000, that of Cincinnati 45,000, and that of Chicago 26,000. Won't somebody please make a new census of St. Louis!

The towhee Iron Mountain, with five barges, takes to New Orleans this week, for one prominent exporting firm, two hundred thousand bushels of wheat and fifty thousand bushels of corn.

The exports of St. Louis via the Gulf since the first of March have been something astounding, and there are reports for purchases here at above the prices of other markets which cannot be filled for lack of supply. The stock of No. 2 wheat in our elevators is becoming quite low.

The count of the votes cast at the late city election was finished Friday evening. The Municipal Assembly has been called to meet this evening, and the new Mayor and other officers-elect are to be inaugurated Tuesday.

The lying San Francisco Argonaut says:

To Vasar there went from St. Louis
A dazlingly beakless Jewess,
French, Latin, and Greek
She learned not to speak
But she made an accomplished gum-chewess.

The *Past-Dispatch* undoubtedly contributed very largely to the defeat of Mr. Overstolz. Its assaults were quick, sharp, and bitter, leaving no time to take breath between the blows. It was got so much Mr. Overstolz that the sisters at some of the people by whom he was surrounded and led into the Majority race. Mr. Pulitzer of the *Past-Dispatch* was himself defeated for the Congressional nomination last fall, and the men who were mainly instrumental in that reverse were the leaders of the Overstolz movement. When Mr. Pulitzer was beat, the *Republican* people were very happy. Now when Mr. Overstolz is beat and the *Republican* people beat through him, Mr. Pulitzer is very happy. It would appear to be a case of "the who laughs," etc.

It has got to be a very silly saying that an afternoon paper can have no great political influence. It has many advantages over a morning paper, especially in a large city. There are many commercial and working men who go to their labors early in the morning and do not see a paper till they go home in the evening. These are the readers of afternoon papers, and especially when such afternoon papers are conducted with striking ability, such as all must admit belongs to the *Past-Dispatch*.

One of the results of the election of Mr. Feltz to the Majority will be the loss of Mr. Charles W. Francis to the Health Department. This is to be deplored, for, for ten chances in one, no man will be found who can take the place of Health Commissioner, and fitted with such respectable ability. He is a man of wonderful energy. He is a sort of steam-engine in human form, scorching never to grow tired, and doing as much work that is stupider as comfortable. If he were in the railroad business he would be a power of a Talpaw.

Mr. Leopold Holt, the City Commissioner, is another good official that must go with Mayor Overstolz.

He will, no doubt, go into a law practice that will be as remunerative as the position he now holds.

Mr. R. D. Lancaster held aloof from the late political fight after his favorite, Mr. R. M. Parks, was defeated for the Democratic nomination for Mayor. He has long been a cordial hater of Mr. Overstolz and the *Republican* people. He declares that he has quite the uncertain business of politics, but it is more than probable that he will turn up in the next campaign. The fact that Mr. Parks got almost a majority in the nominating convention shows that Mr. Lancaster is not short of his influence by any means. He was Mr. Parks' chief coacher.

Mr. Fitz Guardia, the photographer, is making a great success of his instantaneous dry plate process. I saw a number of pretty pictures in his window this week that were made by this new and improved method. Among the most striking pictures were some of Miss Bradford and two friends, Miss Julia Vail, Miss Mallacruddi, and Miss Zoe Papin.

The reporter here mainly referred to is Mr. John T. McKim of the *Past-Dispatch*.

A young prince does named Alcott
Had a most unaccountable habit
Of kissing her hair
Is a lover like mine,
And the meditative scribbles had to him.

Schollen is making an immense photograph of the interior of the Merchants' Exchange. It is to be about eight feet square, and will have in it about nine hundred portraits. He commenced taking the members of the Exchange in groups last Wednesday, and was at it the remainder of the week. He tells me that the undertaking has already cost him \$1,000, and that it will amount to double that sum before he is through. One copy has already been spoken for by a London art gallery, and the work is expected to make quite a stir. Every portrait is to be full-length.

Mrs. Florence L. Duncan, one of the editors of the *Philadelphia Quix*, has a story commencing in her paper of last week entitled "Mr. Lancelot." It is quite readable, as everything is that the author of "The Born Beautiful" writes.

And now it appears that the sheriff has seized the effects of Mrs. Langtry. This is more sensational than the report that she was going on the stage, but not soattering to the lady. What a pity that so heartless a letter as a scurrilous should by his mailed hand on this delicate "Army Lady." But Mrs. Langtry, outside the smiles of the Prince of Wales and with her beauty on the wane, is liable to all sorts of catastrophes. The next thing we hear of her will be that she is taking in washing, or something of that sort. A reputation for beauty is one of the easiest things to get rid of in the world.

Mr. Foy, the accomplished New York correspondent of the *Philadelphia Quix*, has this interesting bit of information in his last letter: "Mr. William Ashmead-Barrett, who recently married the Baroness Bergholtz-Cantz, has shown his reverence of his American friends by sending them, at the old fashion, now somewhat gone out in this country, large pieces of wedding cake. They came neatly done up in tin and blue paper, and with a conventional white satin ribbon, and inscribed: 'With the compliments of the Baroness Bergholtz-Cantz and Mr. Bergholtz-Cantz-Barrett.' Each package was enclosed in a substantial wooden box bearing the address card of the famous London confectioner, Gutter, of Berkeley Square."

It is a pity that so great a remark as this should be put in the hands of one of these

"My dear, what makes you always yaw?"
The wife exclaimed, her tongue gone;
"I know no dull and dreary?"
"Not so, my dear," he said, "and so,
But man and with any one, you know,
And when about my money."

Mr. Howard Kretschmar will soon have completed the bust of Mr. Thomas Allen. It is to be put in the new Southern Hotel, and is said to be one of the artist's strongest pieces.

My lady readers will be interested in this, about fancy aprons, which comes from an article in the last number of the New York *Art Interchange*: "A pretty design on peach-colored plush or satin is a bunch of daisies in the left corner and on the pocket, with a running border all around, composed of a simulated daisy chain, the stalks being passed through each other, after the fashion of children's floral handwork. Cowslip and primroses are effective on brown, peach, or on rich red grounds, especially at this time of year. On pale blue or cream grounds, brown tints look well, with a bird sitting on the pocket, and also in one corner. A single white with sprigged head, in the act of singing, and a swallow flying, are good designs. A novelty is a painted landscape in one corner, surrounded by crows or silk-worms. The wreath, or rather tendrils from it, are continued as a bordering round the entire apron and bib. This painting can be done on crease or silk."

The *London Truth* says that on an affair in which an American lady seems to be somewhat involved: "I hear from Stuttgart that amongst the American colony living in that city there is a story current that Lieutenant Rogers, who had been spying Czarism, with his parents at Stuttgart, committed suicide out of despair at the rejection of his suit by a young and pretty American girl residing there. Shortly after his return to England, he is said to have received a letter from the young lady, which may have had a depressing effect upon him. The evidence of a number having been committed did not seem to me to be absolutely conclusive. At the same time, it by no means follows that if a man be found shot, and has been refused previously by a young lady, the former is the result of the latter."

Mme. Gerster has been engaged by Col. Mapleson for his London operatic season, which will commence about the first of May.

President Greycy, of Prince, entertaining his guests in a thoroughly domestic manner. At a late reception, to which ten thousand invitations had been issued, ex-Queen Isabella appeared and was treated as if she were simply the *Dona Francisca de Borbon-y-Borbon*, who had come to dine in a friendly manner at the Elvado, and was met in the same spirit. Mme. Greycy did not go to the door to meet her, and did not "Majesty" her the whole evening. M. M. Greycy saw her on her carriage, as a gentleman should a lady. He addressed her very rarely as "Your Majesty," but gave her the "Madame" with a most ceremonious inflection, which was meant to show he wished to be a most respectful equal.

In a sketch of the Empress of Austria, who has been spending some weeks at an English country seat, the *London Truth* tells some secrets about this distinguished lady's life. It seems that she and Francis Joseph are far from being happily paired, and still she is pretty well contented to live by herself. When she married the Emperor was really in love, or fancied he was, and for a time the union proved a sufficiently happy one. The Empress had been accustomed to imitate daily a glass of *Horatius* beer at her dinner. To this the court officials of Vienna objected, and still she right to her national beverage was only secured by the direct intervention of her husband. But the Emperor's heart was too large for a single affection, and the Empress had a temper of her own. He-and-by, the august couple agreed to differ, and have remained excellent friends ever since. The Empress still cherishes with tenderness the memory of the early spring of her married life. Amongst her treasures is a jewelled bracelet, of the most workmanship, which holds a little bouquet of olivierias, given her by the Emperor during the period of their betrothal.

Madame Anderssch, of Boston, whose "certificated" pupil Mrs. Lutter is. In the matter of wit is technically called "a style," the "Madame" has, probably, no peer in this country, and none in cosmopolitan ability to impart it.

There are several principal circles in which, if all is lovely just now, the little birds that usually carry the tidings have themselves sung discordantly, mistaking the real singer of the times they echoed.

It is with a great deal of satisfaction that I note evidences of a steady and rapid growth of literature in St. Louis. It is not simply a growing appreciation of literature, but a growing number of people who produce literary work of a high order. Some of the books by writers who make their homes here have attained a national reputation, notably those of Mr. Denton J. Snider and Prof. J. K. Hosmer. Nor is the appreciation in which they are held confined to this country. I cannot forbear quoting the following words from some very critical foreign authorities with a kind of exultant fervor. Reviewing Prof. Hosmer's "Short History of German Literature," Miss Frances Power Cobbe, the ablest living female writer, says:

"In my judgment a most able and brilliant sketch of the whole cycle of German Literature. The pages devoted to Luther and Heine seem to me especially fine."

Das Magazin für die Literatur des In- und Auslands, March 12, published at Leipzig, says:

"The book is unquestionably the best comprehensive work which up to this time has appeared in the English language upon German literature. The last chapter, upon 'German Style,' ought to be translated into German."

Even the *Saturday Review* says: "It seems to be well suited to its purpose." I am glad to learn that the book is having a steady and increasing sale. It is one of the books which people should have who desire a good general acquaintance with German literature and who have not time to study all the innumerable details of the subject. And this leads me to remark that Prof. Hosmer's lectures on "The Jew in History" will be given probably in May. They are looked forward to with great interest.

There are two new jokes for the benefit of the gentlemen who sometimes take a turn in grain specialties. Two ladies were talking together the other evening. Says one: "So-and-so has come to town and gone into business." "Indeed! Pray, what is that fellow doing?" "Oh, he's doing in wheat." "Yes, I should say so; I should like to know the kind of wheat he deals in." "Sweet wheat, my dear." A gentleman in town got quite sick last week and went for the doctor. "I must be up by Thursday," doctor, "said he. Thursday came and he was worse. 'I must go down town anyhow to-day,' said the patient. "You can't," said the doctor. "But I must, I have a dose of the 'household' pills that must be attended to." "Oh, I can attend for you!" unconsciously replied the doctor. "I know Sam, Cripples well. You may relax poor constance."

The morning after the election the *Register* claimed to be in a state of wonder at the way Melrose had balanced his ticket, nearly doubling himself for Collector. Every man knows that Melrose was the candidate of the solid interest, and that was the milk-and-honey whiff—in the country! Mr. Hudson will plant a robust adversary either in the saddle of the black horses, or in defiance both of law and decency.

Mr. Hudson, the new Collector, is a prominent member of Dr. David's church. They are both advocates of a good deal of water for some purposes, and very little whiskey for any purpose. Now we shall see what gains is the sobriety of the city is made by having in the Collector's office a cold-water church man.

French: A poor devil, walking very fast, is met in the street by one of his comrades

"Ah, mon Dieu, what a hurry you are at! You are going to dinner?"

"Dinner?" replies the other in a tone not to be translated. "No, certainly not! I had breakfast to-day."

Two weeks ago a very large audience listened to a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Chase, on "The Relation of the Civil Law to Sabbath-Keeping." All who heard that sermon, and many who have heard of it, will be glad to know that it is to be published in a great volume, and kindly, yet eloquent and convincing, arguments for the Sabbath which the thoughtful and logical minds of this century have produced.

Cassell, Peck, Gulpin & Co., and Ivison, Blackman, Taylor & Co., two leading New York publishing houses, have recently removed to new quarters, the former at 750 and 741 Broadway, the latter at 750 and 751 Broadway.

Dr. John Snyder's fine choir will give a concert on the 10th instant—Thursday evening of Easter week. There is in preparation a fine programme that embraces all needful variety and suitable quality of music to constitute an attractive and enjoyable entertainment. There is considerable curiosity to see what these unaccustomed singers will do, as a choir, on "dressed parade." We all know what they are as soloists.

It is getting to be an impression in some quarters that in making up an estimate of the quality of a singer "certificates" don't count for much.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, very estimable people, much engaged with good works in good ways, have returned to the city and resumed their places in Dr. Brooks's choir.

Mr. George Heuser, the good-looking assistant treasurer of the Olympic Theatre, not only had a great success at his benefit last Saturday evening, but was surprised by a gift in cash of \$450, from a host of his most intimate personal friends.

Miss Genevieve Ward, who is soon to appear at the Olympic Theatre in "Forget-Me-Not," is not only an actress of unusual ability, but is a lady of excellent character and standing. She has made a great reputation in New York and Boston, and doubtless she will also captivate the people of St. Louis.

The annual spring opening of Messrs. Scruggs, Van dervoort & Barney took place Wednesday. The weather was delightful, and the event was a great success. It was long held a custom with this house to bring out the prettiest novelties to be found in New York, Paris, London, Naples, Berlin, and all the Levant, and this year was no exception to this rule. They rather excelled themselves in their selections, and offered such an exhibition in fine dress goods, silks, velvets, satins, grenadines, laces, percales, hosiery, passementeries, trimmings, muslins, curtains, shoes, gloves, underware, calico, wraps, and a thousand other things, rich and beautiful necessities, as to delight and surprise even those who know best the resources of the establishments, which are limited as far as excellence and taste are concerned. It would be, perhaps, impossible to find in any one house, east or west, just the same assortment of beautiful silks as were seen in endless profusion in one long line from the front of the house to the back. A place attracting universal attention was of known silk worn, shaded from a pale silk to the deepest tints of an autumn leaf, to be made up in a skirted costume. Nothing can be given in satin to exceed this in beauty. Another most beautiful fabric was a ground of ivory white satin covered with delicate flowers of white velvet. The effect was indescribable. The assortment of black plain and decorated satins and velvets has never been equalled here, none of the designs creating powerful sensations. One thing more striking perhaps than many others was a rose-bordered satin covered with Brazilian flies in gay colors at proper intervals, which a slight effort very delicate. The white silk's veiling embroidered with beads in white floss and the greenness striped with gay Roman eagles—very beautiful, as were all the stuff goods, in much the same shades as the finer goods. The whole ground

floor presented a magnificent appearance, and every one passed to note the general effect. In lace, the assortment defies description, as there were piles and banks of the most beautiful and costly. The point of Arrah, the Venetians, Florentines, and they are the new designs, each rivaling in its own way. No opening ever had greater attractions in elegance and handkerchiefs, soft ruffling collars and dainty trifles, beside the painted fans, pocket-books, buttons, corals, tassels, shawl and jet ornaments, fringes, jetted flowers, and the kind beyond number and past going ever last week. To be excelling in beauty in this line, they must be as fine as gimcrack made, and this they were. A very unimportant novelty was a black satin dress front covered with jet tapestry corals, something which must be seen. It is thick and isle-thread lace in fancy shades the exhibit was immensely fine. And in purses and gloves nothing could have been added. Tip-stairs, the novelties in black silk, satin, silk, and lace wraps, heavily jetted and ornamented, received almost devoted admiration, and indeed they are the loveliest things of their kind ever shown. The display in light basket could in the early little Jockey Club-dance jacket, was much admired. Everything was so new and plenty that the ladies looked for spring weather. The shawls and counters devoted to delicate underwear were literally piled under the wealth of new things, in which lace, Hamburg edging, and fine embroidery struggled for supremacy. Many of the beautiful shawls and counters were revelations in themselves, and were gotten up in a new style altogether. Ladies who had children to fit out in outer garments were in raptures over the different patterns and ably coats and skirts shown on this floor. The prevailing hood in the back seems to meet with continued favor both in young and old ladies, and little ones, and it certainly adds to the beauty of the coat.

Mr. Sheridan, who has made such an impression as Louis XI. at the Olympic this week, was the leading man of the first stock company that was ever employed at that theatre.

It is an interesting fact that Prof. Wabmaker, of the Fleethorn Conservatory of Music, was the leader of the orchestra when the Grand Opera House was opened thirty years ago. We is yet a young-looking man.

Work on the demolition of the Grand Opera House will commence Monday morning. "The Danites," this evening, is the last play to be given under the present roof.

McKee's music has been a very successful week with "The Danites," and the same may be said of the "Troubadours" at Pope's. Both performances are familiar to our people, but both have a strong hold and seem never to grow weary.

In its "European Edition" the masterful *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis has this delectable paragraph, which commences with a reference to the well-known Lawson-Labouchere libel suit, and ends about something entirely different:

Labouchere, besides being a member of Parliament, and a man of ancient family, strong in arms and strong in the law, and a man of great attraction, is the editor and publisher of *Truth*, a Glasgow journal. That is to say, the said editorial "we" is dropped, and the "I" substituted. The change would amount to nothing in the matter of fact, but the fact that Labouchere is the Liberator—"I," and what his paper says is his. Now would this amount to anything if it were not that the Liberator is a very successful newspaper. Two or three publications in the United States, constructed in imitation of the London *Truth*, aside from a little temporary success, have failed. The style was novel, have failed completely, but, because of the absence, of an "I" whose saying could command attention.

Of course to one for a moment can suppose that the gentleman who wrote the above had in his mind to make a bold application of his remark. No, not for a moment would such a big paper descend to the small business of going all the way to Europe and back in

PARIS LETTER.

SKETCH OF HORACE VERNET, THE FRENCH HISTORICAL PAINTER.

(Special Correspondence of the Spectator.)

PARIS, March 21, 1881.

In my last letter I commented on some of the modern French painters. Strolling recently through the Louvre, the paintings of Vernet specially attracted my attention, and it felt to me I will discourse in my present episode. Vernet was possessed of a genius that may well be called colossal, working with zest amid any amount of confusion, lulled with the excitement of the firing of cannon, the hursting of shells, rearing horses and dying men of his many battle-pieces; producing pictures after picture in a hurried short space of time, "dashing on his work as a hungry man does on his food," and never remodelling his first sketches. Vernet fits us, excites us with enthusiasm and admiration for the immensity of his genius. Horace Vernet came of a race of painters. His grandfather, Joseph Vernet, the marine painter, was so apt in his art as to stand lashed to a mast on the deck of a vessel in a terrible storm, regardless of all danger, studying with deep attention the angry elements around him. With this passion for his work he educated his son, and with the same stimulating encouragement he had received from his father Carlo Vernet inculcated in his son Horace, who, naturally inheriting talent from both parents, his mother being a daughter of Moreau, the designer of vignettes, showed at a very early age elements of genius. As he grew older he instinctively chose military subjects for his pictures, and he was so thoroughly conversant with all military life, as to feel he must have been to have painted as he did. "His knowledge of the detail of camp life," says one of his biographers, "gave rise to the belief that he himself had been in the army. With the exception, however, of a few days' service in the army in 1814, and of several months' fighting in the revolution of 1848, his only knowledge was that of observation. His tastes were martial; he adopted the style and mode of expression peculiar to the officers of his day. He habituated himself to military brevity of speech and certainly was never more at home in the study than on canvas the vicissitudes and adventures of a soldier's career." At twenty Vernet married Louise, daughter of Abel du Pujol. In the last year of the First Empire he was at the height of fame, as popular for his caricatures as for his serious works. In 1815 he met with disappointment. Several pictures sent to the exhibition of the Louvre were rejected upon the ground that they had political significance. Vernet, with his father, immediately left Paris on a walking tour. Received enthusiastically at the various places they visited, Horace found, upon his return to Paris, that he had gained greatly in public favor, and, stimulated by an article in the *Constitutionnel* drawing attention to his rejected works, he exhibited these pictures in his own studio. The exhibition proved an immense success. Says a biographer: "No better idea of the slight which met the gaze of the admiring Parisian can be conveyed than that given in a picture of the studio by the artist himself. To quote from a German authority, it was 'no classic, no romantic, but in every respect a military studio.' The walls were covered with recollections of the various campaigns and movements of French arms. The soldier of the Empire was to be seen in every possible attitude, in every conceivable situation. He was pictured in the garrison, on the field, in the bivouac or review, before or after the fray. Every rank had its representative: infantry, cavalry, artillery in turn, on foot or on horseback, in review before the sharp gaze of the 'Little Corporal,' as a gray paletot or green uniform he bent his eagle eye above his beloved troops. At intervals upon the walls hung trophies of the great victories,—arms and uniforms of every regiment and nation,—while upon horses, lions or eagles, stood the extended and face-to-face of some glorious general or hero. Artists, sometimes, and *détachés* with their fashionable acquaintances thronged the room. Friends met as at a *rendezvous*, while art critics pointed out faults and merits, or stopped short to admire or condemn a pose

or study. Officers of the old army and soldiers beginning life gathered round to recall the scenes of past triumphs or to gloat in fancy over coming honors. A livelier scene could not be imagined—more suggestive, perhaps, of the barracks than the studio, of an army rather than the retreat of a great artist, but terminating with life and interest. While some were deeply engaged in contemplation of the scenes depicted on canvas, or listened in rapt attention to the anecdotes of bivouac or camp, others sang or frolicked. While an energetic young man played the flute, another performed in his own satisfaction upon a trumpet. In the centre of this circumfused space a boxing-match would be carried on, with blows given and taken in right good earnest, while, in the midst of all the tumult and noise, the artist who had attracted elements so varied around him painted bravely and worked with enthusiastic pleasure at the great pictures which in the following year were to delight the Parisian public. Horace delighted in the excitement, and possessed the cowardly faculty of shutting his ears to all that did not concern his immediate occupation." Vernet went on from the time of his successful exhibit producing with startling rapidity one military piece after another. He rapidly gained in court favor, and the doors of the Louvre were opened wide to receive him. In 1829 he was offered and accepted the directorship of the Academy in Rome, and while he retained many of his book-making habits, in 1835 Vernet returned to Paris, where Louis Philippe, his friend and admirer, immediately gave him an order for the "Fall of Bona," which was to be painted upon the walls of Versailles. Vernet started himself for Africa, and travelled far and wide, penetrating into the interior, in search of traditional materials for his picture. The artist's wonderfully keen powers of observation are well known. He never would attempt a picture without seeing himself the scene of the action about to be painted. And one of his striking characteristics seems to be the sudden and powerful influence thrown over him by the country he is in. In Italy, almost feverishly he devoted himself to Italian subjects, seeing them with Italian eyes and making them in atmosphere, in every detail, as thoroughly Italian as to seem as if the artist had never been out of the country. In Africa, where he sojourned several times, the effect was even stronger. Again in Russia, where he went twice to execute orders received from the Czar, with whom he was a great favorite, his pictures are thoroughly and delightfully Russian. The rapidly with which he painted, also, was most marvelously. His brilliant, sensitive mind was quick to receive the slightest impression, and he never forgot what he had once seen. Gericault aptly compared his mind to a well-stocked bureau, and said that Vernet had but "to open a drawer to find what he needed." It is related that when the single glance at a model was sufficient to him all that was necessary for the most minute detail of appearance; and he himself narrates that, after a lapse of twenty years, he painted from memory a scene which he and only casually noted in his life. Vernet lost his only daughter, who had married the celebrated painter Delacroix, in 1840, and he was so much affected by the loss that he went up entirely to grief, he came to have a distaste for his profession, and did not return to painting until some time after Mrs. Delacroix's death, when he was induced to undertake another great work for the Louvre. Mrs. Vernet died in 1850. Vernet married a second time, in 1849, the Revolution, which had so disheartened him, effected upon Vernet that he left the home that had been so dear to him, caused his immense collection of valuable and interesting treasures to be sold, and retired to a small apartment in the Institute. In 1856 Mrs. Vernet died. In 1859 Vernet married a third time, Bolazereux, who cared for him tenderly until his death. Vernet possessed at Hyeres a beautiful estate, called "Les Bernettes," and it was thither that he wished to go. "Sain, sain!" he cried in his delirium, "I will retire here, I will die in my garden." But he died in vain. He expired in his apartment in the Institute on the 17th of January, 1865. He had attained the highest honors possible in his profession, and was the last and most successful of the artist family of Vernet. "Of Vernet's pictures," said Landseer, "surpass those of all

his rivals because, in addition to their own merit, they proceed only from himself and from his observation of nature."

VERDY.

LITERARY NOTES.

(Literary World.)

The first of the Talleyrand MSS. will be published in the early spring. Its title is "Talleyrand and Louis XVIII.," and it consists of their correspondences during the Congress of Vienna, with Talleyrand's descriptions of the various persons there, including Wellington and Castlereagh. Mr. Bentley will publish in England, and Mr. Eugene Pion in Paris.

Correspondence of the late Ole Bull, criticisms, and many musical compositions, which may be useful to the public, is desired by his wife. Papers sent to Mrs. Ole Bull, in care of Prof. H. B. Anderson, Madison, Wisconsin, will be carefully returned after copies are taken.

The late Mr. Jeffries Esdaile, of Colchester, Somerset, who died February 14th, was the possessor of a volume of Shelley's poems in MS. which his author had always desired to print. They belong to the years 1812-14, a period of which we have little besides "Queen Mab," and they may now see the light.

John Lavanelli, the father of Saint Augustine, was a great reader amidst the cares of his profession, which was that of a lawyer. His correspondents read the end of a book first, so as to keep clear of unnecessary excitement.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, has evidently been reading "A Sailor's Sweetheart" with admiration, for she has completed a water-color sketch of William Lee, the hero, as he is represented, in the top of the water-logged brig, in the South Pacific.

Mr. Harry Buxton Forman is at work upon an extensive Shelley bibliography, which will contain, besides an account of every edition printed, notes of special copies, lists of editions, selections, bibliographies, criticisms, etc., and will be confined to mere bibliography, while aiming at all practicable or desirable completeness in its description of the numerous items that go to form the library of a Shelley specialist. As a supplement, Mr. Forman has undertaken a Shelley concordance, which is a desideratum.

Mr. Quarish, the Lombard book-seller, recently called a few of his customers together to see a collection of choice MSS. His Lydgate "Siege of Troy," says the *Academy*, "is certainly a magnificent MS., with most interesting and brilliant illuminations, but much too large to have been done by the poet himself. The great Talbot's Prayer-book, or Book of Hours, with early French and English poems copied into it by at least three different scribes, is also a most precious relic, and ought not to leave the country even at £1,000. The Italian "Apocalyptic Visions" is the most beautiful of the kind, but not the most historic associations of the MS. from which the "great Abides of the field" read his daily prayers. We do not go farther with the list of fifteen MSS. exhibited, but need hardly say that no such collection was ever before in the hands of an English bookseller as his own property."

The present literary editor of the *New York Independent* is the Rev. Kimball Peabody, a Congregational minister, formerly of Cambridgeport, Mass., and more recently of Providence, R. I.

Mr. R. H. Shepherd is at work on a Bibliography of Thomas Carlyle.

G. P. Putnam's Sons add to their previous announcements "The History of the Free Trade Movement in Great Britain," by Augustus M. Woodhouse, introduced in co-operation with Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., and forming the first volume of Putnam's "Library of Popular Information." "A Memoir of Count Gasparin," translated from the French, with introduction by H. J. Morison and G. O. Howard, is a vivid biography and study of a man whose influence and co-operation were of very great importance in shaping European opinion in favor of the North during the war; and "Contrasts," a novel containing some picturesque and realistic studies of character in society North and South.

THE SPECTATOR.

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The *Spectator* had twenty pages last week and has the same to-day. We do not propose to allow advertising to encroach upon reading-matter, and will therefore enlarge to suit the occasion. The question of space is becoming quite an important one with us. Even with the addition of four pages above our regular size, we are much cramped for room, being compelled to leave out much interesting matter. We refer with some pride to the fact that the *Spectator* is to-day almost three times larger than when it started six months ago, and that it to-day has more pages of advertising than the first issue had altogether.

The result of the city election Tuesday was surprising, more on account of the majorities received by the Republicans, considering them on account of the complete failure of the Democratic ticket. It looked at one time as though the contest for Mayor was close, but for two days before the election it became apparent that Mr. Overstreet could not count on the support of his own party, and that he was left to the chance vote of Republicans and independents. As it turned out, he received no cordial aid from any particular direction, and his canvass was one of the most disastrous that has occurred in the city for a long time. We are still of the same opinion concerning Mr. Overstreet's fitness for the Mayor's office, and still believe he is a much better man for the place than his successful opponent. But the people did not like the way Mr. Overstreet was brought into the race, and they did not like the idea of a third term. The people are generally about right. They are, after all, the most reliable tribunal we have to appeal to. Popular majorities often go to extremes, but they generally do so to get rid of a worse evil. It may be, then, that while Mr. Ewing is not so competent a man as Mr. Overstreet, he represents a spirit of reform that more than makes amends for the difference.

The City Hospital investigation, which occupied the Board of Health for the past ten weeks, has at last come to an end, and has resulted in the complete vindication of Dr. Dean's adminis-

tration as thoroughly able and honest, and altogether in the best interests of the city and of the patients. The charges against Dr. Dean were avowedly prompted by ill will, and were not even sworn to by the accuser, who was, furthermore, in no way connected with the hospital, and was notoriously without personal knowledge of the management which he took upon himself to denounce as ungentlemanly, dishonest, negligent, brutal, and incompetent. They were, moreover, vague to the point of absolute indefiniteness, so as to preclude anything like effective cross-examination, while they left the door wide open for all sorts of injurious allegations and insinuations addressed exclusively to the Board, but actually to the reporters for the morning papers. Every opportunity was given to the accuser, aided by a number of very zealous emulators, to bring out hostile criticism and to ventilate all the misunderstandings and grudges which have arisen during the past half-dozen years, and now the Board of Health adjudgeth that nothing has been proved in any manner affecting the character, ability, or efficiency of Dr. Dean as Superintendent, and they express rather the opinion that he has been too punctilious in some instances in matters of detail, in carrying out the discipline of the hospital. In other words, if Dr. Dean has erred at all, it has been by doing his duty not negligently or inefficiently, but too carefully. This attack upon Dr. Dean has been extremely annoying, and has put him to considerable cost to defend himself. It has cost the city directly and indirectly several thousand dollars. For all this there is practically no redress.

"OPAIN'S" LETTER.

ANONYMOUS, HOT SPRINGS, ARIZ.

Twenty-four hours seem but a brief space of time to compass such a distance of degree in temperature and the skies as exists between the snow and blizzards of the winter I left in St. Louis, and the blue arch of the heavens from which the sun sends warmer rays down into this gulch of the Ozark Mountains, and as I send a greeting to the *Spectator* from my sunny seat on the veranda in front of my room, I wish that I could imprison for you some of the sparkle of the sunlight and the sweet resonance of the voices of Spring that bound and rebound from the gurgling fountains that chat in this wonderful valley. The only noise reaching the city are the tinkle of the street-car bells as they pass and re-pass the hotel every few minutes, and the "click" of spray from a lazy water-cart that performs its duty—well, about the most of the water-carts in these new pretensions. But these familiar features of the city look only foreign and out-of-place on the broken and irregular pathway that passes for a street and is called an avenue.

The street-life here has features, however, so unlike that of any other town in the Mississippi Valley that one soon learns to enter no comparisons. As I write, I pause to take in part of the forenoon, moving past this our charming hotel. Right opposite is the steep side of the Hot Spring Mountain, from which the boiling waters bubble and break forth; its summit is crowned with leafy cedar trees, and to the rocky slopes along the wooden reservoirs permitted by the government on its reserved territory of this volcanic ridge for bathing, few ever to pass; and now and then a pretty, picturesque cottage, with its bay window and broad veranda, and a sign long out with "Board here," or "Vacant room to rent," for it is the height of the season, and every house in the village is open for strangers to catch the overflow of guests from the hotels. As I look up and down the crooked street, the bath-houses and their lines of flapping Turkish towels

mark the base of the mountains and the boundary of the street on that side, and going and coming are ladies in stylish walking-dresses, with gentlemen hobnobbing on crutches, or women so muffled in ulsters and blue veils that not their best features would know them, or guess their identity, mosey from the unnumbered common who attends them. There go two carriages filled with gay young people who are starting on an excursion some miles to Sulphur Springs, and yonder is a stylish party on horseback, well-mounted, led by our host of the "Avenue," keeps fine horses as well as a delightful hotel. About the long front of our handsome hotel are groups of children tastefully dressed, following the steps of the spring which children first learn to follow fashion in as the "seasonable" thing to do; and now across the street, along the narrow path walk, goes a little procession that saddens the heart—a woman muffled in black-bath, seated in a big rock arm-chair, carried on strong leopards borne by two stout negro men. But a little way behind comes a tall, solitary-looking man of forty or thereabouts, resting on the shoulders of two other men of shorter stature, who take for him the place of crutches. And thus they come and go all the morning, for all seek the baths in the morning. Don't think, however, that life is altogether doleful here. True, I have been a dweller of the town but a few days and know little beyond the limits of the Avenue Hotel, but life within its walls is by no means devoid of enjoyment. We had a delightful caravansary, commanding the best site for health in the town; a beautiful house which a recent extension, just completed, makes the largest hotel in the South-West, finished and furnished with taste and elegance and with every regard to comfort, provided with gas, electric bells, and beautiful decorations; a fine group of lawns, shrubs and trees, and the water brought through iron pipes, encased in wood, from the most celebrated spring in the valley. From the parlors to the kitchen everything is as perfect as found in the most fashionable city hotels, and yet devoid of that staidness, starchy which would be so wearying to an invalid. The house has a very long façade and the numerous verandas and balconies add not only much to its beauty, but very greatly to its comfort as a domicile. Mr. A. R. Smith, the proprietor, is a very popular man, and personally his attentions proved their appreciation of him as a citizen by electing him Mayor of the town, giving him a very large majority above his opponent, Mr. Lindsey, who had held the office for the two terms past. So last night a brass band played patriotic airs before the hotel, and a crowd collected and gave "three cheers for Smith," and Mr. Smith made a modest speech from the broad steps of the principal entrance.

There are quite a number of St. Louisans in the house, and many pleasant people from all parts of the country. Among other I have met Mrs. Camden, the wife of Senator Camden, from the Potosi district of West Virginia, and their daughter, an exquisite blonde of the pure type. Mrs. Camden is a fair, some brunette, and the mother and daughter make a picturesque duo. Mrs. Camden told me an amusing story about Mahone's first day in the Senate chamber. There he was called to the chair of the last session. Mrs. Mahone was admitted, and Mrs. Camden asked of Mrs. Mahone, whose she had known intimately for many years, where Mr. Mahone was going to sit, as he had not gone through the forms with the other Senators and chosen his seat at the close of the last session. Mrs. Mahone replied, "I asked him that question six days morning, and he told me to go home to take a camp-stool and sit in the middle." So perhaps he was determined to catch the eye of the ladies, and thought it would be better to make the long tramp to the Senate.

Mrs. Camden knows many bright little residents of Washington life, which she tells in a very pleasant way, and Miss Camden, who is a charmingly unaffected young girl, very popular.

Another guest of this house has an enviable popularity in Mr. J. C. Treecant, the friend of Miss Lockland. He is willing away here the short that which intervenes before his departure, and his prospective happiness seems to be taking him in the happiness of all about him. To-night, under his

aspixes, and with the coöperation of the other young people of the "Avenue," there is to be a german danced in the ladies' ordinary, guests from the Arlington attending. It will doubtless be a very pleasant affair, for no one possesses in a greater degree than Mr. Trezevant the cordiality and kindness which are the very bulwark and foundation of true elegance of manner and genuine politeness. The success of the german will be told in my next letter.

OPAL.

THE DRAMA.

¹⁶ *Id.* 51.

Mr. William F. Sheridan, an actor of considerable reputation in the East, but comparatively unknown in St. Louis, made his appearance last Monday evening at the Olympic in the play of "Louis XI." "Louis XI." is adapted from the French of Casimir Delavigne. The aim and purpose of the drama is a sketch of the character of a monarch who, while one of the most remarkable that ever ruled the destinies of France, was a still greater marvel from a psychological point of view. Louis XI. was a human paradox; he was a bundle of contradictions. Saultie, crafty, shrewd, suspicious,

brutal, vindictive, cowardly, superstitious, craven-hearted, he united in his own person talents of a far superior order to the age he lived in and the most abject and despicable vices. As old age advanced upon him, the few better qualities which he sometimes seemed to possess disappeared, and only the bad remained. It is in his old age that Louis is seen in *Don*

trained. It is in his old age that Louis is seen in Delavigne's drama. Sheridan's impersonation of the French monarch was a wonderful dramatic effort. Those who saw the same actor as *Napoleon* in "The Marble Heart" would not credit him with such a complete metamorphosis of figure, voice, gait, and gesture as he effected in *Louis XI*. Sheridan has carefully studied the character of *Louis* from all available historical sources, and he strove to materialize, as it were, the dead medieval, historic figure and present him in flesh and blood

to the nineteenth century. To say that he succeeded is ample praise. But he did more than this. His conception was so founded in detail, so artistic and harmonious throughout, that it stamps Mr. Sheridan as an actor of the first rank. The jerky, staccato, squeaking tones of *Louis*, as described by novelist and chronicler, were vividly reproduced. The superstitious sovereign with such base and vile instincts, yet with a Machiavellian intellect, who out of a parcel of fonderies created the real monarchy of France, was por-

travel in thoughtful, graphic studies. Sheridan's *Louisa* is an historic study. Through all his acting his shadiness shows, conspicuous. In the third act, in that scene with Nemoine, the terror of the craven Eling was suggested with terrible effect. Sheridan rose to real dramatic genius therein. His effort, however, was equal throughout, and taught but praise can be given to his effort. If I were to criticize him at all it would be to find fault with his conception, not with his elaboration and execution thereof. His view of *Louisa* is

somewhat too plain in its externals. His griminess of humor is appropriate, but the cunning, the ruthlessness, the surprise of the King is too apparent. It is on the surface and would scarcely have deceived even such a choicely noble as Charles the Bold of Burgundy. The craftiness, the subtlety, the distrust, might, perhaps, have been more delicate, more camouflaged, and if I may so express it, internal than external. This, however, is a different view from that which the actor took, and from his standpoint, his work was ac-

fact, Sheridan's *Louis IX* is one of the most common examples of legitimate acting on the stage. The play, however, can never prove very attractive. The plot, the love of *Ysennour* for the daughter of *Comoules*, is of little interest. The drama is simply a presentation or realization of the character of *Louis IX*. By the average public both *Louis IX* and his period are little known or understood. Hence, after the poverty of the presentation, his work off, there is a lack of interest. The numerous superlatives and the elaborate dance help to lighten the scenes. Robbed of these ornamental trappings, the piece is dreary. As a study of dramatic art Sheridan's *Louis IX* is unexciting.

THE SCOTT EDITALS

On Thursday evening at the Mercantile Library Hall, Mr. John R. Scott and Mrs. Annie M. Scott gave a delightful elocutionary entertainment to an exceedingly large audience. The first part consisted of recitations, and the program was concluded with a musical number. The first recitation was by Mr. John R. Scott recited "The Vagabonds" and "Col. Jack and Col. Jim" with fine ability and effect. Mrs. Scott selected "The Fall of the Penhewton Mills" as her final piece. She has a magnificent voice, splendidly adapted to elocution, and recited with clear, distinct, and ringing tones. She displayed much skill and ability in her recitation, and her gesture was always appropriate. "Miss Workwood on Women's Rights" was her second selection. The applause bestowed upon Mrs. Scott for her highly successful recitations was of a most enthusiastic and unusual character. That she is a favorite here is self-evident. Miss Lena Tarrant recited "Curlew shall not run to-night," and Miss Maggie Woods, "The Last Hug." Both ladies possess talent, and their selections were rendered in a manner that was highly commendable. The program was presented with the following cast:

OPEN

At Pope's Theatre, Salisbury's Troubadours have been playing to large audiences. Miss Nellie McHenry is as great a favorite as ever and the life and soul of the entertainment.

At the Grand Opera House MR. and MRS. McKee Rankin have been appearing in the ever popular "Dantons." Rankin's *Sandy McGee* and Kitty Blanchard's *Billy Piper* are characters well known to all.

Another interesting performance was given at the Olympic Theatre last night, when "The Marble Heart" was presented. Mr. W. E. Sheridan, as *Raphael*, exhibited his rare dramatic talent in another role. His acting, especially where he breaks asunder the bands that bind him to Morea, was simply magnificent. The heads of the audience were turned to him, and he bestowed too much praise upon the actor for his efforts in this difficult scene. It created the fondest enthusiasm among the audience, and the spontaneous outburst of applause proved that they recognized the artist's greatness. It is a rare jewel seen by Mr. John W. Norton, as *Morea*, to be so dramatically interpreted. It was a splendid effort throughout and received the fondest recognition from the spectators, who were completely charmed by Mr. Norton's easy, natural, and yet most effective and artistic delineation. Mr. Norton, who has been so successful in his previous work, that he possesses dramatic talents of the highest order, Miss Kate Forsythe, as *Morea*, acted also with fine effect and admirable judgment. Mrs. Emma Stockman Norton, as *Maria*, scored another success. She is a delightful actress, and she completely carried the home-

Madame D. gets into a carriage which is labelled "heaven."¹⁷

"After a minute she calls out to the driver:
"Hé là! there is no hot-water tin?"
"Oh, yes, madame."
"Where is it, then?"
"Under my feet."

ART

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN AND THE SOCIETY
OF AMERICAN ARTISTS—MR. BRUNNER'S GAZE.

In the spring of 1877 I visited the exhibition of the venerable institution self-styled the National Academy of Design, New York, as had been my custom each year almost without exception for more than a decade. I do not know that I could have felt more surprise had I been told that the Academy was to be held at the unusual sight which presented itself. Evidently, there had been treason in the ranks of the sage and moss-grown Academicians. An altogether new, strange, and incongruous element had not only been admitted into the Academy, but it had been admitted in force, and instead of the highly fastidious, carefully elaborated and intensely pretty work which from time immemorial occupied all the places of honor on the walls of the Academy, there were a large number of sketchy-looking pictures by a set of young men, the most of whom I had never seen before. They were the sons of their masters in Munich and Paris. Not only had this been done, but, in a spirit of what Dogberry would call "flat burglary," some of the works of old men who, according to the then accepted traditions of the art, were to be "shelved," had been actually "brought aback." From my former aesthetic manner of the young woman who was in attendance as she explained that these strange new pictures were by American students, and the mournful, distracted air of the venerable Brown, the presiding genius of the Academy, I gathered that this was no joke. In many years, as he wandered around in a dazed sort of a way and beheld the time-honored traditions of his beloved institution ruthlessly overturned by the hanging committee. Of course there was a storm of indignation raised by the men who, as they considered, were the Academy's backbone. But the Academy was used to a lot of more students. A meeting was specially called and a resolution passed giving each Academical eight foot space "on the line." I suspect they took the total line space and divided by the number of Academicians, and the result was the eight feet, one and for all to any more such facilities on the part of any future hanging committee, whose members might have studied abroad, and consequently be fettered with the vagaries such persons are fabled to indulge in foreign art seeing. The result was contrary to what I had expected, and was ruled at the Academy of the New York press. It became so evident that they had made not only a ridiculous mistake, but that a very large proportion of the intelligent public was against them, that they made haste to rescind the resolution, and to allow the Academy to be hung as it used to stand, as before the last season opened several of the young men who had returned from abroad organized the Society of American Artists, and in the spring of 1878 had an exhibition of their own at the Kortz Gallery. Some time before this exhibition of New York artists, the Academy had been visited by a French instructor followed at the Academy school. They clamored for models which were refused them, and with an independence characteristic of Young America, they organized what was called the Art Students League, an art school, and a school of instruction for the French delegates. The corps of instructors was chosen from among those who had received a thorough course of training in the best art schools of Europe. The League was a success from the outset, and without endorsement or outside aid it has continued to grow and flourish. It has been acknowledged to be one of the best art schools in America.

The Society of American Artists was not composed entirely of the young men. Such painters as Inness, Bliss, La Farge, Martin, Quarterly, and Homer became either active members or contributed to its exhibitions. Other Academy men sent works for exhibition, and, exactly to their disgust and indignation, some of these were refused admission, solely because they failed to come up to the required standard. I remember that a couple of years ago Mr. Thomas Moran sent two pictures, one large and one small. The small one was hung and the large one declined, whereupon Mr.

old-fashioned, conservative little English country town was novel and striking in the extreme, and one which this talented lady, English-born and bred, but thoroughly familiar with American life from long residence in the country, was eminently fitted to carry out. The manner in which the two extremes of education and training of young girls are here brought together and placed in the strong light of mutual contrast, and the persons of Octavia Bassett and Lucia Gaston, shows a keen observation of the manners and also discrimination of the faults and beauties of both the two artificial English method and the two liberal American system. We cannot but think that Mrs. Burnett's associations with our more genial countrywomen have overcome all the prejudices of her English education, as she ever had any, as her sympathy and favor seem to rest almost entirely with the warm-hearted, pure-minded, outspoken, and fearless daughter of Nevada. The minor faults of the "Fair Barbarian," as her indulgence of over-generous attack upon ordinary occasions, her exhibition of unnecessary energy, lack of dignity and repose, etc., are touched upon and corrected with an air of tenderness which seems to almost condone the faults for the sake of the lovely sinners. The character of Mr. Francis Barrell is well-drawn; his selfish egotism, his struggles between the growing love for Octavia and his unconscious disapproval of her manner, which is a continuation of the shocks to his English conservatism and old-world prejudices, are depicted in a clear, vigorous, and interesting manner. No clerical is his final yielding to the American girl's sweet fascinations that one feels not one whit of pity for his wounded self-love and vanity when she ruthlessly lures his own selfish heart for his inspection, and then coolly informs him that she is engaged to another. We regret that "Jack" could not have been rather more elaborated. He is suggestively worthy of his lovely bride, but we should have enjoyed reading Mrs. Burnett's ideal of a fit mate for her "Fair Barbarian."

Confite. By Alexander Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & H. Sears. Its adaptation to the stage has made this story of the *Le Comte de Monte-Cristo* the most popular, probably, of all Dumas' works, and it has been so long familiar to the public that there is no occasion at this late date to give a more extended notice of it.

Lilies, or, The Young Pilot of the Blue Circle. By Caroline Lee Hirst. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & H. Sears. Mrs. Hirst's highly sensational and melodramatic style of writing has small admirers who will be glad to know that in "Lilies" there is a lack of thrilling incidents and dangerous situations, all, however, happily surmounted, and ending in the blissful happiness of all the desecrating dramatic persons.

Lenox Days. By Virginia F. Townsend. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (For sale by the Hildreth Publishing Company.)—Among the many writers of the evanescent literature of the day Miss Townsend has deservedly won for herself an honorable place. Her stories, while not, perhaps, remarkable for any great force or originality of conception, are evenly and smoothly written and devoid of that exaggerated coloring peculiar to the more sensational novels. The moral tone of her books is unquestioned, and they can be placed in the hands of youth with perfect impunity. Lenox Days, the heroine, whose name gives title to this work, is a beautiful character, pure and refined in her tastes and feelings, noble and true in her nature. The story of her motherless childhood, threatened with the horrors of a factory life, and her disappointed but nobly virtuous womanhood, which receives its final crown and blessing in the love of a man, fit mate for her, is told in language choice and interesting. The reader finds himself well repaid for the time spent in the perusal of "Lenox Days."

Lost in a Great City. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (For sale by the Hildreth Publishing Company.)—This story abounds in sensational situations and a wonderful intricacy of plot, which, however, unfolds itself very easily and naturally

in the hands of its author. The book is not uninteresting, although there is a decided air of improbability in the manner in which the heroine preserves her purity and lady-like demeanor throughout years of association with all that is low and depraved in nature. Queen Titania is a very lovely heroine at least, and one cannot refrain from following her checkered career with interest, even though convinced she can be only an imaginary character.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Then Harry was the silence broke.
 "Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?"
 "Because, because—" "Oh, because," she spoke,
 "Oh, no, because you're sweet," said he.
 "Why are you like a tree?" she said.
 "I have a heart!" he asked, so low.
 Her answer made the young man smile
 "Because you're happy, don't you know?"
 "Once more," she asked, "why are you like
 A tree?" He couldn't quite perceive.
 "You have sometimes said and more a lie,
 And you may also love—and leave."

THE ENGLISH STAGE LAST YEAR.

One of the issues of the London Times during the month of January printed a three-column review of what was done last year on the American stage. In native products the English Theatre, it says, was barren. "Nixon," by Mr. Wills, and "A Nine Days' Queen" (Lady Jane Grey), by Mr. Buchanan, were the most ambitious plays produced. The heroine of "Nixon" repelled sympathy by the base and unwomanly motive and conduct which her late suppression of revengeful purpose did not redeem, and the play seems to have failed for lack of moral dignity. In "A Nine Days' Queen" the merit was literary rather than dramatic. "Cobwebs," Mr. Albany's "Jack-a-Lille," were failures at the Vandœuvre. An effort was made, in the case of the latter play, to curb the public condemnation by calling in "the bobbies;" and it is remarked that "it will be an evil day indeed for theatres when had plays can be kept upon the stage by the aid of the police."

Mr. Boucicault came upon the scene at the Adelphi and at the Haymarket as author and actor. The comment made on Mr. Boucicault is pertinent and just:—"The 'O'Donald,' an Irish melodrama produced in the autumn at the Adelphi, may not claim to rank with Mr. Boucicault's former labors in the same field, while his 'Bridal Veil,' a condensed version of a piece which had placed with small success on the American stage, found, despite some clever acting, but little more favor at the Haymarket. 'The O'Donald,' indeed, though it could not be classed with 'The Colleen Bawn' or 'Arcturion,' nor even with 'The Bachelors,' might have pleased more strongly than it did, had not Mr. Boucicault, with a strange want of judgment in one of such long and varied experience, chosen to make the stage a vantage ground for the display of certain opinions on Irish politics which were at variance with popular sentiment and with fact. It was felt, moreover, that the extravagance of these opinions was heightened by the time and place of their expression, and that the question of Irish reform was one to be discussed at the tribunal, not of the imagination, but of reason. * * * 'The O'Donald' is an alteration of 'Daddy O'Donald,' one of Mr. Boucicault's early plays in its original shape, rustic, domestic, tender, and even beautiful. It was written, so 'The Porter's Knot,' Mr. Boucicault has explicitly spoiled it to try to draw and satisfy an ignorant, wrong-headed mob."

Mr. Barry produced three plays: "The Upper Crust," "The Light of Paria," and "Bow Bells." The first is a patchwork of the author's previous plays; the other two have the merit of having succeeded. They were designed as platforms on which Mr. Toole might deposit himself in that peculiar fashion which his apparently brings pleasure to many human beings. The play is a mixture of silliness and, which may claim to be, if not very refined or intellectual, at least perfectly good-tempered and wholesome, and they have proved equal to that not very arduous

strain. The palm of public favor, however, is assigned to "The World," by Mr. Henry Pettit. "Though neither in plot nor in dialogue, nor in the higher attributes of the drama, does this work attain a very lofty standard, it contains a more than ordinary proportion of striking scenes, contrived and presented with much technical ingenuity."

In Mr. Wills' adaptation of Terrell's play of "Black-Eyed Susan," Mrs. Kendal made an impressive success. "In no previous character that she has played has Mrs. Kendal gone so near to touch that highest point of art which seems to lose itself in nature." * * * "No play better played in every part has, perhaps, been seen upon our stage since the early days of 'Cade' at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. In the play itself was found to excite both a laudable degree of interest. Like most of Mr. Wills' plays, it showed a fatal want of proportion. It moved many to tears, but there was no relief from tears. Mr. Wills had eliminated all Terrell's fun and good-spirits, and while weeping, was always stiffly, Terrell's pathos, and supplanted their place with a sentimental melancholy which went far to drain his audience of sympathy before the supreme moment came." Mr. Wills also made a version of "King Rene's Daughter," called "Isabelle," and this was acted in the Lyceum, with Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry in the chief parts. It is stated Mr. Irving was not suited to the character, and that Miss Terry's performance was fantastic. Mr. Charles Coghlan furnished the St. James's Theatre with a new English version, named "Good Fortune," of "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," and the Prince of Wales's Theatre, with "A New Trial," translated and adapted from Guizot's "La Mort Civile," made famous by Salvioli.

Mr. Albany's farce of "Where's the Cat?" was produced at the Criterion, and is called "an extravagant and rather audacious piece of nonsense." "The Girl," extracted from the German by "Mr. Lankesher, about whose literary there are some serious doubts," gave an opportunity for a new hit by Mr. David James, of the Vandœuvre, a wonderful actor in the domain of London local characteristics. Mr. Herman Merivale's "Lord of the Manor," based on an episode in Goethe's novel of "Wilhelm Meister," was produced at the Imperial Theatre, and did not succeed. A company from Holland—a well-trained and skilful body of actors, accustomed to play together and to subordinate individuality to general interests—came out and played "Annie Mui," of which the reviewer says:—"Annie Mui," when played in its native tongue and by natives, excited much interest. Part of this was due, of course, to the novelty of the spectacle and to that strange fancy which has exercised so powerful a sway over all ages and people for discovering the admirable in the unknown; but part also arose from the excellent proportions and skill of the presentation, which was evident to those who had acquainted with the French tongue. But the play in its English shape was found flat. The translator had been, perhaps, too faithful to his task, and in the hands of English actors the liberal transcript of Dutch mien and manners became but a lifeless copy."

A drama by Henrik Ibsen, of Norway, made by Mr. Andrié, was produced and promptly abandoned. This was thought to be the first time that Norway had been represented on the English stage.

Miss Genevieve Ward is remembered with a kind word:—"Fugue-Mot-Nut" vindicated, at the Prince of Wales's, the high opinion of a few discerning critics and formed it of the reform in the duldest manner of the previous season. Miss Ward's clever acting of the wretched French Maquis (*Stéphane*) will not soon be forgotten. It was one of those happy combinations of skill and chance, of a part made for an actor and an actor for a part, which even the ablest but rarely such. Miss Bateson, who has been long engaged to manage the archives of the past from "Orpheus" in "The Stranger." Mr. Warner acted at her theatre—Soldier's Wells—was also did Mr. Herman Verin. "As You Like It" was given in the Imperial Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Henry Irving. The success of Mr. Verin, if somewhat hard in tone and cold in color, is as admirable an example of the lost art of elocution, so polished, stilted and refined, that it has long held a

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The Spectator.

St. Louis, May 7, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

Additions are constantly being made to the funds for the sprinkling of Page, Union, and Lindell Avenues. The work will probably begin on Page Avenue in two weeks. The *Spectator* is determined that something shall be done if there is any virtue in persistency. There will be no trouble about raising the full amount necessary if those who use these drives will make reasonable contributions. A united effort will accomplish the result easily, and the real enjoyment to follow will compensate a hundred times for the expense. Let the gentlemen who have so kindly offered to cooperate with the *Spectator* in this enterprise continue their efforts, and for one season, at least, St. Louis will have a respectable drive. It has been thought best not to publish the list of subscribers till next Saturday.

There are certain young men of St. Louis who are possessed of an opera hat. Now, an opera hat is a "high" hat that can be compressed and made to look like a flat plate. It is generally supposed that it is very stylish to wear an opera hat. In this case style is cheap, for they cost only \$7 apiece. Some young men do not know what an opera hat is, for, when they take one out with them they make great fools of themselves. A lady who has recently returned from Europe tells me one day this week about some of these simple young men she saw the other evening at a fashionable party here in town. Three or four gentlemen took their opera hats into the parlors under their arms and in their hands, and so held them during the whole evening. Said she, and very truthfully: "It would have looked just as well for them to have brought in their tin snappers and crockery." Young men, please understand that an opera hat is not carried for the purpose of showing that you have one, but for purposes of convenience, and they ought to be as seldom seen except at the theatre. They are never admissible in a drawing-room except on the occasion of a ball call. Where you are invited to a party you are expected to spend the whole evening, and if you wear an opera hat, keep it on the rack in the hall where you leave your overcoat or diaper.

Two weeks ago the *Spectator* took occasion to blame Mr. Charles Pope for allowing the Lyonic-Buckingham "show" to be given at his theatre. In plain words, such a company is a disgrace to any house of amusement that claims to be first-class. The line certainly ought to be drawn somewhere, and it ought always to exclude such people as Buckingham and the gang she had with her. But now comes the Olympic next week, with another variety "show." The *Knickerbocker* Master Combination "may be a very good thing of its kind, but it is not of the kind that people expect to see in a first-class theatre. In Cincinnati it goes to the Vine Street Opera House, and when it was there early this season it went to the Apollo Theatre, because the Cosique had just burned down. Not only does the admission of such a style of dramatic performance break down all distinction between legitimate and variety theatres, but it is asking people to pay a dollar to see a "show" in St. Louis when only fifty cents is charged for the same thing in most other cities. But the Olympic Theatre is Mr. Charles A. Spaulding's own private property, and he is entitled to turn it into a variety establishment, and he has the undoubted right to do so.

Hon. Thomas Allen and daughter, Maud, sail for Europe on the *Helmoltz*, from New York to Liverpool, May 21st. Mr. A. will proceed directly to Paris, from which place (at Leveque) he will visit his son Thomas, Jr., and wife, and his daughter Anne. He will then, with his two daughters, Anne and Maud, go down to the Mediterranean, and coast along that sea to Italy. Thence he will travel northward to Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, and return to the United States in the fall. He has been honored by the United States Secretary of State (Mr. Blaine) with a special passport and an introduction to all American diplomatic representatives abroad.

The new fire-proof Southern Hotel is to be opened for guests on the 17th of May. A few guests, by special favor, were received last Monday. Carpet-laying commenced on the 15th of April, at the rate of forty carpets per day. Mr. James H. Breslin, one of the company of workers, arrived on Monday, many carrying their furniture having preceded him, with a number of his assistants, was the first to take lodgings in the new building (sixth story) the evening of that day.

The large fresco painting of the grand dining-room ceiling has been finished on the 10th. It is an allegorical picture by Miragoli, and has a fine effect.

There will be over 1,400 gas-burners and thirty-six electric lights in the Southern. There is now enough in it to lay over twenty miles of railroad track. The consumption of smoke and other fuel gases in the furnaces under the great boilers in the basement is said to be a success. There has been more work and machinery in the basement than on any other floor. The entire floor has been treated with gravel, broken stone, and Portland cement, and thus made water and vermin-proof.

The lessons gave a dinner to the contractors who have been engaged upon the hotel, on Thursday evening, in the ladies' dining-room. It was lighted, for the first time, by two electric lights. This room is an octagon, and was painted by Becker.

A private letter from San Francisco gives the information that Mr. J. A. Meade, well known by a great many St. Louis people, has had great success with Offenbach's opera, "La Fille du Tambour-Major," at the Winter Garden. The part of the *Deuxième* was taken by Meade himself, while Gracie, played here last winter by that jumping-jack, Marie Williams, is doing charmingly to Miss Edith Woodbury. Meade had Louis Nathan with him awhile, but had to kick him out on account of some rascality.

Extensive preparations are being made for the appearance of *Rebelle* at Pope's, May 20th. There is considerable curiosity to see this St. Louis lady on the stage. The Kansas City, St. Joe, and Chicago press have raised a good deal over her, and perhaps they have found a grain.

As the end of the dramatic season is now approaching, I think a reform might be inaugurated here next fall in the matter of *out-caste* music. The orchestras in St. Louis, if we except Pope's, which, under the able direction of Mr. Richard Muldrew, is *forte* *forte*—even to know nothing, but the old familiar jingles. Listening to the orchestra at the Olympic, under the drowsy bluen of Dionora Vogel, is like listening to the strains of the diabolical *brother-sister*. One of the largest modern houses now unaccountably would play as well as the orchestra in a *show* during the one-act interval between the acts. And then, too,

it would be a splendid piece of economy. I am sure I don't understand why the managers of the theatres don't institute musical houses for their present lethargic orchestras; for, in addition to the saving in expense, I am not certain but what the box is preferable to the orchestra.

As to introducing *relais* from new operas, making the public acquainted with the Italian secret method, that seems to be a task utterly beyond the powers of the average St. Louis musical director. Like a piece of mechanism, they grind out the same tuneless melodies, night in and night out. Reform is what is needed, and, if the present directors are inefficient, other men, with more *brains* for their art, should be engaged. It is to be hoped that the new Grand Opera House, when reopened, will also prove a delight to the theatrical eye as well as the aesthetic eye. *Nona rears.*

It is a curious fact, but nevertheless true, that you never see a lady and gentleman walking arm-in-arm in the city of St. Louis except in coming from the theatre or late in the evening. In the daytime, if a lady should promenade Fourth Street having hold of her escort's arm, most people would turn their heads to look at the couple. In the Eastern cities early sight is by no means so rare; yet even there the custom is very far from general. In European cities, on the contrary, it is the universal habit. Why is it that American damsels are so shy of clinging to a gentleman's arm? Probably it arises from her naturally egotistical and independent nature. American girls do things which would shock the sensitivities of their European sisters. More latitude is allowed them in their actions; their independence is fastened. To be hypercritical, it may be the vice clinging to the oak; but our American belle needs no support, and as the act of taking the arm implies *po* as the necessity of protection, it is *po* to her. Perhaps, too, it is thought to be a sign of "spooniness." Whatever it is, the fact remains that our girls object to perambulating the streets in the arms of the man with their arm through those of their escorts.

Veneti's *Alba* is certainly the most popular of the great operas. If the number of times of its production be considered, it may be said to be the most popular opera has included it in its repertoire. Veneti, like all really great artists, is not content with making his work; he is rarely satisfied, and continually strives for that intangible "perfection" which, if it can not be attained by mortals, can be approached at least. To give an instance of his artistic modesty and rare qualities, it will be enough to mention this well-authenticated anecdote of his life: When "Il Trovatore" had been completed, he invited several friends and musicians to his house, and played the music of the first act on the piano to a very attentive audience, and after he had played and received their opinions. With the exception of one friend, everybody enthusiastically approved the performance. Veneti continued and finished the second act. The "April Corsairs" then heard for the first time, was rapturously received. "Il Ballo" (a clever imitation of Donizetti), was pronounced divine, the "Strike a Camp" sublime, and the duet between *Maurice* and *Anzoue* a marvel; but the friend made no remark whatever. This Veneti played the third part, and at its termination he was hailed by all the impassioned epithets and exclamations which language is capable of expressing; but as he turned to his friend he found that he had not spoken. He then began the fourth act and drew his whole soul into the touching "Miserere," which is dramatically original, if not melodically so. His efforts were applauded fully and were crowned by sensible applause and

central administration as accountants, in the registration, and in minor occupations. Candidates must pass an educational examination before entering upon any public employment, and present testimonials as to character from the mayors of their respective places of residence, or from a superintendent of police. The English government has employed women as telegraphists since 1870. The insulations are made by the postmaster-general, and the limits of age are between fourteen and eighteen.

"Our wife takes the Golden Rule," writes as follows:

The Town Talker thinks the strike has cost the city's trade a million of dollars. The T. T. thinks that's paying too much for the while. When labor is properly appreciated and paid for by the white it will offer cost a million of dollars. Nothing will prevent strikes but justice. Capital is only accumulated labor, that has been in many cases stolen from the laborer.

That is a free country, and every man has a right to his opinion, and, thank God, every man has the right to express his opinion. It is the opinion of the T. T. that any man has an inalienable right to quit work who never begins to be not sufficiently well paid, or for any other cause. But it is also the freely held opinion of the T. T. that no man who quits work has the right to make other people quit.

Since the death of George Eliot and Thomas Carlyle, there has been an increased demand for their works at the Mercantile and Public School Libraries. This is not an unusual thing. The books of a prominent author are always more universally read after the author's death than during his lifetime. Among Carlyle's works "The French Revolution" is undoubtedly the most in demand. "Sartor Resartus" comes next. For his history of Frederick the Great there seems to be less demand. Among George Eliot's works "Adam Bede" were frequently applied for than any other. "The Mill on the Floss" is in good demand also. The thing is strange, and that is that no more women apply for Carlyle's works than men, and that none men than women seem to read George Eliot's novels.

It is said that if a sick is taken over four or five times in a couple of days on a diet consisting of white vinegar, salt oil, and pepper, it will become tender and be far better than if battered with a rolling-pin or choker, which forces all the juice out of it. This information is a good deal like the sound of Gabriel's trumpet on resurrection-day, and it is hoped that the hard and our restaurant, being, and their indulgence of St. Louis will immediately take advantage of the discovery.

The Princess Louise will return to Canada some time during the present month. She has been in Italy a good deal of late. Between her and the Marquis de Lamoignon, the Canadian Governor-General, there seems to be a somewhat tinged affection. The Princess ought to be very fond of such a handsome man as Mrs. Florence J. Duncan says the Marquis is.

Mrs. Butler's latest picture is called "The Charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo." The scene is said to be an extraordinary study of expression, with color varying from dark iron gray to white. "The cavalry comes on in full force; the moment is that of breaking into the gallop; and, as the charge was made under fire, the death and sounds of comrades have filled the men with the fury of battle." The picture is to be at the Academy exhibition in London.

Mr. Edmund Yates, in the London *World*, says this about a new painting:

I hear that one of the most remarkable pictures in the coming January will be a portrait of two sisters by an eminent painter, and that the most noticeable feature in the portraits will be the young ladies' hair. It is not the least of the painter's skill to have the hair flowing more over their heads and beauty to be reached every morning in claspings. At the present price of gas, this new ladies' portrait will be worth rather costly. But perhaps after the wife has done its duty it is rebuffed, to be again used.

Mrs. Aubrey, the Algerine, Vicomtesse de Beauplan, and prima donna *soubrette* of the De Beauplan Opera Company, a few days ago developed with Monsieur Tourne, the French tenor, most celebrated artist of the troupe. Madame Beauplan is now in the police; Mr. Beauplan kept his tongue to himself. Aubrey's reputation before she became Vicomtesse de Beauplan was meagre, and her relations with the King of Holland were notorious. If the Count de Beauplan, with the full knowledge of her antecedents, chose to take her for his wife and rehabilitate her with his name, he cannot complain that she has not been selected in her true colors. He can expect little sympathy.

I hear that the wedding presents to the newly-married couple Miss Little Turner and Mr. George Paschal were exceedingly costly.

The St. Louis Natatorium will, after all, be a fixed fact. The company has organized, and it is the expectation of the gentlemen interested to have the first swimming-school in the West ready and open to the public by July 1. A natatorium was one of the crying needs of St. Louis, and the gentlemen who so philanthropically inaugurated and are carrying out the enterprise deserve the almost unanimous commendation of the community. The Natatorium will be located at Nineteenth and Pine, on the site of the old link.

The bomb that killed the Czar of Russia is described as follows:

Down the centre was a copper tube, filled with Berthollet's salt and antimony, and through this ran a glass tube, hermetically sealed, containing sublimed sulphur. A leaden weight was so placed as to break the glass tube when the bomb struck. The flame occasioned by the contact of the sulphuric acid with Berthollet's salt passed by a small channel to a cartridge with a fulminating composition at the head and protruded below. The fulminate fired the pyroxylene, and the explosion of pyroxylene ignited the ultra-glycine with which the cylinder was charged. If one of the tubes had been choked, the future of France and Asia might have been altogether different from that which is now in course of development.

Mrs. Henry W. Moore, the wife of the city editor of the *Post-Dispatch*, is now in the East, where she will remain all summer. Last Wednesday she was present at the wedding of her sister in Philadelphia. Mrs. Moore is one of the most accomplished writers of St. Louis, and I am glad to say that many of the best articles in the *Spectator* have come from her pen. While in the East she will visit a number of watering-places, and will act as the special correspondent of the *Spectator*.

The Missouri Commonwealth is the name of a new semi-monthly publication issued by the Missouri Lumbermen's Association, and edited by Mr. Marshall, the efficient secretary of that useful organization. The Commonwealth is eight pages in size, neatly printed, and is full of the most interesting information to people who want to come to this State as well as those already here who have property to sell. It is a paper that will do a great deal of good, and it should be well watched. The office is at 421 Olive Street.

The closing drill and hop for the season of the National Guard took place at Armory Hall Wednesday evening. There was first a dress-parade before Col. Chapman, and then a review before Gen. Squires. After that there was a display of the new Gatling gun, the artillery company, and the international club with the royal hop. About two hundred men in line, and the display at several times was splendid.

When the Gatling gun was being displayed an old lady and her daughter crowded up and looked at them with intense interest. People whooped, and said they would like to see and daughter of a soldier, and the old lady's expression was suddenly disappointed when the old lady inactively remarked to her coach-blossom: "My dear, what splendid thing-lookers they would make!"

Cotton fabrics are becoming quite fashionable among the London ladies. In *Truth's* fashion article, April 14, I said this:

The printing of cotton fabrics has now arrived at such perfection that we may now expect to see as many of them not only flowery, striped, and hatteries, but cut in landscapes and seascapes. What should we think of a bottle scene, or a view of a city, or a scene as a ground of pink stripes? Or of a review on sky-blue? Even to such contrivances is fashion capable of leading us. One of the prettiest of these printed cotton fabrics has a skirt of darkened cotton, quite without flowers or design of any kind. The fabric and she is one of cream-colored Pompadour satins, strewn with the smallest flecks and tiny trails of blue for-gone-satins. The collar is of the darkened cotton, made with folded and opening over a waistcoat of the cream-colored Pompadour. Two large tea-rose were worn with this on the left shoulder, and the small roses, also of the darkened cotton, and a cluster of similar ones placed either to the left.

Abolished, Walter Scott's old house, is to be furnished, and let by the the season.

Col. J. C. Normale has been learning how to "speak from the diaphragm." Perhaps you do not know what that means. Well, it means talking from "the lower register." The Colonel agrees that by this method he is enabled to dispense with the throat altogether. The epithets amount to nothing in the mechanism of speech, and a man who is left deaf with the immobility of the throat and still talks like a fog-horn. Though talking with a throat trouble for years, he says by the use of the diaphragm he is able to engage in an oratorical effort of a day's length without fatigue or the break of a tone. Not only does it enable him to speak with ease, but it gives him a pronounced mental capacity, for he has been heard to say of late that he could read the lowest and highest notes of any note in "E-flat" with perfect ease.

Col. Norville and Hon. Charles P. Johnson, who are great friends, are arranging for an ambitious trip to Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, Italy, France, Germany, and England. They expect to leave St. Louis on the 1st of next January and will sail direct for Cairo, doing the Asiatic part of their journey during the last part of next winter. Thus they will be correspondents for the *Spectator*, and the other will write a book something after the style of Mark Twain's "Imogene Abroad," only not quite so broad in its humor.

What did I tell you five months ago about Mary Anderson's love of a stepfather, Col. Ham. Griffin? I said he was an old fellow that was taking all of this girl's money and putting it into his own capacious pockets, that she was being worked to death, and that she was not allowed to change enough to buy a pot of pomade. The news comes from Louisville that she has at last discovered his rascality, and that she has awakened to the fact that she has been greatly imposed upon. It seems that Dr. Griffin has purchased \$100,000 worth of property in New York with her money, and that he had the title made out in his own name. Miss Anderson asserts that she is now going to maintain her rights, and that she will have the property divided back to herself. This she may be able to do, and she may not. Griffin is a very old dog, and he has, no doubt, profited by his opportunities. It seems that she has no idea how much money she has made, having treated everything to "the doctor." If Miss Anderson will not break loose from this incubus of a stepfather who has been sucking her lifeblood, and devote herself to her profession with a determination to get rid of certain credulities, she will have the sympathy of the public, and will make money as well as a lasting fame.

The St. Louis Sketch Club had its regular monthly meeting on Wednesday evening. Carl Giffers was the host, and the entertainment was greatly enjoyed by those present. Owing to the various things which have occupied the members for some time, such as the sale at Tompkins's and the opening of the Art Museum next week, the number of sketches was limited. The most notable one was by W. S. James. It represented a student in the costume of the thirteenth century leaning against a wall, reading. The subject for illustra-

tion was "The Canterbury Tales." Not only was Mr. James' sketch the best of the evening, but one of the very best ever made for the club. It was a pen-and-ink drawing, and demonstrated conclusively that Mr. James is hiding his light under a bushel in not giving his attention entirely to art. A person possessed of so rare a gift should by all means give the world the benefit of it. The other illustrations were by Messrs. Meeker, Fry, Holloway, and Hodges.

The North American Turfist, which commences its career early in June, will be the first independent thing of the kind ever sold west of the Mississippi. All the committees are busy perfecting arrangements, and no pains or expense will be spared. St. Louis will join heartily in greeting her German friends from abroad, and will make them feel at home as long as they are within her borders. Our German fellow-citizens know how to get up an affair of this kind in truly hospitable and magnificent style. The National Brewers' Convention held here two years ago was a fine illustration of their abilities in this line.

I am glad to say that the wretch who beat the horse to death week before last, and of whom I spoke in the last issue of the *Speedator*, has been arrested, and that he is now under a nine hundred dollar bond to appear for trial.

The Pickwick Theatre is to be taken for the summer by Mr. Benton, the husband of the lady under whose supervision "Clunderella" was lately given with so much success at Mercantile Library Hall. He opens early in June with a comic opera. His company is to be selected with great care, and a good season is promised.

"Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels" have been at the Olympic during the week, and have done a large business. Haverly must be given credit for all the novelties that are introduced into minstrelsy nowadays, but even he gives us much of the old rubbish. For heaven's sake, why does Billy Emerson torture us with so many of the old, old jokes and gags. That "Boston baked beans" story—ugh! it makes one sick to hear him begin it.

Bremen has done well at Pope's this week, and Jay Rial's "Humpty Dumpty" opens at this house Monday. The week after the great "Billie Taylor," and the week after that the "Boston Ideal Opera Company," a most excellent organization.

I predict that Miss Cora Carpenter is going to look very pretty as the heroine of Mr. McCreary's new work.

One of the most pleasant places to visit during the commencement season is Jacksonville, Illinois. There are half a dozen female colleges up there besides some splendidly organized public schools; and they do say the Jacksonville school-matrons is of the most fascinating description.

It seems to be a settled fact that the opening of the Southern Hotel, on the 11th, is to be one of the great affairs St. Louis has had for many years. The decorations alone are to cost \$1,000. The gentlemen who have so generously given their time and money deserve the warmest thanks of the public.

They say we are to have an elevated railroad in St. Louis—perhaps two of them. Messrs. Sylvester H. Laffin and George Bain both have charters, and both are pushing men. Both lines are to run to the Fair Grounds, but by different routes.

The sixth entertainment for this season of the McCullough Club took place at the Pickwick Wednesday evening. The house was filled with a most brilliant audience, and the performance was very enjoyable. The play was "Mrs. Wadsworth's Bachelors," and the cast as follows: Judge Thom, Mr. Carpenter; Prof. Grady, Mr. Smyth; Dr. Wareham, Mr. Thomsen; Charles Gordon, Mr. Cooper; Pokers, an old servant.

Mr. Bordley; Wyggle, man of all work, Mr. Alexander; Mrs. Walthrop, Mrs. Colby; Mrs. Courtney, Miss Hogan; Esther Gray, Miss Gardner; Alice, Mrs. Walthrop's niece, Miss Hemple.

The most recent rehearsals of Wayman McCreery's opera, "L'Africain," have been in the highest degree satisfactory. The soloists are diligently at work, the choruses are well in hand, and a fair ensemble is already secured. It is Mr. Alfred G. Kahn's initial attempt as director of so considerable an enterprise, and he has met with a most successful and encouraging response. Author, conductor, soloists and chorus, all deserve a generous recognition by the public of their zeal and enterprise, and the *Spectator* hopes they will gather unto themselves a rich reward. There are not many communities in which a man will first write an opera, in a general way involving infinite detail, superintend its preparation, and then risk three or four thousand dollars in offering it for the entertainment of the public.

A large number of people will be very glad to know that Mr. Frank Gamew, the talented son of the well-known minister of the First Presbyterian Church—who was struck down in an hour with a singularly sudden and severe attack of meningitis—is slowly, but, it is believed, surely, recovering. There were two days in which, to his watchful physician, Dr. J. B. Johnson, his case seemed almost hopeless.

It is reasonably certain that the musical festival now in progress in New York will bear in completeness and merit no near relation to the anniversaries for which Oberlinian has become famous. Damosch is not Thomas; the Seventh Regiment Armory is not the Oberlinian Music Hall; the chorus is a conglomeration and not a solid body of selected singers; and the undertaking is both too little and too much.

One of the most interesting and touching incidents drifting out of these wild Western waters is on this river: Opposite Yankton is, or was, a hamlet containing a few houses and a neat little frame church, with a little bell in its little tower. One day the overflowing flood came, lifted the little church from the ground and bore it away southeast. The rocking of the building to and fro on the swelling torrent kept the bell swinging. So the pastor, a ripe old man of seventy years, saw his dear church, the investment in that precious wilderness of so much toil and sacrifice and hope, borne rapidly away on the restless and restless waters, tolling meanwhile its own funeral bell. Poor little church,

Dr. Goodell left the city for New York last Thursday evening, to preach a sermon in that village before the American Home Missionary Society. Among other things he will instruct the benighted Yankees concerning the magnificence of our Western domain by showing them how many thousands of miles it has of navigable rivers, bearing the sigs of commerce. Everything helps on the big lesson of the great water power.

The *Republika* building is to be lighted with electricity. I am proud to say that the generating machinery for the same is in the *Spectator* building.

The Cecilia Glee Club had a pleasant rehearsal at Story & Camp's music rooms Thursday evening. The organization promises some excellent work, and I hope to see it well patronized when it comes before the public. Some of the songs given Thursday evening were quite enthusiastically contagious.

The Washash Railroad has issued a travellers' guide called *The Tourist*. It is very complete in every way and invaluable to those who expect to make summer tours. Send to H. C. Townsend, general passenger agent, St. Louis, for a copy, and it will be mailed to you free.

The business friends of Col. T. J. Hays entertained that gentleman at dinner on Tuesday evening last at the St. Louis Club. Col. Hays for the last three an-

81,433; "Too Hot," by Meyer Von Bremen, 81,425; "A Dispute with the Parrots," by E. Beaumont, 81,420; "The Swain," by Leon Clarke, 81,059; and "Part of Ostrander," by Chas. 81,059.

"The Hail of the Cavaliers," a painting by Meiswiler was purchased at a second sale in Paris by J. W. Mackay, the California millionaire, for \$25,000.

Now that the anticipated pleasure and excitement of our spring society weddings are over, the unlabeled blossoms in the future great "rose-bud garden of girls" can find time to take a leisurely and business-like survey of the various new fields of conquest offered them in the different summer resorts of the East. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," especially in the breast of a pretty woman, if she have a fair supply of fashionable togetherness and the wherewithal to support a two-months' sojourn at a first-class hotel. There are delightful possibilities in such an outlook, and no amount of past disappointment can dampen the ardor of the coming season's anticipations. "Who knows," soliloquizes each lovely dreamer, "but my wedding may be the society event of next fall or the following spring?"

Saratoga throws out a very tempting bait to those of Fashion's daughters in whom mercenary motives prevail over sentiment, inasmuch as it advertises the discovery of a spring whose waters have the effect of making a rich man propose immediately he has swallowed a draught from its treacherous depths. Imagine the popularity this spring must attract with the ladies, and the frantic efforts which elderly millionaires will make to avoid its neighborhood!

In a recent magazine article on the sanitary condition of New York City, I observed one or two passages which might be as well far as St. Louis, and, inwardly, digested, as they seemed to me to apply as much to her as to the great metropolis. One of them is the evil system of water-closets and house-drainage, which the writers assert to be a prime cause of disease in all cities. It is an open secret that that terrible disease, spinal meningitis, was almost epidemic in our city during the past winter and last spring, and is closely connected with the improper removal of waste matter.

It is to be hoped that St. Louis will take the lead in discovering and effecting every possible improvement in the sanitary condition of the city, and thus earn for herself not only the gratitude of her own citizens, but the admiration and approbation of the whole world.

It seems to me if St. Louis is ever going to make good her rather bombastic title of the Future Great and merge it into the Present Great, it is time she was setting about it, and I would suggest as a beginning a slight infusion of Eastern enterprise in the way of transportation of her citizens from one part of the city to another—an evil which has been so long deplored here that it seems like waste repetition to speak of it again. But the recent stoppage of all means of travel by the strikers has suggested again the idea of competition, which every one admits to be the life of trade. Why should we not have a line of coaches, like the recently established one in Philadelphia, which for the small sum of five cents will carry a limited number of passengers to any point in the city. If they did not run on the same routes as the street-cars, there might, at least, be a line of "ladies" running north and south, the convenience and comfort of which would, I am sure, insure a paying patronage from city citizens. I have tried these little one-horse coaches, which hold just eight people and in which no one are admitted until there is a vacancy, and found them the most comfortable vehicles I ever rode in. Springs in the back as well as in the seats are so elastic and admirably arranged that no discomfort whatever is felt. It is a necessary joking conversation being rapidly carried over unseen passengers. Thus the satisfaction of knowing that you are not going to be crowded to death or obliged to stand up is itself divine fare.

The main topics of conversation in literary circles now are the marriage of Whitford and the ill-nature of Carlyle. Some predicted contemporaries of the *Lucky Tribune* editor insinuate very strongly that both Mr. Bell and his bosom friend, John Hay, author of "Little Beeches," have always been actuated by the most mercenary motives in the pursuit of their respective "affinities." The latter, it is said, some time carried off his rich bride, while the former, who scarcely yet realized the fruition of his hopes, the consummation of his youthful ambition to marry a fortune. It is to be hoped for the lady's sake that Cupid had some little share in the transaction.

The egoistic and curving nature of Carlyle, so long almost denied by his admirers, is brought out so strongly in his lately published reminiscences that the whole world has received a shock, and hero-worship has fallen many degrees below par. It is impossible that any reader of gracie, genial Charles Lamb should not resent such a *revelation* of his character as is furnished in this passage from the great philosopher's pen: "Insupportable proclivity to glaze in poor old Lamb. His talk contemptibly small, indicating monstrous ignorance and shallowness, even when it was serious and good-mannered, which it seldom was, usually ill-mannered to a degree, screwed into frosty artificialities, ghastly mischievous of wit, in fact, more like 'diluted insanity' (as I defined it) than anything of a fancy, humor, or geniality." He had a poor opinion of both Shelley and Wordsworth, and indeed it would be difficult to find any one for whom the ill-natured old man had any real admiration.

The few weeks of bright, but moderately cool, spring weather which intervene between Easter and the approaching hot season afford fine opportunities for the ladies to exhibit new and tasteful street toilets, and they will be wise to make the most of it, as the temperature of June and July weather is such as to preclude the wearing of anything much but cotton fabrics, which, while cool and comfortable-looking, can seldom be made to have an elegant appearance.

Dressing, it strikes me, is fast being elevated to the dignity of a fine art. It is not to suppose that many of our fair belles are as fastidious as M. Worth, who could not discover where by the defect of an apparently perfect toilet, until he had conducted the fashionable wearer into his private apartment, furnished in the Louis Quatorze style, when he perceived that the costume accorded perfectly with the surroundings, thus making a picture utterly satisfying in its artistic completeness. But there is undoubtedly a growing tendency to make all the accessories of the toilet accord so as to form a perfect whole. Very seldom nowadays do one see a lady with gloves or bonnet which do not harmonize in color and style with the rest of her costume. This does not necessarily involve any greater extravagance in dress, only a growing artistic taste and judgment in the selection of materials.

There is one respect in which the ladies sometimes appear to lose their usual good taste and judgment, and that is in following some little whimsicality of fashion without regard to its fitness or becomingness in their own particular case. I was struck with this fact, a few days since, by noticing more than one quite stout and not particularly young matron adorned in those old-looking little plumed hats, technically called, I believe, "shooting jackets," though very so called I have been unable to discover, as none of my fair friends can enlighten me on this point. They struck me as being quite quaint and appropriate on slender misses and school-girls, whose rather undeveloped figures needed a little filling out, but, combined with the *redoubtable* of the *paud* dames referred to, they were very suggestive of meat-balls tied in the middle.

The fat seems to have gone forth that there shall be a change from the invariable "old gold and cardinal," which has prevailed for the last three or four seasons in millinery. Everything now consists of shadings and blendings of the same color. Plumage shades from

the darkest red to the most delicate peach-blossom tint. A wreath of roses will combine all the different shades of red. Scarcely a solid color, either in ribbon, dress, or feather, is to be seen. You may select your color to suit yourself, but you must take it with all its variations.

While I am on the subject of dress I cannot forbear describing for the benefit of my lady readers, who I know are always deeply interested in the like, a most bridal *trousseau* which I had the pleasure of examining the other day. It was not made by Worth, nor even ordered from "Stewart's," and it cost a very modest little sum comparatively with the usual outlay upon such occasions. In this instance it was the little bride's own hand which devised the costumes, and much of the work thereon was done by her own nimble fingers. The bridal dress was a simple affair of plain white satin and tulle, with creamy cascades of point lace and natural flowers, lilies of the valley and pinks, for garniture. The traveling dress consisted of a skirt of soft-brown satin de Lyon, with polka-dot of quite light chocolate-colored cloth, with broad collar and cuffs of the satin. A rough-and-ready "joke," with plumes and ribbon of the two shades in the costume, gave an exceedingly demure and non-like appearance to the youthful matron. The whole effect of this costume was stylish in the extreme. The "first appearance" toilet consisted of bronze silk, with combination of chest silk shawling from greenish gold to the palest sunset color. A bonnet with same tints in flowers, feathers, and ribbon completed the costume. Then there was an elegant dress of black satin de Lyon, with trimmings of passementerie and fringe, handsome enough to make any woman's eyes sparkle with delight, and another of satin-striped grenadine with garniture of Spanish lace, graceful enough for a princess's wear. The dresses were a marvel in fit and design, and did credit to the artistic instincts of both my friend who devised, and the dressmaker who executed them.

Did you ever walk Fourth Street any pleasant afternoon and observe the variety of styles that pass and repass you? I have done so, and wondered at the very small number of well-dressed ladies whom I met. By well-dressed I do not mean stylishly clad, but becoming. There is so much in the texture of cloth as the color, the fit, and the style. There seems to be an impression that if a young lady wears an expensive dress she is elegantly attired. But such is not always the case. Her poor but more fortunate sister may wear a garment that cost far less, and yet the color is so well selected, the form so perfectly fitted, and the last *exquisite* so harmonious, that the effect is much more beautiful. It is a matter of surprise to me how ladies can live all their lives in the city, where they have the advantage of seeing everything beautiful for their adornment, and still have so little taste in the selection of their wardrobe. The majority of ladies whom we meet are poorly dressed, if, not, might almost be a better appearance with the employment of more taste, and perhaps less money.

Peeking, drifting, drifting.

Far out upon the sea.

Is a hawk that has left the shore,

For never came back to us.

And waiting, hopeless, waiting.

Above I walk the shore,

To watch and pray for him for the once

That shall return as now.

Breaking, breaking, breaking.

In infinite alone.

My heart beats out on the tide

And grows to the sea its name.

And sinking, sinking, sinking.

The sea far down the west

Hides the world in darkness

And all that I have lost.

The Official Directory of Missouri for 1881 is out in much improved shape. It is arranged by Mr. Michael K. McInnis, Secretary of State, and is most excellent and useful publication. No one taking an interest in State politics or State affairs generally can afford

PARIS LETTER.

SOMETHING ABOUT OPERA BOUFFES AND OPERA BOUFFES COMPANIES.

(Special Correspondence of the Spectator.)

PARIS, APRIL 19, 1881.

A new composer has of late sprung into quiet popularity. I mean Audran, whose "Olivette," and recently "La Mascotte," have set the town wild. Opera bouffes proper no longer seems in the ascendant, and comic opera is sweeping its throne. Offenbach and Hervé were the founders of the opera bouffe. The Folies Dramatiques was the home of bouffe. This theatre is close to the Ambigu Theatre. It lies on a narrow, old-fashioned street running parallel with the boulevard, and separated therefrom only by a double row of trees and a short strip of ground without any grass growing on it. The Folies looks much like the rest of the neighboring houses, but the sign and several gas-lamps inform the passing public that it is a theatre. Inside is a very little auditorium, which has played so small part in the history of opera bouffe, for it was once the theatre of M. Hervé, the first and perhaps the most successful rival of Offenbach. The centurie Hervé made his bow to the public in 1847. In the following year he wrote "Don Quichotte," a little opera bouffe which was produced at the Opera National, and in which he himself took part. This was the first attempt at this style of composition ever produced in France. To him, therefore, is due the somewhat dubious credit of having introduced this kind of opera, founded on the total absence of sense or logic, and not to Jacques Offenbach, as is generally believed. Well, in 1856 Hervé was appointed leader of the orchestra at the Palais Royal, where he remained till 1863, when he was set up in business for himself by the Duc de Morny. The new place was called the Folies Coquerettes, and here he gave a number of musical soirees, including "Le Compositeur Tendre" ("The Tender Composer"), a title by which Hervé himself was afterwards known, and in which he delighted. Hereafter the opera was born. Hervé, however, was not a successful manager, and gave up the place after a year's trial. In the meantime Jacques Offenbach obtained control of the Folies Dramatiques, and in 1863 he himself produced his precursor. This so upset Hervé's temper that in 1856 he completely disappeared from the boards, to appear again a few years later as an actor at the Variétés. In 1863 he led the orchestra at the Eldorado Café concert, in the Boulevard St. Capot, and from there went over to the Folies Dramatiques. Now commenced the great rivalry between Hervé and Offenbach. The former chose his subjects from the Middle Ages and the old fairy legends, while the latter parodied the classics, ancient fairy stories, or the hoop-skirt and toupie times of the eighteenth century. It was during this period that Hervé wrote "Olivette," an amusing parody of the gallant Marquising King; also "Le Petit Faiseur," in which the composer appeared both as leader and actor on alternate evenings. There were many other excellent pieces written and brought out, the leading parts interpreted, as a rule, by Mlle. Blanche Aubigny.

It was during this period of the gallant Marquising King; also "Le Petit Faiseur," in which the composer appeared both as leader and actor on alternate evenings. There were many other excellent pieces written and brought out, the leading parts interpreted, as a rule, by Mlle. Blanche Aubigny. This help was to Hervé what Mlle. Schneider was to Offenbach, an important factor in all his pieces. She was a great favorite. After Hervé's departure the "Folies Dramatiques" passed into the management of Mr. Cantin, who has since had a continuous record of success. He produced "La Fille de Madame Angot," by which Charles Lecocq became famous, and then, after a quarrel with the director of the Renaissance, he produced "La Fille du Tambour-Major," a comic opera and a great attraction. Mr. Charles Lecocq is another one of the few distinguished composers who have taken a high place in the record of the modern French stage. He was born at Cognac, June 2, 1832. In 1856 he carried off the first prize for harmony in Jullien's class at the Conservatoire, and two years later the second prize for fugue in Halévy's class. He never composed for the Prix de Rome, an absence of which few French musicians can boast. He lived for a long time on the heights of St. Jean de la Croix, where he taught music. In 1858 Mr. Offenbach, who

was then manager of the Folies Parisiens, had thrown open to competition the music of an opera in one act, entitled "Le Docteur Miracle." Two scores were found worthy of being played, that of Bizet, the future author of "Carmen," and that of Charles Lecocq. Each of them was represented at the Folies eleven times. The following year he had a piece played at the Folies Novevilles. It was badly received and Lecocq, discouraged, gave up the stage for the time and returned to his pupils. In 1864 his name appeared once more on the bills, this time at the Folies Marigny, where he gave a series of operettas, amongst others "Les Ombres de Champagne," and "Le Cabaret Rempoisant." In 1865 he produced, at the Variétés, "Les Bouffes," and at the Variétés, "L'Amour et son Carquois," "Le Rajah de Mysore," "Monsieur de Crac," "Le Bon Diable," and "Fleur de Thé," which last mentioned one was really his first striking success. When the war of 1870 came on, M. Lecocq, seeing that the struggle was prolonged, thought of going and working for some time with his collaborators, M. Darn, was at Epinal. Lecocq paid him a visit and proposed that they should do a piece for Brussels. M. Darn, who was somewhat afraid of any but a Parisian public, and who was, moreover, sick and unable to work, took out of his portfolio the unfinished manuscript of "Les Cent Vierge," which was finished in 1871, and played at Brussels, March 15, 1872. The success of this piece, transported to Paris, decided the fate of Lecocq. "La Fille de Madame Angot" made his name known far and wide, in the Old World and the New. He had only to continue in the path that he had opened, and composed "Grand-Guillaume," "La Petite Marie," "La Marquisine," "Kouki," "Le Petit Duc," "La Canargue," "Le Grand Cassinier," "La Petite Mademoiselle," and "La Jolie Péronne." M. Lecocq is a small man, with long hair, now becoming somewhat scant. His monstrosity is thick, sticky, and black; he wears spectacles. He is a hard worker, and takes an interest in any other theatre than the one in which he is employed. He earns something like \$20,000 a year at the Renaissance, and he is bound by contract to write for no other theatre for the next three years. M. Lecocq lives at Antail, No. 41 Boulevard Exelmans, close by the Bois de St. Germain. The products of this charming scholar are divided into two categories: those who arrive in October and leave in May, and those who arrive in May and leave in October. For some the place is but a part of Paris, well situated and very wholesome; for the other Antail is the country. The history of the house occupied by M. Lecocq is the same as of many others. He began by buying a modest villa, situated in the midst of a very small garden. It was a good bargain; but soon after Lecocq bought one thousand metres of the adjoining land, and then, of course, came to the conclusion that his life here was too small for his growth. He sent for an architect, who added to the primitive house two wings, in which he distributed a number of rooms, the one handsome than the other. The villa was now a charming one, and there the famous composer leads a happy and peaceful life. Not counting music, he has three passions—books, Jacquot, and the table. The library of the "Giroflée" architect is already a good-sized one, and it is being increased almost daily with new volumes. He has a hobby for securing editions of Rabelais. M. Lecocq's second love, Jacquot, is a parrot. He amuses himself every day trying to give Jacquot a musical education. Often in the forenoon one can find Lecocq, humming or singing his piece, and during which time Jacquot, perched on the top of the instrument, sings some horrid sounds, and turns the most quizzical eyes on his teacher. As for the table, the ordinary collaborators of the assessor will admit it is one of the best in Paris. When Lecocq invites some of the managers or some of the artists who have interpreted his pieces to dine with him, the director is not to speak of the theatre, nor of the other authors, nor of the rival managers, but laugh as much as possible, and eat all the time. Vieux.

"Opéra" will resume her society articles next week. Her Hot Springs letters have attracted much attention.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

There's a city all shrouded in smoke.

That sits on its smould'ring, by a river

So solemn and slow,

In its cold, muffled flow.

It would make the glad waters stream drive.

In the city's a house all of dull,

With no beauty of arch or of spire,

In the house there's a room,

Enclosed in gloom.

Such as scholars and bookworms admire.

Now a poet could scarcely believe

That the room or the house or the city

Could afford him a chance

For the faded romance.

O'er a throne for the least little duty.

Yet those weighty and stately old tomes,

If they're only unknown themselves,

Could tell volumes, I wot,

Of what they have seen.

And heard from their high, dusty shelves.

Every blushing and beautiful girl,

In the charming, enchaunting spring weather,

Her lover down street,

And walk up and down old together.

Now there's no such appropriate place

To keep an appointment with Cupid

As that same solemn room.

With its half brilliant gloom,

And its books so delightfully staid.

The modest room that, and seriously

Looks up for the little man.

In the way of a host,

Thus returns to her work.

And awaits him, in sweet impatience.

He comes, and her heart flutters wildly.

For now he should find it discover

Her every retreat.

In the end window seat.

But she blushing sits up at her knees:

Not to find her, and also down beside her.

And the address that reigns there staid

Alone to charm all its own

To each whispered love.

That laughter and low language suppress.

You may search through the meadows and caves,

Through the valleys and hills, up and down,

There's no such spot to explore

With romance sweet.

As that room in that staid old town.

K. A.

Joseph Miller is ready with a new collection of poems, "Shadows of Nature," a title still entirely suggestive of this author's love of alliteration. "The Danites of the Sierra" is a novel by the same author, in press by the same publishers, Jaques, McEwing & Co., of Chicago. This work is the foundation of Miller's play of "The Danites," which has had such a run in the theatres of this country and England.

Mr. John Burroughs, in his "Notes of a Walker" in a recent number of *Scribner's Magazine*, described the delight with which he saw a stray English sparrow, which had evidently either escaped from a cage, or was a survivor of those which were liberated in Long Island several years ago. He suggested that there was "no reason why the lack should not thrive in this country as well as in Europe." Acting on this suggestion, Mr. Charles H. Howe, of Cornwall, Connecticut, an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Burroughs' writings, has sent him a number of English sparrow-larks, which arrived in New York a couple of weeks ago, and have been forwarded to Mr. Burroughs at Esopus on the Hudson, where they will be set free.

Rates & Lauriat, Boston, have just ready the "Young Folks' History of America," edited by Henshaw Batherly, and some of the same authors, "Young Journey in Europe and in Classic Lands." This new history is written in a very brilliant and entertaining style, and is illustrated with one hundred and fifty-five woodcuts, seventy-five of which are full-page. The volume contains 460 pages, with chromolithographed title and index, and is the most attractive Young Folks' History ever published.

THE SPECTATOR

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All communications should be addressed to

THE SPECTATOR.

412 Pine Street, St. Louis.

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A meeting of prominent citizens was held at Pickwick Hall last evening for the purpose of reorganizing the Humane Society of Missouri; an organization designed to prevent the cruel treatment of animals. We regret that the meeting occurred at a time when it was too late to get a report of its proceedings into the *Spectator*. This paper has taken a lively interest in the organization of the society, and will gladly do all in its power for the encouragement of so laudable a movement. Good men have been found who are willing to lend both their money and personal influence to the carrying out of the society's objects. A great reform can be accomplished in a short time. People will soon learn of the arrest and punishment of offenders, and a healthy public sentiment can be easily created. We wish here to especially compliment Mr. Henry B. Potts for the active part that he has taken in this movement. He has labored most zealously, and it is to him more than any other man that the city owes the reorganization of the Humane Society.

If \$3,000,000 were spent on the streets of St. Louis the value of real property would be increased twenty-five per cent. If Olive Street had a first-class pavement all the way from Sixth Street to Grand Avenue, property along this popular thoroughfare would be increased \$25 per foot in value. Why, then, do the property-holders not meet and raise the money themselves for the making of a better pavement? It is simply because they do not fully realize the importance of the work. It is simply because they do not realize the profitable investment they would be making. It looks as though but little would be accomplished by waiting for the city to do the work for Olive Street or any other street. The city has not the money in the treasury necessary to carry out any considerable system of street improvement, and we are deluged by the Constitution from increasing the tax. The question is, are we always to have this mud and dust and these rickety streets? We are glad to state that a movement in the right direction has been talked of by the Washington Avenue property-holders. A number of them are willing to join together and make an effort for the repaving of that thoroughfare. If Washington Avenue were repaved, other streets would be compelled to

follow suit, and in that way a real street reconstruction work would be inaugurated. We hope the Washington Avenue property-holders are in earnest.

We wish to call attention to the literary department of the *Spectator*. It has been charged that St. Louis was lacking in literary taste and culture, and that there was no encouragement here for a paper to devote especial attention to literary subjects. Like all other Western cities, St. Louis has first devoted herself to commercial and material interests. In this way the foundation of all great cities is laid. But this pioneer period of St. Louis is now at an end, and our citizens are beginning to look about them in search for some of the refinements of life. Many of them are wealthy, the most of them are educated, and the taste for books is taking its hold. We have met with unexpected encouragement in the efforts we have made to get up an interesting literary department. The *Spectator* today is read by a very large portion of the educated people of St. Louis, and its book reviews seem to be highly appreciated. It is our aim to make these reviews useful as well as interesting. They are all written by competent persons, some by leading scholars of the city, and they are not of the trashy kind that usually appear in the daily papers. We aim to have the same care and independence in our book reviews that we have in our dramatic and art criticisms, so that they may be depended on with some assurance of reliability. Besides these reviews, we publish a variety of notes concerning new publications, in which all literary people are interested. In this way we are trying to make the *Spectator* the means of cultivating a literary taste in St. Louis, and thus do a work that we know to be for the public good.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Miss Nellie Collins and Mr. Ed. Wickham, both well-known in the best circles of the city, were very quietly married last Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride, there being no guests present outside of the members of the two families. Mr. Wickham, the groom, is the eldest son of Judge Wickham, and the newly-betrothed bride is the sister of Mr. Dan. Catlin. The bridal pair left immediately for the Eastern cities, and upon their return, ten days hence, will reside during the summer at the bride's home on Olive Street.

Miss Julia Tyler, one of the brightest ornaments of the McCallough Club, and one of our city's most brilliant belles, will be married on the 10th to Lewis L. Rowell, of the United States Infantry. The marriage ceremony will occur in the afternoon in the presence of a small company of friends. The bridegroom will be Miss Fannie Booth, Miss Kate Powell, Miss Lillian French, Miss Lillian Bennett, of Illinois, the bride and groom will visit Keokuk, Iowa, where Miss Rowell's family reside, and thence go direct to Fort Snelling, near St. Paul, where the groom is stationed.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Chambers reached this city the first day of May, after an absence in Europe of almost a year. They remained but a few days at the residence of Mr. Willis Powell, where the friends of Mrs. Chambers, so recently the popular belle, are. Duffie Powell, was warmly greeted by her numerous friends. Leaving this city, Mr. and Mrs. Chambers have gone for the summer to the country home of Mr. Chambers' mother, a few miles from the city.

Gov. Sturgis has secured the position of Governor of the Soldiers' Home, near Washington, and with his wife and accomplished daughter, Miss Kate Sturgis,

will soon repair thither to take possession of their new quarters.

Miss Mildred Glover, one of the most intellectual and beautiful of St. Louis' daughters, a fair blonde of the gentlest and loveliest type, will be married this month to Mr. Ray, a promising young lawyer, who has recently come to St. Louis to reside.

Mrs. Kayser, her daughter, Mrs. Edgar Lackland, her niece, Miss Kitty Lanson, and Miss Ella Speck, have all gone to New Orleans, La., to attend the wedding of Miss Glover's brother, and immediately upon the return of the steamer Miss Lanson and Mr. Miltenberger will be married. The bridegroom is to be Miss Julia Wall, sister of Ella Speck, Miss Kate Miltenberger, and Miss Kayser.

The marriage of Miss Mary Davis to Mr. Charles Rhoads, of Kentucky, will occur the 9th of May, at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Emmons, on Union Avenue. The groom is a brother of Mrs. Thomas Duff, of this city, and the newly married couple will make their home in Danville.

Young ladies are in a flutter of dress excitement about the Southern Hotel ball, and it is quite certain that more elegant and fresher toilets will appear than even at the V.'s grand balls.

PHILHARMONIC QUINTETT CLUB—SIXTH AND LAST CHAMBER CONCERT.

The season of the Philharmonic Club concerts closed last Monday evening with a varied programme, consisting of two movements of X. Scherwinski's quartette, Op. 37, in F; an arrangement of Schumann's "Fennel", and a minuet by Beethoven, for two violins, viola, violinello, and contrabasso; Schubert's line-and-ante with variations, from string quartette (posthumous) in D minor, from the song, *Der Tod und das Mädchen*; and the quartette, Op. 16 in C minor, by H. Goetz, for piano, violin, viola, violinello, and contrabasso. The Beethoven minuet and the Goetz quartette were repeated from the first programme of the course.

The second of the evening was marked by a slight hitch in the accompaniment, and by several unforeseen occurrences, which, however, appeared only as the attack on the highest stratum notes. Hasty's opera airs are quite unknown upon the St. Louis concert stage. In fact, I remember but one such occasion on which one of them has been heard here in public, and that about ten years ago, under the auspices of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston. They make very liberal demands upon the intelligence and musical knowledge of the hearer, but when judiciously given they repay the study which they exact. Mrs. Wynn's services in this respect, and I learn that she will be heard again in future concerts of the club.

The series of chamber concerts which is fast closed has included complete string quartettes by Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Robert Meyer; piano and string quartettes by St. Francis (given twice), Schumann (twice), Schubert, and Frederick Bell; parts of string quartettes by G. Verdi, Beethoven, Mozart (arrangement by Anton), and Schubert; parts of a piano and string quartette by X. Scherwinski; string quartette movements by Raff, Beethoven (twice), Schubert, and Schumann (arrangement of Tschann); and a violinello solo by "Kargie and Harfenquintette" by Meyer.

The impression made by the several programmes, so far as I am judge from conversations with many of the subscribers, has been one of general enjoyment, and the most strongly expressed in the case of the acknowledged best works which have been given. It may not be out of place, at the end of the season, as it certainly is now, in an attempt to explain criticisms, to express to the club and to the management that those concerts should be devoted sacredly and exclusively to the very highest and best pieces of music, and that no work or fragment of even admitted excellence be permitted to appear on its programmes. With a public willing to re-

ceive the best that can be given, the best, and the best ought to be offered. Especially should the greatest names—Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven—appear often, and in their greatest works. Spohr has not yet been heard. Schumann, Schubert, and Goetz have been heard at their best. Raff only in a small fragment.

The plan adopted by the club of giving complete works in each concert is well admirable. So much, but not much more, can be heard without fatigue. A light but good middle piece or two, melodious and short, and two vocal selections, sufficiently fill the evening, and all should be chosen with reference to each other, and to the production of a consistent and well-constructed whole. With a little foresight in the timely engagement of vocalists, and judgment in the selection of their songs, a better result can be reached than when these things are left to adjust themselves by accident or according to individual caprice. Let progress in good work be the aim of all, and good results will not be wanting. G.

LETTER-BOX.

THE MARCH OF LIBERAL IDEAS.

Editor of the Spectator:

The march of liberal ideas is both grand and significant. Unfortunately, the cause of liberal thought has been often misunderstood by the character of some who have assumed to be its highest exponents. Two often those who claim to be liberal in thought are liberal only in their denunciations of those who venture to differ from them in opinion. The search for false is too often mistaken for the search for truth. The apothecary of success has blinded us to the less imposing divalities Truth and Justice. The "survival of the fittest" is now the inevitable judgment upon those who fail. Have we become object-lessons to science and the followers of scientific men? The most perfect science is but an advance stage of observation or experiment, which further observation and experiment will certainly modify and may completely overthrow. The philologist there is not more altered in the light of modern criticism than many scientific opinions now firmly held will be, when under a more searching analysis. Shall we, then, in science, in literature, in politics, in religion, condemn any who may question seriously the popular theories or beliefs of to-day? Neither science nor scientific men, neither religion nor religious teachers, neither politics nor political leaders, may longer manufacture opinions and beliefs for the people. Free inquiry is the precursor of free thought; free thought the precursor of intelligent and honest belief; honest and intelligent belief is the only guarantee of right action. MARLIN HOWE.

ST. LOUIS, APRIL 28, 1881.

"A LOVELY CONJUGIUM!" EXPLAINED.

Editor of the Spectator:

In answer to "Inquirer," in your last issue, who wishes to become "predestinated" concerning the ceremony of marriage announcements, I offer my humble opinions. The obligation assumed by the man and woman contracting marriage is mutual—each pledging to "take" the other as "lawful wedded" wife or husband, and "for better or worse." This article very "take," conferred upon the man and woman by the officiating clergyman or J. P., as the case may be, and alike consented to by them, implies that the act is also mutual. When the bride is "given away," the taking appears to be all on one side, and the next smacks of symbolizing the customs of the ages when women by marriage became the property of man, and often worse than his slave. "The man courts and the man proposes," saying, "Will you marry me?"—not "May I marry you?" Accordingly the woman disposes of the matter, if "Barkis is willing," by "accepting" him, and the marriage ceremony renders the active verb passive, and they both are married, one to the other, and the "two souls with but a single thought" become one. However, there are exceptions to all rules. Sometimes the man marries the woman and she marries his money or position, and vice versa,

In the case of the Burdett-Combs wedding, the woman marries the man and he marries her money as well as her name. Well, this is not so bad as those who "marry the whole family," and I am rather inclined to the opinion that it depends upon circumstances—the fortune of the party, the situation or condition of the family, the character of the chief actors in the farce, tragically, or comically as to the question of marrying and giving in marriage.

BREDEWEIS.

ART.

Taking one consideration with another, a critic's lot is not a happy one. This intolerance of the police men's refrain from "The Plagues of Penance" contains more truth than most persons are aware of. The great majority of those who read his opinions have no idea of the bitterness which may be caused by an unexpectedly turned phrase, or of the scolding he may receive from an irate artist for a failure to place a proper estimate upon his works.

The critic who attempts to do his duty by the public and himself, by giving an honest opinion of the works of art offered for public inspection, is pretty sure to receive a blast from each artist in turn, and finally settle down into the everlasting consciousness of at least in the opinion of those whom he criticizes, he is either a fool or a knave, and it is a majority of cases he is credited with possessing the characteristics of both.

An artist may strive hard, exhaust his capabilities, and produce something which, so far as he is able to see, is worthy of high commendation, and at the same time it may be perfectly apparent to others that his work is a failure. His friends may fully recognize the fact, and yet, it being so much easier to say pleasant things than unpleasant ones, they assume an admiration which they do not feel, and the poor critic is left the alternative of stuffing himself or of making an error. His opinion is given not only to one, but to thousands, and, although he may receive the kindly cheer of those who care more for the truth than for the wounded pride and disappointment of any man, nevertheless the injured artist himself regards him with disfavour, and it is at a loss to know what he could have done to have earned an unprovoked attack upon his works.

Again there are artists who start in life with high hopes and give promise of great results, but, like nations arrested in the march of civilization, they come to a standstill, as the Chinese have done, their growth is stopped, and to the end of their life they are stamped upon every canvas sent from their cases.

Then there are those who may be possessed of talent, having a good feeling for color and no artistic perception, yet are utterly deficient in the enterprise necessary to the accomplishment of serious work—men who drift along their luck in an aimless sort of way, growing at their luck and lack of opportunities, and, meanwhile, waiting for something to turn up. Should a critic even so much as intimate the truth in such a case, a latent energy of surprising vigor would likely be developed on the part of the artist, not to be applied in vivifying his dreary art, but in belching the unfortunate critic. There are others with delicate fancy, revelling in the ideal, whose sketches may be as delicate and full of promise as the "rosy-fingered morning," but whose finished pictures are as tasteless as the apples of Sodom. Woe be it to the critic who crosses their path!

But why I moralize? What I have here said can have no possible application to St. Louis, and we are in no way concerned about the trials and tribulations of those living elsewhere. So we will dismiss the subject from our minds, and I will now proceed with the real subject of this article, and speak of the pictures offered for sale at Thomson's gallery on Thursday and Friday of this week.

Among the local artists Mr. Marple had the greatest number, and, in my opinion, the best average of pictures. There are unmistakable signs of advancement. Several of his works in this collection possess qual-

ities which I have not seen him manifest before. His sunsets are more radiant with golden light, and his shadows more luminous. They have lost the blackness which has been in some instances a disagreeable characteristic of such subjects. His other efforts are in most cases softer and more agreeable. In the "St. Louis, Clark Valley, California," the foreground is especially good. A deep cool shadow overtops it, the near objects are rendered with great distinctness and truth, while the distance is bright with strong, clear light. "Gray Day on the Los Gatos, California," is tender and restful. "Near Coloma Springs," is, in my judgment, the best picture Mr. Marple has painted in St. Louis. "Foggy Morning, Oakland Creek, California," is certainly a disagreeable surprise after seeing the work in other of his pictures. The fog is opaque, the vessel badly drawn and painted, and altogether it is worse than I had supposed him capable of.

As most of Mr. Mosker's pictures have been seen before, and I have expressed myself fully in regard to them in the columns of the *Spectator*, the public will not crave further comment. Of his new pictures I can say nothing in addition to what I have before said, as I can do so no change either in manner or merit.

Mr. Tracy's cattle pictures were mostly small, but fully up to his average. In his "September" the foreground is crisp, the foliage flaming with the touch of frost, the distance dreamy and mystical. He had but four numbers in the collection.

Mr. Conroy's "Fruitful" is rich in poetic fancy. It represents the mark of an elite hand through the regions of air, chanting the song of spring. It is in monochrome, even to the garnet apple-branch loaded with fragrant blossoms. The idea is beautiful, and it is happily expressed. He had three water-colors, neither of which will, I think, add to his reputation.

The pictures by Harry Chase were neither new nor important.

Paul Harvey had but two canvases in the collection: "The Sun," which is an old acquaintance of years' standing, and "Tired Out," an old gentleman taking an afternoon's snooze in a hammock. The latter is a study from life, and the flesh-painting is tender and luminous.

Mr. Schmitz had several landscapes, painted in his peculiar manner. He draws beautifully, and in black and white gets wonderful effects, but when it comes to color, if he paints nature as he sees it, he must look through different eyes from the average mortal.

The contributions of W. H. Howe excited considerable interest, as they are the first received from which any sort of an estimate could be formed as to the probable result of his studies abroad. First of all it should be remembered that Mr. Howe has been painting but about six months under instruction. During that time he has had to unlearn everything about color and handling that he knew before going abroad. The result thus far has been satisfactory. From the halting, timid stroke of an amateur he has changed to a touch of great breadth and firmness. His foliage and foregrounds show a freedom which is surprising to those unfamiliar with his former style. His "Heather Hills" and "Blackheath, Valley of Ayr," show a gratifying advance in knowledge. His skies are the weakest portions of his pictures. It would be inadvisable to think of his work in a year or two in Paris. There is a quality of crispness about French landscape which the Germans seldom acquire. Again, the art atmosphere of Paris is stimulating to a young artist, and is a more important factor in his progress than most persons imagine. Now that Mr. Howe has worked with nothing but in making his first picture of art, and has shown incontestable proof of talent, I sincerely hope that his friends will see to it that he has an opportunity of developing to his utmost capacity.

J. M. Barnsley, a student at the Art School, showed considerable skill in painting his picture, although of the professionals, and, although somewhat weak and amateurish, they show that the boy has the genuine stuff in him, and only lacks the requisite knowledge to get it out.

"On the River des Peres," by Augusta S. Bryant,

was an imitation of Mosler's style, and better than some works of her master in the same sense.

Henry Lewis' pictures were intensely Daubigny in manner, embodying nature that was bad and little that was good of that school when not at its best.

Of Harvey Young's work it is a pleasure to speak, as it is a pleasure to look upon them. Everything which comes from Mr. Young's easel is in itself a satisfactory explanation of its existence. He knows what he wants to do and how to do it. He will place his canvas by a modest bit of nature, and through a painter's art impulse and sympathy for whatever he finds that is picturesque, tender, and beautiful, even though it be leafless branches, silken leaves, or lichen-covered rocks, he gives you the feeling of direct contact with his subject. The figures come as naturally into their places as though created for the sole purpose of discharging certain duties in the very positions which he finds them. They do not have the appearance of having been posed for the purpose of being painted, but in a quiet and unobtrusive manner they are fulfilling their humble destiny, seriously and naturally.

"In the Forest of Fontainebleau" is a work which would reflect credit upon any collection, and it will be lost a poor comment upon the judgment of art collectors in St. Louis if, in the absence of a great name, they fail to appreciate the genuine merit of the picture. Any ignorance can buy a canvas signed by Rembrandt, Corneille, or Kneller, if he can command money enough, but to detect a Rembrandt, Corneille, or Kneller before the horrors of time have scathed his pictures throughout the world requires a knowledge that money cannot buy. Mr. Young had several pictures in the collection, every one of which was of decided merit. Some were better than others, but it was simply a difference in degree and not of kind.

There were a couple of small pictures by Richter so sweet and pretty that one person wittily remarked that he "felt like taking a glass of water after looking at them."

A pleasant surprise awaits the people of St. Louis next week at the opening of the Museum of Fine Arts. The building itself is a work of art, and the collection of paintings and statuary which will adorn it will be a revelation to those who have not kept pace with the times. The committee having the loan exhibition to charge here, I understand, received quite a throng from every collector in the city to take whatever they may choose.

Petrie & Leathe have brought to their galleries a number of superior water-colours, of which I have not the time to more than make mention this week.

W. B. H.

SCOTT'S GREETING TO BURNS.

The following poem, by Wallace Bruce, was read by the author at St. Andrew's House, Delmonico's, New York, just after the unveiling of the Burns statue in Central Park. Statues of Scott and Shakespeare had long ago been placed in the same park, and that of Burns made the third one of the great trio. The poem, which has not had a wide publication, is in the nature of an address from Scott to Burns:

We greet thee, Roder, here no sign,
Beneath these stars no poets and bright.
We greet thee, poet, come, come, look
With Will and me thy lot to cast.

We've talked about this many a day
And wondered when you'd be this way—
Break not your land and give us leave,
Just now, for art's acquaintance sake.

We welcome you from Scotland's land
And wish to you a brilliant band.
A hundred and to greet you come—
Will Shillington, Roder, here no sign.

We've sung your songs here many a night
Till that day star is lost to light.
And Willie says the lines you wrote
Were never so far from his sight.

Be like your verse without a word
And say you are a glorious word—
No fact, the only one who knows
That spirit, word, poetry and song.

Oh, Roder, if we had a ghost
We'd quite content you Scotland's best.
He said to us in his voice—
"I'm French is not, though English born."

"And, Walter, it may yet appear
That Scotland takes its own share—
Let Allen be the better fate,
But not the French or dare it be!"

So, Willie, here your pen's a rock
And so the board with you are—
For his has come at last, you say—
We were a pair, but not we're three.

We need no other miracle now
No modern hand or classic brow
To long have another man
Will be shamed to see his own.

In other things, alas! we have here
When Will would half a fair!
But now he goes to France's fate
To Shillington, Roder, here no sign.

And says his wisdom's not enough
With those that chose O'Rourke's name!
He's even learned your last address
To Shillington, Roder, here no sign.

For, Roder, this is heaven's ground,
Where spirits keep their nightly round.
And when the waking hour is near
You'll see strange things gather here.

I saw Queen from the other side
Beside him, clad in white robes,
While kings and queens, a while there,
In fine garments passed and by.

And with meadow rising from the north,
Like Lullaby's tower at Keshmoo,
And all the legend that was there,
Second finding in the month of May.

And I, Roder, I, and you, and I,
In Peter's Hall would side by side,
While any Robert comes to stand
With his Olympic, Roder, here no sign.

And, Roder, what a vision came
As Willie shone at you and I,
The towers shrouded and round him drew
The "climber, go, go, go, go, go, go."

And, Roder, I, and you, and I,
Beside him, clad in white robes,
While kings and queens, a while there,
In fine garments passed and by.

And with meadow rising from the north,
Like Lullaby's tower at Keshmoo,
And all the legend that was there,
Second finding in the month of May.

"Tears long to pass them in review,
For still the circle water grew,
Full the airy vision bright,
We lost it all in rapid light."

So let us whisper in your ear
Never to tell what passed here,
There'll be a grand reception soon.
To greet the lad from Roder's door.

We'll gather up the perfect crew,
And, Roder, I, and you, and I,
And of the battle's brotherhood,
And all the battle's brotherhood.

So, Roder, make yourself at home—
"Wag your head and welcome your guest here,
And now's a head that's quite as fair
As that between the Press and the Press."

A head that glows in its youth,
That never so cruel but bring forth,
Where girls of science and pride of youth
A refuge find from rank and kin.

A head that's made your name red,
Whom girls of science and pride of youth
A refuge find from rank and kin.

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and years ago. There is a surviving brother of her husband, John Cheney, who is also an artist of some reputation. He made a crayon reproduction of the Statue of Mahomet, which became quite celebrated, and many of the photographs of the picture are taken from Cheney's drawing. Mrs. Cheney has published several juvenile books, and it is not impossible that much of the material used in this work has been given in conversations and letters from East and West. As any reader of her book must know, she is a woman of great taste and of art, with ample opportunities for study at home and abroad, and she seems to have imbibed all of the enthusiasm of that ardent family with which she has become connected by marriage. The path which she has chosen for her career is one of the most noble of writers who have preceded her. Yet the subject of art is inexhaustible, and old things seem through close eyes and measured by well-balanced mind fresh from the perusal of the New World will present new phases and suggest thoughts welcome to all who desire to learn more of its history and the influence which its by-gone ages contributed to its development. The chapter on Greek art is devoted here to the artists who by their marvellous productions have given to the best idea of the flowering period of the Hellenic mind and to the underlying causes which brought about so wonderful a result. Physical training through the gymnastics and orchestral system provided education of the body, the perfection of the style and supply was what led to the perfect statue. These potent influences have received but slight attention from Mrs. Cheney. In mentioning the works of Greek masters she has unaccountably overlooked the only work by Pericles which which can with certainty be called genuine, the Hermes and Dionysus discovered at Olympia in 1877. This group is thought by some of the best extant, to be the most perfect expression of nearly every beauty in existence. Her chapters on Early Christian Art, Byzantine Art, and the Resurrection of Art in Italy are extremely interesting. She devotes two chapters to Michael Angelo, one to his sculpture and paintings, and the other to his poetry, and his admiration for his greatness is well understood from the following extract: "The face of Michael Angelo seems above all modern works as lofty as Mount Time, with its crown of eternal snow, overbuds the little that nature is and the pulse that beat at its feet. The Jungfrau and the Matterhorn approach, but they cannot rival it. No mighty is its intellectual power, so severe and majestic like mortal grandeur, so intense, the pure light which overbuds time that we shrink with awe from the attempt to analyse his nature or measure his stature. But, as the lofty mountain reveals its whole wealth and beauty only to him who climbs its sides or mines its depths, so is the character of the time which the more impressive the more closely it is studied." Contrary to accepted tradition, Mrs. Cheney says:

"Whether he loved early and vainly, or whether the ideal he paints so explicitly was never fully attained, we shall never know. That such is not the general opinion, I quote the following from the writings of Titian bearing upon the same point: 'He lived like a monk, without wife or mistress, chaste in a voluptuous career, knowing but one love, and that ancient and Platonic, and for one woman as proud and noble as himself. At evening, after the labor of the day, he wrote sonnets in his praise and laid it upon his bed, as I have heard, as if he thought, praying to her to sustain his weakness and keep him in the right path. He bowed his soul before her as before an angel of virtue, showing the same fervid exaltation in his service as that of the mystics and knights of old. Through her he attained to spiritual life, and the prime source of all things he first formed his affection for her, and led by her eyes he would return thence with her. She died before him, and for a long time he remained desolate, as if stricken by the loss of his light; his heart still cherished a great grief, the regret at not having on her death-bed kissed her brow or cheek instead of her hand.' He refers to Vittoria Colonna, the precisely done to whom his impassioned love was devoted, as if stricken by the loss of his light; his heart still cherished a great grief, the regret at not having on her death-bed kissed her brow or cheek instead of her hand." He refers to Vittoria Colonna, the precisely done to whom his impassioned love was devoted, as if stricken by the loss of his light; his heart still cherished a great grief, the regret at not having on her death-bed kissed her brow or cheek instead of her hand." 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in a concise and intelligent manner. Taking it all in all, it is a fresh and readable book. The fund of information which it imparts is placed above us in such charming style that it must attract many readers who would shun a more dry and didactic method.

Early Spring in Massachusetts. From the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: H. Bowditch, Mifflin & Co. Many readers will welcome this volume with loving interest, having learned to value the rare personality of the author himself as well as his writings. There is a fresh expectancy as of spring in the most casual attitude, in that quivering, quickening insight into the heart of nature and the hearts of our fellow-men. For, whatever Thoreau says, he is not cold for human friendship any more than he is cold for natural friendship. "It appears to be a law," he tells us, "that you cannot have a deep sympathy with man and nature." Not with man and nature, perhaps, but with spirit and nature. Yet! nor is it easy to believe that this sympathy was lacking in the whole association of human relations so wise and delicate. Who ever interpreted love and friendship more nobly?

"Where is the actual friend you love? Ask from what hill and shadow and spring the wind comes to visit the earth. . . . A friend advises by his whole behavior, and never communicates to particulars. Another chides away a fault; he loves it away. . . . Your words come tainted if the thought of the world darts between them and the thought of me. You are not consistent enough for love. It goes alone, unmeasured through wildernesses. As soon as I see people behave what they see merely, and not their own high hopes that they form of others, I pity them and do not want their love. . . . That love is false-hearted and short-lived which is concerned with the past history of the object. It does not require the soil to bear new crops better than the old. . . . Man seeks friendship out of his desire to realize a house here. As the Indian thinks he secures for himself the courage and strength of the conquered enemy, so we add to ourselves the character and heart of our friend. . . . The friend does not take my will as his model, but I take his. He trusts me as I trust myself. We are good to be as true to others as we are to ourselves, that there may be ground enough for friendship. . . . What a man does, compared with what he is, is but a small part. Friendship should be a great promise, a perennial spring-time. . . . You do not, after all, meet on the ground of their real acquaintance and actual understanding of one another, but degrade themselves into immediately into the puppets of convention. They do as if, in given circumstances, they had agreed to know each other only so well. We rarely get so far as to liberate one another gratuitously, and so we meet like the sea and the whale for what is lost and inspiring there. The best intercourse and communion we have is a silence above and behind our speech. We should be very simple to rely on words. What we know before, always interprets a man's words. Cannot easily remember what a man has said to me, but how can I forget what he is in me?" There are only a few of the utterances, scattered throughout the volume, upon what was evidently a favorite theme. Thoreau fond from society because he was not willing to live upon the surface of things, and could not find any really like nature, to meet his highest need. He preferred to simplify his material wants rather than be impoverished spiritually, to be true to the best that was in himself, at whatever cost of external-conformances. He told perhaps a little too much stress upon his rights as an individual, but there was that in his genius which partly excused and made this necessary. Men must be fed with their highest ideals, or society itself would degenerate into empty forms and ceremonies, destitute of spiritual meaning. "One cannot relieve one another's griefs. It requires to be consoled by noble conduct." The world demands us to be fed with the highest, and in 1862, his sister Sophia, the last remaining member of the family, is 1856. She bequeathed Thoreau's journal to his friend, Mr. H. G. O. Blake, the editor of the present volume. Mr. Blake, by a happy arrangement, has selected passages written on the same day of the month in different years, and thus indicated the

progress of spring. So near are we brought to the seasons described that we almost hear the beating of nature's heart, and feel, like Thoreau himself, the insupportable changes in her moods. But we look through and beyond her, because to look at nature simply is to be fatal as to look at the head of Medusa, and turn the man of science to stone." We too, with Thoreau, find in from her voice "wonderful health," and are surprised that people will "move their hearts" in doors when inspiration is waiting outside in the glow of the sunlight. Let the same experience return, with spring again and again, it does not wear upon us; it is seen to be symbolical, and the future is worth expecting. "The eternally which I detect in nature," says Thoreau, "I predicate of myself also. . . . I am sure to report the glory of the universe. May I not say to do it, to have got through with respecting divine values so as not to be distracted from regarding divine values?" Not only hope to suggest faintly the charm of this volume, and will close with a few other extracts, chosen at random. "Measure your health by your sympathy with morning and spring. If there is no response in you to the awakening of nature, the fact that the morning and spring of your life are past. . . . Nothing goes by luck in composition. The best you can write will be the best you are. . . . Love is the burden of all nature's odds, the song of the birds in an epiphany, a hymn, the meetings of the flowers, spots the meadows, and fringes the hedges with pearls and diamonds. I feel it to be a greater success as a lecturer to affect unimpaired audiences than to affect the most refined, for all cultivation is necessarily superficial, and it may not even be directed toward the centre of being. . . . There may be something petty in a refined taste; it easily degenerates into effeminacy. It does not consider the broadest use. It is not content with simple good and bad, and it is fastidious and curious, or nice only. . . . Love never degrades its votaries, but lifts them up to higher walks of being; they overlook one another. . . . No man is rich enough to keep a friend in his pocket. Most who are rich are poor, and are doomed men. The world might as well sling a dirge over them forthwith. . . . To complain often implies an assumption of superiority in the complainer. It is in fact a subtle detraction. . . . How many of our troubles are caused by small things. We are so much as we are. Faith is insight and knowledge. . . . Every man will be a poet if he can; otherwise a philosopher or man of wisdom. This proves the superiority of the poet."

LITERARY NOTES.

The prize competition for book-cover designs and magazine drawings, in black and white and in colors, opened to American artists in February, by Messrs D. Lothrop & Co. of Boston, closed April 15th. The prize was awarded the 15th of the same month. The large number of designs received from all parts of the country, and even from London and Paris, was a remarkable interest in the competition; and yet in several classes no available designs were received; while in some of the others so many original and artistic designs were submitted as to render the decision a matter of much consideration. The Class A prize, for designs for cloth covers of bound volumes of *Wide-Awake* magazine, was awarded Miss L. B. Humphrey of Boston. The Class B prize, \$200, for design in color for board covers of bound volumes of *Wide-Awake*, was also won by Miss L. B. Humphrey of Boston. Class C prize, \$200, for color design for cover of bound volumes of *Wide-Awake*, was awarded Miss Marion T. of New York. Class D prize, \$100, for design in colors for cover of juvenile books, was awarded Mr. George F. Barnes of Boston. The three prizes in Class E for black and white drawings for frontispieces to *Wide-Awake* magazine were a valuable honor. The first prize, \$100, to Mr. F. H. Longren of New York; second prize, \$50, to Mr. F. H. Longren of New York; third prize, \$20, to Mr. Robert Louis of Boston. In addition to the prize designs, Messrs D. Lothrop & Co. purchased many of the more meritorious drawings, which will appear on the fall publications of the firm.

The *Wide-Awake* prize frontispieces will appear during the coming year.

"The Count's Secret," from the French of Gabriel's "La Vie Interne" is just published by Estes & Lauriat, and adds another to the popular list of paper novels by this famous author, who is without a peer in writing detective stories.

Henry Bush & Co. will bring out, immediately, "Maitreney," a novel by W. E. Norris, which has been receiving high praise from the leading English papers. The *Naturday Review* goes so far as to say: "We cannot but think that Thackeray's best work has never been approached so nearly, both in nature and quality, as by the author of 'Maitreney'."

"The Hard Pastor" and "A Great Day," is the title of a very small "poetical" pamphlet that has been sent to the *Spectator* by its author, Rev. Geo. A. Watson. We are informed that it is for sale at the news-stands and that the price is twenty-five cents.

Emerson says, "The world is no longer clay, but iron, in the hands of its workers, and men have got to hammer out a place for themselves by steady and rugged blows." Ability, learning, accomplishment, opportunity, are all aids, but he who would achieve great ends must supplement all these with a burning enthusiasm and indomitable will.

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- 3 Rooms Elegantly Furnished for \$114.00. Dining-Room, 2 Bed-Rooms, Nursery, Servant's Room, Parlor and Kitchen, or Artistic.

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The Spectator.

St. Louis, May 14, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

Below we give a list of the subscriptions to the *Spectator's* fund for sprinkling Page, Union, and Lindell Avenues. E. C. Simmons, D. B. Gould, and Chas. A. Fawcett constitute the committee who will take charge of the funds when raised. The amount required is about \$1,000. We ask gentlemen and ladies to send in their subscriptions at once. Up to this time there has been no special need for the sprinkling, but the hot, dry weather will soon be upon us, and we wish to get to work at the earliest moment. Write the amount you will give on a postal card and send to the *Spectator*, or call at the office, 212 Pine Street, or on any one of the committee. Please note that all subscriptions are payable on demand. No contract will be made for the sprinkling until the money is in sight and within reach. When a sufficient amount is subscribed, the committee will make the contract and collect the money at once. Now, give this matter a lesson, and let us get it off our hands.

Melville C. Day	\$100 00
The Spectator	100 00
Sam. Cupples	100 00
S. Ecker	100 00
Delmonico Park	100 00
Jesse Arant	50 00
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E. G. Clifford	5 00
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E. C. Bennett	5 00
H. C. Wright	5 00

I have to relate that a ridiculous but most painful accident happened to Miss Genevieve Ward the week after leaving here. She was travelling on the cars, and as she was stepping off on to the platform at a station, a heavy gentleman, with a total disregard for the proprieties of the occasion, rushed out against her and stepped so heavily on one of her toes that it was crushed. Although suffering great pain, she did not lose a single night's performance.

I have it from reliable authority that Mr. Charles Pope has made about \$20,000 out of his theatre this season. Nearly all this he has applied to the payment of the debt on the property, which, if nothing happens, he will regularly relieve next season.

Pope's regular season will close brilliantly. Next week "Billie Taylor," which has had such a run in the East; and the week after, and the last, the "Aeneas Orestes Company," which is the best organization of the kind on the road.

The announcement that Mr. Benton had secured the Pickwick Theatre for the summer was premature. A verbal agreement had been arrived at between him and Mr. Phillips, the manager, but when it came to signing a written contract Benton objected to some of the conditions, and the whole matter at once fell through.

Mr. John Snyder, the distinguished pastor of the Church of the Messiah, will start for Europe June 1. He is to be joined in London by Mr. J. S. Garland, and the two will travel on the continent together during the summer.

The Crown Prince of Austria, Rudolph of Hapsburg, who was married the other day to the Princess Stephanie of Belgium amid the fanfare of trumpets and imperial festivities, is one of the most accomplished princes of Europe. His education was watched over with the strictest solicitude, and he had as many as eighteen tutors, all professors of the rarest talents. Rudolph has developed a talent unknown among the other actors of the royal families of Europe, that of an inclination for the natural sciences. He is passionately devoted to the study of natural history, and, although so young, has proved the ripeness of his knowledge in this special field. He contributed a monograph on ornithology to Reichen's Natural History, an article of really surpassing merit.

What an outrage, what odd marriage, is, whether it be a royal or a pauper capital. Rudolph's father, the present Emperor, wedded his wife, the present Empress of Austria, purely for love. She was a Neapolitan princess, and a marriage had been arranged between the Emperor and her sister. But when Franz Joseph visited the court of Naples and beheld the lady selected for him he also saw his present wife. She at once inspired him with a genuine passion. With the hereditary obstinacy of the Hapsburgs he positively refused to marry a princess designated for him, and insisted on his betrothal to the sister. The Princess Elizabeth thus became Empress of Austria. It was a love-match, and the future was bright for the happy couple. But years passed and an extraordinary noise between them, which has deepened and deepened, and now Emperor and Empress are as far apart as the two poles, so far as the matrimonial vows are concerned. He goes his way; she hers. All the outward courtesies of their rank are preserved, but their hearts are apart.

The Empress has taken to haunting as a relief from the monotony of her existence. She is said to be the finest housewife in the world, and as daring as any English *spinster* who follows the hounds across country. She is as beautiful as ever, and still wears a triple diadem of black tresses. Were it not that she is instead of blonde, she could compare her to Tress of Herenside. In spite of her sporting proclivities, her womanly nature continually shows itself by this and that feminine peculiarity. Thus she daily attaches to her waist three dark-red roses, and wherever she may happen to be, these flowers must always be furnished her. A fan is invariably dangling from her horse's saddle. It has been rumored that the Empress sought solace at one time for her husband's infidelities in the companionship of Count Hengstl, an Austrian nobleman for whom she entertained more than a Platonic affection. A life so happily begun, and ending so dearly! What must have been her reflections as they gazed upon their own gliding the ring on the finger of his betrothed! Was the young couple's future to be as darkened as theirs? Who knows? Rightly has his heartbreakings and sorrows and whildest sympathies the other ranks.

One of the members of the "Billie Taylor" company that comes to Pope's next week is Miss Helen Stewart, a young lady of somewhat attractive countenance and build, who was here something over a year ago in a company that played "The Pirates of Penzance." At that time she watched the hearts of two or three susceptible newspaper men, one of whom has since resigned his position. Miss Helen also played here among the jossens drive of New York City during her last engagement there in "Orestes." But, my dear man, don't set your affections on her; she has the reputation of being a very treacherous maiden.

In fact, as I have before remarked, it is not safe to fall into passionate admiration of stage scenes. If they are at all disposed to receive your attentions, it is nine times out of ten with a necessary purpose. The people they fall in love with are generally dramatic tramps, who are willing and anxious to be pensioners on somebody's bounty.

The Olympic Theatre has done well this week with Spaulding's "Majestic" variety show. The display of feminine form, face, and limb, has been liberal, and the applause from the male audiences correspondingly enthusiastic. As a variety performance, it is excellent—the best, in fact, that has been seen here; but it was certainly out of place at the Olympic Theatre. Whenever Mr. Spaulding gives up his house to a shamless group of drabs like the "Belle's Minstrels," or to even a somewhat more decent-appearing lot of people, such as Spaulding has, he shows it to be good as a decoy for the public. A great many people go to the Olympic Theatre because it is the Olympic Theatre, not knowing often, what the character of the performance is, but taking the implied guarantee of the manager that it shall be respectable. This is simply a matter of fact, and nobody undertakes it better than Mr. Charles A. Spaulding. In all his efforts to afford legitimate amusement, he has the earnest support of the Spectator, but the low variety business he ought to eschew, and he must not feel aggrieved if there is at least one paper in the city that is disposed to say so.

For stupendous lying commend me to the programme of the Suedbaker show. Among the startling attractions announced are a lot of "Hindoo Native girls." They are called the "only genuine ones in the country," and are said to have been "procured at great

They are not made in the cause of science. They are not made by a skilled accountant. They are merely taking the odds between life and death, and it is a moral certainty that on one of these occasions Rayton will break his neck, and then there will be a virtuous howl of indignation, of which the Fair Association will come in for a share, and the question will be asked, Why did the authorities permit these ascensions?

I have recently been reading Froese's "Cicero" and Trollope's "Cicero," and the divergent pictures which these celebrated writers draw of the famous Latin orator are remarkable even in these days of historic disagreements. Trollope makes out the best case possible for the Roman Demagogue, and his introduction is a clever bit of special pleading. But, although he convicts Froese of one or two errors, they are not vital ones, and I believe the balance of authority is against Trollope. Mommson, the great German historian, wounded Cicero's reputation as a statesman most severely, and Froese, I think, has given him the coup de grâce.

Froese sums up Cicero in the following graphic paragraph: "In Cicero Nature half-made a great man and left him incomplete. Our characters are written in our forms, and the bust of Cicero is the key to his history. The brow is broad and strong, the nose large, the lips tightly compressed, the features lean and keen from restless intellectual energy. The loose, leading figure, the neck too weak for the weight of the head, explain the infirmity of will, the passion, the cunning, the vanity, the absence of manliness and veracity. He was born into an age of violence which will which was too fierce to contend. The gratitude for mankind for his literary exertions will forever preserve his memory from too harsh a judgment."

Miss Florence Elmore, who was the leading lady in the late Claxton Combination, has been engaged by Mr. John J. Collins for next season, to support Mr. Fred. B. Ward.

The new Grand Opera House will be opened on Monday, August 20th. There will be no ceremonies connected with the opening. Emmet as *Polio* will be the first attraction at the new theatre.

Mr. Matt Morgan will probably put the drop-curtain for the Grand Opera House. It will be a figure scene.

The Ladies' Shakespeare Club has held its last meeting for the present season.

"Billie Taylor" is one of those comic operas which are so highly successful that litigation follows their production in this country. The right to this country was purchased by Mr. Dwyer Carter, who has been the agent principally for Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's compositions. Mr. Carter's business in this country is in the hands of a Miss Lenoir, a shrewd and talented business woman. After a great hit in London, Miss Lenoir, believing she had acquired the sole right for presenting the opera in America, entered into an engagement with Messrs. Duff and Rice, by which "Billie Taylor" was produced under their management. But the music had been published in England, and the words, if memorialized and purchased, were also public property here. The success of the opera being so great, other managers at once proceeded to organize "Billie Taylor" companies. Among them was Everett M. Stuart, whose combination appears next week at Pope's. His first engagement was at Foul's Theatre, Baltimore, and, of course, it was duly advertised in the papers. Miss Lenoir threatened Messrs. Stuart and Ford with legal proceedings if they persisted in presenting the opera. They disregarded her peremptory prohibition, and the subsequent appearance of "Billie Taylor" in the Baltimore court. The judge held that Messrs. Stuart and Ford had the right to produce the opera, and the injunction was dissolved. Immediately such done or more "Billie Taylor" companies spring into existence, and a feeble imitation of the "Pinafore."

crise set in. The opera is clearly, and the choruses are the attractive feature. Hence it has become a favorite with the class of people which took to "Pinafore."

Mr. George Mills must be congratulated upon the success of his mission to New York in the interest of the Fair Art Exposition. The next exhibition of paintings at the Fair Grounds promises to be as far ahead of the last as that was of the preceding ones.

Matrimonial societies are beginning to operate in some cities in this country. This is an institution copied from France, where the Matrimonial Bureau is a thriving machine, it swindling institution. Judging from the "Pinafore" it is not in any metropolitan papers, there must be a fine field in the large towns for an active agent of matrimony, and he ought to seeed his numerous clients. To smooth the path to wedded bliss and render people superlatively happy, is a philanthropic work. But in this case the agent of Capital demands a fee, so his labor is hardly disinterested. Some of these bureaus agree to find mates for languishing lovers of either sex—youth, middle-aged, old—poor, wealthy, or rich—clerk, divine, or jurist—athlete, literary, or recreational. Their charges vary in proportion to the mental and financial standing of the party sought after.

Mr. Fred. B. Ward has given up his intention of making a trip to England. He is now in New York, but will probably pass the summer at Hot Springs. He commences his season next fall as star in this city.

Barbers sometimes fall in love like other people. And like other people again, they generally break forth into song when under the influence of the divine glow. One of these barbers agrees to find mates for languishing lovers of either sex—youth, middle-aged, old—poor, wealthy, or rich—clerk, divine, or jurist—athlete, literary, or recreational. Their charges vary in proportion to the mental and financial standing of the party sought after.

"Fair maiden, wilt thou share my fate?"

"A like-cake barber said."

"On no," said she, "I cannot be."

"A little darker," cried he.

"The lip possibly thou wouldst me deep."

"And certainly sharp and keen."

"Some precious art thou to my heart."

"Which haunts no other queen."

"And close to be my honey bride."

"Thou wilt not contradict."

"I have my days have run their race."

"And reached their latter end."

"This form most comely in the east."

"The hair's in death grey shade."

"Thy barber's song, so fair and sweet."

"Methinks no love romance."

"Be silent! Wherefore talk like that?"

"The maiden fair replied."

"And rather rue her fate, forsooth."

"I will be by your side."

"Couch, whether cold, some time young man."

"You'd say it was but by."

"But I shall die, perchance of the fever."

"And never e'er get up and die."

"Alas, he would not heed her words."

"But took a goodly fee."

"And lo! his brain was!"

"As, no more."

"He hung his barber's poll."

The Chautauque Literary and Scientific Society is the name of an organization of this city that seems to be in a flourishing condition. The last meeting was held on the evening of May 24, at the office of Dr. Conard, 1125 Washington Avenue, and was well attended. In the absence of Mr. Appleby, the president, Miss Helen E. Peabody took the chair. Near programmes were distributed, and almost every one present took part in the sketches, reading and recitations. Among many excellent contributions may be named "The Elizabethan Age in Literature," by Dr. Knox, "Sketches of Shakespeare's Life," by Miss Dunsen, and Miss Peabody's fine elocution in the parts assigned her.

Miss Ella is now the great popular of the London World says he has commissions now on hand worth nearly \$200,000. He had hardly completed a portrait of Lord Beaconsfield before he died. In fact, he was anxious to have two more sittings; but the picture is satisfactory as it is.

From what Mr. Labouchere has to say of Lord Beaconsfield in the last number of the London Truth, I take this interesting fact, namely:

As a man, Lord Beaconsfield had many unstable qualities. When he liked, he could be an agreeable companion, but this he seldom cared to be. He usually sat silently musing his fancies, and replying, if addressed, by an epigram or a grandiose phrase. With some women he was popular; with others he was not; for he treated them as mere shells, and he made them exaggerated compliments. One of the greatest of the Wing ladies sought once to penetrate his policy, she talked long and learnedly. "You darling," was his only answer. He was a warm friend, and was probably more loved by his personal subordinates than is the case with most Ministers.

Emperor William of Germany will go to Rins for a stay of five weeks, early in June.

Last week it was announced that Albstadt, the old home of Sir Walter Scott, was to be let by the season or the year. It has found a tenant in the person of Baron Grant. It may be interesting to know that Albstadt is still owned by the descendants of the great Scotch novelist. His daughter married Lockhart, and left a daughter to the late Mr. Hope, Q. C., later known as Mr. Joseph Maxwell. Their daughter again married the Hon. Joseph Maxwell, who also assumed the famous patronymic. And now there is more than one little Maxwell-Scott to call Sir Walter great-great-grandfather. There is no prospect of Albstadt passing out of the hands of the family, though the owners may accept a temporary tenant while they are enjoying more genial climates than that of Scotland.

The closing words of the speech of Delahoff, one of the persons lately executed for complicity in the killing of the Czar of Russia, were not allowed to be sent abroad by the newspaper correspondents. They were preserved, however, and they certainly have a pathetic ring about them. Here they are: "I am not a martyr; I allow the necessity of a government, which always must and will exist; but the government must be for the people, and not the people for the government. I demand for the new freedom and representation, freedom of the press, and freedom of speech; and I further demand the land for the people, to whom it right belongs." It is just such words as these that make revolutions. They are prophetic of that mighty uprising that will come as surely to Russia as the French Revolution came to France.

May Anderson has denied in a card the report that there existed dissatisfactions between her stepfather and herself concerning monetary transactions. She reiterates also the statement that Dr. Hamilton Griffin will be her suzerain as long as she remains upon the stage. This, of course, disposes of the matter, but at the same time it puts Miss Anderson of the sympathy of the public. Hereafter she will suffer from the insufferable egotism, ignorance, vanity, and general senselessness of her stepfather.

Miss Anderson, I fear, on undoubted authority, is now afflicted with acute nervousness every time she learns of the appearance of a new debauche in the same field as herself. Members of her company have told up that until she ascertains the result of the *debauche* essay on the stage and all about her she is in a state of constant trepidation and uneasiness. When Miss Selma Jetter made her *debut* this month ago, her nervousness, manifested itself, and again when Miss Marie Dumas debuted here. Her great anxiety now is as to the success of Miss Henrietta Vaders, who will start next season, her repertoire consisting of many of Miss Anderson's plays.

I predict that Miss Henrietta Vaders will become the leading lady star in the purely legitimate in the country. She was very here through the engagement of Mr. Thayer, and she has shown a specimen of her dramatic talent. The lighter plays, such as *Aschbach*, she should avoid, but for the emotional tragic she has the power and ability. As an actress Miss Vaders inspired above Keene. There is a finish and cohesion about her roles which contrasted

The music for the Southern Hotel opening was excellent. The floral decorations were fine, and the general aspect of the house was gorgeous, so that there was much to enjoy even with the soggily soggy people.

Undoubtedly the most noticeable dress at the ball was that worn by Mrs. Moses Frazer. It was of rich white satin, ornamented with dark pearls set on by hand.

Mrs. Governor Crittenden appeared in a heavy black velvet, and looked very handsome. The Governor himself strode about with an easy grace, and was much admired. He is a gentleman of uncommonly the appearance and knows how to make himself agreeable. Naturally, he is a prime favorite among the ladies.

Mr. Thomas Allen received his friends with much cordiality, and bore the honors that everybody voted him with becoming dignity. Mrs. Allen was with him much of the time, and was the recipient of many congratulations. It was a grand time for both her and her worthy husband.

The electric light played havoc with the faces of those ladies who had put on a good deal of paint. It made them look like ghosts and revealed the artificiality with painful realism. It reminded me a good deal of looking at the moon through a telescope.

This reminds me of a funny thing that happened in the dancing-room. Some lady dropped her "powder rag,"—*ditto de poche*, perhaps I ought to say,—and it soon became the object of general notice. Nobody dared to pick it up, and there it lay through most of the evening. No doubt the fair owner passed by it twenty times as she whirled through the masses of the dancers, and perhaps every time she did so she muttered darkly, and perhaps every time she did so she thought something that she would not have dared to speak out.

A subscription edition of the long-looked-for Revised New Testament is now being prepared, and will soon be issued by the Moffat Publishing Company, 210 Pine Street. Books for subscription are now open. Parties not being called upon by the agent can leave their subscription at the office. This work will embrace or treat of the following subjects, in addition to the Revised Testament: "The Origin, Inspiration, and Authority and Compiler of the Book;" "Ancient and Modern Versions;" "Obsolete Words and Phrases;" "Idioms and Idioms and Use of Italics;" and much more editorial matter. It will be illustrated with fine-line engravings of the ancient MSS. The type used will be large, new, and clear, and the book promises to be an excellent one.

There was a young man of Athens
Who wanted to join a linen band,
He thought him a fine fellow,
The neighbors were sure,
It determined—the best was grand.

Whatever else girls are supposed to do, they are not generally suspected of afflicting the market reports, but such has been their influence of late upon our commodity at least, as to create a very decided "corner" in quince-wed, that apparently wretched article having risen in a short time from seventy cents to five dollars per pound. And all because of the fashionable mania for beautifying the foreheads of our belles with those cunning, bewitching little curls which seem to run so saturnally into evil, curling ringlets, and bewitch the caressing folds of masculine drapery. The dear girls themselves can scarcely understand why they purchase such "mean little bits" of the mud for their noses, and are inclined to denounce the polling clerk who notes out the portion as a "barbaric stink fellow," even denouncing that their own headstuffs becomel twisted into those fine white bangles.

What will common sense exercise an influence in matters of women's dress? This absurd fashion of making sleeves so tight as to render the wearer abso-

lutely helpless still holds high favor among dress-makers and their ultra-stylish patrons. The insectiveness and tortures entailed upon Chinese ladies of rank by bandaging the feet are not much greater than those imposed upon enlightened American women of to-day by means of those close-fitting coverings for her arms which stop circulation of the blood, make the hands horribly red, and prevent any practical use of her arms, further than what is necessary to stir a fan or toy with the bangles on her wrists. It would seem as if it were harder for women to emancipate herself from fashion's thralls than to secure for herself social and political freedom.

Women are responsible, too, for a large amount of the evil and sorrow resulting from embezzlements and other fraudulent means of obtaining money, as it is too often their extravagance which is the primary cause of the act. A salubrious in one of our large retail houses the other day remarked to me that there must be a terrible financial crash soon, as there never was so much extravagant expenditure among ladies as at present. Trimmings of all kinds are enormously high, and a good profession is used on the most expensive fabrics.

Whereas ten years ago a fashionable lady could order herself handsomely attired in a silk dress at two and a half dollars per yard, with a trimming of fringe costing from one to two dollars a yard, the same dress of to-day will purchase her satin or velvet bonnet, ranging all the way from five to ten dollars, with yards of passementerie and jetted fringe, every inch of which represents dollars, and buttons whose elegance and artistic designs place them almost on a level, both as to price and brilliant effect, with jewels.

It is not only on our backs, but in our homes, too, that this extravagant craze is exhibited. Persons in quite moderate circumstances must have their chow cabinets filled with costly bone-dishes, their walls hung with rare gems of the engraver's art or "bits" in oil and watercolor, and a variety of other curiosities in the way of bronzes and Japanese curios, until the smallest private parlor resembles a section of some art depot. Chippiness is considered synonymous with bad taste. House owners strain every nerve to secure those expensive trifles, the possession of which stamps them as belonging to the aesthetic and cultured class.

These lines were suggested to me by one of Robert Breyer's pictures:

A French maid, sweet of face,
Sweet of voice and full of grace,
—Laughing her eyes and lips and nose—
—Gazed at me from the parlor, the while
I pondered in my stupid way
How ever girl's nature is her day.
Who did that hair? Whence that bloom
Of hair and cheek that lights the cheek?
That waist so slender, whence its grace?
And French maidens are rare!
Those shapely hands—say, were they fair
From vulgar cars like some we wear?

Was your beauty of this style
You called professional? Eh?
For it's true, maiden sweet,
Your face was not displayed upon the street
That clowns its loveliness might see.
Lamentation over each other to grieve.

Could you themselves in time and place
At under glass and over glass
When you aesthetic in time?
To show in fashion your desire
And lovers kneeling at your feet
When proud desire and tender meet?
How tell you, could you now again
Would you not have been for now or then?
For this little wonder would appear
To eyes accustomed to clear
Fountains of thought and simple ways
That ruled men's actions in your days?

Alas! ah, well, could you reveal
Something of what you doubtless did
In answer to my early rhyme?
Would tell you this article all times
Shall throughout earth in all its parts,
Am women's ways and women's hearts.

Can any one account for the Frenchman's national predilection for garble? There is something in the strong, rank odor of this intensely disagreeable vegetable which is at variance with French cleanliness and good taste in every respect. A lady friend of mine related that not long since, on calling on her dress-maker, a stylish French modiste, she was almost overpowered by the fumes of garble, which came apparently from the kitchen and lingered longingly around the complaining "Madame" "as she hurried into the parlor wiping her lips, evidently surprised at a little *dégoût*. And yet this feminine garble-craze possessed the most wonderful grace and beauty in her finger ends and gave me my bill on violet-scented paper.

Farmers have long considered garlic one of the greatest enemies they have to deal with, as it not only communicates its disagreeable odor to milk and butter when the cows have lapped upon its succulent stalks, but the taste can never be distinguished in flour made from wheat that has grown in loving proximity to it.

A young lady friend of mine was recently exhibiting rather a novel-looking wall-pocket, which had been presented to her at a church fair, to an elderly relative from the continent. The pocket was made of an old straw hat, bent into shape and handsomely lined with satin, upon which were lavishly hand-painted of flowers. The lady looked at it wonderingly for a moment, then innocently inquired: "Is you look well in it, my dear?"

After all, who would want to belong to a royal family? There was poor Rudolph, of Austria, obliged to meet his betrothed and give her his life of greeting, not only in the presence of their respective parents and mamma, but also of that of a great shouting mob of curious lookers-on. How much more they would have enjoyed it, had they been commonplace people, to slip into a carriage by themselves, pull the curtains down, and then, when in their heart's content, to see any prying eyes to comment on their flashing cheeks and rapturous glances. But every station in life, I suppose, has its drawbacks, and that of royal privacy may not be so bad after all.

I am not much of an admirer of Lord Beaconsfield, but there is one thing which speaks volumes in his favor, and which our prominent office-holders and politicians would do well to make a note of, and that is that he did a poor man.

I met with a suggestion in the course of my reading not long since which struck me as deserving of dissemination. It was to the effect that a dictionary should be kept in every family upon a table by itself, or, better yet, upon an inclined shelf, so as to be convenient and easy of access at all times. Every one knows that many a piece of necessary information is never gained because of the trouble of dragging a huge "Familiar" out of the bottom of the book-case, or from under the pile of spider books which generally encumber it. Many a spare moment would be improved by the children, and by the elders too, if this ever-ready and most reliable informant upon almost every imaginable topic were always at one's elbow.

How few parents, too, are willing to take any trouble in estimating the value of their children's directing them into the right channel by means of familiar conversation and story-telling. One hour a day taken from the ordinary duties of the mother's careless caring for the bodily wants of her offspring, and devoted to their mental and spiritual improvement, would prove a golden hour indeed in the rich return of happiness and added mental activity among the little ones.

The next meeting of the London Society will be held at Washington University next Monday evening. The subject for the evening will be "True Systems," and will embrace papers by Dr. E. Engle, Prof. H. S. Prichard, of Marquette University, Glasgow, Missouri, and Prof. J. K. Ross.

The formal opening of the Crow Museum Tuesday night was one of the most brilliant affairs that ever took place in this or any other city. The audience had been invited, and it was select in every sense of the word. For intellect, culture, and worth, I doubt if it was ever before equalled in St. Louis. It is not often that such a company can be got together.

There were on the platform the following gentlemen: James E. Treadwell, E. C. Cadman, George E. Laigle, Wm. G. Ellis, John B. Henderson, Charles Parsons, Daniel Catlin, Edwin A. Hitchcock, John R. Shepley, Thomas E. Tatt, Halsey C. Fox, superintendent of the Museum, Albert Todd, John T. Davis, Dr. W. W. Boyd, E. V. Smith, H. L. Davenport, George Cartledge, Edwin Harrison, John M. Krum, Ben. W. Clark, Wayman Crow, W. A. Hargadine, Carlos S. Greeley, and Henry Hitchcock. I should say it was a great honor to be considered worthy to have such a place on such an occasion.

The speeches were generally good—that of Mr. Crow the best. Mr. Treadwell was strong, too long, and George, and Starr, was not himself because he was cramped by manner. He is a gentleman of fine presence, and an orator of real ability, but he needs to be guided only by the inspiration of the moment to be seen at his best.

The judiciary was pretty well represented at the opening of the Art Museum. There were present Judge E. B. Adams and with Judge Henry Laughlin and wife, Judge Ames Thayer and wife, Judge Wilbur F. Boyle and wife, Judge Samuel Tread and wife, ex-Judge Wickham Carpenter, ex-Judge Chester H. Krum, and ex-Judge McGill.

It is a remarkable fact that the two leading papers of the city, the *Globe-Democrat* and the *Republic*, made no editorial mention of Wednesday evening, the opening of the Art Museum the evening before. A bit of grosser neglect it would be hard to discover. Here was a gift made practically to the city of St. Louis, and amounting in value to nearly \$200,000.—A gift given of philanthropy, and worthy of all praise,—allowed to pass without one line of recognition on the part of the newspapers that aspire to give expression to and mold public sentiment. The *Post-Dispatch* had a very excellent editorial on the subject Wednesday afternoon.

The postmen appointed on the several committees to arrange for the Art Museum, Tuesday, are actively at work, and a magnificent programme may be expected. No money or time will be spared to make it excel any meeting the Times have ever held in America. All hail to the jolly fellows of good and muscle! May the heavens smile upon them!

The ocean liners bring their abb and flow, and the great stream of traffic by the great Mississippi Valley route must late in low as well as high tide. Just now, with the great rush of emigrant travel from Europe, ships in Atlantic ports are glad to get return cargoes at any price. It is not possible—northwardward the rise suggests of the incoming daily—in the cargo of emigrants that are seeking homes in the North-West in New Orleans, and thence up the river. Rich climate and commercial conditions are against it. If we make one fight for the matter, and against only rational conditions we shall do well enough.

The great New York Musical Festival has closed with a balance on the right side. It turns out that it was not the great chorus, nor the great orchestra, nor both, combined, but the great soloists, that attracted the audience and gained the applause. New York is still in a primitive condition as regards to a festival of this kind, and has a long way to travel at increased speed to overcome Civitism.

Rev. W. Y. Foster, D.D., of this city, will deliver the address at the centennial university of Centenary College, Jackson, La.; and also the annual address, next month, before the literary societies of Central College in Fayette, Mo.

The Fisk University Jubilee Singers have an album containing the autographs of many of the most notable persons both in this country and in Europe.

Senator John Camden, of Parkersburg, Va., is a guest of the Avenue Hotel, Hot Springs, where his wife and daughter have been staying the past two months. Mr. Camden is a well-known capitalist, and one of the prominent men of West Virginia. The Senator and his family still have in a few days for their West Virginia home. Mrs. Camden is a beautiful blonde, and has an enviable reputation for spirit and culture as well as beauty among the best circles of Hot Springs.

Among the regretted departures of the week by those who knew her at Hot Springs was Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis, wife of Wm. J. Davis, of the Chicago Grand Opera House. Mrs. Davis is well-known in Chicago and other North-Western cities for her splendid musical talents, having one of the finest voices known in the concert-room. She secured a bright record as *Patience* in the Chicago Opera House. "Patience" is a little more than a year ago, just prior to her marriage. This summer, she and other members of the above organization, intended giving some of the popular field operas in several Northern cities, and in August or September will visit St. Louis. Mrs. Davis has a fine stage presence, and is a most attractive and cultured woman.

Mr. McLean, editor of the enterprising *Chicannah Express*, is still a visitor at Hot Springs. Being young—only 29,—handsome and youthful, he is regarded as a great "catch" by the ladies. No one knows, however, of his being "caught" yet.

Gen. Ben. Le Ferre, Congressman from Sydney, Ohio, is the only legislator there who stands well in the eyes of the ladies, significantly so, for he is regarded as the most men by his august stature, and lacks not weight of the desirable kind. But his head is shaved as smooth as a white "velvet."

Gen. Le Ferre is one of the men who is by his wife with Dr. Garnett, and if the *posterior* *theoretic* did not so do as his magnificent thoroughbred George Lottford, there is no saying to what length the mental devotion might proceed.

On Thursday morning Miss Mamie Hopkins, daughter of Mr. H. Hopkins, the well-known bridge builder of this city, was married to Mr. George B. Kuhlman of Washington, Mo., at St. Malach's Church. The bride has many friends, who will regret to see her leave the city.

Mr. William Hyde is the only one of the St. Louis daily newspaper editors who attended the Missouri Editorial Convention at Jefferson City.

Mr. Eugene Field, of the *Kansas City Times*, arrived in the city Thursday, and will remain till Monday. Field is a charming fellow socially, and he makes a joyous streak in life wherever he goes. It is greatly owing to his humorous penmanship that the *Kansas City Times* is so widely circulated.

Judging by some photographs of Roselle in a frame on Slocum's opposite the Elmhurst Hotel, I should say she is a very fine-looking lady. Photographs, however, do not always tell the truth. But the country people do say the lady in question is very fine-looking, and that she sits up an audience in thirty fashions. I only hope it is not but following the footsteps of poor Mary Dixon in appearing on the boards of one of the theatres. Her husband, Mr. Roselle, is a very fine-looking man, and is a good deal of interest.

Dr. George E. Adams, of this city, has just issued a little book called "The Turkish Bath Book," which is full of interesting information. Dr. Adams has for many years patiently studied the operation of the Turkish bath, and he is a most intelligent gentleman, and his establishment on Seventh, between Fifth

and Locust, is patronized by our best citizens. His book has for sale at the news-stands, or may be had by applying to the author.

There are some beautiful new hats at Clark's, 309 North Fourth. Mr. Clark's importations are of the latest and choicest styles, and I am glad to say that his establishment is most liberally patronized by fashionable people.

Although the Episcopal Church in this diocese has a record for the past year of which it may well be proud, St. John's Church has been saved from the auctioneer's hammer, and is in a thriving condition. St. George's has suffered nothing financially by the loss of the rhetorical, combative, and popular Dr. Holladay, but, on the contrary, has got down to bed-rock and has a stable and growing congregation in place of the shifting attendance attracted by the late rector's baneful sermons and the eccentricities of his services. Christ Church, the mother-church of all the diocese, has taken a new lease of life and can make of all churches in the city, perhaps, the most remarkable showing. Not more than fifteen months ago the very seriously meditated abandoning the services, as they were unable to sustain them. A new vestry was elected, however, and, in addition to paying the rector in increased salary amounting to \$4,000, has paid off in cash a debt of \$20,000, and now has on hand subscriptions for the salary of an assistant rector.

The vestry have not decided yet whom they will call, although several names have been submitted for consideration. The candidate must be a good scholar, a good preacher, have a fine address, and be pledged to temporary calvary, at least—qualification which are not often found in a clergyman without a parish, or one who is willing to take an assistant's place.

The rector, the Rev. Dr. Schuyler, has earned a rest, although several times he has been solicited to be absent. He has willingly and freely relinquished his sacred office to two or three generations of St. Louisians, and has probably been more frequently called upon to officiate at the weddings and funerals of persons who are to church associations than any other clergyman or minister in the city.

It is two months, perhaps, to expect free writing from a reporter who has been turned off from two to three columns every night for a daily paper for those who excuse bad grammar or ignorance. Within a week past the Washington correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat*, speaking of Conkling, said, "He is making some interesting fact and it now looks like he is doing it." This phrase betokens Northern provocation of the worst type. The same paper contained a historical account of the ravages of the flood near the river, wherein accident was made in a Methodist Church, "a fine, fine-looking-looking that Conkling might have laid his eyes on." The great religious light ought to give his reporter a few elementary lessons in Church history, or else abandon the job in its pretensions.

A friend of mine drew my attention, the other evening, at the opening of the Art Museum, to the great marvel of gentleness in evening dress. Of these who occupied the piers, all at all but two or three were dressed, while at least a hundred gentlemen, in the audience showed their respect for the proprieties of the occasion in the same manner. A very few years ago a gentleman appearing in evening dress on an occasion of this kind would have been most shamelessly conspicuous, and would probably have been put down as a coxcomb. In fact, less than ten years ago, I attended the opera on a Friday night, and saw a man in evening dress, who was in the audience was gathered to hear Kellogg and Knapp, and I remember seeing not more than two or three gentlemen in evening dress. Now, however, it is not only the men, but the women, but on Friday nights at the theatre there is a very popular attraction.

But why limit the dress code to Friday night? If it is the sign, then it ought to be so every other night in

the week. As a matter of fact there is no more comfortable costume than a well-fitting dress suit. It is light and open, and comfortable as the figure in any position. It is also the most becoming dress a gentleman can wear, and I have yet to see a man who does not look well in evening dress, unless it may be some poor fellow whose wife has forced him into society uniform against his protest, and who has made up his mind to advertise his protest. I saw several of this kind at the Southern Hotel ball, but they were those who would not have looked well in any garments except well-worn business clothes.

The average St. Louis society man, however, is still provincial in this matter of evening dress. He will admit that he looks well in it, that it is the most comfortable outfit he can find in his wardrobe, and that the proprieties of almost every occasion demand it, but he won't wear it unless he can find out that everybody else is going to do the same. He seems to feel half inclined to be found looking respectable, and will deliberately spend an hour preparing for the theatre in the evening and then sit for two hours and a half in a crowded audience, with the thermometer at 55, enveloped in a tight-fitting double-breasted coat and a thick wadded scarf for a chest protector, rather than wear evening dress.

My friend to whom I have referred in this connection, and to whom I sent this matter of dress a good deal to wear, says further that not only should the new-fangled collar be worn, but the neck ought to be of the most, and not of satin. The cardinal principle of evening dress is simplicity, and the moment a flaring collar or a stiff satin necktie or a blinding diamond stud is introduced the good effect is totally destroyed.

St. Louis provincialism is not, however, confined to the matter of evening dress. Can any one tell me just when a lady is permitted to retain her bouquet in company? I know when she has no right to wear it, and that is a grand ball or a dancing party of any kind where the guests are to be seen, or a reception alone excepted. The "Velvet Princess" ball a year ago last fall was ruined to its last best efforts by the appearance of hundreds of ladies in walking costumes. They should have been refused admittance and sent to the galleries. They excused themselves by saying they "came to look on," but it was very noticeable that they promenaded freely through the room and danced most of the numbers. Last year there was a great improvement in this respect, and at the Southern Hotel ball there were not more than a hundred ladies who violated the proprieties in this regard. I had my no more right to wear a bouquet at a ball than a man has to wear his sword and his scabbard, and I fear my own was appearing would be incontinentally ejected by the most indifferent floor committee.

The adherents of Salvini are well aware of the fact that the photographs or pictures of the great actor in his various characters are anywhere to be obtained. The fact is he is one of the few actors, if not the only one who refuses to pose in costume, either for a photographer or an artist. Salvini has, however, very kindly consented to break his rule in the case of Scribner's Magazine, and Mr. Blann, of New York, is this week engaged, behind the scenes, in making drawings of him in various parts. The reason for the exception to his rule is that Scribner is to publish a brief authorized life of Salvini, and he has moreover himself written for the magazine an essay on the three Shakespearean characters played by him, namely: Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello.

Among the new books announced in Charles Scribner's *New York Courier*, vol. V. of "Clips from a German Notebook," by Max Müller. "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," by James Anthony Froude; Horace Bushnell's "Literary Vocations"; "Woman's Handwork in Modern Homes," by Mrs. Constance Harrison; and "The Cat," by St. George Mivart.

LETTER-BOX.

A POLITICAL OPINION.

Editor of the Spectator:
Centralization or decentralization? That is the question of the hour. Is ours a government of the people, or is the President the nation? Shall he who, under the Constitution, is but the executive of a people, dictate the policy of the nation? Is his opinion what a private citizen, was often in error, as a public officer, is infallibly right? Shall we condemn a private quarrel as unbecoming when harmless, and yet applaud when it assumes national proportions and involves the national interests? Garfield and Blaine have chosen the latter course, but they are to spend their personal and political animosities. It is not the question whether Coaling shall dictate the policy of the President, but whether Garfield shall make unprovoked war upon Coaling just to gratify long-cherished animosities of Blaine. It is not a matter of much public concern that Blaine and Coaling should quarrel. It is a matter of much public concern that the President should be too eager to promote the best interests of the country. It is of small importance that Garfield, through his immense patronage, should make Coaling realize that he is President. He has mistaken a petty personal grudge for some vague national emergency. In the light of the present contest, it is not surprising that Sherman should have suspected Garfield's fidelity. No better evidence could be given that pride and ambition are often blind to the dictates of reason. Here, surely, vaulting ambition has overleaped itself. Garfield's animosity is a presage of his certain ruin. He who cannot discriminate between his personal spite and his duties as President has little reason to expect the confidence of the people. MARIAN HOWE.

A SUGGESTION ABOUT THE STREETS.

Editor of the Spectator:
I am not much of a political economist, but perhaps I might be allowed to make a suggestion on the street-spitting problem, if it should become one. In connection with the approval of the *Albion Democrat*, and that great religious daily should look on its town-life as any humane proposition, I would advise from public life and fact that I had seen the housewife of my city. Here it is: Let every citizen, male or female, with an income of one thousand dollars and over, be taxed twenty-five cents a month for the sprinkling of the whole city, with an income of fifteen hundred and over, fifty cents a month, two thousand and over, one dollar; three thousand, two dollars; four thousand, three dollars; and so on. If I do not add anything, the taxation may be carried on down to an income of nine hundred dollars or less than twenty cents a month, and five cents less for every hundred dollars less than that. (These rates are too small to accomplish the purpose, let them be doubled. I don't see why it would not work.) I am sure I could much rather pay five dollars a month and be able to go where I pleased through the city without fear of suffocation or destruction of clothing than to pay a dollar for watering the little patch in front of my house and be obliged to stay at home and enjoy my own diagnosis in undisturbed retirement. B.

LITERARY NOTES.

Eleven years ago, Professor J. Peter Lecky, of the University of Pennsylvania, gave a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute on "Man's Origin and Destiny," and two or three years later, while travelling in Europe, added to the several publications of Mr. Trollope, a personal sketch, and gave him the lectures in public in England. A large part of the English edition was exported to this country and sold at \$10.00 a volume. Professor Lecky has recently passed these lectures, and has added six new chapters on "Man's Destiny," and the new edition of the book, to be published this month by George B. Ellis, of Boston. As an American geologist, Mr. Lecky is widely known in Europe, and the Second Geological Survey of Pennsylvania, of which he has for six years been the director, dis-

tracted much attention from scientific men. Nearly fifty volumes of reports have already been published. "A man curiously well informed in the details of many sciences," Mr. Lecky has yet the broad outlook of the philosopher, while his enthusiasm is yet strong and his spirit earnest and reverential. His discussion of the destiny of the human race cannot fail to be valuable, though it will probably be open to criticism, for that subject is sure to bring out opinions and hobbies which will not be the vagaries and hobbies of all his readers.

Henry Holt & Co. have issued "Matrimony," in English novel by W. K. Norris, which has been receiving high praise from the leading papers. The *Saturday Review* goes so far as to say of it: "We cannot but think that Thackeray's best work has never been approached so nearly, both in nature and quality, as by the author of 'Matrimony.'"

H. A. Sumner & Co. of Chicago, will announce their removal to new quarters at 205 Wabash Avenue by the publication of a novel in blank verse by A. Mabel B. Fitch, entitled "Makaline." We are informed by circular that the work "abounds in flashes of satire, interspersed with beauties of imagery."

James M. Clark & Co. have in press "A Nihilist Princess" (*La Princesse Russe*), translated from the French.

A convention of booksellers and stationers of the North-West is called at Chicago, June 5, to consider and promote the interests of the trade.

Mr. A. P. Russell, author of "Library Notes," has in his new volume, "The Library Notes," which, if some publisher would put it in print, would be likely to resolve a warm welcome in the library, at least, and would deserve it everywhere. Mr. Corwin was long in public life, and had a deep and abiding popularity in what was then "the West." His speeches were listened to by crowds.

Mr. Porter's "Life of Voltaire," which is promised shortly by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., will give for the first time in English the full story of Voltaire's remarkable career.

The first volume in the American edition of Riperton's *Riperton's* works will be "Symposium Solubilis," which first appeared in 1852, and at once made Riperton famous. This story will be published quite well by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is translated by Prof. E. B. Andrews, of Wisconsin University, who prefixes a brief but interesting biographical sketch of the distinguished Norwegian novelist.

The admirable *Voltaire Institute Lectures* by the late Prof. J. L. Dimsen on "The Theistic Argument as Affected by Recent Theories" will be published in June by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The high reputation of Dr. Dimsen as a thinker, as a student of history and philosophy, and as a religious teacher justifies the expectation of a work of so ordinary value. The book will be edited by Prof. Geo. P. Fisher, of Yale.

Among the new novels that E. H. Peterson & Co. have just in press are "The Beautiful Widow," by Mrs. Mary W. Smith, author of "Framingham," "Curios," by Emily Zola, and "The Endless," by Victor Tissot.

The drawing of a country theater wished to have "Pride" performed by his company. "Impossible!" said the stage manager, "the only man in our troupe who can play Thomas lost his father yesterday."

The director, after a minute's reflection: "Yes, but, after all, Thomas isn't a comic part, you know?"

Psychological observation: They were talking of an irreparable loss, and someone said:

"But it is odd, he seems to prefer the most stupid society that he can find!"

An analyzer of the human mind replied:

"Why not? A man can't live entirely at his own expense; to be such a fool all the time he must borrow from somebody?"

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The Humane Society was fully reorganized at the Fickelkoff Hall Friday evening of last week, and is now in practical working condition. Mr. R. S. MacDonald was very properly retained as President, and the following excellent Executive Committee was selected: Edwin Harrison, Capt. Charles Evans, John W. Munson, Dr. T. G. Comstock, Dr. Charles A. Todd, H. B. Pettes, and Police Captain Fox. These gentlemen are all practical and industrious. They know just how to take hold of this work and carry out the humane principles upon which the society is founded. All they need is the moral and financial backing. They have the nerve to make the arrests and to see that the law is obeyed. That they will be generally looked upon as not a bit of much doubt. There are surely enough people in St. Louis who are interested in this cause to stand by this committee and help it discharge the obligations it has assumed. It is a crying shame that this great city has not ere this had a more active society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Mr. MacDonald, singlehanded and alone, without money or encouragement of any kind, has done very much. Indeed, he was doing a great deal to even keep the old society alive. There are many reforms to be accomplished by the new organization, and there is going to be a great cry of persecution, etc.; but the way to do is to do right regardless of consequences. We hope the Executive Committee will adopt vigorous measures at once, and let the community know what the law is and what it can do. A few convictions and fines will have a most salutary effect. It will call attention to the abuses we see around us every day, and a sound sentiment will be awakened in the hearts of all well-meaning people.

Two more than ordinarily important events have occurred in St. Louis this week. The first was the opening of the Museum of Fine Arts, and the second was the opening of the new Southern Hotel. The completion and occupancy of both marked an era in the city's growth, and both are full of prophecy for the future. The one marked the first important step we have made in aesthetic culture; the second gave the strongest emphasis of our commercial greatness. Both are the effluents of generosity and public-spiritedness. Mr. Allen never would have engaged in

the construction of a great hotel at his age for the sole purpose of making money. He was already very rich, and a time of life had come when he would rather be relieved of those responsibilities that he already had than to assume any new ones. But St. Louis asked him to build it, and he reluctantly complied. He complied because the work would be a public benefit. The manner in which the hotel has been constructed and furnished shows that he was building for the future rather than the present. It has cost nearly half a million dollars more than people supposed it would cost when they asked Mr. Allen to undertake it. To-day it stands the most complete hotel, part one of the largest in the world. Such a splendid work deserves the recognition and applause of every good citizen. We turn with pleasure to the magnificent Art Museum, erected by that noble-hearted and enlightened citizen, Wayman Crow, and his family, and by them given to Washington University. Here is greatness; here is generosity; here is the excellence of manhood and civilization; here is the realization of human progress. St. Louis can never pay the debt she owes to Wayman Crow. After he is gone his memory will live and be carried down from generation to generation. His name will be spoken of with affection and love by the thousands who shall tread in ages to come the halls of that splendid structure he has given us. He will not be forgotten when the very stones that form its walls shall begin to crumble and fall away. Ah, it is a noble fame he has made, and any man, king, poet, historian, painter, soldier, or statesman, might be proud to have it. The greatest man in the world are the men who do the world's greatest good. All honor to Wayman Crow and Thomas Allen.

A PLEA FOR JUSTICE.

A very pretty interchange of civilities has recently taken place between our government and that of France relative to the centennial celebration of the battle of Yorktown, which celebration is to "come off" on the 19th of next October, at some point not yet designated, but presumably at or in the vicinity of Yorktown itself. This endeavor to keep bright the landmarks of our historic field, polishing them up, as it were, from time to time, with the hibernating oil of a nation's grateful memory, is highly praiseworthy, and ought to have the effect of softening those foreign critics who so persistently charge us with a lack of sentiment and veneration, and of looking only and always to the commercial value of things. A great and noble people laying upon their national altar the spices and myrrh of reversion and praise is a majestic spectacle; and when another great and noble nation comes to assist at the sacrifice, the effect is materially heightened. Nothing could be more apropos than that France should assist at this celebration, for, having shared in the toil, she ought to participate in the triumph, and the act of our President in extending an invitation to M. Grey, and through him to all France, to unite with us on this occasion, is not just and grateful, and is worthy of its high source. But by a curious oversight—we hope it is nothing worse—this beautiful tableau is in danger of being marred, quite spoiled, in fact. All know

the story of that Yorktown meeting, and have probably pictured to themselves, "in their mind's eye," the scene as it projected itself, in ineffable colors, upon that mellow October day. Washington, majestic and severe, at the head of his war-worn veterans; Rochambeau in the midst of a brilliant staff; the martial nurse, then for the first time based on the battle-fields of America; the allied armies, "more than a mile in length," drawn out on either hand; and dwelling between them, with sword and staff in hand, the beaten forces of Cornwallis. We shall never forget it, and we never ought to. But at the same time we should give credit where credit is due by remembering the part played by the vanquished Britons in the drama; for if Cornwallis had not felt into that cul de sac of York River, in all probability De Grasse would have blockaded the mouth of that stream, and thus, while securely trapping his adversary, added a background of maps and formidable hulls to the splendid picture. In such a case, neither would Washington nor Rochambeau allies have ranged in the neighborhood, pondering away their great guns; in short, without Cornwallis there would have been neither defense nor surrender, and consequently, no centennial. It would have been another "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. John Bull having been, then, in the person of Cornwallis, so important a factor in the business, having shared so largely in the toil, ought also to be invited to take part in the honor, and we hope our government will take speedy steps to rectify the mistake. John Bull is a much older acquaintance of ours than John Cramond, and in spite of occasional differences between us, has done us by far the most favours; and those considerations ought also to have weight. That affair at Yorktown was a very nice little triangular fight, and it would be "bad form," if no more, for its centennial to take upon itself any other shape. Indeed, since all the angles are equal to each other, to take any one away destroys the proportion of the whole, and proportion is, after all, the real soul of things. Johnny C. dining in private with Uncle Sam, while Johnny B. has only the privilege of peeping from the outside, is rank injustice to move for justice, and a reconsideration of the whole matter.

BITS OF PARIS WIT.

A Parisian gutter-crier is smoking a cigar.

"If you smoke cigars on week-days," says to him a comrade, "what do you do on Sundays?"

"If I pause?" says another, "he picks them up Sunday!"

The young Viscount de Ruffin is immensely incontinent. He carries it so far that he lets his *maître de chambre* read his fountain correspondence,—which, to say the least, merits no great honour,—and if he does not have reply made by the same intermediary it is only because the handwriting would look odd.

The other day this faithful servant reported upon one of these misadventures to his master.

"It is a humiliating thing that I do not know, but it is certain the port wine has no love for monsieur."

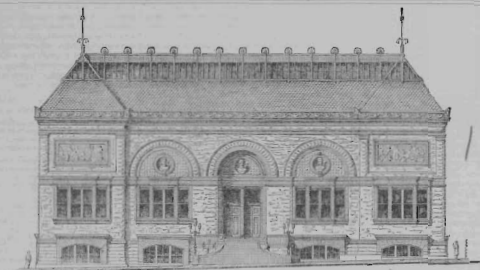
"Why not?"

"This letter does not begin: 'My little pink dear!'"

A dramatic artist, in the presence of a newspaper man, is talking about one of his own plays.

"Yes," he says, comprehensively, "the piece has been initiated a great deal since."

"And also before," adds the journalist.



THE ST. LOUIS MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

The Museum of Fine Arts, a front view of which is presented above, is itself a work of art, and will inspire those who study within its walls with the same thoroughness and considerations care which shone in its every part. It is the embodiment of thorough work. Beginning with the foundations, the soil proving unspectacularly unstable, they were carried deeper and deeper until a sure judgment was found, in some places thirty feet below the surface; there the foundation-stones were laid deep and broad, beyond the possibility of failure. Foot by foot rose the foundation-walls, then the walls of the building, each stone fitted exactly to its place and each brick accurately laid to give strength and beauty. Finally the roof covered to the walls, its red tiles giving to the whole building the artistic appearance which so many have admired. It stands in its entirety a monument of artistic excellence, a constant teacher of the admirable results a right use of materials will produce. The front is graced with the busts of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Poussin, the work of Howard Kretschmer—all of admitted excellence. They are not yet finished, nor are the two tablets on either side of the busts yet carved as they are designed to be. Approaching the front entrance, we proceed up a flight of stone steps, symmetrical in proportion and of easy ascent, and let us pause to remark that these steps are of durable granite, not of sandstone or limestone or iron. They are emblematic of the enduring nature of the arts, whose temple we are about to enter.

Within the portal we cannot but stop to admire the massive polished oak doors, the beautiful grain of the wood showing itself clear and firm under the glossy surface, and we ask ourselves, how can any person, so full to appreciate the beauties of natural woods as to permit them to be covered with cheap and in most cases lying paint—a vicious practice which obtains more in St. Louis than in any city I have ever been. Standing on the marble floor, a few steps beyond the threshold, we notice to the right and left long galleries filled with statuary. As we are now examining the building, we stop but a moment to notice the general effect of the statuary before admiring that the galleries are finished in polished wood-work of oak, or some other light-colored wood, which gives the effect of lightness and airiness to be desired above all other things in a gallery where statuary is to be exhibited. The galleries are high and spacious and wide, the windows are numerous and large, and on either side of the room, so that light comes in from both sides. I do not know how many places can be accommodated, but there is room enough for a great many. The galleries are further divided into sections, as it were, so that the groups representative of different epochs can be kept distinctly separate.

Moving along the main hall, we notice the elegant staircase on either side, leading to we know not what galleries above. Our attention is now attracted to a tablet at the end of the hall, between two doors, which informs us for what purpose this museum and the Memorial Hall before us were erected, and by whom. We thoughtfully enter Memorial Hall, and are soon again lost in admiration of the hall and the sound taste of the architect and painter. We have just left the southwest portion of the building, which is finished in light-colored woods and in other ways to give it the appearance of lightness and cheerfulness. Memorial Hall, on the contrary, is finished in a high panelling of black walnut, beautifully polished. I have never seen finer work. The window-casings, doors, and all woodwork except parts of the seats are also black walnut. The background of the painting is Pompeian red, the pillars and ceiling of varying but harmonious colors. The seats are arranged in amphitheatrical fashion and the whole effect suggests strength, but not obstructively or oppressively, the memorial purposes for which it is intended. Eager to see the remainder of the wonderful building, we return to the main hall and ascend one of the stairs before alluded to. We cannot but pause to admire again the polished woodwork of the stairway and doors above. A few steps being so in the picture galleries. We stop in almost open-mouthed astonishment at the splendid array of paintings. Then comes the inventory examination: "What a superb place to display pictures!" Then we ask the clerk "how and why?" and note that the light is good and strong, and the walls have been painted of just the right color. Few people imagine how important a part in the effect of a painting is the background on which the canvas hangs. The paints used must have been mixed with anxious care. These galleries correspond in size to those for the statuary galleries down stairs. They are very spacious, and I should not dare to guess how many paintings they would accommodate.

We have taken a general view of the building, except of some chambers which will be devoted to the use of students and artists and call for no special mention, and have heard no closer to say any words but those of most unhesitating praise. But it is not possible that a building like this can be built in this city and not be told to contain numerous instances of unskillful workmanship, lack of thoroughness, or little petty economies of construction that destroy the effect of lavish expenditure. We will make a more minute examination. In noting the size and shape of the picture galleries, I notice the manner in which light is admitted from above, and around the aperture there is a small panelling of black walnut. The bright flashes upon me, "That woodwork away up

there, out of sight almost, and not of reach of examination, be, of course, painted in imitation of black walnut." I move to get a little light on it. What? It is unmistakably the genuine wood, and I immediately institute a careful examination of doors, window-casings, window-casings, and all parts of the woodwork where a little petty fraud in the shape of graining could be used. I am profoundly grateful to be able to say that a careful search of lamps has failed to detect a fraudulent purpose in any part of the Art Museum building.

Everywhere, in these things and walls, are seen the evidence of brains and good taste and sound judgment on the part of the architect, and of thoughtful planning on the part of the donors. The selection and use of material are as perfect as which best architectural hall. In these particulars the Art Museum is a rare happy combination. The painting of Memorial Hall and the walls of other parts of the building is the perfection of good taste.

The Museum of Fine Arts stands itself a work of art worthy to be the repository of the best work of the best artists. It will be itself a factor of immense importance in rooting out the vicious ideas and fashions in architecture which have prevailed here so long. The Art Museum, the Church of the Messiah, and the new Southern Hotel are evidences that correct ideas about building are gradually making their way in St. Louis. Let the revolution go on apace. J.

ART.

The dedication of the Museum of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, and its formal opening to the public, is an event in the history of art development in St. Louis the importance of which can hardly be estimated. The public is familiar with the circumstance which led to this magnificent action on the part of Mr. Crow—how he lost his only son, and how he resolved to build almost in the centre of this bustling city a memorial, a beautiful temple, devoted to the uses of art, a treasure-house for the storing of the most perfect specimens of art-work of all ages. Was there ever a more beautiful expression of paternal affection than this? His own son takes hence, be thought of other young men and women now living, and to come hereafter, to whom during their art studies such a museum would be of priceless value. Who will not envy him the reflection that in the resources to come, long after their rich men shall have lived their useful lives and been forgotten, the name of Wayman Crow will be held in loving remembrance by succeeding generations of earnest students who will have received instruction and inspiration through the medium of this princely

Groethe, among moderns, has left the largest number of maxims, and the best, and he is continually letting us into the secrets of his own methods. "This little book is one to read in, rather than to read about, and if the reader bring to its reading sufficient thought and cultivation to catch the charm of the author's own method in the Literary Art, its perusal will give abundant satisfaction.

Autobiography. By Rev. C. C. Adams, D. D. New York: W. B. Saunders. This book is No. 1 of "The Current Thought Series." It is to be hoped that succeeding numbers may contribute something clearer and fresher from current thought than this contains. A few quotations from men like Lewes, Huxford, Darwin, and the Duke of Argyll, set in a background of motivation, do not help us much. The thought is confused and unimpressive. The intention is orthodox, but based upon factitious distinctions in man's nature.

Nina's Inheritance. A Tale of Russian Life. By Henry Gréville. Translated by Laura E. Kennell. Phila. Delphi. G. P. Putnam & Brothers. This novel is written with all the charm for which Gréville's works are noted. It is a graphic picture of varied phases of Russian life, and the incidents of the story are developed with skill. When Russia is attracting so much attention, any book which contains information about the Czar's empire is eagerly sought, and more than all others, if we except Turgenieff, do the work of Gréville portray the social conditions and manners of the people of this oppressed country. "Nina's Inheritance" has all the attraction of the novel with these additional attractive features.

The Science of Mind. By John Bascom, author of "Colloquies," "Illustrations of English Literature," "Philosophy of Religion," "Editorial," "New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons."—It has been a reproach to philosophy, generally and persistently put forward, that it makes no progress, that it lacks established elements, that it is a field of extravagant and contradictory theories. No one says this of Gréville, and in his preface, and it may be inferred therefrom that he does not accept this view, and that he strives, and successfully, we think, to prove the opposite. His claims for the science he advocates are sincerely stated in the introduction as follows: "We claim that the knowledge that covers directly in mind, in moral and intellectual powers, and in the social, civil, and religious actions that arise immediately from them, is a full half of all knowledge; and that the methods of reasoning employed in these departments, while very different from the naked deductions of the mathematician, are no less solidly founded upon the solid basis of intellectual life. We urge attention to philosophy, because the sphere of thought cannot be complete without it, cannot be rounded into a well-balanced and stable orb." Mr. Bascom is no mere mystic; he is a writer of reports, whose rank as an exponent of philosophy is recognized by all. This volume, like the others that have preceded it, is marked by the same clear statement of metaphysical and psychological principles, which are brought within the grasp and comprehension of the ordinary man of letters. It is complete, thorough, and charming in the grounds it covers, and it is certainly the most important philosophical work that has recently been issued from the press. To the thinker and the student it offers manifold problems which the intellectual leaders of the age are trying to solve and elucidate. Metaphysics and its divisions are illustrated by the most rigid investigation.

Essays. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. These essays were written especially for American readers, and were published in the *International Review*, and, as the publishers say, "we are confident that the articles have been so well filled their entire mission, they are now, for the first time, collected and offered to the public in one volume." Mr. Hamerton is too well known as a writer upon art topics to need an introduction to those interested in his literature. He has been called a landscape painter, and, I believe, commenced writing to prove that the branch of art which he had chosen discovered a higher rank in scale than had before been as-

signed it. The fact is, Mr. Hamerton was a born writer, with a natural impulse for literature, and his art studies only served to elucidate him the position he was destined to occupy in the world of letters. It is often the case that a man will follow a certain course of study with enthusiasm for years simply for his own gratification, when something will transpire to turn the current of his life into new channels, and the knowledge gained with no thought of its utility will lay the foundation for his future career. We all know what an easy, graceful writer Mr. Hamerton is; how uncalculating seems to be his knowledge upon all subjects relating to art. He thoroughly masters a topic before attempting to express an opinion. His style is so good, it is one—his is so technically for the general reader. He is firmly of opinion that noise but thoroughly educated artists are competent to write upon art, when his own experience should have taught him that all men artists are the most prone to uncalculating egotism. In his essay on "The Practical View of Painting," in the volume under consideration, he says of Rubens: "Artists often condemn some technical practice as essentially vicious and destructive to good quality in workmanship, when other artists of equal eminence have steadily and regularly employed it. If we were to accept the theory enunciated by Rubens, we should have to shut our eyes to the merits of much of the very best and soundest painting that was ever executed in the world." Impassioned artists and amateurs will be highly interested in the praise Mr. Hamerton gives in this essay on the practice of Mr. Rubens' painting, but to the general reader I venture the opinion that discourages upon color like the following would be unintelligible and devoid of interest. Speaking of Titian's methods he says: "If he used yellow ochre, which he probably did, he would not record it. Sober yellows, but not at that time Naples yellow and ochre were known, though several time modern yellows had not been discovered; if he used red earth he would need vermilion still, and a crimson of some sort. With ultramarine and blue he could do without any other blue, and with any one he would not need red. Sobering his colors, Mr. Hamerton is one of the most thoughtful and instructive writers upon art living. He knows whereof he speaks, and tries hard to divest himself of the prejudices inherited during his career as a painter. His essay upon "Cezar as an Etcher" is valuable and readable, while those upon "English, American, and Continental Schools of Painting" are intelligent and instructive.

Cezar. A Sketch. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.) We know of no more fascinating volume than this life of Cezar by Mr. Froude. It is written in his most brilliant style, and, although a historical work, has all the charm of Sir Walter Scott's most popular novels. The facts and events are narrated in such a manner as to bring them completely before the reader's mind. The sketching picture of Rome in the days preceding the foundation of the Empire—of the bloody feuds between the patrician and the plebeian parties. The causes leading up to the autocracy are traced in clear outlines, and ancient Rome becomes to us modern, and we comprehend and grow interested in the brilliant and murky city. Mr. Froude, however, is evidently what Carlyle called "a word-monger," and he places his Cezar on a high pedestal. His opponent, Cicero, is painted in the most unfavorable colors, and if the author is to be accepted, the character of Cezar as a statesman appears in the most unenviable light. With all its faults of partisanship Mr. Froude's book will hold its place, for never before has this important epoch in Roman history received such an able and critical description. His admiration for Julius Cezar can be gleaned from the following remarkable comparison contained in the closing paragraph: "Strange and startling resemblance between the fate of the founder of the kingdom of this world and of the founder of the kingdom of this world, for which the first was a preparation, both were doomed for making his name a legend. Cezar was outlived as the friend of publicans and slaves; Cezar was betrayed by those whom he had loved and cared for, such as was put to death; and Cezar also was

believed to have risen again and associated with heaven and made a divine being."

The Life of Cezar. By Anthony Trollope. In two volumes. New York: Hildreth & Brothers. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.) As Froude worships Cezar, so Mr. Trollope worships Cicero, and the author plainly tells us that the present work, while long contemplated, was mainly undertaken to defend the Deities of Rome from the aspersions of the historian of the first century Cezar. Says Mr. Trollope in his introduction: "But of all modern writers Mr. Froude has been the hardest to Cicero. His sketch of the life of Cezar is one prolonged course to the defeat of Cezar. Our historians, with all that glory of language for which he is so remarkable, have almost the poor snarler with obsequy." Mr. Trollope has taken up the pen in behalf of his hero with the most graceful, worthy, and, on his historic canvas Cicero stands out a great and enviable character, quite unlike the picture presented by the admirer of Cezar. Mr. Trollope's style is easy, clear, and forcible, and his work is interesting throughout. The truth as to Cicero probably lies between the two extremes. He is neither so black as painted by Froude nor so golden as painted by Trollope. Like the cloud in Gray's fable, he was probably "a solid gray." He was not the defiant shoulder these works, and then he will leave no difficulty in gauging a severe estimate of Cicero's true worth and real character.

The Life of George IV. Including his Letters and Opinions, with a View of the Manners, and Politics of his Reign. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.R.S. Illustrated. New York: Hildreth & Brothers. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—It is almost impossible to realize at the present day that the reign of George IV., with its elvish and immorality, is only about some fifty odd years. The picture of the man and manners which characterized the court of the first Great Dane of Europe, as portrayed in these pages, has all the truth of reality, and such scenes as therein pictured are enough to make Englishmen blush. The dissoluteness of king and courtiers is mirrored in the glass of the times, cast reproduced from their own contemporaries. It is a splendid companion volume to Trevelyan's "Eve," taking up the thread of the social customs of England under the George dynasty, and continuing them down almost to the present reign. There is a gossipous levity pervading the pages of the volume which heightens the interest of the reader and gives a zest to his perusal. That the days of the four Georges were disgraced ones in the annals of England was never more strikingly exemplified than in this panorama of the sovereignty of George IV. The book is invaluable to the student of the period of the British monarch, while it furnishes all the richness of spicy memoir.

A Fool's Revue. By Arnold the Fool. New York: Putnam, Howard & Hubert.—This work of Judge Abner W. Torgue has been much discussed. Whatever the opinion may be as to the truthfulness of the picture of the South rendered in this political work, there can be none as to the author's literary ability. As a story it is all-absorbing, and the skill and talent with which the various incidents are narrated stamp the writer as one of the very first men in the field of American fiction. His powers are incontestable. His bold yet graphic and descriptive style, and the characters are marked with a trenchant individuality. Judge Torgue ranks to-day as one of the foremost authors of fiction in the country.

A Nameless Nobleman. Round Robin Series. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. This anonymous novel is fresh and breezy in tone, strong in color, and contains some excellent bits of descriptive writing. The original, and the story is well told. "A Nameless Nobleman" is far above the average novel of the day.

Telestia. The Story of a Wall and Stray. By Ouida. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—In "Telestia" Ouida catches a new degree of inspiration. Her language is more simple and direct, and the genuine affections of humanity. "The Story of a Wall" is undoubtedly one of the best works that have come from her prolific pen.

The Women in Black. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. — This is a novel of very ordinary calibre and merit. There is little to recommend in it.

Hurdle's Geography and Meteorology. Columbus, Ohio: A. H. Saylor. — This system of geography and meteorology does not improve upon any of the present systems. The signs are intricate and complicated, and to attain the celebrity of actual *verboten* reporting by this method seems to us impossible. However, the work contains some good things which are worth remembering, and it will repay perusal.

Reminiscences. By Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude. With copious index. New York: Harper & Brothers. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company, No. Louis.) — The publication of these reminiscences has certainly not been to the advantage of Carlyle's reputation. One of the effects in England was the stoppage of subscriptions to the contemplated monument which the admirers of the great Scotsman contemplated erecting. The views which Carlyle entertained of persons with whom he was intimately acquainted, and to whom, in many cases, he owed obligations, are not creditable to him as a man, and it is these personal passages which have caused the irritability and heartburnings. Of the book, however, it goes without saying that it is worthy of perusal, may, should be read by all. It throws new light upon Carlyle's true character than anything we have ever read. These reminiscences are full of candour. We will quote a few passages of the work: "Harriet Martineau had for some years a much more lively intercourse here, introduced by David Ross, or I forget by whom, on her return from America, her book upon which was now in progress. Harriet had started upon his first visit to London and was still run much after, by a rather feeble set of persons, chiefly, she was not unpleasant to talk with for a little through an *encompramis*, without which she was totally dead. To admire her literary genius, or even her solidity of common sense, was never possible for either of us; but she had a sharp eye, an imperishable self-possession, and in all things a smoothness of positive decision which, joined to her ardent loyalty of intention and her frank, guileless, easy ways, we both liked. Her adverbs, principally, not exclusively, 'poor whining old moneyed women in their well-worn brownness, stately

and mischievous of the Waverley Novels may still be seen; they are frequently for many pages unbroken by a single *that* or *moreover*. Deakins's 'Vulgar' was composed by the *sublimis* variation of three whole days and two whole nights, the author supporting himself during his unusual vigils by copious draughts of wine and what adds to the wonder is that the work was written in French. Mrs. Browning's 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship,' a poem of great length in a peculiarly difficult metre, was completed in twelve hours, while the printer was waiting to set it into type. Mr. Walter Scott tells us that Melville, the translator of the 'Iliad,' and the author of the beautiful ballad which suggested the romance of 'Kenilworth,' frequently dispensed with manuscript altogether, and 'set up' his poems himself, 'but from the heels.' Most of our Elizabethan dramatists were remarkable for the ease and rapidity with which they wrote. One of them, old Heywood, was the author, poet or compiler, of 236 plays. It is interesting to know, as we know it on the best authority, that Shakespeare himself wielded a very feeble pen. 'His mind and hand,' says the editors of the first folio, 'went together, and what he thought he uttered with that swiftness that he had scarce received from his hand on his papers.'

LITERARY FACILITY.

[From the Boston Post.]

Euclid, the Roman Chaucer, wrote with astonishing rapidity, and Euclid with such ease that he is supposed to have turned out 300 verses while standing on one leg. Statius also appears to have been endowed with preternatural facility. In *Choro* and *Lyly* the facility of eloquent expression resembled an instinct, though *Choro* tells us that with him, at least, it was partly the result of sleepless diligence during the days of his literary apprenticeship. In one year Dryden produced four of his greatest works, "Absolon and Aristophanes," "The Mock," "The English knight," and "Mac Flecknoe." He was only six months in writing "The Hind and Panther," three years in translating the whole of Virgil, and twelve mornings in composing his "Parallels between Poetry and Painting." The original draft of "Alexander's Feast" was struck off at a single sitting. Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" was written in a week to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. Sir Walter Scott's rapidity in one of the marvels of literature; he wrote *Robinson Crusoe* as fast as the pen could move, and when he dictated his *Memories*, he could scarcely keep pace with him. The original

manuscripts of the Waverley Novels may still be seen; they are frequently for many pages unbroken by a single *that* or *moreover*. Deakins's 'Vulgar' was composed by the *sublimis* variation of three whole days and two whole nights, the author supporting himself during his unusual vigils by copious draughts of wine and what adds to the wonder is that the work was written in French. Mrs. Browning's 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship,' a poem of great length in a peculiarly difficult metre, was completed in twelve hours, while the printer was waiting to set it into type. Mr. Walter Scott tells us that Melville, the translator of the 'Iliad,' and the author of the beautiful ballad which suggested the romance of 'Kenilworth,' frequently dispensed with manuscript altogether, and 'set up' his poems himself, 'but from the heels.' Most of our Elizabethan dramatists were remarkable for the ease and rapidity with which they wrote. One of them, old Heywood, was the author, poet or compiler, of 236 plays. It is interesting to know, as we know it on the best authority, that Shakespeare himself wielded a very feeble pen. 'His mind and hand,' says the editors of the first folio, 'went together, and what he thought he uttered with that swiftness that he had scarce received from his hand on his papers.'

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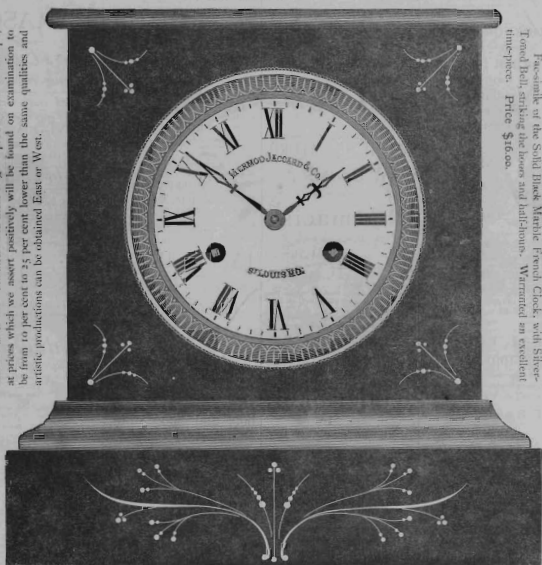
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The Spectator.

SAINT LOUIS, MAY, 28, 1881.

The Spectator has had the misfortune to be imposed on in the grossest and most ungrateful manner by a man who was employed as a canvasser in the southern and south-western portions of the city. We have learned of many representations he made that were utterly false, and if he had not taken the precaution to hide himself we should have sent him up to inspect a cell at the Court House. As it is we can only say to those people who have thought it strange that such a man should represent the Spectator that we sincerely regret that we were ever persuaded into giving him employment, and that we would not have done so but for the plausible representations made to us in his behalf. The Spectator aims to employ none but reputable people in every department, but, like all other well-meaning journals, it is occasionally imposed upon.

Below will be found the names of nearly all those who have subscribed to the Spectator's Page Avenue sprinkling fund up to date. The total amount here given is over \$7,500, and with other subscriptions not put down it would be \$8,000. It may be safely stated that the sum of \$8,000 is now accessible for this work.

We congratulate ourselves that this is doing pretty well for "a paper that comes out only once in every seven days." But even with this excellent showing there is a great obstacle in the way of sprinkling these avenues. It is the lack of sufficient water. The city water pipes run but a short distance out on Page Avenue, and the hauling of water for the wetting of Talan Avenue and the west end of Page Avenue is so difficult that no one has yet been found to undertake the work for any reasonable amount. We are, however, by no means discouraged, and ask that subscription continue. We started out to raise \$8,000, and we want to report that we had Saturday. A suggestion in regard to this subject, and which, if adopted, would remove every difficulty, will be found in the editorial department of this issue of the Spectator.

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THE TOWN TALKER.

From two or three seasons that I hold to be most trustworthy, I learn that there has been a great deal of bad feeling in the Board of Directors of the St. Louis Fair Association since the last election, which was in January. Mr. Gerard B. Allen, one of the oldest and most respected members of the Board, resigned some time since, and his reasons are said to be personal and petty. The trouble seems to have originated over the salary of the president of the board, Mr. Charles Green. When the Fair Association was organized, it was the intention that the secretary should be the only paid officer connected with the institution, and that the president should hold his place for the longer time he might be in it. Later, however, the board voted the president a nominal salary of \$1,000, and when Mr. Arthur Barrett was president, I believe, he received \$2,000 one year. When Mr. Gerard B. Allen was made president he would accept no salary whatever, and, I believe, Mr. Julius S. Walsh, who succeeded Mr. Allen and immediately preceded Mr. Green, received \$1,200 a year. In the latter part of the first year of Mr. Green's incumbency the debt of the association was funded, and bonds bear

ing seven per cent. were loaned, the total amount being about \$10,000. Mr. Green negotiated these bonds, and the board voted him \$1,000 salary, and \$2,000 for his labor in disposing of the bonds. A change, however, was afterwards made, by which his extra \$2,000 was made a part of the salary, making the total again. When the election for 1881 came on Mr. Green was re-elected president, and a resolution passed authorizing him to draw the same salary that he received in 1880, which would, of course, be \$4,000. That is the amount now received by Mr. Green, and it is to him that Mr. Gerard B. Allen is said to have so seriously objected that he withdrew from the board. As everybody knows, he is a man of pronounced views upon every subject that he concerns himself about, and it has always been his belief that the Fair Association, being an institution for the good of the city and State, should not be a source of profit to either its officers or stockholders. And I believe it is true that this view of the case has been so carried out as to not declare dividends to stockholders, investments in this line having been made through pure public-spiritiveness. At it now stands, Mr. Green receives \$4,000 a year more than Mr. Kallie, the secretary, who gets only \$2,500.

The vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Allen has been filled by Mr. Allen Paulsen, a wholesale liquor dealer. He has been put in charge of the Machinery Department of the Fair, and probably knows as much about what the duties of this post are as he does about the duties peculiar to his own in his line. A thorough gentleman is Mr. Paulsen, but not of a kind to make a superintendent of the Machinery Department of the Fair. Why did the board not select some man thoroughly familiar with the subject? The Fair Association is designed to be an entirely practical institution as much for the benefit of the farmer as for the dealer in the city, and it will not do to get too much of the "kid glove business" in it.

The editor of the sprightly *St. Charles, Mo., Journal* is Mr. George S. Jolas, who is probably the youngest man in charge of a newspaper in the State. He recently graduated at Princeton College and stores divided elements of success.

The Museum, Kansas, have in their windows some beautiful show cases containing of recent importation. They are from Canton, China. These cases are becoming justly popular for summer use, as they are both cool and clean. Many people substitute them for their heavy carpet during the hot weather, even in sitting rooms. They are especially appropriate for dining-rooms, and they are quite cheap, selling all the way from twenty-five cents to sixty cents a pair.

I was lately reading an interesting essay upon M. Alexandre Dumas, *filz*, who is one of the three great leading dramatists of France, the other two being M. Sardou and M. Anquetin. M. Dumas, who is the younger of the "Grand Monde," a word with which he has enriched the vocabulary of the world. "The Grand Monde" was the third play which the younger Dumas gave to the French public and was produced at the Gymnase Theatre in 1858. It is the model of nineteenth century society just as "A School for Scandal" is the model for eighteenth century society. The writer of the essay says concerning the title: "By the phrase *Grand monde*, the French meant not the class of courtiers, but the class of exiles from society. The ball-world is peopled by those who have fallen from grace, and not by such as have always been outsiders and strangers. It is in this sense, as consisting of a self-proclaimed exile. As *De Jolas*, the witty Provost of the city, tells *De Nemus*, the soldier just fresh from Algeria: "The first with whom we struck from the door was to take his drink and was not invited, for he is the most worthless person who could find his way in!" The second we set out to find the first; and when they were there, they refused to admit a third, and, as a crime on error and they began to quarrel and quarrel each other. When they were alone, they invited each other to dinner; when they were four, they had a quarrel." And then *De Jolas* goes on to account for the

later reunite, invitation, welcome and breast-when, "in short, all the women who wished to have it believed that they have been what they are not, and who do not wish to appear what they are not." There is a distinct boundary line between this society and that of the great courtiers who have since progressed to themselves the title of the *demi-monde*. There is an equally distinct boundary line between this society and that of the real *demi-monde*, the world of society and fashion of to-day. "It is to be known best of all," says *De Jolas*, "by the absence of husbands." In the most celebrated scene in the comedy *De Jolas* there is the door opened to a basket of peaches in the window of a Parisian frontier. You ask the price of each peach in which each peach is carefully wrapped in paper and protected by leaves. These peaches are thirty cents apiece. Alongside of this basket is a second, in which the fruit is seemingly as good, save that it is somewhat balled together, but the price of these is but fifteen cents. If you ask why there is this difference, the dealer lifts one of the latter carefully, and shows you a little spot on its lower skin. The fifteen-cent peaches are all speckled; and the *demi-monde* is the basket of fifteen-cent peaches.

The publication of the Revised New Testament, the result of ten years' labor, is certainly a remarkable event. The English Bible is now known as King James' Bible of 1611, which was a revision of previous translations. Archbishop Cranmer is the prophet in his Bible, which was printed in 1540, speaking of previous translations of the Scriptures into English, which "had not only hundred years before that it was translated and made in the Saxons tongue, which at that time was our mother tongue: wherof there remain yet diverse copies, found lately in old abbeyes, of such antique manner of writing and speaking that few men now can see to read and understand them. And when this language waxed old and out of common usage, because folks should not lack the fruit of reading it was again translated into the newer language. Wherof yet also many copies remain and be daily found."

Of these early translations of the Bible the most famous was Wickliffe's, which was rendered from the *Vulgate* or Latin version of St. Jerome.

Wickliffe's Bible was not printed, and the printed Bibles of the sixteenth century—Tyndale's, the Great Bible, and the Bishop's Bible—had been corrected so as to themselves approach by the King's Bible of 1611.

While I decidedly disapprove of the hearings and attacks of the professional infidel interest on the Bible, I must say that the charge do not seem to me entirely successful. This remark is caused by the sermon preached by Dr. Brooks last Sunday and published in the *Sole Discourse*. These figures ignore the viewpoints of Ignorance's assaults. He, however, from the stand-point that the immortal atheistical heretic assumes to prove that the Son of man was an impostor. Now Ignorance in his Sunday night discourse on Pope did not use similar to the personality of the Sermon. He assumed the doctrinal dogmatic basis, and emphatically asserted that his remarks were imposed in their nature. Now why do not our dissenting members these erroneous assumptions of Ignorance's legitimacy and probability as he makes his late deductions? There are mistakes of learning and scholarship in our city, and of high mental attainments; but I am sorry to say that to me it looks as if they always preferred a doctrinal, assuming reply instead of hitting the nail right on the head.

Whatever we may think of Ignorance's rampant infidelity, it is a fact that he has not only made his own case, his violent tendencies towards the faith of no religion, on one point even his most prejudiced enemy must agree, and that is in his disingenuous and brilliant exposure of the infidelity of the power of materialism which makes his doubly dangerous and dangerous to his audience attacks on dogmatism.

Christ's Fair will be opened for the summer operation season on Monday evening, under the sole management of Mr. John J. Collins. The first engagement is the Misses Jernigan, Opera Company, who will give "The Little Bird," as the initial opera. The Jernigan Company remains two weeks, after which Felt's Opera Company enters on a protracted season, presenting for the first time in St. Louis Andrea's opera of "The Maestri," and then "Olivette" and "Helen Taylor."

Mr. Charles Spaulding, of New York, left last Sunday morning for Saginaw, the Olympic, with an excellent record. In New York City, he will remain all summer.

Mr. William McCrory's opera of "A Little Bird," with the Olympic, will be given in the minor changes in the Olympic, will probably be produced at a New York Theatre in the fall.

The regular dramatic season of 1881-1882 is in its third month. The Grand Opera House closed a month ago. Pope's follows suit in another week, and the Olympic in four weeks.

The season has been one of exceptional and brilliant success. There have been great artistic triumphs combined with financial prosperity. A marked feature of the existing season is the decline in drawing power of those nonsensical musical comedies which have for the past year been awarded to the legitimate. This is a subject for genuine congratulation. The healthiness and vigor of the drama proper mark a new era of prosperity and the growth of true appreciation of the dramatic art. Now the fear is that the legitimate will be ascertained, as already some doors or more actors have declared their intention of "starring" this fall. Some, of course, will soon find their own level, but the real artists will find their efforts held in estimation by the public.

The two great dramatic events of this season were Sarah Bernhardt and Tommaso Salvini. The French actress, while not such a tragic Caliope as the Italian actor, shows larger audacity, but that was usually due to curiosity. The Bernhardt is beyond doubt the best advertised woman in the world, and to this as much as to her special talents as an actress must her phenomenal financial success be attributed. Salvini met with liberal, if not phenomenal, appreciation.

It was thought that the advent of these two stellar characters of the dramatic arena would have a depressing effect upon the receipts of the American artists; but the contrary proved the case. In the legitimate John McCullough's season at the Olympic was the most brilliant, artistically and financially, the greatest season he has ever known here. A new aspirant for stardom looms in the classic drama appeared in the person of Thomas Keene. He came, as it were, in a whirlwind, and met through with a crash. Whether he can retain his hold on the public is a question that next season will solve. He has many and glowing talents, with many excellent qualities, and it is his gift of progress in his profession he may attain to permanent popularity in his chosen sphere.

Miss Mary Anderson's engagement at the Grand Opera House was remarkably successful. This young actress is now at the zenith of her drawing power, and her admirers are anxiously looking for the development and advancement in her art of which so far she gave promise.

Reference need be made to the engagement of Joe Jefferson and his admirer-comic company, which afforded one of the most delightful treats of the season.

Fanny Deacon's proved that she retains all her popularity with the St. Louis public by playing the most successful engagement financially that she has ever had in St. Louis.

All the old favorites met with increased fortune, and their receipts were greater than for many years.

Miss Gertrude Ward's success as *Sophistic*, *Countess de Mohrstein*, is less recent to require comment.

The four most important new plays presented during the season were "Five Hundred Wives," "Sam'l o' Pennen," and "Deacons Church," and last but not least, "Basil Kirke."

Among the great artists who have not appeared in St. Louis during the season are Edwin Booth, Clara Morris, Lawrence Barrett, Janussek, Mrs. D. R. Hoppers, and Charlotte Thompson.

The operatic season has also been of unusual brilliancy. Mapleson's Grand Italian Opera Company, with Gerster, Cammelli, Ravelli, etc., was unprecedentedly successful. The Strakosch-Hess English Opera Company, with Marie Bessie, did not meet with the reception it deserved. The most notable operatic performances were "Lohengrin," by the Mapleson troupe, with a cast comprising Herter, Helene, Cammelli, Galassi, etc., and the first presentation in St. Louis of Baitz's new opera of "Mephistopheles," by the Strakosch-Hess English opera troupe. The Emma Abbott troupe presented no new work, contenting itself with its old repertoire.

In comic opera and opera o' the most notable stars have been the production of "Othello," by the Siddons, the Comley-Barton and Acme companies, of "Billie Taylor," by the Stewart Company, of "The Drum-major's Daughter," by the Leavitt Company, and of Von Suppe's "Bohemia" by the Main Opera Company.

Alfred Lawrence, who is the leading man of Mary Anderson's company, has been getting himself into trouble. In Philadelphia recently he was assigned in court to show cause why he should not contribute to the support of his wife, Mrs. Louise Lawrence. The father and a sister, Mrs. Mary Goldberg, and Mr. Lawrence himself were examined. The case was continued a week to allow of additional witnesses being summoned.

The Despatch-Amber French Opera Company was the only operatic company of any standing which did not visit St. Louis during the season.

Several changes have occurred in the subordinate journalistic positions during the week. Messrs. Thayer and Harris, of the *Chronicle*, have accepted respectful offers on the *Republican*, while Alfred Spink and Wm. Lytle, of the local staff of the latter paper, have gone on the *Chronicle*.

A. Spink was formerly on the *Evening Post* as a reporter. During the terrible yellow fever epidemic of two years ago he visited the doomed city of Grenada, Mississippi, to report the terrible ravages of the plague for the *New York Herald*. For seventeen days he was in that living charnel-house and heaped-up *Requiem* most graphic reports of the scenes of horror. He returned to St. Louis and shortly after became a reporter on the *Republican*. During his visit to Grenada his life, of course, was not worth a minute's purchase, as he was liable at any moment to fall a victim to the terrible disease which killed two-thirds of the people of isolated Grenada. For his work in that city of the plague the *Herald* paid him altogether about \$500.

It is said that Mr. George W. Boyce, whose health has not been good, has given up his charge of the Street Boys' House, and has many of our citizens, contemplating a visit to Europe. Mr. Boyce is indubitably competent to fill many stations well. But he has shown a rare fitness for the position to which he was called in St. Louis. His care for the friendless street boys was no mere job-work or hired service; it was a labor of love. The newsboys and hoodlums found in him a friend. His kind heart throbbled with indignation at their wrongs and with sympathy at their sufferings, and his hand was ever ready to help them. He had a wonderful power of control over them. Rough and turbulent as they are inclined to be, they always met him courteously and cordially on the street, and acknowledged the duty of quiet and obedience in the home. A considerable number have been restored to their parents, placed in good families in the country, or furnished situations in business. His influence will be permanently good upon all who have come under his instruction and care. I sincerely regret that a man so useful in this work of charity obliged so soon to leave us. For there is no benevolent institution more needed in a large city, or more deserving of the gifts of the generous and philanthropic, than a well-managed street-boys' home and lodging-house.

He wears such a d-d-d jacket
And a little sharp-pointed shoe;
And dances the tye and the racket
With the grace of a kangaroo.
He chatters and clatters and clatters,
And gambles along with his runners
He makes a very odd monstrosity
And carries an indigestible train.

He's a regular little dandy
From soft, empty head to his heels,
And carries a very odd monstrosity
In "little to god on wheels."
With four wheels out on a noddy
And a dandy and odd style
He looks on the promenade
An expressionless, empty staid smile.

He looks very much like a monkey
That came from some tropical zone,
And carries a very odd monstrosity
And pretence of *au d'oeil* donkey
Whenever this comical group appears
For people see him and think
That it must be Barrow's "What is it?"
Or the missing Derwicks link.

The largest electric light in the world is to be placed on the Water Tower at the foot of the Bellefontaine Street Ball Company. The position is one of great generosity and public spirit, the northern part of the city will be benefited for this is Mr. Chase, of the firm of Chase & Uphol. Mr. Chase is one of the kindest-hearted, most enterprising and progressive men in the city.

The ancient dedication of the Fine Art Hall will take place on Monday evening next, for which event a rich programme is provided. Miss Cranck, of Cincinnati, the Bellefontaine Quinette Club, of this city, Froh, Wabner, and Cramer, and Manchester, as well as Messrs. Colville, Rigby, Balmer, and others, will lend their aid. The programme contains many novelties, embracing selections from the old and new schools. Tickets may be had at Balmer & Weber's.

Mr. E. F. Hamilton, special agent for *Comps*' "United Monster Shows," is in the city making arrangements for his grand extravaganza, which is to put up its tents on the 6th of June. *Comps* is said to have the largest show on the road, but they all say this. I can say, however, that Mr. Hamilton is a very pleasant gentleman, and he looks as though he aimed to tell something like the truth.

There is a young lady whose face I always see at a window on the side of Eighteenth Street as I go down the Olive Street cars. I think I have seen that face fully one hundred times. In fact, I see it every time I go out that way. It matters not whether it be in the morning, in the evening, or not, that same face looks out of the window. I happened along there once about 10 o'clock in the evening, and through the gloom I saw that face. I now begin to look pale and wan, and I can only conjecture that the poor girl has grown weary with her watching. Whenever a car passes she glances up to see—well, I don't know whether it be the face of some saint and long-loved lover, or that of some unknown and loathed-for-lover. But whatever it be that induces this sad, sad-faced watcher, this Evangelina who sits there instead of at the sea, to be so faithful to her task, she has excited my

warmest sympathy, and I never look that way now without a feeling of sadness. You have, no doubt, seen her if you have ridden on the Olive Street cars. If you have not, you are no close observer.

What are we going to do about the streets? They say there is no more money to even clean the streets we already have. As to any general and systematic system of sprinkling by the city, it seems to be altogether out of the range of early probabilities. But is this thing to go on and on in this fashion? They say under the law the tax cannot be increased, and that if the law is not changed, St. Louis will be in just as pitiable a condition, as to her streets, as she is today. Such a condition of affairs ought not to be contemplated with any composure for one moment. There must be a new system inaugurated, or the city will sink into decay. Capital will take wings and fly away, and the best people will seek more congenial homes. This is not mere talk, but solid fact. This city is losing millions of dollars annually by not applying a few hundred thousand to public improvements. The Spectator does not desire to suggest any plan that would work an unnecessary hardship on any tax-payer, but it is decidedly in favor of street reconstruction and street sprinkling and it will not cease to agitate this subject until some definite policy is adopted. They say we cannot do anything, but our hands are tied by the Constitution. This is nonsense. The people are always supreme. If the people of this city would come together and discuss this matter, a way could be found if there was a will developed. Why not have a grand mass-meeting of citizens in every ward to discuss this street question? Delegates could be appointed to a city convention, and that city convention could confer with the Mayor and other officials. You say the Municipal Assembly answers this purpose. It does not. It is strictly a legal body and has no powers to take extraordinary measures. What we want is an actual proceeding to meet an unusual emergency. If the people of St. Louis were called on today to pay a moderate tax for the reconstruction and sprinkling of the streets, they would pay it most cheerfully. Can there not be found some way by which they can pay such a tax?

Last Tuesday evening Mr. Vastine introduced into the upper house of the Municipal Assembly a bill to grant a charter to the St. Louis Elevated Railroad and Boulevard Company. This company proposes to build twenty miles of elevated railroad, a line starting on Walnut Street at Sixth to Forest Park; second, a line north to Canandaigua; third, a line to Baden. This is a stupendous undertaking, but it is given out positively that the money is ready to put this enterprise through. If so, the Municipal Assembly should grant the charter at once. It would be a wonderful improvement. It would be to St. Louis what the elevated railroads have been to New York. It would put St. Louis far ahead of other Western cities, and would serve to metropolitanize it beyond anything that could be done. The company proposes to buy the property at a fair market value along all the streets over which the proposed lines shall run. It proposes to widen Walnut Street, and make it 150 feet from building-line to building-line, thus giving the finest boulevard in the city. This company proposes to buy the houses and its projectors ought to be encouraged. No prejudices of locality ought to interfere with so commendable an endeavor.

The company will find itself to carry passengers in the evening and mornings at five cents each, and in the middle of the day at ten cents a fare, the ride embracing the whole length of the line. This is certainly cheap enough, and it would be a great blessing to those poor people who would get homes out in the country adjoining the city, and be close enough to visit Forest Park. It is surprising I have not heard of so philanthropic a measure for some time, and that it shall be a source of profit to the owners is a matter of no concern to the general public as long as it serves a good purpose.

These are the incorporators of the proposed, elevated road: E. C. Simmons, Adolphus Bink, Wm. H. Thomson, John A. Cockerill, John W. Norton, O. B. Tucker, August Gehmer, A. W. Skayback. These names are a guarantee of good faith, and they mean what they say.

"The Basella" is the name of a new opera being composed by Mr. E. R. Kroeber, of this city. The plot is laid in Italy. Mr. Kroeber is quite a young man, but is well known to the musical people of St. Louis. At present he is the organist for Trinity Church, on Washington Avenue. Two seasons ago he was conductor for the Metropolitan Club when the play of "Hansel and Gretel" was presented. The libretto is being written by Mrs. L. A. McAdams; a lady of most excellent literary attainments. It is expected that the whole work will be finished by autumn. I cannot speak of the merits of the musical part of "The Basella," as I have not heard a single note of it, but I will guarantee the libretto to be good, for the lady who is writing it has done some fine work in similar lines.

Thursday morning, at half past ten o'clock, Mr. Geo. Ehrer was married to Miss Amelia Richards, at the church of St. Vincent de Paul. After the ceremony, the bride party, together with the friends at the residence of the bride's mother, corner of Boulevard and Cherry Streets. Mr. Ehrer is connected with the Empire Milling Company, and is a most excellent young man.

Mr. Louis Bonard, of the firm of Truitt & Boncher, was married Tuesday evening to Miss Lizzie Singer, daughter of Mrs. R. Singer.

From the best information obtainable, it does very clearly appear that the depostions being taken in the last of disease brought against his wife by Dr. Jaudon work a great injury to a most estimable young lady, who now lies sick in bed, and who has been hanging between life and death for six weeks. As to the merits of the quarrel between Dr. Jaudon and his wife, I know nothing, but it is a great sorrow to involve a young lady of irreproachable character in such a scandal. Mr. Pope, attorney for Mrs. Jaudon, says he is performing a professional duty in taking these depostions, but is there not a limit to professional duty? More than this, if Dr. Jaudon had known that an attempt would be made to drag this young lady into the case, he ought never to have brought this suit, or suffered in slight manner the persecutions of a woman who he seems to instantly despise.

As a rule, divorce suits generally make matters worse for all parties concerned. Where husband and wife cannot agree, the best way is to dissolve the partnership by mutual consent, and live single the balance of their lives in atonement for the error they committed when they married.

This is very smart. Probably you know how it is yourself.

Has lips were so near
That—what else could I do?
You'd be angry, I see.
But has lips were so near—
Well, I won't touch it often,
To explain it to you.
But—has lips were so near
That—what else could I do?

The Chautauque Literary Society met Monday evening at the residence of Mrs. W. R. Ewing, 2024 Wash Street. The principal topic for discussion was what the characters in the world's history have exerted the greatest influence for good or evil. Most of the members had prepared written lists, and there was quite a hot discussion following the submission of the various essays. The ten finally selected were Moses, St. Paul, Confucius, Alexander the Great, Luther, Voltaire, Michael Angelo, George Stephenson, and Washington. The next meeting of the society will be held at the res-

idence of Mr. L. S. Haydock, 1711 Morrison Avenue, and the subject appointed is "The Sciences."

One of the most interesting features of these meetings of the Chautauque is the animated part taken by the ladies. A number of those who belong to the society are exceedingly bright, and they talk with much freedom and grace. If I have one fault to find with the style of these discussions it is that the chairman does not adhere more closely to the rules of parliamentary proceedings.

In the next meeting to be given by Prof. Frost, at his house, May 15, Mrs. Mendenhall and Miss Matthews, two of his best pupils, will participate.

Here is the way the editor of the *London World* goes about a recent private visit to the Grosvenor Art Gallery.

Never was there such a crowded Grosvenor private view as that of Saturday last. At one time it was impossible to get beyond the vestibule, so that the warm apartment was fit to content himself for a while with "the people, Oh, the people!" In London in terra-cotta and painted canvas seemed to be everywhere, and they appeared and disappeared, and "balded and balded" and were as well as sufficient to fill the room in the arm of these which was wont to dwell across the stage in most primitive days than Mrs. Langley's slight singularity was noticed, and she was the first to see the first dress. She might walk through the roughest street, and nobody would turn to look at anything except, perhaps, the face. There was a very tall girl in a brown, which was curious, and a dowered gown, with several unusual graces, and a cloak, some like the "Tommy's," worn by a blooming dark maiden; and some, more than green-gown. Hair, as a rule, was lighter, and every face, with about three exceptions, was of its natural color.

A gentleman writes in this complaining fashion:

"The last issue of the *Age* appears to me an exception—'that rag of paper.' As a Catholic, I am not and refrain from expressing my indignation at this exhibition of bigotry on the part of a journal I have learned to admire for its fearless advocacy of 'all that is true in our nature.' In its every issue appear articles on gentlemen's bearing and good manners, but the *Evening Star* forgets that it is a gentleman and willfully insults, by casting a slur on your creed, a very large proportion of the most respectable citizens of St. Louis.

No selection on the Catholic Church was made. "Rag of paper," is a quoted expression employed liberally. Soldiers sometimes say when speaking of the stars and stripes, "We fling the old rag to the winds," but they certainly mean no disrespect there. My correspondent will see he hardly judges me when he reads this sentence from the close of the paragraph wherein he found the words which he objects to. If some of the non-Catholic churches that, lacking proper reverence, have nevertheless, in the trifling use of forms, would entice their somewhat bad members by borrowing moderately from the traditions of "the Church," there are important reasons in which they would thereby gain a signal advantage.

While I am on this subject, I will take occasion to remark that the most unreasonable and basest assertion made by Ingels, in his lecture at Pope's Theatre Sunday night, was that the Catholic Church had made some explanation that it had ever taken care of. Perhaps it did make orphans in the Dark Ages, when all men were half savage and when all churches were ruled with ignorance and oppression; but in these times of enlightenment and progress there is hardly to be found in any civilized country an individual who has not himself felt or had some friend or relative to feel the sweetness of the blessed charity that the Catholic Church dispenses so unobscuredly. "By their works ye shall know them."

The spring meeting of the St. Louis Athletic Club had Saturday, at the grounds, North and Pine Streets, was a fine success in every way. The contests were close and exciting, the events followed each other in rapid succession, and the attendance was beyond expectation. It was a most profitable and enlightening to understand how much fun there is in athletic sports, and I have no doubt that the next meeting will draw a

big crowd. The success of the meeting is really a matter of congratulation among all classes of people. The one thing most needed in St. Louis is a general and hearty interest in sports, and among sports those of the Athletic Club are in every way the most healthful, physically and morally.

The Athletic Club have richly deserved success. The usual method of starting clubs, which the founders set to work to do, is to solicit contributions from merchants and others who are in the habit of giving; but the Athletic Club very early determined not to solicit subscriptions, and the amount received from other sources was sufficient to carry on the club. They have worked hard and conducted their affairs in a business-like way. They have expended some \$1,000 in fitting up their grounds, which are now in first-rate condition. The club is well managed, and gives promise of a prosperous and useful career.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers have just published a remarkable book, which will create a sensation, being no less than a continuation of *Alma* and to the great Paris realiste novel of "Nana," by Emile Zola. It is entitled "Nana's Daughter," and is more natural than realistic. Look out for another chapter.

"Commodore Bollinger," Mr. J. H. Carter, has gone East to make arrangements with several distinguished capitalists to contribute to his almshouse for 1887.

Mr. George Wendling, the distinguished lecturer, has closed his season, and is now at his home in the city. He will remain in the middle of June, and will then go to Europe for the summer.

The Columbia, Mo., *Herald*, one of the best country papers in this or any other State, has been informed. I am glad to see the evidences of prosperity in so worthy a journal.

It does not seem to me that this correspondent is just the man for a critic.

In your issue of the 11th inst. I notice your article on "Pigs" being driven down the streets in which you display a lack of knowledge, when you say "Pigs" they were not "Pigs" they were hogs, or swine. You not only drive them, "cattle," or "cows" instead of "cattle," or "cows," it suggests to the same thing. You are also inconsistent when you mention the "hog," (that is correct) how could you say a "hog," but with "Pigs." Is, in your next, whether or not I am right.

Carey Todd.

A most commendable movement arose in this city that to establish a home for old and decrepit Jews. I understand that Mr. Joseph Well, undoubtedly the wealthiest Hebrew in St. Louis, is at the head of it, and that Mr. Moses Fraley and others, many of whom of the same class are associated closely with him. Messrs. Louis Hoffman and M. A. Rosenblatt are also actively engaged in it. The object is not only to raise a fund and establish a home for old and helpless Jews, but to establish a place where Jewish immigrants in destitute circumstances may be kept for a few days. I believe the plan also involves the founding of a hospital. All this is certainly a most commendable and characteristic of a race that never allows the people of its own blood to suffer for the common necessities of life. It is to be sincerely hoped that Messrs. Well and Fraley and the other gentlemen concerned with this movement will meet with success in raising a sufficient fund to carry out their enterprise.

This leads me to remark that no greater outrage has been allowed to go unopposed in this nineteenth century than the persecution of the Jews in Rumania and other countries in the East. In many instances have all the Jewish inhabitants of a village been driven from their homes and sent out to beg or starve. Who has there not been a protest upon the part of some or all of the great powers? England has often been quick enough to protest against the persecution of the Jews in Mohammedan Turkey, but yet never has sent been raised in behalf of the poor persecuted Jews.

which she is fast becoming noted. The dress alluded to was of crimson brocade and cloth of gold, the latter introduced as the *aid* petticoat and corsage, overlaid by an elegantly tailored robe of crimson *brocade*, whose rich red roses stood out from the ground with all the effect of *opacum*, or English "cut-work." Where the *overdress* joined the shimmering gold of the petticoat and corsage, there was a glitter of gold buttons and lints that made the sole enrichment of this imperial-looking dress. A *De Modest* collar draped from the throat, in which rich brocade and exquisite lace continued as a setting for the glittering head and the delicately-destroyed face, which, by the glow of the lady's expression and hazel eyes, had a magnetic charm for her audience.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott were very comfortably entertained by Colonel and Mrs. A. D. James during their short visit to Seattle.

Lafayette Park never looked more beautiful than just now. The trees are in their freshest perfection, and no dust has yet blighted or blurred their fine shadings of green, while a few more weeks will see the dimmed of their prismatic beauty, while the sword has a fresh, tender look most restful to the eyes and inviting to the footsteps. The work of the skilled gardener is apparent too, especially where the outer edge of a smooth lawn the words, "Lafayette Park," are beautifully outlined by the grayish-green and misty-looking foliage of the rosette-like *akshira* *semita*, a species of hawthorn, and the centers filled with the dark, reddish-brown of the *dissectifolia* *spicata*, that blends charmingly in these living eliminations of the name set in the emerald-green sward. Near the northwest entrance, just at the foot of the immense stone vault which, with its overhanging of domes and foliage forms one of the conspicuously landscaped ornaments of that part of the park, the coat of arms of the State of Missouri is graphically delineated on another grass plot. The same close-growing plants are used as in the letters above described, the letters being well portrayed by the reddish-brown *alternanthera* *spicata*, the circles by a more positive and brilliant green than the *akshira* *semita*, which is reserved to border the entire design, and below appears the word "Missouri" in the dark red foliage plant, which is peculiarly happy in its harmony of tone with the different greens it adorns.

Mr. Charles A. Spaulding has announced that he intends to erect a new theatre on the site of the Olympic, after the close of the next season, and that it shall be the largest and the most complete place of amusement in the city. The cost is not to be under \$150,000, and every modern convenience and safeguard is to be provided. The plans are already drawn and agreed upon. The stage of the new theatre is to be east and west, and will front north. The main entrance is to be where the present entrance now is, and the dress circle and parquette are therefore to be reached from the east side. The building is to occupy all that portion of the block now occupied by the Olympic and the two buildings south of it. The front is to be built up two stories in highly attractive style, and the new building is to present a very fine appearance.

Everybody will be glad that Mr. Spaulding is to rebuild the Olympic. The old house has long been a favorite resort among theatre-goers, notwithstanding its unimproved condition. It was never so comfortable as its "old-time" qualities. Mr. Spaulding is certainly to be congratulated on his resolution to put up so costly and elegant a theatre.

Mr. Charles A. Spaulding is now held to be the wealthiest man in the dramatic profession. His father and mother have both died inside of the last two years, and he was left the sole heir of about \$100,000. One side of this he was possessed by a considerable fortune which he himself had accumulated. He is probably worth close upon \$1,000,000, and is said to have property in almost every State in the Union.

Mr. J. B. McCallagh, of the *Globe-Democrat*, has received a fine St. Bernard dog from Europe. The animal is under the direct care of Mr. Billy Haddock, a gentleman who knows a good deal about everything from grammar to railroads and steamboats. One of these fine afternoon you will see that dog trailing along Pike Avenue after Mr. McCallagh's two-thousand-dollar Kentucky team.

The local department of the *Republican* has been greatly improved since Mr. Frank O'Neill took the city gentleman. Mr. O'Neill is one of the best newspaper men in the city.

Mr. Frank J. Bowman is building a very pretty residence at the southwest corner of Grand and Baker Avenues. It is in the *colle* style and is something entirely new to St. Louis or any other Western city. He hired the design was taken from some French villa near Paris. Mr. Bowman has shown good taste in giving so surely in home architecture. The dwellings of St. Louis, however costly or pretentious, bear a remarkable similarity to each other, and one rarely elicits so much success.

Mr. D. B. Gould, the great directory man, will take his family to Newport for the summer, and will leave about the middle of June.

LETTER-BOX.

OUR FAVORITE J.

Editor of the Spectator:

You have at last unearthed an infant *Demosthenes*. He is the laughing philosopher he is at least a philosopher who laughs. How gravely our J. laughingly tells us of his amusement over the political opinions of others. Can you not persuade him to place us before the profundity of his utterance, and answer by the utterance of his profundity. We have long thought that something must be the matter with *opinion* *opinion*. The merry silence of our laughing J. now solves the deep mystery of the universal conflict of human opinions. Persuade him to speak, but we may be relieved of this advance. Unless he will consent to disclose his opinions in advance, how can we be reasonably expected to conform to them in giving expression to our own? Our political postscript must no longer play the political spy. We must let his opinions, whatever they be, on whatever subject, be received and unanimously adopted, and thus furnish forever the harsh contrary of opinions which prevail by a general, very unanimity. Though he cannot furnish us a reason, he may "smuggle us with a grin." Does the gentleman understand the situation?

MARION HOWE.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH."

Editor of the Spectator:

I first thought that the *Bar*, in your last issue, must be a jest Edward Grant White, but his style betrayed him and I recognized under the *non de plume* an ex-Judge of the Appellate Court. While in one or two instances his criticism of Town Tattle's grammar may have been fair and legitimate, the majority of cases he was evidently opinions and hypercritical. Of course it is easy for a man thoroughly educated to sit down and pick the written phrases of others to pieces, but he who does so shows about as much wit as a man who reads in a glass house. It has been my misfortune to read many of the ex-Judge's written decisions, and I can conscientiously assert that in any half dozen of these judicial writings I have found more grammatical blunders and more perplexing invective sentences than any I have met with in the *Spectator*. Next week I will furnish you with a few examples, and so only sorry I have not time at present. The incapacity of

lawyers for expressing themselves in clear, brief, and forcible language is well recognized. Their training naturally makes them inclined to finish an sentence with the use of language. If a Member of the *Bar* had his way, the English tongue would never be enriched with new words. Discretion of the word "reliable" is a good deal. While it would not be so to show the same rule in the formation of other adjectives, "reliable," although comparatively condemned, is now accepted by the highest authorities. If we except R. G. W. "Dean" must be a word which the "Member of the *Bar*" must not use, and "except-begging," "stainer," etc. and yet what more expressive or forcible words are there in use today with the same significance? It is better to "Member of the *Bar*" than to "Member of the *Bar*" but I think it is a word which will finally be incorporated in our language, and will serve as an equivalent for the ungainly phrase "made her first appearance." He calls these "Americanisms" with a contemptuous sneer at the native land. But he is not posted as regards "reliable" for, although first employed in this country, England gave it the stamp of respectability. Mr. Robert Peel used the word; it is found in *Encyclopædia* magazine, in the *Quarterly*, in the *Nation* *Review*, and the *Times*. Surely, with such authorities as these, the *Spectator* can afford to smile at the rigidly mountainous philologist who, if they could, would never admit a word or word unless it were coined centuries ago, and would stop all progress and hand such words as "deput" and "telegram" as barbarisms or "Americanisms," for in the mind of a Member of the *Bar* these expressions are synonyms. Again, while employing epithets phrases himself, he criticizes you for doing the very same thing. He, forsooth, would have no epithets, no pleonasm, no synecdoche, etc., but I will not take issue with you on valuable space except to remark that even if a Member of the *Bar* be an authority on words, he certainly is not so accurate in the use of the lexicon. For, observe, he says: "I do not remember you justly contented." Now I submit that a condemned "is" the correct term, and not "condemn." He cannot excuse himself by calling it the historical present, because the rules relating to this tense will not apply. Did I wish to be as critical as the learned lawyer, I might cite a few more specimens which would prove that he struts at a frog and catches a canard.

A REPORTER.

OPERA.

"OLIVETTE."

The opera which first brought Andria's name to the attention of the American public—"Olivette"—has now been presented by three different companies in this city, and our amusement-loving citizens are tolerably familiar with its music. The first production of "Olivette" was by the St. Louis company, the second by the Comely-Barton Company, and the third by the Académie "Olivette" Company, under the management of Mr. C. D. Hess. This latter company has been playing during the present week at Peoria, and has attracted very large audiences, especially when the weather has taken into consideration. The Académie troupe brought with it great expectations. In the company were Messrs. Carleton, Henry and James Peoria, and a musical talent not exceeded, while it was generally supposed that Andria's sparkling music would be better rendered than ever before. In one sense this expectation was realized, yet in another it fell short. "Olivette," as performed by the Académie, loses its distinctive flavor. It is no longer French opera romatique. The wit, richness, and piquancy of the French version are lost, and solid grains of English humor are present in almost all the sentences of grand opera. French opera bouffe and French opera comique require peculiar qualities in the artists who perform in them. Those who have been accustomed to singing in more serious operas, and who have not the necessary technical skill of French comic opera successfully. The change is too sudden. As well might we expect Mary Anderson to act Fanny's "Little Detective," or Fanny Despard to act Fanny's "The Inmate with the Acme

troupe; that nearly all of them have been used to square holes and none find themselves in round ones. They are unsuited to the characters. Certainly the various numbers of the work have never been more correctly or artistically rendered, especially by the male artists; but the music seems rather unimproved into various strains. Even the *Edon* of Signor de Novelli has not caught the airiness of Auden's score. For some reason or other, it has lost its lyrical brightness and sparkle. While it may appear hypercritical to call all the musical fictions of such vocalists as Carleton and Parker, the indispensable French incapacity of the music is wanting. As to the dramatic side of the opera, the *Acme Company* is weak. The artists are not at home in their parts. The humor is awkward; the dash and piquancy of the French lyrics are not there. Perhaps the most promising, Mr. Leander Richardson, may be partly blamed therefore, as his dialogue is inferior to that of the original edition. The heroine is played by Miss Emma Elmer. Previously it had been taken by Miss Selma Deane, while Miss Elmer was cast for the more substantial role of *Valentine*. Miss Elmer, it is said, has only been on the stage for six weeks, and if this is so she is a decidedly clever actress. Her *Valentine* is a highly creditable performance; yet it is not the *Offensive* we all know. With the exception of one or two bits of business, she plays the part as a comely one (noting that of an open-container scene). The character times-lapses those distinctive features which belong to it, and becomes comparatively staid and demure. Miss Elmer renders the music in excellent style, but is lacking in the experience and knowledge to present us with a contrast, but a similar sketch, as Catherine Lewis for instance. Miss Fanny Wentworth was the Countess of *Bassville*, and sang correctly and with much taste, but her voice is not powerful. She acted with much ability, and is the best actress in comic opera in the troupe. Her expression and action were in the *Offensive* and artistic. Miss Rose Marshall was a fair *Valentine*. The role of "the son and daughter," *Capitaine de Morvins*, was assumed by Mr. Henry Pookes. His various scenes were finely rendered, but he was lacking in the comedy necessary to give a first-class impersonation of the Countess. The may mention that the role was absent. Mr. Carleton as *Valentine* was the best of the male artists, and he gave the best performance, but even in his acting the special qualities were wanting and he acted more like a tenor soloist. His singing was most excellent. In his make-up as his uncle, Carleton appeared to splendid advantage and showed genuine comical power. Mr. Edward Lamb, as the *Duke de la*, was a failure. The airy liveliness and impish qualities of His Grace were missing. He dressed the character miserably. Mr. James Pookes was enthusiastically miscast in the role of "the son and daughter," as *Capitaine*, but the quality characteristic brother-fool was not delineated. It was a positive *Capitaine* devoid of humor. The *Marchioness of George* Oint calls for no special mention. It was almost a failure from its dramatic side. While I have criticized the artistic I do not mean to say that the performance was a poor one. The vocal portion of the opera was most excellent, if we are content to do without the subtle yet light quality of Auden's music, as usually interpreted. The dramatic part was also good, but it was not comic opera, and it is long a *Offensive*. I want the sparkle, the brilliancy, the humor, the richness, ay, even the refined sensuousness of it. The chorus was weak and inefficient and cannot be commended. The costumes were very ordinary and looked like second-hand dresses. Some of them were exceedingly inappropriate. The celebrated farcical at the end of the second act was enacted several times, but the stage business of both principals and supermen-aries was bad. While Mr. Henry's company, as regards vocal ability, far surpasses the Condey-Herion troupe, its performance is not so brilliant, simply because the essential characteristics of French opera comique are absolutely wanting in the dramatic details and stage business.

CANTON.

Manthey's valuable picture gallery narrowly escaped destruction by fire on Monday night.

THE VOYAGERS.

AN ALLEGORY.

Though all the living summer day
We sailed along the rainbow sea,
But when the ship rounded bay,
Melted into the evening gray,
We anchored by a fairy shore.

Alone a thunder-riven spar,
Whose base the waves were dashing daily,
Low on the horizon's rim afar,
The yellow lustre of a star
Shimmered over the twinkling sea.

For island gay a sailing fair,
With purple peaks on either hand,
Over all a sunny beam shone,
And near and far, and everywhere,
The signs of an enchanted land.

For arms unseen flared the wind,
And murmured in the hollow white gull,
From wherever they came we could not find,
We only felt that they were kind,
And guessed they only spoke of love.

And as we loomed, spell-bound, mute,
There floated from a hidden bay
Some spirit of a love, and lo,
So dainty Ariel of a Fate,
And whispered softly, "Come away!"

"Come, here, we sail low, we sail away!"
"Thou shalt stay, exact hence the spell."
How many moons did rise and set
Since when—Oh, would we could forget!

"The world's stage—'tis all to tell!"
"Imprisoned in this stagnant mist,
We're languished for a hundred years!"
From out the infinite recess
We floated in thy little boat.

"We'll have no more of sighs and tears."
"Then come, sweet love, delay no more!"
For we are false, and thou art sure,
Press not against the weary shore,
But there on this enchanted shore
The world fleet we crown with flowers."

No more. We floated, spell-bound, mute,
The airy spirit, half divine,
With silence of the love-lane, late,
And dreamy land of the Blue,
Died out along the far sea line.

And now the night shades gathered fast,
We were too weary for a word,
Drooping the head before the gale;
A spirit loomed once slender mist,
An eye light whirled only stirred.

The full moon rose above a steep
To summer's richest verdant dress,
And druck as we sat with sleep,
Bathed by the dew, pulsating deep,
We heard the heart's great voice in the night,
And little words danced up in place.

But when the morning, wet and cool,
Blew from the east, we awoke to find,
We lost him, our appointed love,
Bliss who the rainbow always led,
We lost him through the witchery.

We cry him shore toward the land,
Across the azure summer sea,
He held the mirror well in hand,
We held the land green on the night,
We little words danced up in place.

We said, "Oh, go, go, go, in secret—
Not that, without our love's consent."
His smile away into the night,
And left us standing there forever,
Nor ever turned his glorious face.

We stretched our arms in vain and cried,
We lost one hand in endless sea,
We longed upon the greenest night,
And mutely wished that we had died
Ere fate had dealt us such a blow.

We watched him sailing on and on,
With house one from behind and light,
And his trouping form from his drawn,
Bore, swift, of the ocean's dawn,
Died, much from him our eyesight.

Oh, then, ah! we hearts full of love,
We wished a sight and all spread 'd,
With "O sweet friend, no more, no more,
We'll rest on this enchanted shore."
We went with the outgoing tide.

But, ah! the loss when he was lost!
We missed the grand directing sail!
By treacherous currents round us loomed,
By summer currents safely steered,
We ran a week before the wind.

And when there came another dawn,
Cloud veiled without a hint of gold,
We lay a heliotrope upon the sand,
The pale gray wave that cold and wan
Against the far horizon rolled.

All is not lost: beyond that fog,
Where sailors were most cruelly slain,
I know it by this faintest sign,
I know it by this sunset sign—
A shadow hidden beneath the sea.

Then, consider, ye, weaker, wiser!
Remembering past wrongs the red,
While we are shrouded darkness here,
Lapped in his heliotrope upon the sand,
We'll gaze and grasp the price of toil.

Mrs. L. A. M.

MR. BUCK'S CHOE.

Mr. Edgar Buck's Singing Choir has adjourned until the fall, when it will resume rehearsals. The main object of its formation is to introduce to the singers of St. Louis a more intimate acquaintance with the modern school of English glee music. It is a school founded on the strictly classic style of polyphonic composition; that is, each part carries a melody in itself and is so interwoven with the other parts as at the same time to produce harmonious effect. This school is in secular music what the so-called Cecilian school is in ecclesiastical music, in church music. Mr. Buck is a graduate of the foremost exponent of this style of music in London, which is Henry Leslie's Choir. This famous body was lately disbanded by Mr. Leslie because so many of his singers were getting old and failing in voice, and he had not the heart to replace such old friends with new material, preferring to disband altogether. The qualities Mr. Buck brings are thorough familiarity with the work, experience in directing former societies, and a strong will and suggestion. The society will be practically a singing class of which he is sole leader and adviser. This is a novelty, dispensing with officers and committees, and will save much trouble and bickering. I understand that Mr. Buck will in future decline receiving members who are connected with other societies—in a wise resolve. There is a more hopeful outlook now for the remodeling of some great work the coming season. It is whispered that under the leadership of Mr. Waldman a singing society is to be formed connected with the Bachstein Conservatory, similar to that in Cincinnati. What would there be to prevent this organization, the Choral Society, Bachstein, and the Ladies' Glee Club, from combining to give a festival such as St. Louis has never witnessed? It would be very little trouble, I think, to raise a competitive price to be contended for by these four societies. A competitive contest would make a little excitement even in St. Louis, and then a combination of all in one grand performance would cap the climax.

T.

"No Laggard We" is the name of a winter novel just published by Geo. W. Harlan, of New York. The scenes are laid at Old Point Comfort and Newport, and the reader's interest is never allowed to flag through a single chapter of the fascinating story. Interspersed with a delicate plot, brilliant dialogue, and character sketches, clear-cut as crystal, are graphic descriptions of yachting, archery, polo matches, and coaching.

D. Lothrop & Co. publish simultaneously with the revised version of the New Testament "The Story of the Manuscripts," by Rev. George E. Merrill, of Salem, an account of the many perils and labors used by the revisers, and illustrated with six fac-similes. This house has also in press a new edition of J. S. Abbott's "History of Christianity," with additional illustrations; an "Illustrated Birthday Text-Book," with quotations from Shakespeare; and revised editions of Miss Vange's "Golden Words" and "Prince and the Page." Mr. Lothrop has a long list of juveniles already in hand for the holiday trade.

that seems to impart the grace a train should naturally have, but so seldom attain from modesty who study fashion-books more than the female form divine. The princess robe, whose back beautifully terminates in this imperial train, is so faultlessly modeled to fit the figure that its hazy shape looks as though it were run into a shining smooth, without a seam. The bodice, cut deeply surplice in the corsage, is of the silvery shade, without embellish of any kind. The Venetian collar of satin is overlaid with duchesse lace whose rare design feek the foundation with phantom-like shadows of blossoms and leaves. Smooth-fitting about the rounded waist and over the hips, like the robes of the aristocratic woman, the Mr. Keyer Lely loved to point, the rich brocade of silver, figured with drifting sprigs of foliage and half-closed buds, falls thence downward with the majestic ease its richness cannot escape, and widens naturally into a train, that is lifted from the floor by a billow of lace beneath. Above the waist is fastened a cord, with tassels of silver and silk, looped loosely at the right side to hold the uplifted width of the train, and the shining satin petticoat in all its beauty of lace enrichment is seen to extend entirely beneath the overdress, shining all shades as a bridal dress should do. No blown glass or cheap crystals make a mockery of true gems in this elegant robe.

Why don't the true-hearted girls eschew such shame and prefer natural flowers and simple adornments of lace to set off modish robes, rather than all the tinsel goods and waxy beads that modern society girls bestir their wedding gowns with, when they stand in the presence of that and none" to utter the holiest pledge women and men can give each other?

Another latter-day custom that defies both taste and comfort is that of lighting the gas at afternoon weddings and receptions, when the sun is sending his level rays upward the sky.

There was a wedding Wednesday on Lucas Place, at an early hour of the afternoon, to which not only the sun but the clouds seemed to have sent their best compliments, for refreshing showers had laid the dust and washed the foliage clean, and the crystal drops that the little had signified had intoxicated them to such delight that their absence never rang out more clearly as the marriage of Cock Robin and Jennie Wren; and the sun distinguished himself and the day by his brilliancy. Yet, for all that, the gay-light shone with yellow mistiness through the windows of the Lucas Place mansion while the marriage ceremony was performed by the venerable Dr. Schaefer, of Christ Church, for Miss Kittie Lasson and Mr. George Miltenberger.

The bride is a niece of Mrs. Keyer, whose house has been her home, and there the wedding occurred. Mr. Miltenberger is a member of a well-known and esteemed city family. Miss Julia Yale, Miss Katie Miltenberger, and the very youthful daughters of Mrs. Edgar Lackland and Mrs. Keyer were the attendants.

The bride's dress was simple and appropriate to the season. Of the Paris manner, it was trimmed with white lace and adorned with sprays of red orange-blossoms and white roses. A tall, long and flowing, gave the last and most brilliant touch to the costume, which otherwise differed but little from those of the bridesmaids.

Miss Yale and Miss Miltenberger wore Paris modish attire elaborately garnished with lace and enriched with medallions of the needle-work. White roses mixed with Bon Silene buds were the natural flowers that, in tulle clusters, fastened their soft Sarah sashes and caught together the laces that fell over their heart-shaped corsages.

The little attendants who assisted as maids of honor wore short white muslin dresses, long blue silk stockings, and low slippers, and had broad white sashes of blue satin crossing from the right shoulder to the left hip.

After the nearest friends and relatives were present both at either the marriage or reception, which lasted from five to seven o'clock, and good wishes and old shoes followed the carriage that bore the young couple away.

Next Wednesday, the 1st of June, will add to the list of youthful matrons one whose engagement of mar-

riage has managed to escape the anti-familial record. Miss Blanche Billon, eldest daughter of Mrs. Clara P. Billon, and the late Louis Billon, and grand-daughter of the venerable Mr. Fred A. Billon, is the bride-to-be; and the groom-to-be is Mr. N. M. Garland, youngest brother of James S. Garland, so well known among the lawyers and literary people of the city.

The wedding will occur at the house of Mrs. Billon, on Olive Street, at six o'clock in the afternoon, the ceremony being performed by Father O'Reilly, as the bride is a Romanist. At eight o'clock the same evening the young couple will leave for Greeley, Illinois, where the groom owns a large farm. Fuller particulars of this wedding will be given next week. I hear that the completeness and beauty of the bride's trousseau is in keeping with her own dainty prettiness and inherited French taste.

Next Thursday, Mrs. Dan Catlin gives a large reception to Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Wickham, who are now at home on Olive Street. The young people are looking forward with much anticipated delight to this entertainment, for it is well known that Mrs. Catlin understands the art of agreeably entertaining, and her beautiful home is well adapted for comfortable summer merry-making. Query: Is there ever any comely French-style making? The young people are looking forward with their best hope-filling emotions and most gorgeous bounties?

But this particular reception is from eight to twelve P. M., and bounties may be counted, common sense assumed; or, so it occurs in June, "the month of roses." None of the difficulties known as flower-bounties may serve fashionable duty.

Appropos of the Catlin reception, it is said that the presents of that family to their lovely sister, Mrs. E. Wickham, are the handsomest given any bride this season. Mrs. Dan Catlin's gift was a superb India shawl,--a queen Victoria could have done no better,--and Mr. Catlin gave his sister a complete tea and breakfast service of solid silver; Mr. and Mrs. George Allen, the new neighbors and friends of the bride, sent an exquisite set of cut-glass very complete; and Mr. Ephraim Catlin furnished the bridal rooms, on Olive Street, with the handsome set of furniture that could be procured in New York.

Down at Jefferson Barracks Mrs. Backwell, wife of Lieut. Backwell, is entertaining her sister, Miss Middleton, (Chenail). These ladies are nieces of ex-Secretary Sherman, are accomplished and delightful women of society, and an invitation to spend the day at Jefferson Barracks is a preliminary note of pleasure that our city girls never refuse, although they must be hasty to take the seven o'clock train. Last Thursday Miss Haseltine and some other young ladies, escorted by their favorite cavaliers, went down in answer to such an invitation to a regular old-fashioned dinner with the girls, and the girls appeared in simple and sensible and the beaux escaped dress-coats. It is pleasant to think that the fashionable youth, both masculine and feminine, can slip the irksome plumbos of society and become simple men and maidens in duck linen and white muslin, under the shadows of the trees, with only the lawn and the grass-blade to beguile their *monotonies* and welcome their approach to nature.

ORAI.

ART.

Of the one hundred and forty-three pictures catalogued in the Museum collection, sixty were painted by artists now living in Paris or who during their lives did live and follow their profession in Paris. Not all of them are or were Frenchmen by birth, but they were essentially Parisians. They studied, worked, drew and painted in simple and grand drawing, and their painted French motifs, exhibited at the Salon, and were honored with French medals. It will thus be seen that the French had but twelve of having a majority over the works of all other nationalities combined;--and this in an American city, and, as far as I know, not a single work in the collection owned by a Frenchman.

In the New French Centennial Loan Collection, for which the collectors of the metropolis stripped their gal-

leries of their choicest works and brought together the largest number of really great pictures ever seen in America, the proportion of French art was not even greater. I have before me the catalogue of the pictures exhibited at the National Academy building, and of three hundred and sixty-eight numbers two hundred and one are credited to Parisian artists, and of the small collection at the Metropolitan Museum the predominance of French art was quite as noticeable. At the St. Louis Museum will be found twenty-nine pictures by painters representing the various branches of the German family, and two by Englishmen.

These are curious facts. We are an English-speaking people and mostly descendants of Englishmen, our literature is largely formed upon English standards, the writings of Englishmen are read almost as extensively in this country as they are at home, and yet English art takes no root upon the American soil. In early times American students who went abroad to study art could not invariably settled in London.

West, Cooper, Stuart, Trumbull, and, in fact, most of the American painters whose works are remembered, received their instruction almost entirely from English painters. Allston was the notable exception. Of the constant stream of American art students at the present time, flowing abroad, a majority go to Paris, and the others to Germany and different cities on the Continent, but very few ever think of going to London. Probably the cause of the lack of interest in English art hereafter in this country has been correctly given by Hamerton when he says: "The prevalent characteristics of English painting twenty years ago were, first, a knowledge of turgid or stiff, the result of engraving combined with imperfect artistic knowledge."

The young men had the most passionate desire to be true, but they did not willingly take into account the imperfections in art itself, and they conducted their operations with gallantry rather than science. They had the defects as well as the qualities of power and originality in youth. To some of the particular characteristics were crude, their details were obvious, and their compositions wanting in good taste. There was a self-assertion and a violence in the young school which made it often astonishing, but seldom agreeable." We had a terrible illustration of this in that most disagreeable and almost vulgar picture by Mackintosh, which was exhibited in this city a few months ago, called "The Shadow of Death." It has been but about twenty years since Americans began buying foreign pictures to any great extent. Nearly all of the best collections in this country have been formed within that time. Doubtless the great preponderance of French art among us is due to a certain extent to the enterprise and shrewdness of French dealers, but behind this remains the fact that Americans are more attracted by French pictures than by any others. There is a great deal of the story which is shallow and unthoughtful, but it is bright and decorative, and of their point pretty women enjoying a sort of butterfly life in sumptuous apartments. The textures of silks and satins are wonderfully rendered, and as pictures they bear the same relation to the adornment of a house that bright vases, vases, and costly *bric-a-brac* do. I do not know that we should quarrel with such artists. They do not attempt to reach the higher altitudes of art, but what they undertake, that they do well. There is a pleasant vein of comedy expressed by such men as Vibert, Zamparelli, and Casanova, as illustrated in Mr. Catlin's picture, "The Sick Monk."

Not only is the story well told, but the execution is comical, but the work is a marvel. The flesh painting is soft and natural, and the course material of the monk's clothing is given with perfect fidelity. The works of Pignorini and Touchonnet are sometimes strikingly realistic, and their pictures are in fact true to the most thoughtful expression, but they are free from all immoral taint, and they harmonize well with the rich surroundings of a modern drawing-room. In French pictures we see the two extremes of life, the rich and noble and the peasant. The middle classes are rarely represented. Domestic interiors, rich interiors, and other elaborate moral decorations are picturesque, as are the humble shades of the poor, together with their best forms and sad faces, telling of

generations of unexcited talk; but the great mass of those who fill the gap between the two are, for the purposes of art, dull and uninteresting.

It took many years for his own people to appreciate the deep pathos of Millet's scenes, but now that his life is ended, and he is beyond the reach of doubts and credulous, enormous prices are paid for them.

Julius Breton also renders peasant life in a feeling and sometimes in a cold and unimpassioned manner, but above all he is a painter of power and discrimination. "The Wounded Sea-Gull," the property of Mr. Catlin, combines some of his best qualities.

There is another serious and masterful work of some value, called "Sunday Rest," by Julien Dupré, belonging to Mr. Doxson. I have been greatly attracted to this picture, both by the subject and technical execution. "The Invasion," by Brion, loaned by Mr. Parsons, is painted on a large canvas; it is ambitious both in subject and composition. Brion is said to be an Alsatian, and from the better recollections of the reading of his native province from France he has produced a powerful picture. Men and women, earth and sky are all in harmony. The time is early morning, a mist is rising from the hills, and a frightened procession of peasants are fleeing with wives, children, and household effects before the enemy. The poor woman, half insensible with fright, is borne upon the strong arm of her husband, and there are the anxious look and extreme tension of body and mind natural to those severely pressed as the backbone bear the distant thunder of the artillery of the foe.

Known of no one who so successfully renders the spirit of conflict as De Noëville. Any man who has been called upon to stand next something shabby and whatling bulletins will recognize the terrible truth told in "The Defense of the Gate of Chateau Malmaison." One might as well attempt to paint a mouse, being born blind, as to give, with any degree of truthfulness, a representation upon canvas of a battle, yet having felt its fiery breath upon his cheek. Details is also a military painter of great power. His drawings of men and horses use the perfection of manual skill. He works with less freedom, and his figures are often in repose than those of De Noëville. There is traceable the intense littleness of Meissonier, his master. It would be a marvel if a student could receive the instruction of a man so pronounced an individuality, one so keenly observant of details, and who places so much stress upon extreme finish, and not receive lasting impressions. "The Flag of Truce," belonging to Mr. Bridgely, is the most impressive example of De Noëville's work in this class. I do not know that these pictures are the best among those painted by Frenchmen. There are scores of others, it may be, as good; but these have been less spoken of in the newspapers, and have impressed themselves upon my mind.

In 1870 Fortuny, the great Spaniard, who, had he lived the full measure of life, might have made a time before which all others of this country would have been dim and forgotten, wrote to his friend Martin Rico, urging him to come to Granada and share his home during the winter. Finding him well inclined, he again said to him by letter: "Dear Martin: I am delighted to learn you are disposed to come, and I think, we shall pass a very pleasant time. We can pass as many *patios* and *Quintas* (court-yards and *Gipsies*) as we like." Rico came, with his painter outfit and his guitar, and his brushes were with him by day, nor the strange of his life, and he died. A happy winter was spent by the two gifted friends. It was their intention to visit Venice together, but this was not to be.

The masters of Rome put out the light of Fortuny's life, and Rico wrote to him: "I regretted the Grand Canal, but not the hot, encephalic atmosphere of Zion. His light is vertical, clear, and cool. The quality of his work has been so well described by another that I will quote his words: 'The Martin Rico, however he may dally with other streams, is devoted to the Grand Canal. To this chosen scene he brings up the most perfect of interpretation. The Venice of Turner is hazy, the Venice of Constable is staid, the Venice of J. M. W. Turner is like a game wren, while the Venice of Rico is crisp, rustling, graphic,

with the bristled look of metal in the crumble about its waves, and the biting shadows of southern snow upon its architecture.'

Those who look upon the "Grand Canal" belonging to Mr. Doxson will see how true is the description. His "Village of Bengali," owned by Mr. Catlin, is different in treatment, but not the less masterful. It is worth one's while to notice the multitude of objects suggested in this wonderful little detail of paint, as well as the downy foliage of the young willows.

Mr. Edwin Harrison has done a noble thing in presenting the Russian style in the large picture by Vely in the centre gallery. Let us hope his example may prove infectious. We all know how like our own children good pictures become in the household, but by allowing them to remain in the Museum galleries the owners will but divide their pleasure with those less fortunate than they.

W. R. H.

AMERICAN NOTES.

Miss Emily Sartain, of Philadelphia, has recently taken the Mary Smith prize (\$100) for the best picture (a head in oil colors) by a recent lady artist and exhibited at the annual exhibition in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

Messrs. R. Swain Gilchrist, Wm. Sartain, and J. J. P. Flagg are the artists owning shares in the new building for the Academy, located in New York City. They are now having the studios fitted up in a manner suited to their tastes. The building is in Fifty-seventh Street, a little west of Sherwood Studio building. In its appearance it is so far from the usual architecture for artists of any in the city. The owners have apartments of ten or twelve rooms each, besides their own rooms, which are used as studios. The front is of brick, terra-cotta, and stone, and there is a handsome portico entrance. From the balconies on the upper flats one may overlook the park and the country as far as High Bridge.

The June art dealer will contain a number of charming sketches by Gregory, Volkman, Burdette, and others, and other members of the Scheraga Club, a group of drawings of some of the most striking pictures in the Paris Salon, and a number of sketches by Percy and Leon Moran, the clever sons of Mr. Alfred Moran. There will also be some good illustrations of furniture in the style of the First Empire, and of staid glass for house decoration. The designs for china painting and embroidery in this number will be by Cassille, Pison and A. Bernier, and Gustave Dore. They will have a mixture set of pen and ink invitation cards for summer entertainments.

J. W. Champney's "The Squid's Daughter" has been sold to an Albany collector for \$650.

The Grosvenor Gallery, at Washington, has produced Richard N. Boscawen's "A Pastoral Visit."

Charles B. Donohoe, of Washington, is the first art student of that city who has secured a place on the walls of the Salon. He exhibits this year "Borja de Periti." His studio is at Barbours. Mr. Donohoe studied with R. Swain Gilchrist before going abroad, some year ago.

FOREIGN NOTES.

The lately closed twenty-first annual exhibition of the Belgian Water-Color Society had 264 exhibits.

Werner's large picture of "The Congress of Berlin" has been placed in the great hall of the Hotel de Ville of that city.

Two new pictures by Millais are on exhibition in London. A portrait of Tennyson has been added to his collection at the Fine Art Society, and "Little Mrs. Tennyson" to the Graphic Gallery. In the latter a sweet little girl, wearing an albino's fur cape and holding a huge gingham umbrella, is seated on a bank.

The Louvre lately bought for 11,000 francs an ancient Greek coin, the *chelys* of Brygos, one of the greatest of the vase painters of the fifth century.

In Justice, in writing of the Salon, says: "Visitors to the Salon will do well to examine with care two

marble pictures by a young American painter, Mr. F. M. Boggs, "Coming Back from Crab Fishing," and "A Fishing Boat," remarkable as well for the strength of execution as for clearness of the design and distinctive colors which characterize our foggy northern climate. By his sincere interpretation of outdoor life Mr. Boggs places himself in the group of the painters Brierly, Gilmerton, and Dore, with whom he will stand as a new and original figure, one to whom our Norman beaches and Paris groups are new.

Two new and important paintings by Ross Bonheur are on exhibition in London. The first, called "On the Alert," shows a stag resting his head to catch the sound which has alarmed him in the forest, and the second, "A Foraging Party," depicts two wild boars grubbing in springtime among the last season's mast. W. H. Dringman has reproduced in mixed coloring and unassuming the artist's head of "The Old Monarch," the lion presented to her two years ago, which she found too unmanageable to keep at Fontainebleau.

The competitors for the Prix de Rome in the section of sculpture this year are MM. Lefebvre, Desvignes, Hamann, Huch, Labat, Quilston, Meunier, Carles, Ferrary, and Perce. Five of these have completed before. The new men are MM. Desvignes, Quilston, Meunier, Carles, and Ferrary. The entry in sculpture for the year 1878, the last year of the exhibition, occurs on the 29th of July. The public exhibition will take place on the 29th, 30th, and 31st of July, and 1st of August. The decision will be given on the 15th of July.

Seymour Lucas' "The Gordon Riots," on the Riots of 1780, and lately at the Melbourne Exhibition, is one that has been purchased for the Colonial Gallery there.

The *Asahi* says: "The Japan Railway Mail has commenced a series of articles on 'The Carlo Marix,' in which it is intended to expose the local *bric-a-brac* vendors who impose upon tourists in Japan. The *Asahi* claims to be a child to these cunning liars, who, pretending to have obtained rare and valuable goods from some prince or other rich off-laborer wages of a few years old on their credulous customers. They are represented as being almost as ignorant as their dupes, never having seen any such wares as they profess to sell. The demand for entries is infinite, the supply almost nil. Purchasers (not only in Japan) may be on their guard when they are informed that even of the staple ware of Japan, *fuari*, there is not at present, and has not been for twelve months, a single article. The *Asahi* also says (plate of old genuine old *fuari*), and that of *Natsu*—not more than three or four genuine specimens find their way into the market each year."

In record and concluding note of *Grosvenor Gallery*, the *Asahi* says: "The *Asahi* has been looking at the 'Bosch Standish' (21) walks in the wood and wears black and white tights, which are nicely arranged. The movement of the figure is excellent, but the flesh is pale and the features are too big for the head. We cannot sympathize with the expression." It says of its Academy pictures that they well sustain its reputation, and that his "David City of the Zepher Zee" has more character than the *Old* *David*.

TUNER'S SUNRISE AND CHIEF'S SUNSET, AT THE LOAN EXHIBITION.

One or two preliminary words to make sure of our standing ground. Art is first one among many modes of giving utterance to ideas, sentiments, states of the mind in general. Painting, unlike the other arts, is visible to the eye, and it is the only one of the arts of form instead of the actual form itself. It is precisely in this power to put semblance of matter in place of actual material masses that the superiority of painting consists. Here, as in all the other arts, a complete mastery over the material—creates at will a whole world of material forms which are immaterially rich in spiritual values, while at the same time they are free from the materiality of the other arts. This is accomplished through the double miracle involved in painting—that is, through perspective,

aerial and linear. But here again we are presupposed the full development of the sciences. In perspective, as applied in painting, there are involved, directly or indirectly, mathematics on the one hand, and the physical sciences on the other. But again, the utmost values of perspective are found to be developed only in the representation of the outer world for its own sake—only in landscape-painting. So, again, landscape-painting itself has undergone a long process of development from the merely hieroglyphic form given it by the ancient Egyptians to the grand representations of nature produced in the present century. It would be easy to prove, but can only be asserted here, that this whole course of development has gone hand in hand with, and been directly dependent upon, the unfolding of a more rational mode of viewing the material world. Furthermore, man has only been able to rightly comprehend nature in proportion as he has come to rightly comprehend himself. In the final outcome it is *spiritual* light, and that alone, that illuminates the world—that alone by which there is any seeing. To him who has thoroughly rational eyes, the world is a thoroughly rational world. It is only to the artist having the finest spiritual perceptions that nature presents her richest spiritual significance. True, nature is comparatively passive. It is the realm of the quiescent. But there is manifest in it the same divine Reason that is unfolded in richer and more definite forms in the conscious world of humanity. Hence, he who would portray nature in its richest significance must look within himself to find the key to the secrets with which nature abounds, indeed, but which she presents through intimations always more or less vague.

Are the unalloyed forms of nature adequate, in the hands of the true artist, to express clearly the conceptions which of themselves these forms but vaguely shadow forth? The answer may be found through a comparison of the two paintings we have set out to consider. The one by Turner is a composition rich in forms. Below, a canal extends from the middle of the foreground directly into the picture, and it is lost in the distance. On either bank of the canal architectural forms may be seen through a water street through a city in ruins. These architectural forms serve admirably to grade the perspective, the effect of which is again heightened by the large, beautiful tree in the left foreground. Above, the clouds are managed in groups and lines so as to converge in a point, and that point is found in the rising sun. This, indeed, is a frequent device of Turner's, and it certainly produces admirable perspective effects in his skies. Even the mist-laden atmosphere seems almost to radiate from the sun along with the light. And yet it is the mist that obstructs the light. Here, indeed, is the centre of interest of the picture. It is full of mystery, for it presents the unsolved problem of light struggling with obscurity. The light proves itself powerful and penetrating; but the obscurity also proves a mighty obstructive force, and renders everything vague, uncertain, impalpable. The very spiritual forms of the picture, which seem ready to melt into vapor and float away on the breeze that stirs. So, when we attempt to seize the precise significance of the picture, it dissolves and vanishes, never allowing itself to be more than merely felt as a vague presentiment. This, doubtless, is the chief secret of the attraction which Turner's works have for most minds. They are so full of "suggestion"; on the other hand, the suggestiveness is too generally like that in the present example—rather negative than positive. A problem is proposed and its solution left mainly to the untrained phantasy of him who beholds the work. In presence of such a picture one may rest in dreams, but will scarcely be stimulated to the exertion of vigorous thought.

Let us now turn to the work of Church. At the first glance there is manifest the most striking contrast between this and the picture of Turner just considered. The composition is far more definite. A bay extends from near the foreground somewhat diagonally into the picture, and opens into the sea in the distance at the right. A depression of the central foreground leads down to the water. To the right and left the ground

rises in rugged forms. In the shadow of the rock at the right a spring rises. About it fresh grass is growing. A single deer has approached to quench its thirst and crop the tender grass. A stretch of land forms the opposite shore of the bay and terminates in a bold rocky mass just where the bay opens into the sea. A sail may be seen on the bay. The sky is well-nigh filled with heavy cloud-masses, through a break in which a gleam of blue appears. The sun has just sunk below the horizon. Here, too, the clouds have parted, and a deep crimson glow marks the point at which the sun has disappeared. So, too, the broad cloud-masses above, as well as the land below, are tinged with varied and manifold gradations of this fundamental tone of color. Everything, in short, points toward an absolute unity. The simple masses of clouds above and of land below; the single timid deer; the solitary, motionless sail upon the placid water; the lighter tints of color formed as it were, in the intense glow of the now invisible sun: all to fade presently into indistinguishableness—looked at in this way it is the very picture of a world in which all differences are on the point of vanishing. A devout Buddhist might readily accept it as a solemn and sublime hymn to Nirvana! And yet a little further study makes plain that this is not the real truth of the picture. Its value is not a merely negative one. The light is not focused; it is radiated, diffused. Here, too, there has been a struggle; but it is ended. The storm-cloud has spent its strength. The sun is victorious. The peaceful quiet prevailing above the scene is the peace that follows the conquests achieved by the Forces of Light, and the splendors of these forces are only indirectly multiplied and rendered the more intense through their reflection in the quenched domain. Thus we have in this picture the representation, not of exhaustion and dissolution, but of rest, of rest achieved and multiplied vigor.

Besides, the sun sets only *relatively*, and in the same moment is also rising. So, too, the human spirit glows with the sunset glories of its achievements, and nevertheless in the self-same instant turns its rising radiance upon other worlds and enters upon new and still grander spheres of conquest.

If we now stand before the two pictures and compare them, it is fairly evident that Church presents us with the more definite, more positive significances. He has proven himself able to penetrate to the soul of nature, to seize its secret meaning, and to give to that meaning a clear and adequate expression in the unalloyed forms of nature. Turner, on the contrary, is less clear, less self-possessed. His is a mighty spirit, thoroughly penetrated with the sentiment of nature; but in the present example, as in many of his works, this sentiment appears under a predominantly emotional form. Hence the vagueness of form and the indefiniteness of significance characterizing so much of his work. Nor can we think it doubtful that this is also the secret of Turner's instinctive and constant use of human figures and architecture—human interests in general—as accessories to aid in bringing into some sort of clearness the conceptions to which he was given access, but which he could not definitely express in the forms of nature. Turner, in brief, makes the transition between the more conventional landscape-painting of the seventeenth century and the freer, truer landscape-painting of the present day. Church possesses, if not a more powerful, assuredly a clearer, more penetrating spirit, and as a landscape-painter, strictly speaking, he is distinctly and decidedly above and beyond Turner.

M. B. R.

LITERATURE.

The Statues in the Block, and Other Poems. By John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—The writer of verses who presumes upon the success which his fugitive pieces have met with to the extent of collecting them into a volume runs the risk of seeing his poetical talent lose color and his most selected contents grow stale. For poetic faults are more easily detected in mass than in detail, as a butterfly on the wing is more beautiful than a bushel of butterflies gathered and ready for the bodkin of the entomologist. Of the

making of poetry there is no end. Every dog would wag its tail to its own little kite against the stars; and the most timid need not fear that the sun or moon will be blotted out by these harmless playthings, since the law of gravitation is always at work pulling them down to their proper level, leaving them only about as able to sustain themselves by native force alone, or, in other words, by the law of "the survival of the fittest." The author of the poems the somewhat awkward title of which heads this notice is one of those who have reeled their home and college reputations upon the broad sea of popular opinion, where their work will have to stand solely upon its merits, with not even the customary four men and a net to ease them down if they fall, and where criticism will, in the main, be adverse. For your true critic is a merciless beast who loves to feed upon young and aged things, even though he cannot spare some sterling merit or some rare gem with which his capacious maw. And he generally makes short work of debilitated like the one before us. This writer has evidently read all the poets, from Shakespeare down, and, being of a receptive nature, he has, clamorous-like, taken a finge from each one as he passed. All this is sophomoric enough, but he reckons without the poet who concludes that nothing good can come out of Sophomoric. For instance, the leading poem of the book, "The Statues in the Block," embodies a fine thought, which the poet has fairly treated, though an eerie vein disfigures the work somewhat, and puts it at variance with that poise and perfect repose of which the marble is, or ought to be, the symbol. The poem represents a group of artists in a Roman studio, standing before a block of marble in the rough, and the shadowing forth by each one of the possible statues contained in the block, and that only awaited the breathing away of the veil of marble to manifest themselves. Tenyson's "Princess" poem for the first stanza, though it is necessary to look more than once to recognize that lily mind, chaste as fair, in this anonymous lay. The next also seems a form of bewitching beauty, but the beauty is only a mantle covering falsehood most vile, and his highest joy in looking at it is dying.

—The contest of against Revenge—

The third sees the image of Motherland, chained, dying under tyrant laws, while the fourth and last glimpses within the shapeless mass the form of his dead child, and, after recounting his rebellion against God caused by her loss, and his gradual coming back to reason and duty—

"When God's word reached me through the little grave,
Where in the grass my face was buried morning"—
ends with the best lines of the poem:—

—And I know
That when old griefs are as the cleanest sheet,
He does not touch our eyes with love, but sorrow."

"Muley Malik, the King," is really *spiritual*, but though in "From the Earth a Cry," and "Prometheus—Christ," our author is in his most ambitious mood, he is not so pleasing as in "A Song for the Soldiers," which, though not strictly original in treatment, is one of the best things in the book. Among the minor pieces, "The Well's Secret" and "The Cuckles" are very pretty and musical, and stamp the author's powers better than his loftier flights. The poem on "Living" contains a grand truth in a very good sense, and shows what the majority of the pieces show, that if this writer could read more of himself, and live upon his readings, he would be able to take a higher stand than he is ever likely to reach by his present methods.

St. Nicholas, which is known to all children, is for sale by the Hildreth Printing Company, as is also *Our Little Ones*, published by the Russell Publishing Company, of Boston. This is for the younger ones, and some of the illustrations are made in their way. If the youngsters of to-day could only see the pictures which were first published in the unassuming children of the last generation and made to serve as pictures, which were supposed to assist their understanding, they would thank their stars that the day of their advent was postponed.

LITERARY NOTES.

A. S. Barnes & Co. are publishers of a number of works on Texas which are worthy the attention of all who are studying the resources of that great State. Among them are "A Brief History," "Two Thousand Miles on Horseback," "The Texas Scrap-Book," and "The Flora of Texas."

Frances Power Cobbe's "Duties of Women," now in its third American edition (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston), is being translated into Italian by the Marchesa di Montesemola, daughter of a former Syndic of Florence, a lady of great ability. Miss Cobbe thinks that the women of Italy "only need a little prompting and encouragement to develop into fine specimens of humanity." It is indeed a hopeful sign for civilization if Miss Cobbe's noble lectures can find audience in a nation which has for many centuries been wholly given over to what the *Westminster Review* calls the "barren school of social philosophy." Perhaps the Daisy Millers and Lydia Bloodgoods have been spreading new ideas of woman's independence over the Continent, and preparing the way for a new regime.

As straight lines and well-defined, sharp angles are to the scientific draughtsman, as a happy blending of colors on the canvas is an inspiration for further effort to the enthusiastic painter, so is harmony in sounds to one who has, by taste and study, refined his nervous system to a point where a discord is a distress. It lifts him for the time out of present material surroundings, and unfolds to him a new life. Nowhere else is this effect produced more naturally or charmingly than in the extensive organ and piano parlors of Messrs. Story & Camp, the leading dealers in the city in this class of instruments. They have in

stock and sell their own goods, and those only of other first-class makers. The several names of Decker Brothers, of New York, and Chickering, of Boston, are a guarantee of the determination of this firm to turn out only first-class goods, so that we can safely say to all in search of pianos and organs "A No. 1" in material and finish as well as quality and durability of tone, call on this firm, whose gentlemanly courtesy, supplemented by their popular prices, must add largely to their already extensive trade. Their Haines Concert upright pianos, in every respect superior instruments, combine great power with remarkable sweetness of tone, and, being equally adapted to the heaviest as well as the lightest music, are great favorites for the concert-room. Their celebrated Decker and Chickering pianos are elegantly supplemented by those of Mathussek and their own make, which, though lower in price, have already won a name for durability, finish, and tone, second to but few. Their splendid first-class Estey organs have the most flattering testimonials from the most eminent artists and composers in this country and Europe, whose sweeping verdict in their favor it is hard to go behind. They also make a parlor organ of great excellence, on which they place their own name, and in which they have already built up a large trade. In short, the various attractions in first-rate goods and bargains in this line make their

establishment the rallying-point for the most eminent musical talent in the country. Their elegant warehouses are at 203 North Fifth Street.

Hell, Monticelli's old whose classic shades
Where wisdom stands, a smiling temptress,
Smiling truth from supercilious fictions,
And where, with ever increasing zest, she flings
Light on the secret mystery of things!

No time is lost within thy velvet bowers
In dalliance with the ever-faded hours,
But pervading deep and earnest thought
Is the digestion of each truth is brought
As in the sun's strong beams and rays
From on the measurements through eyes and ears,
Till worth the testing of thy cultured hand
This glowing chain of chain stand,
With lower, better, large standard lines—
A modern picture of old-time graces—
A sweetest tribute to the deep, far-reaching
Sweetest common sense that makes the thinking
Of those who reverence both heart and brain
This noble institution to flourish.

The above lines were suggested on seeing a beautiful photographic group of Monticelli's senior class, graduating in June. This fine picture, taken by A. J. Fox of this city, is on exhibition at his elegant art gallery, 366 Olive Street.

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Total paid to policy holders, or to their legal representatives, for death claims, interest, dividends, etc., from organization to January 1, 1881.	\$6,754,822.42
Held in trust, safely invested, exclusively for their benefit.	\$4,400,000.00
Total paid to policy holders.	\$11,154,822.42

Reserves.	\$11,154,822.42
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That is, by judicious use alone of the funds placed with them to trust by the policy-holders, the management have not only earned for them over twenty-one millions more than they have ever paid in, but have, in addition, paid all the expense of running the Company.

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Reserves.	\$1,100,000.00

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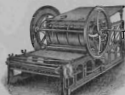
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The Spectator.

ST. LOUIS, JUNE 4, 1881.

Persons leaving the city can have the Spectator sent to them by addressing a postal card to the office at 212 Pine Street.

The exact status of the sprinkling matter is this: The Spectator undertook to raise a fund of \$8,000 for sprinkling Page, Union, and Lindell Avenues this year. Very nearly that sum has been subscribed, and it is a much larger sum than any other paper in this city has ever been able to raise. The determination to raise this fund was formed suddenly, and the date on which was based the opinion that \$8,000 would be amply sufficient have proved to be wholly incorrect. The possibility of sprinkling Page and Union Avenues depends entirely on a supply of water. Some gentlemen have on foot a scheme to provide that supply. We are glad to do anything in our power to forward this matter.

Mr. Jones was left to gather up his papers to weather them into garlands for the corpse of his small sprinkling town, which is now "dead" in a snuff. — *Glade Democrat.*

The Page Avenue Sprinkling Company appears to be a rather healthy infant. Two days' work have brought nearly 500 subscriptions. It begins to look as though we should have only about ten days' work instead of three months, which we estimated it would require last Wednesday. This, of course, is pleasant, though the Spectator crowd rather enjoys a prolonged trial. Our success heretofore has come almost too easy to admit of that full sense of enjoyment which is the best crown of exertion.

The beauty of the Page Avenue Sprinkling Company's scheme is that it insures the sprinkling of Page and Union Avenues, not for one year, but permanently. Were the sprinkling to last but one year, it would be worth a great deal of trouble and expense. But the fact that it will put us permanently in possession of a pleasant drive to Forest Park immensely increases the value of the company's project. It is worth the trouble for every person to consider how much he is individually interested in this project. We do not hesitate that any owner of horses, except, of course, stable men, or any lover of driving can in any other way secure so large a return for his money as by becoming in the stock of this company, even supposing the whole amount were to be immediately lost. There is, however, a probability, amounting almost to certainty, that the money invested here will come back.

We ask of those who feel an interest in the sprinkling enterprise to consider how much satisfaction and benefit they will themselves receive from having Page and Union Avenues made into a delightful drive, and how many shares of stock in the sprinkling company they can afford to take, to secure a pleasant drive, by giving the parties. They should not stop at our offer that Mr. Fox, for instance, who owns a superb team, and who is quite able to take work, will not perhaps take any shares, and will therefore receive a benefit from other subscribers, to which he is not entitled. That is not the business view of the matter. You — both — the city market because you have come to sell at higher prices. If it, when you do not sell, quickly finds its own, and in selling profits by the advanced price, which is the result of your exertions, why, let him have his profits; you will probably have a chance to

"get even" with him before a great while. If don't do it in your progress on his limited scale. If you do, you are constantly in danger of "cutting off your nose to spite your face," as the saying runs.

Will the Chronicle accept thanks for words of commendation for what it is pleased to call the Spectator's "grace" in publishing this sprinkling matter? To the Republic we beg to express thanks for courteous notice of the meeting at the St. Louis Club. To the G.D. Mr. Jones begs to return thanks for a hit of effective advertising. Others interested in the sprinkling enterprise have no thanks for the G.D.

THE TOWN TALKER.

I have but one objection to urge against the Argument, it quotes too much from Clara Bell. This female is quite brilliant after a manner, but the style is the dressed style that catches where it amuses. It is the opera-house of journalism and it ought to be taboos by all cleanly papers like the Argument.

Tom Keene, the actor, has been out to San Francisco. According to the following quotations from the daily papers, and for the arrangement of which I am indebted to the Argument, there does not appear to have been a great unanimity of opinion among the critics as to the gentleman's dramatic qualities:

"Mr. Keene gave new and . . . free interpretations." — *Call.* "The Herald of Mr. Keene is entirely devoid of any originality." — *Examiner.* "The Herald to which Keene introduces us is decidedly novel in conception." — *Chronicle.*

"His innovations . . . are evidently the result of study." — *Call.* "He never for a moment ceases to be the actor that he has been, but the new features of the master production of the under-mind the world has yet produced." — *Kronstadt.* "Mr. Keene has evidently given careful study to the text of the great dramatic, and has strongly drawn upon his fund of dramatic genius." — *Alta.*

"He has evidently been reading George Henry Lewes, and has taken the idea of Hamlet as the correct one." — *Call.* "He has apparently studied all the times and circumstances in forming his idea of the character." — *Alta.*

"The scenes . . . are all toned down." — *Call.* "The character is 'warped by the old confusions and grooves' that he has been used to." — *Alta.* "The scenes are as unexciting as it is almost entirely without regard." — *Chronicle.*

"Mr. Keene's Hamlet is as much a matter-of-fact character." — *Register.* "Mr. Keene combines more subtlety, more quiet method in his madhouse than most actors who have occupied the part." — *Past.* "An open, vigorous, crafty, revengeful Hamlet." — *Register.*

The following letter explains itself.

Joseph Franklin, Esq. New York, May 28, 1881.

Dear Sir: I am greatly delighted to see the lively interest you are taking in St. Louis in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Will you kindly send to the society for me a check for \$100, or whatever amount is necessary to make me a life member, and oblige.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM BARR.

The Humane Society is doing excellent work. A number of men have been arrested and punished for mistreating animals, and the face people of the city are being thoroughly aroused on the subject.

The matrimonial bureau has now become feature in Parisian society. According to *Figaro*, twenty-five per cent of all the marriages in Paris are made through the intermediation of these institutions, which are complex in their organization. The employees of each

a bureau are classified as follows: 1. The *débutants*, who ascertain the circumstances of young ladies richly dowered. 2. Keepers of houses to which matrimonial candidates of both sexes can be received. 3. Agents who can give the necessary information. 4. Travellers, who visit the provinces, baths, watering-places, etc., in order to discover wealthy single ladies. 5. The *notaires*, who never lose sight of such rich young ladies as are designated. 6. The *presenters*, who introduce the parties designed for each other. 7. Public and private assistants. To the latter belong frequently business people and notaries who hope to make money by drawing up the marriage contracts. Love in matrimony in Paris seems almost to have disappeared, and it is simply a question of fortune-hunting.

Mme. Modjeska, it is reported, has met with great success in her new play of "Juana." It was specially written for the Polish actress by Mr. W. G. Wells, and was produced at the Court Theatre, London. The scene of "Juana" is in Spain, near Toledo, and the time the closing years of the fifteenth century. Among the things presented on the stage are oracles by torch and the walling up in a cell of a monk who had confessed to murder, while the burning of a woman in the market-square of Toledo, though it is not carried out, is frequently described. A young priest, who, in consequence of a hopeless passion, has adopted the profession he follows, witnesses the assassination, by the woman he loves, of her false husband. The crime is committed under the influence of madness, and the madness is a measure of the import of her own action. Nevertheless the laws of Spain condemn her to be burned at the stake. One only way of escape is there. The responsibility for the deed is claimed by the priest, who, for the sake of the woman he loves, accepts a punishment more terrible than is assigned her — namely, that of being walled up alive in a subterranean cell. With extreme ingenuity does he contrive to render plausible the story he tells, and the fact is all but paid when the heroine recovers her intellect with fading life, and before trying makes complete confession. How tremendous is the responsibility assigned by the world to marriage is shown in the fact that he gave to death under such, and so faces the supreme ordeal with no sensation of the plight in which he believes. In the character of Juana, the heroine, Mme. Modjeska created a powerful impression. A piece of acting finer in its way than that she exhibited in the scene in which, painted in madhouse, she drew her husband, neither did she any modern actress has shown.

It is rumored by those who get glimpses of Eschsch's funds before she leaves her cell, that holders of it made latest day summer to near Japan can choose if possible *prostitutes*, and some sensible people are saying they will encourage the intention; that the pleasurable activity of the human race will be greatly augmented by such a custom. "The Japanese also accommodates itself to the anatomy of the foot. It is rounded and wide at the toe and narrow at the heel. The upper part of this shoe, plumed, pointed, and laid over some light-colored lining. The sole is of thick leather. In our climate the leather upper is requisite, but there is no reason why it should not be cut it in Japanese and pretty unembroidered like an Indian moccasin."

It is thus a French correspondent writes about the proposed new foot-covering, but I do not believe our American women will take kindly to the innovation; for if they are not all the possessors of pretty feet, they nearly all believe they are, which is the sad re-

The pupils of Mr. A. J. Phillips gave a *soirée musicale* in the parlors of the Pilgrim Church, last Thursday evening, in the presence of a large audience. There were two choruses by the full class, strong, well-balanced, timely—the attack good and the shading good. Miss Cora Starnard surprised her friends by her excellent singing of a song by Schumann. Miss Starnard has been known for some time as among the best of the amateur piano players. I was surprised to hear her sing such worldly music so little like a pupil and so much like an artist. Mrs. Hardy sang Dudley Buck's exquisite descriptive song, "Norm and Sunshine," in a manner that is almost beyond criticism—the exception being taken, if at all, to an excessive trill. No finer ballad-singing has been heard in St. Louis concert-room in many a day. Miss Lizette Gage and Miss Katie Kimball also deserve special mention. The young ladies are kindly consoled by the *Spectator* to be vigilantly on guard against the *trouba*, that, with a few exceptions, is so largely and unpleasantly characterized of our St. Louis concerters. The aim is constantly to be for a steady and pure tone. The triteness—more or more accurate—the "wabble"—which so many young singers affect is as far away as possible from the right result of vocal culture. A word needs to be said about the piano accompaniment in this *soirée*. They lacked a little—not much—of being the worst I ever heard.

It's astonishing how inaccurate some people are in their observations of what transpires under their eyes. One of the most ludicrous instances I have recently witnessed was a friend of mine who affirmed positively that some people were laying out or burying an infant, when in fact they were only giving it a good shower-bath.

Messrs. Scroggs, Vandervoort & Barney have purchased the entire stock of the old firm of H. D. Mann & Co. This was the most important event that occurred in mercantile circles during the past week, and created a good deal of surprise. The price paid was nearly \$100,000. An addition is now being made, and the entire stock of the purchase is soon to be turned out for sale. The old Mann store is to be connected by arched door-ways with the present store of S. V. & B., and the establishment of this prosperous firm will thus be greatly enlarged, and their business will be correspondingly increased.

The house of H. D. Mann & Co. had a large trade four or five years ago; but the more vigorous firm of Scroggs, Vandervoort & Barney, Win. Barr & Co., and D. Crawford & Co. have gradually gathered up its patronage, and finally had to give in to the superior prowess of its competitors.

The line of "Herbotes," from Fourth Street to Grand Avenue, is expected to be in operation by July 1st. Mr. Marcus A. Wolff, the originator of the scheme, met with an unfortunate success in its undertaking. The stock of the company is all taken, and the "Herbotes" are being made, and the equipments prepared. The establishment of a line of cheap but rapid and convenient conveyances is an excellent step, and is a sign of real progress. Mr. Wolff has given us another evidence of the value he is to the community.

There are now three bills before the Municipal Assembly for elevated railroads. The last was introduced this week, and among its incorporators are Charles I. Wiley, D. F. Shattler, and John W. Larn. I am told that these gentlemen give assurances that they represent a capital of \$500,000. The names of Messrs. Larnimore and Shattler are sufficient guarantees of the good faith of the incorporators. They are not only men of money themselves, but they are intimately associated with some of the largest capitalists of the country.

Mr. Stanley Holman, brother of Dr. Thomas E. Holman, of Lafayette Avenue, has been elected to the city during the week organizing a company to raise and sell cattle in New Mexico. Mr. Holman has been in that country

a number of years and has had much experience in the stock business. He has been well received here and goes back to New Mexico with a large capital to invest. He tells me that the investment will certainly yield a dividend of twenty-five per cent per annum.

I am glad to hear that the charming little "Pickwick" is to be opened on June 11th. The Roman Students are engaged for two weeks, and I hear they are even more entertaining than the Spanish Students who played at Chrig's last summer. In addition to the mandolin, a harp, a flute, and some other instruments are added to give variety to the music.

A new feature at the Pickwick will be a café, occupying the large hall on the first floor and the balcony and yard adjoining. This café will be under the superintendence of Mr. William Anson, formerly caterer at the New York Club and Clarendon Hotel. Salads, ices, and various other articles that go to make up a dainty lunch will be served in elegant style. The entrance fee for tea cents will be taken at the door and this fee deducted from the bill when an order is given. The managers of the Pickwick seem determined to give us the best of everything, and I hope they will receive generous support.

The Loan Exhibition of paintings at the Museum of Fine Arts closed on Wednesday evening. Much interest has been shown by visitors, and many inquiries have been made as to the programme at the Museum after the close of the Loan Exhibition. The Museum will be closed for about a week, but will then reopen with a fine collection of paintings, together with the permanent collections of statuary, rare engravings, and medals.

Many of the paintings to which the art-lovers of our city have become attached during the continuance of the Loan Exhibition are to remain during the summer. Among them are works by Richter, De Haas, Perrotti, Schreyer, De Neuville, Landblat, Richards, Bouguereau, Lefebvre, Vely, Doré, and others. People of the city, therefore, who are fortunate or unfortunate enough to stay in St. Louis during the heated term can always find a place to spend a cool morning hour among works of art.

The following letter evidently has reference to something I wrote last week:

Sir: If you mean me in what you say about the girl who sits at the window on Erie Street, I beg leave to say to you that you are mistaken. I have been accused of looking out of the window too much before, and I do not propose to allow such things to go unmentioned. You will please make this correction.

Of course I know about as much as I did before I received this interesting communication. My fair correspondent does not tell me her name nor her number; consequently I am unable to know whether she is the person referred to or not. My dear young lady, you must be a little more explicit and tell me where you live. And please be kind enough while you are writing to say what it is you would have me correct, as I feel to be by your letter.

Another individual wishes to know if I want "Little Kissena." As I am not an adept at puns, and as I do not know any person by that name, I suppose I would better say I did not want "Little Kissena." Can anybody tell me what this name means?

It is understood that that gifted artist, Mrs. M. E. Laidley, whose singing and amability have lately made her so many friends in St. Louis, is under an engagement with the First Presbyterian choir, to take effect after the summer vacation.

Miss Matthews, formerly of this choir, goes to Dr. Brooks' choir to-morrow, where, on account of her excellent singing at a church concert, she already has many admirers. Mr. St. Michael, an excellent singer, has also commenced an engagement with Dr. Brooks' choir to-morrow.

Mr. Alfred G. Italy and Mr. Thomas C. Doan sailed from New York for Europe last Wednesday, on the City of Brussels. Hundreds of friends here and elsewhere will wish these versatile voyagers bon voyage.

Mr. Edgar Buck and Mrs. Kate J. Brimard will sail for Europe about the middle of the month, and Miss Ada Branson will visit the Eastern fashionable resorts soon after the sultry strains in Dr. Snyder's sanctuary are relegated to the woe of silence of the summer solstice.

Mr. Allen Penlidon has purchased the well-known Wickham team, the price paid being \$17,000. It is one of the finest teams in the city, and Mr. Penlidon will look well behind them. He will now be expected to take a large block of stock in the Page Avenue Sprinkling Company.

Last week I spoke of some disagreements in the Board of Directors of the Fair Association. It was not my intention then, nor is it my intention now, to do any member of the board or any officer of the Association an injustice, but the subject is one in which a great many of our best citizens are deeply interested, and there can be no harm in letting the whole truth come out. It was known to only a few that Mr. Charles Green is getting a salary of \$2,000 a year for serving as president of the Fair Association, because no announcement of it had been published in any of the daily papers. Neither was it known except to the smallest number that Mr. Gerard B. Allen had resigned because so large a sum had been allowed Mr. Green. From further information that has come to me through most trustworthy sources it appears that Mr. Allen was most displeased at the fact in which the salary was voted to Mr. Green then he was about the simple fact of his receiving so unusual a sum. It will be remembered that of the \$5,000 that was paid to Mr. Green last year \$1,500 was allowed on account of his services in negotiating the \$125,000 of bonds the Association issued. As Mr. Green's request, however, this brokerage fee was put in as part of his regular salary. When the time came for fixing the salary for this year a resolution was introduced and passed providing that the salary of the president should be as much as last year, the amount not being revised. This was, of course, a very convenient way of making the salary \$2,000 for, including the brokerage, it had been that last year.

I have been led to form a high estimate of the business ability and executive qualities of Mr. Charles Green, but I cannot help believing that he made a great and fatal mistake in accepting this salary in this manner. It looks too much like "a grab game" and will not bear an honest scrutiny. If I am rightly informed, Mr. Green was quick to grasp to the rabbling of his salary of Mr. Kelly from \$2,000 to \$2,500, and that, too, on grounds of economy. And yet Mr. Kelly is the man who has the hard work to do and the one on whom the greatest responsibility rests. It has never been the expectation of the stockholders of the Fair Association that it should be a money-making institution to any private individual. Not one cent of dividend has ever been declared and got one cent has been received by the public-spirited men who invested their money in it shares. Just as quick as it becomes evident that the association is being manipulated for anybody's private gain, that quick will the public lose its confidence in the institution, and that quick will it begin to fall into disrepute and decay. Those who have heretofore held the post of president have been content with the honor of the place, none having taken the nominal salary allowed and some having turned it back into the treasury.

I hear that there is much feeling being engendered among the stockholders over the taking of so large a salary by Mr. Green and the manner in which it was allowed him. Of late years the stockholders have been very light in their action at the election of members of the board of directors and a few men have managed everything. The prohibition now are that

the stockholders will be pretty largely represented at the next meeting and that there will be a very considerable amount of "gasoline in the air."

Spanish lace and broadcloth coats are immensely fashionable; only the lace is more difficult to obtain than the cloth. That can be found in all the open houses.

Spanish lace is becoming and graceful, and certain adaptations of it to the costume impart a pleasing Andalusian style to the wearer. But it is slightly monotonous to meet forty-five out of every fifty women wearing broad-brimmed hats covered with falls of white Spanish lace, plumed with plumes or heavily turned up with red roses. Women with broad faces and long faces, sallow complexions or well-rouged and powdered physiognomies,—it matters not what their facial style,—each seems to think the fashion just suited to herself, and the peign of black Spanish lace over coarse straw hats is universal on our streets.

The fashion of trimming parasols with Spanish lace is one of the prettiest uses the favorite dainty substance. I saw a charming display of richly ornamented parasols in Green & Cavanaugh's attractive windows yesterday, on nearly all of which this graceful lace appeared. There is elegance as well as beauty in the drop of the large rose-designs of black Spanish lace on the edge of a parasol, for a woman who understands the use of this pretty article for what it was created can throw the shadow of the lace across her face most exquisitely, brightening the glances of her eyes and charmingly contrasting it with her complexion.

Mr. Mills, who manages the parasol department at Green & Cavanaugh's, and knows more of the merits of these dainty bows of the toilet than any one man or woman in the city, tells me that the greatest demand and highest fashion is in black or dark satin parasols, lined either with cream, old gold, or black silk; that the shape most sought is the broad-eared, pointed, with or without the "nose." A very novel shape black satin parasol, lined throughout with old gold satin, having a half-placed satin bow on the head with old gold, and the feet, encircled with spring bands on top, known as the "Morocco design," is the latest style, and is called the "cigarette." The trimmings vary in color, and can be had to suit any costume in the most dress shades.

And while on the subject of Spanish lace I will be good-natured enough to tell the ladies who so date on it that I have seen at Cavanaugh's military uniforms of the most elegant and dainty trimmings, in numbers of this lace with jet and steel, and the realistic flowers that are a feature of this season's military. Thus especially elegant, polo hats, the lace caught up from the crown by a steel crescent, and little stars of steel flash the wide hair ties to the sides. Primes tipped with steel drop over the front. Mrs. Freeman, the artistic mistress of this establishment, goes to Europe now to select from the makers of the most celebrated French articles a supply of military supplies for the grand opening of the new store of Dr. Crawford & Co., which will be one of the events of the fall.

Saint Roque, the eminent actor, was once engaged in an "affair," the cause of which I have forgotten. While the preliminaries were being arranged, he began to rain slightly, and the subject of "Voltaire," who had previously brought his umbrella with him, held it over his head with one hand while he firmly grasped its cord with the other. This proceeding being observed by the comrade who sat irregularly, he coolly replied that "it was quite sufficient for him to risk his life, without running the chance of catching cold into the bargain."

Ladies, you who wish a brilliant color but won't stand out in the odiousness of paint are here given a recipe that runs directly to me from that famous woman, Louis Moreau, whose wonderful preservation may be the

envy of the women of her time. Take a small piece of sea-breeze and beat it in a mortar of what till it becomes a rich tincture. Fifteen drops of this poured in some glass of water will produce a mixture which will look like milk, and emits a most agreeable perfume. A Scotchman writes the recipe of the famous "crème de l'Édouard," prepared from a famous Russian apothecary, who served some of the most celebrated women of the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Many admiring eyes have gazed with delight upon some very beautiful specimens of *reposé* silver in the windows of the E. J. J. Jewelers Company this week. The pieces consist of a large silver tureen and tongs, a pitcher and pair of goblets, and a strawberry loaf or sponge. Captured lace is delighted at the return of this elegant style of ornamentation for the silverware, and Mr. Lousens may well be proud that such artistic work as that exhibited in these pieces is the result of home skill. The tureen is the finest specimen of silver, both in shape and decorative beauty, that ever appeared on exhibition in the city. The entire surface is overlaid with a net of very close, round and above dense, in higher *reposé*, rise, with platinum-colored, butterflies and blossoms in profusion, yet with distinct character and rare perfection of form and finish. The pieces are laid out on the edges hidden in a recess on the opening by a beautiful bellows, that follows the line of the office, which deepens with graceful dip toward the center and rises with fanciful curves toward the ends of the bowl, where the handles are placed. The handles are a feature, being structurally perfect, and in their ornamentation equally true to the laws of beauty, and thus they demonstrate the fact that the designer is an artist. The E. J. J. Jewelers are conventionalized as the ornamentation of the handles,—which must ever be regarded as an after and separate consideration in the fashioning of vessels for table use,—and from the motifs of these silver-ware handles depend all the points of good or evil, that is, the handles proper, afford the means of moving the tureen with ease and comfort. The top of the tureen is ornamented with a new look in *reposé*. The other pieces mentioned above are equally beautiful, especially the pitcher, whose shape is very classic. The strawberry loaf, a more modern design, is of the fashionable hammered work, very delicately decorated with copper incrustations, representing the little flowers, and leaves, exquisitely scattered on the outside of its shallow oval; the handles being mounted chapters of leaves and starflowers. The cost of these (about) will give those whose estimate of art-works is based on the increased by their moneyed value an idea of its richness, but a look at it will heighten their appreciation of its artist's art.

So far the only important donation made by the Art Museum picture collection is the Vely given by Mr. Edwin Harrison. It was the largest estate in the nation collection with a valuation of \$2,000,000. An illustration of it will be found in today's *Spectator*.

I have heard a great variety of comment on this showy painting. It is called "Lance and Rider" and represents a young boy lurching between a prostrated man and a woman who is supposed to be poor and an angry man who holds out to her a cornucopia and a tempting case of jewels. I find the favorite to be the gallery work with three very bright ladies, the youngest and most susceptible of whom declared that she did not believe the pretty maiden of the picture wanted to marry either of the two applicants for the young man was too delicate and insignificant to be attractive, and the old one was not, as a matter of course,— "it is my opinion," said the latter, "that due to my hesitating to go to the minute in which she will refuse both of them."

A great misanthropic extension is to be given on the steamer Charles P. Chandler, and Saturday, the 11th, under the auspices of the ladies of St. Peter's Episcopal Church. There will be a total eclipse of the moon at seven o'clock, besides other attractions of a most interesting character. The ladies of this church, I

have, were the originators of these midnight excursions, who will be made a most successful party. The boat will leave the foot of Chestnut Street at four o'clock in the afternoon and will be under the command of Capt. Thorngren, who is careful and safe. The company will have a select one and the music finished. Tickets may now be had at Hildner's bookstore on Fourth Street.

It would be hard to imagine any thing more delightful than a night-ride in a steamer at this season of the year, with the gay surroundings of music and dancing. Even if you don't dance yourself, you will find it very pleasant to watch other people do so.

On last Monday, Col. J. W. Parsons resigned the presidency of the St. Louis Cotton Congress Company, after having served in that capacity for a number of years. He may be called the founder of the cotton compressing business in St. Louis, and under his management the company with which he has been identified has met with wonderful success. Col. Parsons resigned because of the demands of the Texas and St. Louis Railroad upon his time and attention. This enterprise, which is another of his own projects, has come to be most significant and important. The intention now is to push it rapidly through to Mexico and secure to St. Louis a wide and permanent cotton territory. Few men identified with the history of St. Louis have been so successfully successful as Col. Parsons. In a few years the Cotton Congress Company has grown to be an immensely rich and prosperous institution, and one that exercises a great influence over the commerce of the Mississippi Valley. He is a man of unusual business tact, and is thoroughly generous, liberal, and wide-awake.

Mr. Wm. M. Sawyer was elected to take Col. Parsons' place, and will be doubtless full of with confidence. He has long been vice-president and a leading spirit in the cotton business of this place.

Mr. C. M. Donahoe, who has been secretary of the company since its organization, was elected vice-president, and will probably take the active personal management of the Cotton Congress Company. He has been greatly due to the industry and excellent judgment of the enterprising gentleman, and his promotion is but a just recognition of the value of his services. He is one of the very best young business men of diversity.

Col. Parsons, the retiring president, has made money very rapidly in the cotton business. His salary was only \$4,000 per year, but he was able to accumulate all stockholdings of the St. Louis Cotton Congress Company, the shares of which have never yielded dividends less than 20 per cent per annum. He now holds \$100,000 of the stock, which at 25 per cent would bring him an income of over \$100,000 per annum.

About the hotel dinner place in town this week last here the Chicago Tribune, where Miss Julia A. Hunt has played to houses that yielded her the gross from \$100 to \$725 per night. How the poor would could get through the parts in the face of so discouraging an outlook is a mystery. It must have been trying on her nerves, and if she is hysterical she is pretty certain of an attack. However, I believe I never heard of an actress who allowed herself to be so feminine as to have "the hysterics."

Mr. Charles Vogel declares that it is a scandal that he was not named at the Olympic, and asks the press the fact that he spent \$85 for new attire during the last season.

Every time I see a circus advertisement I come to the conclusion that the writer of it has used all the big words that are all the outcries and proclamations of the next season can be no more than repetitions. But this time is no exception. Nothing is said of the circus, but there has been so grandstanding by the exhibitors and posters announcing the approach of Mr. William C. Cope's great circus, menagerie, Paris hippodrome, etc. Mr. Cope even exceeds the advent Harman and may not

classed as the champion showman of the country. But, even allowing a good deal for "talk," he really has a very fine collection of his kind, and his kind, as I said once before, always pleases the masses of the people. The circus and its accompaniments furnish a species of amusement that seems to have become as good a necessity to the American people as supper and salt. Coney's show is most highly praised by the Eastern papers, and it will no doubt do an immense business here next week.

As I have before remarked, enterprise, when backed by capital and illustrated by good taste in judging objects in its surroundings, is what is really placing St. Louis in the front as a business centre. This statement finds its latest expression in the rare attractiveness of the new music-store of J. S. Peters, who has taken Benson's old stand, 307 North Fifth Street, and from his own original drawings has had the place illuminated in the highest style of art, the novel designs being a commingling of the Elizabethan and Eastlake with a dash of Japanese. Rich, dark hardwood shelving, in which his immense stock of choice sheet-music is protected from dust by large glass doors, beautifully relieved by a rich blue-glass border, extends from front to rear on both sides, which, with the elegantly frescoed upper walls and ceiling, looking down upon pianos and organs of rare beauty and finish, presents a *tout ensemble* which, photographed on the mind's eye, will long remain a beautiful memory.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the Page Avenue Sprinkling Company in this issue. It will repay careful perusal.

The Thursday evening concerts have been resumed at Schneider's Garden. These entertainments were quite popular last summer and will, doubtless, be more so this year. The quality of the music furnished is very good, and the place is delightfully cool. The people who attend are altogether a different class from the herd that go to this resort on Sunday afternoons and evenings.

The Grand Opera House is progressing most satisfactorily and will be ready for use even before the time appointed for the opening. The new stage apparatus can already be seen, and it is easy to see that the arrangements are going to be both novel and excellent. One of the most commendable features will be a system of thorough ventilation, so that the auditorium can be made quite pleasant at seasons of the year when other theatres are insufferably hot.

I understand that it is finally settled that the mystic order known as the Rosicrucians will give a series of *tableaux* and a grand ball in the Opera House on Friday night of Fair week.

Mr. John J. Collins, one of the most sterling men in the dramatic profession, has won the good-will of the people of St. Louis by providing a series of summer entertainments at Uhlrig's Cave. He opened the present season last Monday evening with the *Wife of a Madman*. There was a good audience present, and the attendance has been fairly all week. The little folks, who sing a number of comic operas, are very entertaining. The price of admission being only fifty cents, and the garden being a most refreshing resort, it is not at all surprising that the efforts of Mr. Collins should meet with a liberal response. There is freedom in the heart's content. You can sit with your hat on or off just as you please. You can drink a glass of lemonade or eat a cheese sandwich. The people who assemble here are well-to-do, in fact they are of the best in the city, and you never see any outcropping of rowdiness or any kind of incivility. I do not know of a place where one can have a greater amount of real but innocent enjoyment.

The retail dry-goods men here say they do not sell as many fine dresses in St. Louis as they ought to considering the size of the city. True enough, and why? Simply because it is but little use to buy fine goods to

have them ruined by the horrible dust. You can't go anywhere but what you are met by this flying, blinding, destroying dust. It creeps into your mouth, goes down into your lungs, crawls into your ears, fills your hair with grit, makes you tilted, goes to the bottom of your shoes, hides itself in the recesses of your silk dresses, or settles in layers on your silk hat, etc. It is everywhere like a moth, and makes us all miserable. Suppose you try to run away from it and take a ride out to Forest Park. It is like going through Sahara to get there. So insufferable has the dust become on Page Avenue that people have almost abandoned it as a drive, and they can now be seen shaking out to the park through lanes and by-paths. The first relief supreme everywhere, and the change it does amount to millions every year. What are you going to do about it? Do you know that the amount that individuals pay for sprinkling the streets would, if it were expended by the city, be enough to sprinkle every street thoroughly? The dust problem will never be solved till the sprinkling is general and until it is done by the city with money raised by taxation.

Mr. W. R. Hodges, the art critic of the *Spectator*, and Mr. W. S. Eames, started for Europe last Tuesday. Mr. Hodges goes to the special correspondence of the *Spectator*, and his first letter will be sent from Paris, where he expects to be by the 17th inst. His observations will be of peculiar interest to the art-loving people just at this time, when there is a decided awakening in tastes in this direction. Mr. Hodges is a close student, and his contributions to the *Spectator* and to the *American Art Journal* have given him high rank among the art writers of this country.

The *Spectator* has about perfected arrangements for a weekly letter from New York. The first of the letters will probably appear in the next issue. The letters will be particularly devoted to the latest dramatic and interesting watering-place news.

Mr. W. S. Eames, who accompanies Mr. Hodges, is a young man of superior artistic abilities, and will probably send back some sketches to accompany the articles of Mr. Hodges. He drew some of the illustrations of the interior of the Art Museum that to-day appear in the *Spectator*.

I hear that Mr. Conde had resolved to give the Art Museum two of his best works, and had prepared a letter embracing this intention to be delivered to the trustees, but an incident occurred in the making up of the late Loan Exhibition that changed his mind on the subject. It comes to us that Mr. John B. Shupbush called on Mr. Conde and asked him to make a contribution to the Loan Exhibition. "Certainly," said Mr. Conde, "take anything from my gallery that you may choose." But when the selecting committee went around to make up the collection, they failed to call on Mr. Conde, and the consequence was that this gentleman took serious offense and resolved not to donate the two pictures to the Museum. I simply relate the facts in the case without saying yes or nay.

Mr. Babson's piano recitals are always interesting and instructive. Good music, faithfully played, and earnest and intelligent pondering as with her matters of course, and it is a source of constant pleasure and surprise to note how largely all the best qualities of the teacher are reflected in the work of every pupil, even the youngest. It is also particularly gratifying to mark the development of each pupil, from seasons to seasons, in technique and in musical appreciation. The rehearsal given last week at the house of Mr. John D. Perry was especially enjoyable, as well in the good work done by the youngest pupils as in the fine recitals by those who have been longer under instruction. The development of where it is due, and the pleasure to refer to the excellent playing of two members of Schumann, by Miss Laura Spencer, and of the sonata in F minor (op. 2) of Beethoven, by Miss Fannie Payne, the former young lady being ten and the latter fourteen years of age. In addition to the playing of the fourteen pupils, whose work was the real feature of the

evening, Mrs. Ediston, with Mr. Herlich, gave an excellent rendering of Schubert's *Impromptu*, for piano and violin, and Mr. Herlich gave also a violin solo, *La Marcheselle*. Two songs by Mrs. Hardy added still further variety to the programme, and were much enjoyed.

I spoke last week of the purchase of a St. Bernard dog by Mr. Joseph B. McCullagh, the editor of the material *Globe-Despatch*. This dog, although a St. Bernard, is in no way related to the dollar-store that by name. He is a foreigner, while our dollar-store is an eminently home institution. But while the one is a foreigner, he is very domestic—so much so, indeed, that he will not sleep outside of a feather-bed, in a room adorned with wall-paper, frescoed figures in the ceiling, carpeted floors, chandeliers, lace curtains, and real mahogany furniture. He cost \$250 in Hamburg, Germany, and is a German by birth, though he has no taste for lager-beer. The price paid for him is not shown in itself, but a two-hundred-dollar dog is supposed to be about as valuable as a two-thousand-dollar team of horses. Mr. McCullagh estimates that the relative value of his dog is as great as the relative value of his Kentucky thoroughbred horse. The meaning of "relative value" you will have to figure out in your own mind. But, whatever may be the facts about the value of this dog, his owner would not part with him for a great deal of money. Mr. McCullagh is getting along in years, and, being unmarried, felt that some yearning for a pet that generally attracts sympathies when they reach his period of life, or even a little earlier. The horses would not answer the purpose, because they could not be taken to his room, and because they could not lie down in his office. But I regret to relate that the dog has not yet taken a liking to Mr. McCullagh, and that the great and generally reasonable expectations are about to fall of realization. When he arrived last week, he was met at the head of the dirty, grubby stairway of the million-dollar *Globe-Despatch* by the editor and all of his young men, and offered a warm greeting. Mr. McCullagh went proposing to take one of the dog feet in his hand as a token of his friendly disposition. But it was kindness thrown away, for the aristocratic canine walked past them all, and went straight to the room of Mr. Billy Hobbs, in whom he immediately recognized a gentleman of his own style. Mr. Hobbs and the dog have since remained inseparable, and the two may be seen going out to Mr. Hobbs' house any night about one o'clock. Little Mr. Jennings asked to take care of the dog, and Mr. McCullagh agreed that he should; but when he offered to take possession of his precious charge, there was no response but a contemptuous growl. So finally it was determined that Mr. Hobbs should be the custodian, and he has since been acting in that capacity. He got along very well till the dog was taken sick. You know a fine dog is subject to sick spells just like a fine horse, and they are not supposed to be in condition more than one-third of the time. The first indication was his usual cry from eating too much fresh lobster—a dirty trick that Mr. McCullagh got Tony Pate to bring from New York. A stomach-pump was applied, and through the further aid of mustard-plasters the animal soon recovered. During the latter part of this week he has been complaining from indigestion, caused probably by a change of climate, and Mr. McCullagh thinks of sending him to Hot Springs. Should he do so, Mr. Hobbs will apply to the managers of the Iron Mountain Railroad for a special car, in which two bunks will be fitted up—one for Mr. Hobbs and one for the dog. It is not likely that Mr. McCullagh in the face of this is that there are no dog-doctors in St. Louis. There are veterinary surgeons who will only be too glad to look after his horses, but the dog-doctor has yet to be invented, and the only hope is that the absorbent Mr. Hobbs will be able to pick up enough medical knowledge to fill the part of physician.

One of the most unpleasant incidents of the past week has been the daily publication of the names of the depositors who have taken the *Hamlet* divorce suit. The attention of the public has frequently been called

to the abuses of the provisions of our statutes regarding the preservation of testimony by the taking of depositions, and the courts have attempted to restrain the license of lawyers and the freedom of witnesses in this direction. In the present case the plaintiff has been given free course, and has rehearsed a garish story of domestic infidelities, involving in his complaints not only his wife, but indirectly, and perhaps more fittingly, a young lady of distinguished character and good standing. I was told that Mrs. Jamison, far from being the virago and pugilist whom her husband's testimony makes her appear, is a lady of rare refinement and high culture. Some lady friends of mine who have for years been associated with her in the Episcopal Orphan's Home, St. Luke's Hospital, and other charitable works, insist that she is an unselfish, even-tempered, self-sacrificing Christian woman, as will appear when her defense in this suit is made, unless her lovely character induces her to suffer still longer in the hope of saving others from the effect of this unpleasant scandal.

The conviction is forced upon one that the attorneys in this case are not altogether free from blame. They are undoubtedly acting within the law in taking these depositions, but they are in their power to hold their proceedings in private and keep the results of them out of the newspapers. The depositions can only be used at the trial in case the deponents are absent from the city, or, by reason of illness, prevented from appearing in court, which in this case is hardly within the bounds of probability. If the depositions are not used, it is an outrage that they should have been spread before a reading public, which, curious for scandal, rarely pauses to consider when the scandalous testimony is only preliminary to the trial, and acts forth only one side of the story.

What sort of a spell has come over the manager of the *Globe-Democrat*? He has made his reputation as a masterful newspaper editor, and built up the prosperity of his newspaper by publishing the news at whatever expense of private feeling or political prejudice. Time and time again he has fought against the protests of the stockholders of his paper, and the prejudice of the politicians, whose organ the paper was formerly considered to be, to get in news which was unpalatable and unendurable, simply because it was news and the people demanded to know the news. But for days past even Republicans have had to go to the much-divided "old newspapers" to know what was going on in Albany and what the political situation was in New York. While the *Globe-Democrat* continued itself with the Associated Press reports from Albany, the *Republicans* has published fresh and voluminous "specials" from the New York State capital and the great metropolis. Here glances and rage at last made the great newspaper blind to his own interests and disregard of all his former boasts?

As the newspapers are, the only true and authentic account of the establishment of the popular *Spectator* Monthly is to be found in its own issue, from the pen of its able editor, Mr. G. H. Randall, himself. Mr. Randall's writings had endeared him to the heart of the reading public long before he assumed the editorial position, which, more than anything else, conduced to the immediate success of the magazine. It is a matter of congratulation among its thousands of readers that the able pen of the editor, kindly spirit of the author of "Hittorwood" and "Kathrin" will continue to lend their grace to the periodical after its new christening.

The elegant auditorium of the Crow Art Hall was suitably dedicated with a concert on Monday evening of this week. The unsupplied building with its tasteful appointments, the entertainment given by worthy professional and amateur artists, and an audience composed of the veritable elite of the town, served to render this occasion of redoubtably refined. The well-known Quinette Club, Mr. Hanzhoff, Conservatory pianist, Misses Mary Rogers, Misses Edw. and Hildy, and Miss Emma Cranch, of Cin-

celi, contributed the programme, under the veteran director Prof. Charles Palmer. An comparatively a stranger to St. Louis, the Cincinnati vocalist furnished the only novelty in the programme, her loud performers and their performance being well understood and appreciated. In the musical festival of the Western Athens, where a great variety of talent is requisite, Miss Cranch's singing has a large and probably appreciative recognition — on the principle, perhaps, that it is the pleasure, especially a large one, includes a good deal of light and shade. A *Spectator* rises to remark that Miss Cranch's overshadowing superiority to some of our local artists is not only to make her an individual to Cincinnati, on her account, entirely overlooking.

I see that Philadelphia, the city of homes, is agitating the question of apartment houses, in order to keep her increasing population within reasonable distance from the business center. New York has for years adopted this foreign method of cheapening the domestic establishment, and the demand for these convenient and comfortable abodes is increasing every year in the metropolis.

I do not know of any large city which stands more in need of just such dwellings than St. Louis. The city is continually going on from her boundless suburban prairie for more houses and cheaper rents, and, since it seems impossible to put up comfortable small dwellings at reasonable rates, which will accommodate her citizens, it strikes me that the apartment-house expedient might be successfully adopted.

There are, I believe, several buildings of this class in our city, but the location of all of them is undesirable. The outlook from one's window has as much to do with one's comfort as the immediate surroundings of the room. If every glass-enclosed most recent style apartment building, cheap, dirty, and unwholesome, were to be seen or photographed upon the mind as to quite obscure whatever of grace or beauty we may have created within our dwellings.

But, undesirable as are these rooms for the reason above given, they are seized upon with avidity by householders anxious to secure houses, and the demand for them is growing daily.

The flannel suit is still an indispensable part of the summer outfit. There is nothing like it for damp and rainy days, to which our climate is subject. The Boston girls still patronize the "poke" very extensively so the rest of the world may depend upon its being the most reliable lead-covering wares.

THE DRAMA.

BUCKLE.

The dramatic event of the week has been the metropolitan debut of a St. Louis lady who has assumed the name of the actress Buckle. She has appeared at Pope's in a repertoire similar to Mary Anderson's, the plays comprising "Brandy," "The Inquirer," "The Hunchback," "Love," and "The Honeycomb." While Buckle cannot be denominated great, she is an actress of decided talent, and far ahead of recent actresses in dramatic ability. She plays a capital phylis, is statuesque in her poising, and, above all, has the art of repose, one of the most difficult requirements for a beginner to attain. Her voice is excellent, but its tones are not yet cultivated sufficiently to give all the light and shade necessary to its elevation. Her action is appropriate and her stage business good. She is picturesque in her movements, and certainly gives abundant promise of advancement in her profession. She is better, and an excellent light actress than in the passionate, emotional ones. Although she declines love, it is more with modesty than passion. There is an absence of suggestion in her fervor, and her expression, and emotion lack the thrilling quality of penetration. Her facial

features, while mobile, seem bound within certain limits, and more practice will be required before she can interpret every passing phase with appropriate expression. While in the line of her presentation of a role is excellent, it lacks artistic finish and detail. Convulsive clenching of the chair, for example, and other bits of business which she does are still in the rough, and betray crudity. Another fault that she seems not to be able to originally, but is pleased to follow in the beaten tracks. Her work gives no evidence of self-sufficiency. Her acting, both as regards gesture and intonation of the voice, reminds one constantly of the actress who has been so successful in the model. Occasionally in the comedy scenes there was a strained intonation of Nelson, especially in the vocal emphasis. These are all faults which Buckle can correct. She is endowed with the dramatic gift, but on she has been content to be imitative instead of inventing her interpretation and business herself. Both she and her friends should be thoroughly satisfied with the success she has met with. She is an actress — that can be said emphatically. Whether she can rise to the stellar heights is a problem the solution of which rests mainly with herself. All her characters were dressed expertly, and Buckle received a warm welcome from her friends, and was everywhere with a large audience. She has been successful for the first time of kind and consciousness what she may do. Her beginning in St. Louis is most successful than would have been expected. She has demonstrated that she possesses the talent of which great careers are made. Can she now develop?

JOHN A. HUNT.

"Thornton," a new drama by Sydney Rosenfeld, was produced at the Orpheum on Monday evening last in the title role. The story of the drama is as follows: A young girl at school, to shield a schoolmate, dresses up upon herself, is dismissed in disgrace, and thus makes a heroic sacrifice and lives. A young man whom she does not know falls in love in defense of her name, and this young man is seduced by a countess, who creates a scandal from *Thornton* never to return, and to refuse to see *Pauline de Bassano*. She promises willingly, because she has not the heart of *Thornton* for her, but does not even know him by name. He *Pauline* and *Thornton* have a meeting all the same; he declares his passion, and it is the victory of love. The countess perceives that a child of sin and shame, and so her birth is a mystery, the remaining business of the play is to clear it up. While there are many faults of construction in the play, and it is a little too lowly, it is above the average. Mrs. Hunt sings and acts neatly, and did not even give away any pronouns from the poor company with which she surrounded. "Thornton" received the seventy-sixth support it deserved.

YVONNE'S CASE.

The season of summer garden amusements was inaugurated last Monday evening at Furlig's Cafe under the management of Mr. John A. Collins. The first attraction, secured for the Cafe was Mr. R. E. J. Miles' Juvenile Opera Company, and Leocoy's charming opera of "The Little Duke" was selected as the programme for the week. The juveniles are well trained, and are well known, and know their parts admirably. Usually they scarcely seem so strong as last season, and occasionally they show a decided tendency to sing flat. It is spite of these little imperfections that they are so enjoyable. The principal fault in the opera are changed several times during the week. The children are decidedly clever, and they act and sing smoothly. Next week "The Climes of Normandy" and "Fendore" are promised. Furlig's Cafe is the only place in St. Louis where the children are so well trained, and it deserves a liberal patronage. No pleasant place can be imagined than warm evenings that the garden. After the juveniles, C. E. Furlig's company will be heard, and will give a light engagement. This has the reputation of being an excellent organization, and will appear here as "Orestes" and "Belle Taylor," while the Furlig will also introduce for the first time in St. Louis Anderson's latest successful opera, "The Masquerade."

CHARLES.

ART.

THE ART MUSEUM: WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

On Wednesday evening last the collection of paintings loaned to the committee for exhibition in the galleries of the Museum of Fine Arts was viewed by the public for the last time. For the benefit of the 300,000 people in our city who did not visit the Museum during the continuance of the Loan Exhibition the *Spectator* publishes this week a number of sketches of parts of the interior. That St. Louis people are slow in their movements is proverbial, but has never been more forcibly exemplified than by the apparent lack of interest manifested in the exhibition by the great middle class of people. In any other city of the Union the galleries of the Museum would have been thronged with people from the opening to the closing hour.

A building rich in its every appointment, planned for the very purposes for which it is used, its halls and galleries filled with the finest examples of art work that the world has known, has been placed in our midst—in fact, given to us—it is ours to make the most of. A few men may devote the best years of their lives to creating such a work, one man may invest his wealth for others; but these combined are insufficient to accomplish complete success. An individual interest must be felt. The man who passes morning and evening to and from his work must feel the sense of proprietorship that inspires personal support. The writer has no theory to advance as to the cause of the existing condition of art-teaching or as to its remedy, but the views simply to point out what our status seems to be. In a number of visits to the Museum one is able to see much more than the collections of art-work. The expressions of opinion by visitors are quite well in an index to the general feeling. A gentleman who has been conversant with art matters for a number of years in this city remarked that it was not at all proper to suppose that, because the Museum was not thronged with people daily, the undertaking was not a success. It was a success, and a very significant one. This city may not be compared with others; it was not in the same class with them in this direction. The interest in art and art-work here has been growing steadily for ten years, and only those who know the condition of public culture in these questions in former years could adequately comprehend the advance in art-teaching of this city in the past few years. People have been growing, and in the right direction, a step forward has been taken. What is wanted now is to make them feel what they actually see. The great majority have not yet come to realize that the Museum belongs to them—in fact, is part of themselves. It has come upon these suddenly, and, while they admire the generosity of the giver and the magnificence of the gift, they do not yet feel that they have any personal interest in it. Many, indeed, go far enough to express the opinion that it is to be a fine

thing for St. Louis, but that it is to have anything to do with themselves they have never thought. Moreover, they do not feel its educational value, because they have never had the opportunity to be educated by such things. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the popular expression of interest is not so enthusiastic as would seem natural in other places; nor is the state of things at all deplorable. The people are not opposed to these things; they are simply, artistically speaking, asleep. But they are strong and can be aroused to vigorous effort, as time and what time brings will show. It is first necessary to gain their sympathy and assistance. Without the support of every

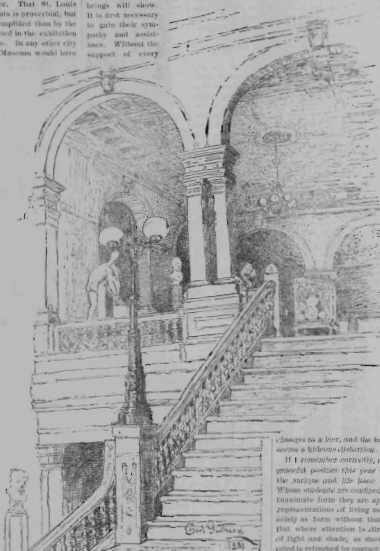
citizen. A man of wealth has by his generosity made it possible to do a great work here, and by providing a building has nobly begun that work. There is knowledge and experience at hand to direct the work. Its accomplishment must rest with the people.

Next week the galleries will be reopened with an exhibit of altogether different character. There will be pictures, bronzes, and marbles, and in the classrooms about one thousand drawings and color-sketches made by students connected with the art-school during the last scholastic year.

I trust that all who are interested in art-development will visit the Museum and examine the work with care. The most advanced students have just closed their third year of study, and it will be especially interesting to examine the different stages of progress, from the drawing of cubes and cones to eight-hour sketches in color of the nude human figure. I have watched the progress of the art-school with intense interest from its first inception, and while I have known of the satisfactory progress that has been made from year to year, I was altogether unprepared for the marvellous advance of the last year. There has been a sort of cumulative force, as though the aggregate knowledge of previous years had been added to the momentum already acquired, and a high energy and receptive power were the result. There are drawings from life by students who last year started with blocks, which to me are very surprising. Millions of books have been illustrated with drawings which are immeasurably inferior to those in the knowledge displayed. If a model is seated in a chair the pose is easy, and you feel as though the person could sit there forever without inconvenience. And there is such grace and action. Figures painted with consummate skill, a touch on canvas clearly be- comes a glow, and the grim

changes of a face, and the face ultimately given place in what seems a lifetime of labor.

If I remember correctly, more attention has been given to general postures this year than ever before. Studies from the antique and life have been treated as simultaneously. When students are occupied so closely in the study of men insinuate form they are apt to forget that figures are but representations of living men and women, and regard them solely as form without that mysterious element called life. But where attention is directed to the delicate gradations of light and shade, as shown in marble or casts, and the mind is refreshed by contact with the living form, the advance is more rapid and the knowledge acquired is more profound. The St. Louis School of Fine Arts is something more than the outgrowth of a desire on the part of certain young men and women to indulge in a pastime of fashionable dissipation. It is a school where these attracted by such a motive will either conclude that art-study is an uninteresting, burdensome sort of an occupation, or settle down to serious work and become infected with the earnestness and enthusiasm of other students. The methods followed are those which have been found to be productive of the best results in the great art-centres of the world. Prof. Gros has been about six times especially to visit the art-schools of Florence and those upon the Continent, and, as a result, whatever has been found to be most available for instruction has been utilized. In examining the studies in color from the nude model, it should be remembered that each one represents a study



class of people and a thorough belief in the value of art-work as an element of prosperity, both in its commercial and artistic relations, the progress of the work will be retarded, and at best rest upon the shoulders of a few men who have already shown their active interest in its success.

That we have as a city passed the most difficult point in our artistic development is clear; that we have reached a critical point is equally clear to all those who have the elements that make up our social organiza-

eight hours' work, and no more. I do not intend to indulge in consuming platitudes about this or anything else, but some of the older studies display a purity of tone, a tenderness and suggestion of living intelligence enveloping pulsating life, which many professional artists have never approached.

Nearly five hundred young men and women received instruction in one form or another at the school during the past year. What is to be the outcome of all this? what sort of an influence will this exert upon the community?

Not all of those who study art will become artists—perhaps not one in fifty. Out of five hundred, it may be there will be ten who will follow art in one form or another as a profession; the other four hundred and ninety will find other employments, but the increased capacity for the refined pleasures of life will always remain. These five hundred young people who receive instruction, together with those who will come after them, will lend powerful aid in moulding the public taste. In a few years they will be numbered by thousands, and they will distribute themselves throughout the community, each becoming the centre of a little aesthetic circle, the pulses dropped into a lake, the ripples widening in every direction until the whole body is stirred.

Until recently there has been a great dearth of educational facilities for art, students in this country. There have been art-schools, but the system of training was so defective that intelligent students soon found that the only road open to substantial success was through foreign instruction. But such a state of things no longer exists. All the rudimentary instruction can be gained here as well as elsewhere, and from the studies in oil and water-color exhibited, there need be little fear on that score. It is the writer's hope within the next few months to give some personal attention to the educational methods of other countries, as well as to such matters connected with art as may prove acceptable to the readers of the *Spectator*. The impression so received will be communicated from time to time, and it is his hope that a summer spent among the great collections abroad will enable him to give additional interest to the department under his charge.

W. R. H.

ART NOTES.

Monkney, having been unable to finish his large picture, "Christ before Pilate," is exhibiting it by itself in Paris.

Bosch, who took the cast of Lord Beaconsfield's face after death, is the Queen's favorite sculptor. Boff, however, who executed the statue of Lord Byron, a favor conferred by competition, has become the most fashionable sculptor in London. He was employed for a considerable time at Chislehurst in completing the bust of the Prince Im-



perial under the direction of the ex-Emperor Eugène, who, with the aid of portraits and photographic likenesses of the young Prince, has been successful in establishing his memory. The bust was immediately conveyed to Windsor, where it occupies a conspicuous place among the beloved dead images cherished as family in sorrow by her Majesty.

A permanent exhibition of drawings and water-colors will be opened in Brussels's old house of Barbiere. The building, which will be put in good order, will become a favorite place of resort for the many artists of the village of Millet.

A meeting of the Superior Council of the Fine Arts was held on the 9th of May at the Ministry of Public Instruction, Paris, under the presidency of M. Jules Ferry. It was resolved that the "Prix of the Salon," founded five years ago, should enable the recipient to study one year in Italy and another year wherever he chooses—two years in all, instead of three years as heretofore, two of which were to be passed in a foreign land. Eight prizes of \$500 each were established for the benefit of other exhibitors at the Salon, the money to be spent in foreign travel for purposes of artistic instruction. It is said that M. George Bernard will receive the "Prix of Rome" this year.

A Florence letter to the *New York Times* says it is gratifying to note that Americans are now beginning to compete with the European collectors for the possession of the old masters, so necessary in our country to elevate and establish the highest standards of art for the guidance and instruction of our growing schools. At the late Wilson sale in Paris Mr. J. W. Mackay bought, according to *L'Art*, a "Mecenas," by Rubens, for \$5,000; "Le Roi Dair," by Steen, for 16,000; "A. Balda," by Rembrandt, for 10,000; and some other pictures, including a Meissonier for 112,000. Tondini's "L'Enlèvement de Bacchus." It is stated, was bought for the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. "The Hermit," one of Greco's most elaborate and important compositions, has recently gone to America in where a private gallery; also a fine Claude Lorraine, signed and dated Rome, 1621, and a particularly the specimen of Gaspar Poussin, one of his richest classical landscapes.

Whatever may be said in favor of the past and its appreciation of art, the present time is unquestionably the golden age of contemporary prices for artists of acknowledged reputation and popularity. Millais, the English painter, has on his books' method commissions the money value of which is over \$300,000.

Stanford R. Gifford's last important work, "Venice," which was bought in his studio a year ago by R. E. Moyn, of the American Art Gallery, has been sold for \$5,000 to a collector of New York City.

Larkin J. Meade, the sculptor, has an Italian wife.

A portrait bust of Liszt has been lately completed at Rome by the sculptor, Mr. Runkel.

Mr. Yoshida, the Japanese Minister at Washington, is considered an amateur artist of excellent promise.

Creswager, the sculptor, modelled in plaster the dead face of Madame Tiers, and will probably make a bust of her.

The oil painting of John Milton sold in London, the other day, for \$1,200 and more, once belonged to Charles Lamb, and was bought by his brother for a few shillings.

No less than sixty-five artists of American birth have pictures in the French Salon this year. Fifteen of them have two each, and some have more than that number.

The duty on paintings is ten per cent of advalue, that on decorated chinaware fifty per cent. The government has decided that plaques are paintings and not decorated china.

How much art depends upon reputation was shown in a recent auction sale in Paris, where a picture by the peasant artist, Millet, sold for \$32,000, which the painter himself not twenty-five years ago had great trouble in selling for \$200.

The main figure of Bastien Le Page's "Joan of Arc," which was one of the leading attractions in the last Paris Salon, and is now the most important picture in the exhibition of the Society of American Artists, will be reproduced in *Spectator* for June in a full-page engraving, by Cole.



The *Spectator* says: "Mr. Munkacsy's picture of 'Christ before Pilate' is a beautiful seven metres long and five and a half metres high, and exhibits some twenty life-size figures. The picture is admirably composed and painted. It is indeed the most important work that the artist has yet produced, and

in boldness of touch and harmony of coloring it is masterly. From the point of view of some who theorize on religious art, M. Munkacsy's 'Christ before Pilate' will be considered heretical because it is realistic.

Nothing could be more distasteful than the bold and realistic figures of Munkacsy and the glossy, lifeless prophets of Bouguereau, for instance. M. Munkacsy has thrown routine aside, and has thrown much of his own personality into the representation of the famous scene, which he has painted. There is very little research of archaeological detail. Christ has been brought before Pilate; the Roman Governor seems to be hesitating between his conscience, which absolves Christ, and state reasons, which require him to support his master's popularity by giving Christ over to the mob. Christ is dressed in a white robe. He is a human and intellectual Christ. Some of Pilate's counselors look upon him with sympathy; others regard him with the hatred of fanatics. Behind the accused, kept back by a centurion, is the howling and mocking crowd of fanatics and bedouins. In one corner, elevated on some steps, a woman with a child in her arms contemplates



Christ with pity and emotion. In the background a patch of oriental sky and landscape seen through an archway. In short, whatever may be our individual preferences in the matter of art, we cannot hesitate to proclaim 'Christ before Pilate' a masterpiece of its kind, and a painting of boldness and realism, which are characteristic of our epoch."

The South Kensington Museum is to have copies of the choicest gold and silver-smith's work to be found in the museums and treasuries of churches of Russia, particularly in those of St. Petersburg and Moscow. A selection of two hundred and fifty objects has been made, including Greek plate found at Kertsch.

Mr. S. A. Coahs has been purchasing a number of fine paintings of late, and his collection is understood to be greatly improved in value. Since his rupture with a number of the other art collectors of the city he has been very quiet and keeps his purchases mostly to himself.

LITERATURE.

THE GREAT VIOLIN-MAKERS.

The Great Violinists and Pianists. By George T. Ferris. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—In this book Mr. Ferris has made a valuable addition to his well-known and interesting series. Among the violinists and pianists whose lives are sketched in this little volume are Viotti, Ludwig Spohr, Nicolo Paganini, De Bériot, and Ole Bull, Muzio Clementi, Moscheles, the Schneemanns and Chopin, Thalberg and Gottschalk, and Franz Liszt. The merits of Mr. Ferris' books have been universally recognized, and here we wish to say something from his book about the great violin-makers. The ancestry of the violin, considering this as the type of stringed instruments played with a bow, goes back to the earliest antiquity, and innumerable passages might be quoted from the oriental and classical writers illustrating the important part taken by the feeders of the modern violin in feast, festival, and religious ceremonial, in the fiery delights of battle and the more dulcet enjoyments of peace. But it was not till the fifteenth century in Italy that the art of making instruments of the viol class began to reach toward that high perfection which it specially attained. The long list of honored names connected with the development of art in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries is a mighty roll-call, and among these the names of the great violin-makers, beginning with Giovanni de Salo of Brescia, who first raised a rude craft to an art, are worthy of being included. From Brescia came the masters who established the Cremona school, a name not only immortal in the history of music, but full of vital significance, for it was not till the violin was perfect of form and a distinct school of violin-playing founded, that the creation of the symphony, the highest form of music, became possible. The violin-makers of Cremona came, as we have said, from Brescia, beginning with the Amatis. The Amatis, who established the violin-making art at Cremona, were exceedingly improved, each member of the class sending a mark on his predecessor until the peerless masters of the art, Antonius Stradivarius and Joseph Guarnerius del Gesù, advanced far beyond the rivalry of their contemporaries and successors. The pupils of the Amatis, Stradivarius

and beautiful that Queen Victoria's reign has known, and there is not the least doubt that this development of taste and beauty is the result of the persistent efforts of the artists—in the picture scene I use the word—of our time to cultivate a correct perception of the true and the beautiful. The successful descriptions of this period are even and women who seek a perfect understanding of the celebrated painters' theories and works.

A writer in *London Truth*, discussing upon the last drawing-room toilet, says: "The beauties that most nearly approached absolute perfection were those in which the designs of from fifty to two hundred years ago were reproduced with fidelity. Trails of rose-buds, on a cream-colored gown, from a tresser that was as familiar enough to my grandmothers and great-grandmothers. There may be more a more subdued coloring of the pinks and greens, and a disposition to softness in the texture itself, rather than that 'stand-alone' richness, but in no other sense can the brocade of to-day be considered a novelty."

A dress described "had a petticoat of pale pink silk, with bodice and train of dark wallover-brown satin. This had more than a dash of crimson in it, and exactly resembled the shade on the darkest wallover petticoat. The train was edged with a thickly varied ruffling of earthy feathers of the same color. In front the overskirt was held back from the petticoat by means of clusters of apple-blossoms. The contrast of colors was excellent."

One of the best combinations of color was in a bodice and train of rich dark brown silk, of the shade of chocolate, none over an amber satin petticoat. Bunches of Marshal Neil roses added their beauty to the arrangement, their tint being precisely that of the amber petticoat.

And the beauties was an especially beautiful one which resembled as well in its changing color, like a shooting star. The ground appeared to be a creamy amber, and upon it flowers in the palest possible tints of greenish blue, pink, and crimson were raised in satin. This bonnet formed the bodice and train was worn over a petticoat of pale blue satin and tulle. There is quite a revolution in the matter of English taste—that is, among the cultured classes, and English women, from being laughed at as having less taste than any among civilized nations, are coming to be looked on as the best dressed, for most of the occasions of life. It is certainly to be regretted that our own women of the upper class do not imitate the unostentatious costumes in which our English countrywomen of the same rank appear for exercise and the promenade. Imagine an Englishwoman appearing in Pall Mall in a gown with petticoat skirted negligently, whose front showed between partial draperies of old gold and bronze-green brocade glittering with gold and iridescent green and pomegranate, with a large Leghorn hat weighted down with cream-white Spanish lace and sweeping plumes of gold shaking to the ground, held by clusters of peacock-blue, old gold gloves, and carrying a square-topped parasol of green satin lined with old gold and sparkling with iridescent ornaments. Yet I saw a dress of high degree showing on Fourth Street in such a costume the other day, and her elaborate watch, numerous bangles, and flashing diamond solitaires added much to the pecuniary value and a great deal to the *blatant* effect of her toilet. Some recollections of "Gloriana" in the old story-book dashed through my mind at the time she went riding after the bounds with her diamond necklace and long, pendulous diamond earrings flashing as she rode; but, except the shock to good taste, no man or woman would reckon such a toilet among the things to be remembered.

The approaching dress will doubtless be signalled on the part of the ladies who attend by highly tasteful toilets, as I hear of many such in process of preparation. Miss Maude Hopkins returned Thursday morning from Louisville, where she has been attending the mass. She brings with her Miss Floyd, of Louisville, who is already favorably known in social circles here. Mr. H. J. Proussan gave an entertainment to her sister, Miss Sturgis, Friday evening. But there has been rather a lull this week in the galleries of the city. Oday.

BITS OF PARIS WIT.

In the regiment, perturbation of absence till midnight are called "theater leaves."

In virtue of this principle, an adjutant lately injured in his register: "Granted to Lieutenant H., a theatre leave, to go and visit his sick parents."

At Easter Mlle. Joanne received the prize for perseverance. Her old nurse mailed the news through the neighborhood.

"This dear child, just think of it, only six years old, and she got the prize for slowness!"

A lady who knows the Parisian proverb, cool and brash, lately had occasion to send to a friend a very urgent message.

To make sure that it should arrive in time, she took the precaution to write it upon a post-card, and underneath, by way of postscript, added these words:

"The courier will see that this message is very urgent. He will, therefore, please send it up without a moment's delay."

Guthillard's son, a school-boy nine years old, believes readily whatever his comrades tell him. His mother one day reproached him because he spends his pocket-money so quickly.

"But, mamma, one of the fellows always asks me for my ten-sous pieces, and of course I have to give them to him."

"But why of course?"

"Why, he says he's making a collection!"

Humor and honesty.

A swell, whose solvency is not irreproachable as he is, then, has a dozen tailors at least, although the number of his garments is not large.

Some one asked him why so many.

"You see I don't like," he says, "to have the loss all fall on one!"

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The Spectator.

ST. LOUIS, JUNE 11, 1881.

Persons leaving the city can have the Spectator sent them by addressing a postal card to the office, at 212 Pine Street.

THE TOWN TALKER.

Mr. Jones was left to gather up his papers to wreathe them into garlands for the corpse of his small (joking) friend, which is now "deader than a smelt."—*Globe, Democrat.*

Since last week's issue of the Spectator the city has agreed to pay one-third the cost of laying the pipe on Page Avenue, and the Page Avenue Sprinkling Company now has stock to the amount of \$1,000 subscribed and \$3,000 in cash subscriptions, making \$7,000. The city has agreed to give \$1,000 if the company raises \$5,000. So it will be seen that this "small boom" is a very "lively corpse."

While Col. David H. Armstrong was in the United States Senate from Missouri he obtained places at Washington for many worthy people, among them Miss Mary Cleveland of this city. She is not altogether unkind of the kindness shown her by the Colonel, as will be seen by the following somewhat unique letter lately addressed by her to Mr. Marcus A. Wallf:

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 2, 1881.

Mrs. A. Wallf, Esq.
DEAR SIR: Enclosed please find one dollar, which I wish you to expend in a hospital, to be placed on Col. D. H. Armstrong's dressing-case. Like Titus of old, Col. Armstrong never sleeps without having done a good deed during the day. I am one of those unfortunate women who are always forced to ask favors, and so few gentlemen have so kindly and graciously bestowed advantages upon me as Col. Armstrong. It may not be my privilege to plant flowers on his grave, as he is possessed of so much vitality that I trust he will be the survivor. I am very pleasantly situated at present here, and I feel that it is entirely due to the kindness of Col. Armstrong, because, as a statesman, he only recommended those who were from Missouri. Any one with his independence and freedom that faces with her. I am sure you like to bestow kindness; therefore I give you the opportunity of doing this favor. Very respectfully,

MISS MARY E. CLEVELAND.

It is sufficient to say that Mr. Wallf purchased the hospital and with his own hand put it on Col. Armstrong's dressing-case, where it now is, and where it will be long after his first excitement and freshness have departed. Though of somewhat a stern and iron-clad disposition, the ex-senator thoroughly and with true gallantry appreciates this mark of Miss Cleveland's gratitude.

A dramatic company has been formed in the city to go out and play one, two, or three nights at a time in the neighboring towns during the summer. Mr. George Berrie is at the head of the enterprise, and Miss Edna Carr, who played with Rochelle at Pope's last week, will be the star. The company has some very good material in it, and as it will be inexpensive, some money may be made. The first engagement is at Belleville, where "Last in London" is to be given to-morrow evening. It is an English play, and the leading part was created by Miss Nelson. Miss Cary will, no doubt, play it quite excellently, as she gave evidence last week of excellent dramatic qualities. She has not yet been on the stage a year, is hardly twenty years old, and is quite pretty. Her first effort was with John McCullough last fall, when she temporarily took the place of a member of the company. While McCullough was here she took the part of Repas

with conspicuous ability in the play of "King Lear." Miss Cary has a beautiful voice, and for one so new to the stage has a remarkable ease and grace of person while acting. If well managed, she certainly has a bright future before her.

Among those who go in the company that plays with Miss Cary is Miss Madge Hughes, a young lady who has developed considerable ability in incidental parts. She was with Rochelle last week and acquitted herself with credit.

Gen. Grant was at the races Wednesday in company with ex-postmaster Chauncey I. Filley. He was escorted to the judges' stand by Messrs. Charles H. Hunt, president of the Jockey Club, and Messrs. J. B. McCullough and H. L. Dousman, vice-presidents. Messrs. Filley and McCullough sat next to him and seemed to engage most of his attention while he was not looking at the horses. He did not have a cigar in his mouth during his entire stay, but I saw him go up with his company to take a bottle of champagne. He walked with that peculiar rigidity that always made him look like a statue ready to topple over, and never did he raise his head to look at the crowd. Neither did the crowd devote itself much to him. It was with any applause or demonstration of any kind I failed to perceive it.

Gen. Grant was dressed in plain, shaggy black, his coat being of the ordinary Prince Albert cut, and such as he has always worn since he threw off his military garb many years ago. For a hat he wore a somewhat out-of-date "stovepipe." Altogether he looked quite genteel.

As the Circuit Court will soon adjourn for the summer, I take occasion to remark that Judge Horner, who was elected last fall, and who was supported by the Spectator, has more than met the expectations of his friends by the satisfactory manner in which he has discharged the duties that have devolved upon him. Like every other man the Spectator supported at the regular city election, he has proved a good and efficient officer and has shown that those who give him their votes made no mistake. The lawyers felt he has even surpassed the expectation of his intimate friends.

Mr. John D. Finney is placed in somewhat peculiar position by the remark of Gov. Crittenden that he (Finney) was removed from the Board of Police Commissioners. For other reasons than that he had been removed by a grand jury. Judge Finney now declares that he is entitled to know what those reasons are, and that he is ready to meet any charges that can be made against his official conduct while Police Commissioner. It seems to me that it would be nothing but right in the Governor to let Judge Finney know what the cause of his removal was. A man ought always to have the right of self-defense; but in order to exercise such a right he must know what it is he has to fight.

Now that summer is fairly upon us, and the "season" at seaside, lake-side, or more modest "country boarding," is in the near future, the fair ladies are busily picking their dainty fingers over the thousand and one diaphanous robes which go to make up a summer wardrobe. Owing to the great number and variety of dresses proposed for the warm season and the ease with which they are made, the gentle wearers themselves generally perform the work, the manufacture of pretty things being to them a labor of love. I think for this reason one sees more individuality of taste displayed in these light summer garments than in the

heavier winter robes, which are frequently designed and made by one fashionable modiste for a large number in the same circle and thus acquire a similarity of effect which is quite marked.

White is to be quite as much in favor this season as it was last, I understand. And no more becoming dress can be worn by young ladies and misses. It admits of an immense variety in design and daintiness and can be made as expensive or simple as may be desired. All cannot afford the profusion of "real" Valenciennes and embroidered ribbons which rendered the "simple" affair of Miss Octavia Bassett, the Nevada millionaire's daughter, so elegant, but all can avoid the stiffness and graceless appearance which characterized those of her English entertainers, by exercising a little taste in the cut and making.

Flowers are still the favorite garniture for all occasions. When in the country or wherever they are cheap and easily attainable, natural flowers have the preference. The more common ones the bouquets, at the best especially, the more "style" there is supposed to be about them. A sweet young maiden walked into a church last Sunday in which I was sitting, with a huge bouquet of single field daisies at her belt. All sorts of romantic fancies stirred the prosaic old brain of the Town Talker as he faintly watched the devout movements of this modern *Marguerite*, and he caught himself going off into a reverie, in which he played the rôle of *Parrot* to the bit of sweet innocence before him, instead of listening to the words of the preacher, and all because of that bunch of wild flowers at a girl's waist.

Rev. Mr. Joseph H. Foy, of this city, and a minister of the Christian Church, otherwise known as the "Campbellite" Church, has just been honored with the degree of D.D., by the University of North Carolina. I believe Mr. Foy has agreed to accept the title of "Doctor," though such is not the custom of his church. Mr. Foy is a good scholar, and a good man, and a progressive thinker. In accepting the degree conferred upon him he is doing exactly right. It is a very small prejudice that would deny him such a right.

Our "good and pure" Emma Abbott has finally concluded to sing the wicked opera "Traviata." When it was proposed in London some years ago that she should learn it, she turned up her little nose and looked at the idea, because the character of the heroine was not of the very best. Emma started out as a religious opera singer, and she made a good deal of her popularity in that way. The fact that she has lost all her scruples about "Traviata" makes it look as though she were now about to try some other "degree."

Spending of the place where Queen Victoria proposes to make her last resting-place, the last number of the London Truth says:

There need be no speculation on the subject, inasmuch as when the mausoleum was built for Majesty gave special orders that the granite sarcophagus, which stands in the center, should be made to contain two coffins, that of the Prince Consort and her own. On the top of it are two spaces for recumbent effigies, one is filled with a figure of the lamented Prince, and the other is left blank until the decease of the Queen, when it will be completed by the placing thereof of an effigy of her Majesty. Under no circumstances would the sarcophagus be buried in "a national temple." In an ordinary case the place of interment would be Windsor, in the tomb-house of George III., which lies beneath the Wesley Chapel, and adjoins the vaults of St. George's.

An author calls it a big fat paper.

"Will you give me an opinion for me?"

The latter gave and said, "No, paper."

It would be beneath my dignity."

The following is from the *Kansas City Journal* of recent date:

Nellie Hazeltine, the St. Louis belle who was tried for adultery to S. J. Tilden, a citizen of New York of rather attenuated proportions, is now before the public as the betrothed of Col. J. W. Parmore, a St. Louis railroad man.

In several important particulars the above is slightly erroneous. I am surprised that a paper assuming so much prominence and respectability as the *Kansas City Journal* should not realize the total error of "Miss" when speaking of this distinguished lady. If she were an actress or a professional lecturer, it might be entirely proper to use her name with this familiarity. We are accustomed to see Kate Field, Clara Morris, Belva Lockwood, or Anna Louise Carey, but when it comes to speaking of a No. 1 young society lady who will be only "twenty-three next November" and who does not seek not desire the clasp and exalted authority of the press, we should certainly say "Miss."

In the next place the *Kansas City Journal* ought to know that it commits a grave offence against the young lady by calling her the St. Louis belle. It has got to be a very cheap thing to be a belle, especially when that belle is systematically worked up in the manner that belleisms are usually worked up nowadays, and in a manner that is a lady of true refinement and modesty ought to be utterly despise. As to Miss Hazeltine's engagement to the "attenuated" Mr. Tilden of New York, that was a wicked suggestion gotten up by somebody who did not know anything about Mr. Tilden's desires in this matter. That ancient politician forewore all idea of marriage about a century ago, and if he ever heard of this reported engagement I suppose it had an effect on him somewhat similar to the pouring of a few water down his back in the month of August. The *Journal* commits another great blunder when it says Miss Hazeltine is "now before the public as the betrothed of Col. J. W. Parmore." She has distinctly refused, in a letter which accidentally fell into the hands of the editor of the *Herald* last week, in time to be published by him, that she has not said by her mind to marry anybody, forever erasing this may be to the gentlemen who are this lady's suitors, if it is an official announcement and not accepted as fact. And she is certainly not betrothed to "Col. J. W. Parmore, a prominent St. Louis railroad man." This gentleman was married over twenty-five years ago, is still living with his wife in peace and contentment. There is a Mr. Frederick W. Parmore, son of Col. J. W., who is possibly the gentleman meant. That he and the lady are betrothed is, however, not true according to the lady's own statement above referred to. Being not yet twenty-three, it is easy to see that a lady who is so passionately attached to society as Miss Hazeltine should not be disposed to settle down, that ancient of married life, and I hope for my own letter on this subject will be accepted for all it means, and that it will finally settle all these rumors about her marriage. I have seldom seen a paragraph so full of error, injustice and real blunders as the above from the *Kansas City Journal*.

Bodell goes to spend the summer in Colorado, and will devote her time closely to study.

Mr. John A. Dillon, of the *Glads-farmist*, returned from Mexico last Tuesday. His brilliant lecture has won him a national reputation as a correspondent.

It appears that the members of the Board of Directors of the Fair Association who offered the resolution making the salary for the president for 1891 the same as that for 1890 is Mr. H. L. Deussen, a Iowa, however, that he was laboring under the impression at the time that the salary for 1891 was the customary \$20, and that he did not know he was proposing to give Mr. Green \$3,000. It had been distinctly understood by the board that the giving of \$3,000 to Mr. Green for 1890 was not to be a precedent, and a resolution to

that effect was introduced by Mr. D. P. Rowland and passed by the board. The sum of \$1,800 was allowed Mr. Green in consideration of his services in negotiating \$175,000 in bonds, but at his own request it did not appear on the books as brokerage, he not wishing to appear in the role of broker, but went in as part of his salary. Mr. Deussen is a gentleman of too much character to lead himself in a trick, and it is very certain that he did not know the meaning of the resolution above referred to when he offered it.

The resignation of Mr. Orard B. Allen from the Board of Directors cannot be looked upon as anything but a calamity. I do not think I will offend when I say he has been the trustiest friend of the St. Louis Fair Association ever had. He may almost be called its father. When it needed help, when it was straggling along like a helpless infant, he stretched out his hand and gave it support. He was one of the incorporators, was the first Board of Directors, and has time and again loaned it money and gone on its paper. He took largely of its stock, served it as president, has always been ready to favor it in all his power, and in all this he has never accepted one penny as compensation. It would have been far better for Mr. Green as well as for the association if he had not accepted the annual salary he is now drawing and had thus kept Mr. Allen in the board, and retained his friendship and cooperation. It is useless to dispute the fact that Mr. Allen represents a large element in the city that is greatly alienated, and the disastrous effects are bound to be felt when it comes to asking the public to give out their ill-will heavy taxation.

The lecture business, as a branch of industry, is decidedly on the wane. Twenty years ago it was at the height of prosperity, and so craft or profession of a different field for sudden and lucrative advancement than this. The capital required to set up a first-class lecture was small, a fair carefully taken advantage of by aspirants for tycoon honors. For, in the lecture business, the would-be lecturer in private had only to gather a lot of miscellaneous material and arrange it, like ready-made clothing, to suit the average. Then a few well-attested facts to give an air of solidity to the structure, and an assortment of paradoxes, the more startling the better, strung on a string of cheap commonplaces. Over this sprinkled of epigrammatic pepper a pinch of Attie salt would improve the flavor, but in general one may take in vain for that, with a steady exclamation, "scoring forth the evils and wrongs, and a flask that ranges through the whole moral gamut," from grave to gay, from lively to serene, and so have the modern lecture, pure and simple. Add to all this preparation a few more salt and a taking air (many will not find an instance where certain long, hypocritical looks did the business most effectively), and the number is such that a slender sack in trade should have been the means of repaying the audience benefits it has gathered in time past. In these plying days the lecturer was a privileged being. Every citizen possessed of proper civic pride had his lyceum and his committee charged with the duty of securing the speaker of the hour for the local stage. And he was generally secured. With little maintenance in his hand the lecturer returned from Maine to California, better shod by his set of wings of expansion, and, night after night uttering the platitudes for which he received the public attention and the dollars of long-suffering audiences. In this manner did Mr. Greeley make his triumphant progress through the west, and, others, far less worthy of being seen and heard, have gone and done likewise until patience craved to be a virtue.

What at last, then, have these lectures brought us? Nothing, certainly, that we did not know before, or that we could not have learned elsewhere in a more satisfying manner. For they seek to observe in great aim, to further in no way, to reveal, or to write the end. Their sole end and aim is money. Who will believe that Messrs. Beecher and Ingwersen in their last appearances in this city had anything in view but the

money value of their respective discourses? And what did this money value lose itself upon? In Mr. Beecher's case upon a few fine sentences which stand his name in the midst of a wise desert of sturdy things— a mass of false information interspersed with well-worn apothegms and here and there an attempt at coarse and vulgar wit; while Mr. Ingwersen, though he pursues a different method, is no better.

These two compose the rear guard of that grand army in whose ranks were once counted venerable native professors, able scholars, poets, artists, and travel— all, in fact, who, having the gift of stringent thought put together and saying them prettily, found themselves all at once possessed of a tallness as good as a giant's wonderful lung, though, like that famous prototype, and later as a staying quality. For even an "Ichabod" is written over against the girth, and its disappearance is only a question of time. Shortly and reluctantly as its members relinquish the spoils of their art and turn their backs towards new fields of endeavor. Also for them! With the exception of a few who by native force to survive, there is no obduracy so profound as that which envelopes up the modern ex-lecturer.

A curious scene transpired at a San Francisco theatre during the performance of "Richard III." by Tom Connor, the tragedian, and his company. The first Haydon, the wife of Connor's manager, and little Arthur Keen, the nine-year-old son of the tragedian. The first two acts passed off smoothly, but in the third act, in the scene between Glencoe and Lady Anne, something unexpected happened. Lady Anne was played by Miss Agnes Keen, a daughter of the star. At the moment that Glencoe seized Lady Anne, her brother Arthur suddenly appeared as if sprung from the top of the stage, "Oh, papa! papa! don't hurt Arthur!" The audience applauded the scene and burst into loud hearty laughter and enthusiastic applause. Arthur was removed from the stage, but it was some time before his father and sister could regain their composure so as to proceed with the play.

Emile Girardin and his second wife did not agree, and, though living in the same house, did not see each other for months together. Consequently they wrote some epistolary communication, which was conducted in a style that would have rejoiced the heart of an ancient Spartan. One of these letters of domestic correspondence has just been made public. The first paragraph alone received a small sheet of paper on which Madame had written these words: "The Bookstore to the Library— Would this be good to Switzerland." The next paragraph was written on a separate sheet and his answer. This was the whole of it: "The Library to the Bookstore— Go."

The return of Madjiska may probably be counted on as one of the incidents of the next dramatic season. Propositions for an American tour have been made to Mr. Julie and Henry Irving.

The Chicago Saengerfest will commence on June 19, and last four days, there being three afternoon and four evening concerts. The programmes, which have been published, promise a number of important works, such as Wagner's *Die Walkure*, the *Die Meistersinger*, a cantata by Giesemann, the "Death of Bruckner," and Beethoven's Choral symphony. The principal singers are to be: Miss. Pochler-Lentner, who sang in the second Peace Jubilee in Boston, Miss. Dunsbach, Miss. Cary, Mr. Cederholm, Mr. A. W. Whitney, and Mr. Bonneret.

There is not a city in the world where newspapers are more extensively sold than in Paris. The first thing that strikes a stranger visiting a French town is the perfect coarseness with which the pit, hat on head, sits its glances at the gallery, and how the gallery itself, covered with its hats, looks on the theatre. No man can stare at any more audaciously than the Frenchman. In the House of Commons it is not considered "good form" to look at the representatives of

the nation with an opera-glass, and the practice is generally avoided. At the Palais Bourbon, in the Chamber of Deputies, the case is different. In the diplomatic gallery and in all the galleries you see a regular battery of opera-glasses turned toward M. Gambetta like sentries, or toward M. de Cassagnac like spears. No one objects. This habit of staring with the naked eye and with the opera-glass seems to have always been prevalent in the French capital. Paris is full of these unimpeding *lorgnons*, who see *Parisians*, who post themselves before you and fix upon your person a dry and steady gaze. This habit is no longer considered indecent, because it has become so common. Women do not take offence if provided they are looked at in the theatres and in their promenades. But if any one were to use them in such a manner in private company, the *lorgnons* would be taxed with insolence and treated as impolite.

The author of these lines ought to have a monument—
—in killed the cat.
—That's what they say about City Hall.
President at night when the streets are still.
That hangout waiting on some window sill.
Waiting for neighbor's cat to enter hall,
sitting the midnight air with strains but all.
Together faithful or unfaithful—
—And truly sharp when the young moon doth lend
Her chastened light and her soft glow you blend
I hear thy voice, — my muse doth answer back;
And from my soul's chamber strident I read
And with my heart on fire, my soul on fire,
I sing the battle to its destined end.
—That one Margaret — That one Fanny — En Fin!
Cat — oh! he still the battle, he has killed!

The *Saturday Review* has the following concerning the new version of the Testament: "We shall only say that the evil influence represented by the suggestions of the American Commission, which we have seen at work unobtrusively on the reviewers. The indifference to the continuity of literature which characterizes many literary reviewers is strikingly and, we must say, painfully obvious in such gratuitous alterations as 'rejoice' for 'Halleluia,' and 'crucifixion,' the last 'farthing' for 'the uttermost farthing,' and the like. These things have in some cases embodied themselves in the most sacred associations, in others in the most familiar and constantly read literature of the profane kind. In neither of the two cases can the most pedantic philologist who relates his sources content that there was any pressing necessity for change, while there are the strongest reasons against it. But the climax is reached in the Lord's Prayer and in the famous and splendid passage from St. Paul about charity. The Lord's Prayer is more difficult to criticize from a purely literary point of view, because considerations of theology and scholarship come in with greater weight than usual. The charity passage—one of the triumphs of the original—is infinitely more treated. Here 'have' is substituted for 'charity.' Now, it may be translated, if any one pleases, that at the time of the original translation 'have' was held to be 'charity.' But the translators knew what they were doing. They wanted a word free from equivocal associations, and they chose one. Their choice has been justified. The full meaning of 'charity,' in the sense of the passage, has passed into classical English, and will remain. That the substitution is unobjectionable for a strictly literary critic, the converted music of the piece is unobjectionable. But that the reviewers were dead to this is seen from their pedantic substitution of 'done away' for 'vanish away,' where the original translators had employed the latter phrase to avoid an ugly homoeoteuton."

Charles Haslam, well known in this city, will leave Haverly's Nihil's Garden Theatre in a few weeks to go with Haverly's Gipsies to Europe.

Marie Prescott, who was the leading lady to Salvini last season, will start next season in "The Gladiator" (as Penelope), "The Princess of Baghdad," and several other emotional dramas.

As the dramatic papers are making so much fuss concerning the "Abbots kiss" as an advertising dodge,

and describing it as an invention of Mr. James Morrissey, Emma Abbott's gushing agent, it may be as well to state that the article which first brought the notice of Honest Little Emma prominently into notice was published in the *Post-Dispatch* the season before last. It was claimed by Mr. Henry W. Mount, the city and dramatic editor, and was written up by Mr. John T. McNeill, who passed a Friday evening behind the stage, viewing the performance of "Honey and Juliet," especially the osculatory manipulations. He did a wonderfully fine piece of writing in describing how Cassie and Abbott kissed each other on the balcony, and added to this description short interviews with all concerned. Morrissey afterwards had slips of this article printed and used them as advertising mediums, excising, however, the interview with Eugene Wetherill, Little Emma's husband.

A dramatic correspondent at San Francisco writes the following to his paper:

Misfortune appears to follow Mrs. Natal and his talented protegee, Miss Louise Lester, and they are again out of an engagement, owing to the collapse of the Vienna Garden. The Tivoli management are anxious to secure the lady's services, but have no use for the baritone.

Judging from this, Mrs. Natal, known here also as Louis de Plaisance, is in hot water in Frisco. Natal, it will be remembered, was the director who inaugurated the Parkview Theatre with a company. He quarrelled with the management. Tivoli tried to run a garden in the south part of the town, but again he quarrelled with some of his company. Next he organized a travelling company, but there was another quarrel, and finally he and Miss Lester, better known here as Mrs. Belle Davis, left the company in Minnesota, also leaving her husband, and proceeded to San Francisco, where they secured engagements with the Emile Melville troupe. His usual fate, however, seems to have followed him, and from the tenor of the correspondent's remarks he must have again managed to quarrel with the directors.

Combination and monopoly are entering into the theatrical business as well as everything else. It is said most of the Western theatrical managers have entered into a combination by which they have agreed that the terms to be granted travelling companies next season shall be only fifty per cent.

Mr. John J. Collins, the manager of Foul E. Warde, has been a biographical and critical review of Mr. Warde's life and dramatic work. It is neatly gotten up and is written in a plain, unvarnished style. There is none of the "efficiency" and big advertising dodge about it, but it is really what it pretends to be. Mr. Collins deserves the thanks of the public and the appreciation of all sensible theatre-patrons for the courage which enables him to set his face against the usual "show" dodge of puffing and adulation. Mr. Collins will manage Mr. Warde as a comedienne, and his article, as one who reverses and examines his profession and is devoted to his art.

The *Glorette* of the Ford Opera Company, which is announced next week at Claris' Cave, is Miss Blanche Chapman. She is a sister of Miss Ella Chapman, who will be remembered for her sprightly acting in Colville's Opera Burlesque Company. Miss Blanche Chapman has made quite a hit in the role of *Glorette*, and her services are much sought after for next season. Two managers claim to have engaged her: Ed. E. Rice and John McCall. But which claim is well founded, the *Spectator* is unable to decide.

Bob Miles, the theatrical manager of Cincinnati, who has been attending the races, driving out with his "Bougare" coach and four, is nicknamed "Foggy" Bob. Miles is, without exception, the most popular theatrical manager in the country. Excepting cocktails and lemonades, he drinks nothing but food champagne. Hence his sobriquet.

For the Harrigan and Hart engagement at the Olympic, which begins June 20th, Messrs. Noxon and

Halley have painted all new and effective scenery. This firm is now busy painting new scenery for the Grand Opera House. Matt Morgan will probably paint the drop-curtain, which will be a figure-piece.

The trope of performance dogs at Copley's Circus are really wonderful. The hanging of one dog by another and the subsequent funeral must have required a marvellous amount of intelligence in the canines. These dogs are the cleverest I have ever seen, and to my mind their exhibition is the best thing in the performance.

Referring to dogs, how enormous are the qualities attributed to them by ordinary observers. In the last the name is a term of profound contempt when used by man towards his brother man, and in the Turkish dominions, where the poor animal is utterly neglected or cruelly ill-used, the dog unquestionably possesses evil qualities that are not developed in happier circumstances. We ourselves use the word "dogged" in a contemptuous sense as synonymous with staid, hopeless obstinacy. But such self-willfulness or perversity is no more a feature of the natural character of the dog than it is of the ass, mule, or pig. When it exists it is usually the fruit of man's training or usage. Even the bulldog, which is popularly supposed incapable of anything but ferocity and combat, becomes, under kindly treatment, companionable and good-tempered; he may be taught tricks or feats like those performed by the poodle or other dogs, and he often shows attachment to his master. There is an authentic account of a bulldog that died of grief on being transferred to a new master, and another is recorded to have saved human life by bringing a rope ashore from a shipwrecked vessel. A first more remarkable because animals of this species are not water-dogs. By another careless and erroneous metaphor we speak of ill-matched spouses as leading a rebarbative life. The fact is that when left alone cats and dogs, so far from quarrelling with each other, have the closest companionships and friendships, and that animals when they do quarrel, are commonly the direct result of man's intervention, of his cruel propensity to what he calls sport. The alleged mutual antipathy of the dog and cat are shown by a number of verified facts to be one of man's many fables, fictions, or popular delusions concerning other animals.

"Hazel Kirke," that delightful drama which formed such an attraction at Popo's Theatre last fall, has scored the most phenomenal run on record of any piece ever produced on the American stage. Four hundred and eighty-five consecutive performances of "Hazel Kirke" were given at the Madison Square Theatre. On the night of June 1st "The Professor" was substituted for the former drama, and is expected to run all through the summer season. The excellent and improved system of contracting the Madison Square Theatre renders it cool and agreeable even during the warm months.

London is all agog over the remarkable performance of "Julius Caesar" at Drury Lane Theatre, by a company of German actors from Meiningen. The cablegrams reported the great hit achieved by "Die Meistersinger," as the company are termed. One of the cablegrams ran as follows: "The play was given with all its costumes and accessories as at Meiningen, and the strong body of actors, whose remarkable intelligence had been developed by careful training, were a revelation to London. The scenes in which the nobly played part were received with the greatest enthusiasm by the audience, and for realism, effort, and style they have never been equaled here."

"Die Meistersinger" are from the company of the Court Theatre at Bayreuth, which has acquired a remarkable and peculiar reputation in Germany. It is a common custom in Germany for single actors to be invited to join other companies for a few weeks, when they are called "guests," in order that they may see in parts in which they have acquired distinction at home. Such impersonations are then termed *Gast-*

relies. In the case of the Melanges theatre, however, it is not single actors who make these friendly expeditions to other places, but the entire company, so that "the Melanges" have come to be spoken of collectively as a *body of persons* governed by a particular system and animated by a common purpose.

When the present Grand Duke of Saxe-Melanges succeeded his father in 1805, he found a company at the Hof-Theater neither better nor worse than in other German towns of the same importance. The condition of the German theatre, so he thought, was not satisfactory. It appeared that the Duke, while one or two parts were entrusted to actors of talent, the rest were neglected; that the scenery was too often inappropriate, and that the costumes and accessories lacked historical accuracy. He therefore set to work to correct these defects in his own theatre. In every play produced there the same care was to be bestowed on the small parts as on the great ones. Self-assertion as the part of any member of the company was not to be thought of. It is one of his own principles that there should be no "supers" in his theatre, only actors and actresses, any of whom must perform, if need be, to be called upon to take the smallest parts. When a piece has been selected for expression, the principal parts are first studied under his own direction, and often in his own presence, until he is satisfied, after which the different parts are gradually put together and rehearsed over and over again, always with the scenery and all the persons, whether speaking or silent, who are to appear in them, so that complete harmony may be produced and all, small as well as great, has felt their responsibility to the perfect realisation of the picture. By this means carelessness and listlessness on the part of the lookers-on is avoided. They are made to understand that goodness may be as eloquent as murder, and that a citizen ought to be pushed a distinct and definite individuality while taking part in a common action.

"Work," says the Duke, "is the secret of the Melanges' success," and the verdict is wholly in his favor. Wherever the Melanges perform they leave their mark behind them by stimulating audiences to demand and managers to attempt more efficient in those really important matters which are too often regarded as accessories upon which neither time nor thought need be expended.

It must not, however, be supposed that the abolition of the star system has rendered the performance of any great work inadequate. If so performer be prominent, on the other hand, he is admitted, and his is inadequate. The average is remarkably high.

Amid it is held at Saxe-Melanges that the closest union ought to be maintained between the actors and designers. In this department, therefore, the utmost attention is paid to accuracy of detail and of local color. At the same time care is taken that the scenery should not in any way overrule the actors, but form, as it ought to do, a rich and suitable background to them. Similar care is taken that the costumes and the furniture shall be of the exact period indicated in the play. In many cases red articles are made use of, as in *Richard's* drama, "König von Heilbrunn," where the knight's armor in suits of armor that have been handed down from the middle ages.

The elaboration of the scenery has, no doubt, one drawback, and that a considerable one. It necessitates the employment of the *dispendium* so frequently that even the warmest admirers of the Melanges admit that it is wasteful. "Julius Cæsar," for instance, which ought to be played in a hall, is really played at night, and "William Tell" in fourteen. However, not even this defect, which German audiences, who like to get their play over early, must that particularly like, can diminish the respect of the Melanges in their own country or in London.

The very little Pickwick opera Monday night with the "Roman Students." They will, no doubt, prove

even a more popular attraction than the "Spanish Students," whose music was none the same, but not so elaborate or varied. I understand the *opéra* fitted up by Manager Phillips is very tasteful, and it will, no doubt, be a taking feature of the summer season.

Dora Gordon Steele, a lady of splendid vocal attainments, is to follow the "Roman Students" at the Pickwick.

If the Home Society would put their secretary a salary and have him do the collecting for them, it would possibly be about as economical as to allow him to give a large commission to other people to do the collecting. There is such a thing as stopping the bugle-bell and waving at the spigot.

The first grand steamboat excursion of the Legion of Honor takes place next Friday. Full particulars will be found in our advertising columns. There are to be a series of these excursions, and they will, no doubt, be of a very enjoyable character. The large steamer Charles P. Johnston is the best employed, and Capt. Thompson is to be the commander.

The Chouteau goes out this afternoon at four o'clock with the St. Peter's Church excursion. As the moon is at its full, a very delightful trip will be had, no doubt, by those who go. Tidbits may be had at Hilditch's.

It is to be deplored that so faithful and honest an officer as Chief McDouough should have to resign. It matters not whether it was purely voluntary or not, the fact remains that Chief McDouough has long served the city in a most creditable manner. I do not believe that a tangible charge has ever been brought against him. There have been many number of objections to him, as there will be to any man who holds that place, but I do not believe there is a man on top of the ground who can doubt the good intention and personal honesty of this good old veteran. There is a touch of sadness in his letter of resignation that must go home to a great many people of this city, whose lives and property have so often been saved by his watchfulness and sagacity. A great responsibility has been on his shoulders, and he has probably borne it as patiently and conscientiously as long as any man will ever hold that place. For many years he has been at that little room on the solemn and incorruptible guard of the peace. As often and here is a sea of iron when sternness and bravery were needed, and as gentle and as merciful as a child when gentleness and mercy were needed; a real man always, educated, and of refined feelings and tastes, above intrigues and small plots, his face always turned in the way of duty, as officer whose oath was always before his eyes—he was such a man as we do not see every day. His life has been a fruitful one, and the impress of it will be left behind him long after he has gone. To him more than anybody else do we owe the splendid character of a police force here, say what they will, is not unequalled America. It was his hand that carved out these striking characteristics that distinguish St. Louis policemen from those of every other city in the Union, and which gives them their prominent standing. The old man has done his work well, and he ought to have a farewell shake of the hand from every man and woman in St. Louis. He gave us the idea of the soldier who has fought many battles and who has always followed his colors to the front.

Capt. Kennett, who takes the place just vacated by Mr. McDouough, is a young man of excellent standing. He has the confidence of the Commissioners, and they ought to know what they are doing.

I saw at Craig's book store, this week, two copies of the *De Medici* style, intended to be worn with any costume. They were very well made, and the dress like a good Spanish lace, the wired edge outlined with pearls; the other in the same materials, but black, edged with steel. They were exceedingly elegant.

"Buckner's" Majesties," who were here at the Olympic some weeks ago, do not seem to have met with much success in St. Louis, where, on the whole, they have been better received than in any other city after leaving here. The *Apogee* says of them:

"The Majesties" were most wholesomely heard all the evening long, but the serious women found the stern the Castilians himself, and they were to be heard off until they had completed their allotted programme, whether or not. It makes one feel a little faint generally to see a woman bleed, but perhaps, after all, it is not well that it should be an absolute custom.

The Chautauque Library Circle of St. Louis met Tuesday evening at 822 Washington Avenue, the guests of Mrs. J. H. Brown. There was a good attendance, and the meeting was a most delightful one. Miss Pinsky presided, Mr. Applegate not being present, and the exercises were of a somewhat miscellaneous character, though the most interesting. A paper on a visit to Chautauque, read by Miss Brownell, was excellent, and there were several good readings. At the next meeting officers will be elected for the year, and there will be an adjournment till the fall. Miss Child particularly distinguished herself as the hostess of the evening.

The Janinet divorce case has been so much spoken of in the papers, and there has been such a surreptitious relation of family difficulties, that the case is one that will have a right to choose and to form an opinion about. So far as the law is concerned, the attorney of this city so disrespecting an exhibition of domestic infidelity, and we cannot help believing that Dr. Janinet should have continued to endure the sufferings of his case, as his physician's wife would go to him rather than provoke such a social eruption. Nothing casts so dark a shadow over life as these periodical revelations of the family skeleton, and it is to be regretted that any account of them should ever go into the columns of the press. By being thus set out by Dr. Janinet has not only fanned the community with a most disagreeable scandal, but he has placed the pillars of his own temple down upon himself. As the case now proceeds, the great trial will go to Mr. Janinet, and not to the Doctor. She is the injured one, and not he. Not only will the law be just enough to allow her relief, but the community will espouse her cause, as it always does that of an injured and abused woman.

I understand the Janinets are all still living in the same house, but the Doctor occupies apartments to himself, taking his meals at Poirer's.

On Wednesday of this week Mr. Joseph L. Griswold, late of the Lincoln Hotel, concluded the purchase of the Laclede Hotel, and will take possession July 1st. The price paid is \$200,000, and the sum of \$80,000 being given in cash and the balance in notes, secured by first mortgage on the property. The new owner is Mr. J. L. Griswold, 212 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, who is the son of J. L. Griswold, Jr., of St. Louis, and George H. Pugh, who make the sale, have been in possession of the hotel only about one year, and do not go out because of a lack of profitability of the property, but mainly because of the delicacy of Mr. Hilditch's health. He had the active management of the house, and the responsibility and laborious care to tax him too severely. He and his associates paid \$175,000 for the property—\$125,000 in cash, for the purchase of the Lincoln Hotel, and \$50,000 in notes, the same that they now sell. They paid \$142,500 for the higher part of the building alone. The original cost of the same was \$225,000, so that they got it as a great bargain. Mr. Joseph Griswold also purchased some property and the furniture of the entire hotel, with lease on the eastern or McCarry part, for \$200,000, and his investment is certainly a good one.

Mr. Sperry, formerly of the Painters', will probably be associated with Mr. Griswold in the management of the Laclede, and he will possibly have a proprietary interest in the Lincoln Hotel. Griswold is a very solid young man, and he understands the hotel business. He is the husband of a lack of harmony between him and Mr. Smoller. I have no doubt he will make a success of the Laclede.

The Lucerne has made a good deal of money under Messrs. Nanson, Pezram, and Hildard. Nearly \$50,000 worth of repairs have been made, and the profits have in a single year been sufficient to meet this outlay.

One of the notable features of the educational year now closing is the development of the Manual Training School of Washington University. A few liberal-minded men, conspicuously Sumner, Phillips, Edward Harrison, and Gottlieb Conscience, believing that the American public school leaves out of account certain very essential elements in a well-balanced education, have inaugurated and put into practical operation a school for both manual and mental education, as planned by Prof. Woodson some two or three years ago. It is reported that the school has already achieved a marked success. Several gentlemen and ladies from Chicago have recently visited the school, and the Chicago Tribune has contained several well-written articles eulogizing the school and its founders, and calling upon the citizens of Chicago to emulate St. Louis in the early establishment of a similar school there. On Thursday next at 10 a. m. there will be an exhibition of the work of the school, and of the school at work. In several particulars the affair will be a novelty. Persons who wish to attend these exercises will be warmly welcomed.

In one of the articles of the Chicago Tribune on the subject of our training school, there are these sentiments worthy complimentary notice:

The Manual Training School at St. Louis, so frequently alluded to in these columns of late, is a step in the right direction. There should be a similar school in this city, and it ought to be established this year. The school at St. Louis teaches boys what, as men, they need to know to enable them to make a good living, to give them an equipment of training for civilized life equal, as nearly as may be, to the equipment for savage life which the Indian boy acquires. All the Indian is ever called upon to do is to learn to hunt, and he is taught in youth to do these things. The Louis Manual Training School, on the other hand, aims to train the white boy of our day to give him the emergencies of civilized life. It aims to give him mechanical, business, and scientific training, fitting him for whatever it may become necessary for him to do in life. It aims to start him in life a skilled workman with the practical training which the Indian boy gets. It aims to give him the maximum of health possible to him, and thoroughly at home in science and English literature. "Who will care the lasting gratitude of the people of this city by inaugurating a movement for the establishment of a manual training school in Chicago?"

The commencement exercises of the Kirkwood Female Seminary took place Tuesday evening. A number of St. Louis people were in presence, and the exercises were of a most enjoyable character. Miss Sheedy, who has charge of this school, is making a great success.

The closing of all the schools of Washington University will take place next week. Monday evening will be devoted to the School of Fine Arts, and the exercises will be held in Memorial Hall of the Museum. The public examination of classes in Smith Academy will also take place Tuesday morning. The advanced classes of this school will give an exhibition at a clock in the evening. The commencement of Mary Institute occurs Wednesday morning, and the commencement of the Law School will be held in the evening of the same day. The closing exercises of the Manual Training School take place Thursday morning, and the College and Polytechnic commencement will be at eight o'clock that evening.

The exhibition of the work by the students of the Fine Art School of Washington University opened at the Museum yesterday, and will continue for a week. The entrance is on the Nineteenth Street side, and the admission is free. A visit there will well repay you for any trouble. Not only is the work of the students of the Art School remarkable, but the quality of it is so also. Surprising progress has been made, and our people ought to see and know what they are doing. The work that Prof. Ives and his assistants are doing for art development in this city is not appreciated as it should be.

RIC: In your issue of last Saturday you gave the complexion recipe of the famed Lolo Montez. Please state the proportion of gum benzoin and spirits of wine in your next issue, and oblige an interested

LADY READER.

A piece of gum benzoin the size of a large almond, hold it in one point of spirits of wine until the latter becomes a rich claret color, makes the simple preparation. This tincture changes the color of the water into which it is poured for use to a milky hue, and when applied with a fine sponge to the face is very soothing, and after a few applications produces the desired result. For the boiling process a porcelain lined vessel or granite ware stand should be used.

People who went out to see these things went got a good taste of the diet on Page Avenue. Wednesday was the only day that it was at all tolerable to go along this thoroughfare. The rain of that morning laid the dust quite thoroughly, but it was as bad as ever on Thursday. Inside the Jockey Club grounds the dust was even more than on Page Avenue, and there was a great deal of complaint about it, the general opinion being that Mr. Ecker ought at least to have made some effort to sprinkle his own roads.

But there are a good many things that Mr. Ecker does not look at as other people do. For instance, it is a prevalent opinion that the St. Louis Jockey Club could well afford to take a liberal amount of stock in the Page Avenue Sprinkling Company for the reason that it would lead to the making of a comfortable drive all the way from the Court-house to the Gate Building, and that it would increase very largely Mr. Ecker's receipts at racing meetings; but Mr. Ecker does not look at it that way, and so far has not taken a dollar of the stock.

The Crofton Gray Club gave its last rehearsal for the season at Sherry & Clark's music-room Tuesday evening. The meetings will be resumed in the autumn, when it is expected the organization will be much enlarged. At present there are about twenty active members, and the attempt to form a good male chorus seems to be well advanced. The members are Mr. J. J. T. White, the director, deserves unqualified praise for the earnestness and perseverance he has shown in his efforts in behalf of the club. Had it not been for his faithfulness the organization would have died in its infancy. Mr. W. F. Park, president, Mr. Tomlinson, vice-president, and Mr. H. Tuckwell, secretary, all deserve credit for their earnest labors. Most all the members are amateurs, but with good drilling and diligent effort they can be prepared to do excellent work. We need a good male chorus in St. Louis, as we need a great many other things pertaining to musical growth and culture. The Crofton Club ought to be encouraged, and I shall be glad when its members are able to appear in public and let our citizens see what they have been doing.

Miss' Juvenile Opera Company conclude their two weeks' engagement to-morrow night at Ehrig's Cafe. During the week these young vocalists have produced "Pinafore," "Chimes of Normandy," and selections from "Olivette." The performances were uniformly good, and several of the juvenile artists distinguished themselves. The company will disband at the termination of its engagement here. On Monday evening Ford's Opera Company begins a lengthy engagement at the Cave. This has the reputation of being a good company. "Olivette" will be the initial production.

The Olympic regatta on Monday with Augusta Daly's New York company in "Cinderella at School," which enjoyed a run of one hundred nights in Gotham. "Cinderella at School" is a musical paraphrase by Mr. Weston Morse of Robertine's graceful and entertaining comedy of "School," which itself was an adaptation from the German play of "Aschenbrödel." Daly's version retails the same incidents, reproducing the same characters under different names. The cast of the new piece is quite novel. It was more familiar, and as the scene is laid in America, its

general tone is more local. The piece will be produced at the Olympic under the personal supervision of Augusta Daly. The company is a remarkably good one. The list of members embraces the names of Mr. Digby Bell, the baritone, a great favorite here, Mr. Harry Macdonough, Mr. Charles Leckro, Mr. H. Roberts, Mr. James Lewis, Miss Laura Jones, Miss Ada Rolan, Miss May Fielding, and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert. There are also about a score of school-girls charmingly dressed in quaint old-time costumes. "Cinderella at School" should be eminently successful, for it well deserves it.

It is said that Clara Morris is having a play written for her with a gag for the principal female character. She purports to get starring in the piece next season and to put her others aside on the shelf.

"The fair land of Poland" is contributing a very fair quota to the artists to be found in London. Mme. Modjeska is of Polish nationality. Mme. Sembrich, whose real name is Kozubanska, Miss L. de Roszke, and her brother (Edward de Roszke), as well as Miernowski, the new *tenor robusto*, are all Poles.

Gustave Albert Lortzing's opera of "Garland Zimmerman" is to be included in the repertoire of the "Ideal" Opera Company next season, being under the title of "The Car and Carpenter." It will be produced here at Pope's. Mr. Oscar Weil, of San Francisco, has prepared the libretto. The cast is to be: Desponsator, M. H. Whitely; Peter Panna, W. H. Pesenden; Carl, W. H. DeBouilly; Margot, Tom Kari; Lord Lyndine, L. Kommer; Lejoff, George and attractive, and one of the most notable members is a quartette for male voices, which will be sung by Messrs. Volpert, McDonald, Kari, and Pesenden. Lortzing was his own librettist, and, having been educated for the stage, subsequently made his mark with success the *tenor roles* in this and other operas.

Very stylish are those large magnificently dressed hats, of a bright coralline color, that have just been placed in the window of W. H. Clark's millinery rooms. Their broad, flaring brims and light blue net set off the faces of either blonde or brunette misses to the utmost advantage, and as fashion allows this bright headgear, by all means let the little girls become her picturesque exponents of the style. These hats are the very latest importation, and cannot be found in this city except at Clark's.

The Turners' festival has been a wonderful success, and reflects credit first upon our German fellow-citizens, and second upon the whole city of St. Louis. The daily papers have left little for us to say. I believe the public has not been made aware of a very pleasant entertainment given at the Germania Club, the temporary home of the Chicago Turnverein "Vorworts" and a Turnverein from Milwaukee. The gentlemen were so kind as to give the reception and their quarters at the club, both on last Saturday evening they invited the members of the Germania to a "Concert," during which the best of feeling prevailed. The Chicago and Milwaukee Turners were profuse in the expression of their good feeling towards our city, and especially towards the Germania. They entertained their guests in a most charming manner, and the speeches that were made proved conclusively that the three societies have talent at their command which will place them in the front rank wherever they may go. In their turn the members of the Germania tendered to their guests a farewell "Concert," which took place on last Tuesday evening. The garden of the club and the clubhouse itself were splendidly illuminated, and the members of the club were out in full force in the new square and on the river. It was when the Turners arrived from Forest Park, and they

may have been tired enough from the day's work, but gaily did they march into the garden carrying their well-earned prizes, and headed by their band. A display of fireworks and rockets and the cheers of their friends greeted their arrival, and after a repeat loading and singing began, and both were kept up until a late hour. Mr. J. V. Steele, the representative of the Chicago Turners, recited a poem, which was a very flattering expression of the feeling of friendship entertained by the gentlemen of the Newmarket turners. The *Spectator* will give the poem next week.

The northeast window of Kemm's great store framed a superb mass of toiles yesterday, and many were the admiring eyes arrested by its colorings. From across the street the effect produced was that rich, mingled, blooming, warm glow of the India colorings, full of that pure harmony derived from the mingling (not co-mingling) of intense colors, which in correct proportions produce the gorgeous yet soft color combinations seen in true India work. Nothing in decorative effects could be more audacious, rich, and lovely. But a more important was even more gratifying, for the mass showed its meaning, and the eye found grateful repose in the long sweep of a Persian *portiere*, whose dark ground gained a depth of richness from the broad bands of stripes of gold and crimson and green, that in themselves were simple and clear. To the left lay a mat that revelled in the warm hues and tints of Morocco, and near it a rug from Turkey whose lost-gold coloration it had just enough color to give it the true Turkish character, as a real feature in this symphony of color. Calissons from Turkey, wrought in the harem and gleaming with silver and gold threads that mingled with others of softer silk, and screens that grained of Japan had touched, all blent in the harmonies of this picture, whose soul was the light living expression in color.

Still, will you, in your next Saturday's issue, give the score in full (as has possibly, of C. & Co. of this city, and the Chickasaw Guards, of Memphis, at the Nashville contest last summer, when the maximum obtainable and the maximum of each of the two companies. By so doing you will oblige several of your readers.

The following is the score of each company, according to the Nashville Daily *Assessor* of May 21, 1880, by which it will be seen that the maximum was 500.

	Chickasaw Guards,	Company K,	Porter Rifles,	Rock City Guards,
General appearance and military bearing.	9	9	8	7
Manual, or school of the soldier.	37	24	31	18
School of the company, being evolutions in the field.	488	470	463	283
Totals.	534	503	482	408

By this score the Chickasaws won first place; Company K, of St. Louis, second; the Porter Rifles, third; and the Rock City Guards, fourth.

Monieur and Madame De Donato, the fashionable hair-dressers and wig-makers of St. Louis, have just completed extensive improvements in their store, on the corner of Olive and Sixth Streets, that make it decidedly the most elegant and comfortable place of its kind in the city.

The news served the guests at the Glover-Hay wedding Wednesday was one of the most delicious and varied offered at any similar reception of the season, and the table itself was such a picture as to satisfy the eye while its simple entrees told the story. Only hours, of all the eaters in this city, thoroughly understand this aesthetic mingling of the beautiful with the gastronomic art.

LETTER-BOX.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH MAIN.

Editor of the *Spectator*:

My sportive communication on the Town Talker's English was not in good part. But even my remarks that the inaccuracies pointed out were "little matters" enables "A Reporter" to understand the spirit of my article. In your last number, "A Reporter" seems I thought to give the ground upon which to the past your correspondent is handsomely awarded from not knowing when the present issue may be used in reference to past transactions) to consider my article an attack on his profession. Is the "reportorial" style as this sketched as the Mr. Making list of persons and things, as they do, every day, are they not to be made fun of themselves? Are they to be witty but not the cause of wit in others? Surely to the non-reportorial mind there is nothing so foolish as the "reportorial" style, "tabulated," their "debated," their "pellucid," their "laughminded," and "fore God, a most exquisite phrase, which I find in just tonight's *Post-Dispatch*—they "imagine" for "exquisite."

"A Reporter" says, with equal truth and eloquence, that I am not posted—I always did admire that word "posted"—as regards "reliable"; that Sir Robert Peel and the word: that it is to be found in *Blackwood*, in the *Quarterly*, in the *Saturday Review*, and in the *Times*. Yes, Mr. Editor, and I am told, that that "tabulated" is used by a host of very fine writers, while "A Reporter's" own use of "debated" certainly ought to count for a good deal. It is further stated, on "reliable" authority, that Sir Robert Peel, though he did not pronounce horse "arse," was never able, even to the close of his life, to get his aspirates right in the table of a word. This he would say "appended" for "appended," "precluded" for "prohibited," etc.

Should we not, therefore, adopt this pronunciation? I take it that politicians and popular magazines are "relish" it—and sometimes very much else, too—not "relish" it. The press, so-called in English, is "relished," which we are wiser to seek. I agree with "A Reporter" that a man who will reject an American, however vile, in quality of "a contemptuous sneer at his native land." Such a sneer would refuse to possess himself with had whiskey, even when convinced that the article was a genuine American production.

I have heard that there is a difference between using a new word where a new thing is to be described and substituting a bad phrase for an existing good one. Thus in Addison's time the thing now expressed by the word "telegen" did not exist; but in Addison's time young ladies "debated" as they "debate" now. The young lady who has just come to the city has a character as familiar to our fathers as it is to us. The English of the Bible and of Shakespeare was sufficient to enable them to describe this character. But we must coin a new word where there is no new thing or new thing. Dr. Johnson well said that the creation of a new word was a perilous thing that in all his career he had ventured to add but one or two to the English language. But fools rush in, and so. To be sure, this portion sadly clips the important wings. Imagine the tears of a "local" on his being told that he must write English and use "come out" and not "debate." You might as well break his heart at once and tell him to use "debate," and "local," or to call a spade a spade and not to allude to it.

That shop instrument
With which the Thibaut has businessmen eyes have
The breast of our great mother.

In conclusion, I am glad to see that "A Reporter" is content in the *Box Baller* act of answering arguments by attacking the arguer. There are fewer more serious than those of style, and the "you're another" method of controversy is one of them. I do not pretend to deny for the exchange to your correspondent attitude; but it is very likely that the editorial opinions referred to were tried by "A Reporter's," such opinions would be found fairly induced. The logic of the law has its own necessities, and of these the gentleman who is as critic in the law firm number can hardly be pronounced a competent judge.

A MEMBER OF THE BAR.

SENECA, MAY 20, 1881.

SOCIETY.

The social record of the past week, including as it does the most of the season, has afforded us more common ground of enjoyment for reading and the gay and sedate, than any other perhaps that can be recalled since Fair time. The races are but an exotic pleasure yet that have not failed to run in St. Louis, but every one who has seen the grand and open here more fashion than enthusiasm is a simultaneous pleasure with that class known as "society." This fact is very evident to you who has witnessed the shouting crowds and bounding colts, and the cheering and the "the manner here" at the famous Kentucky race or the great English races. Cold indeed has been the episode this week of the fashionable change in the grand stand—a coliseum that seemed first every the horse-races and the jockey, for there are few more sensitive creatures than a splendid race-horse, and that Kentucky steeplechase who once chased beautiful women and horses in the same category had never not for some for speaker's efforts as the jocks of his friends pretended to assert. It is very certain that the eyes of the spectators at every great race-course turn from the horses to the women, or the women to the horses—preference being determined by the mood of the spectator thus according to the creative social. The ladies' box at the Cote-Bellieres races often saw assembled during the week just past some as fair women as the sun ever shone upon, and they viewed nothing but the horses and the jockey, for there are few more of the scene. It is not so-called-burlesque that women at this era of boasted social culture should set off their beauty with all the adroitest guile of decorative art, appearing in the most brilliant and brilliant costumes—such as the blase of the opera and its brilliant stage effects alone can embody by being all in keeping—in an out-of-door scene when most of them have not the courage to risk their make-up complexion without the intervention of a softening film of gauze veiling "tint" them and the sun, and holding above their heads, even beneath the shelter of a roof, the many-tinted, gorgeous-colored panels of the period, which with their fashionable gauds give grace to celestial brilliance to the picture! Yet it is these dances and demurements of high degree to be placed perhaps, no spectator need expect, except the son of good taste and the love of eternal fitness. Therefore indeed this style of dress is in accord, within the period, none the less that it smacks of the scenes at the ballrooms of Spain, where the Andalusian belle—the blood-bred in Spain—bared their heads and their hair, and their hair was so arranged as to be a character the fascinating mantilla of becoming Spanish lace. I am well aware that Parisian women, who set the fashion for the world, go to the race-course bedecked in their gayest things, following the lead of the French of the great capital known as the *don-moiselle*, who take this opportunity to flout their more pronounced wardrobes and flitting fashions in the eyes of the aristocrats, when they outtake in extravagance and risk in influence. Have we not a demonstration which society ignores, and at the same time acknowledges as a power, when ladies lead their modesty to maintain their vanity? Pride should be superior to vanity, and can it be so easily with dignity and exchequer loud trumpeting of personal charms when it sits in places where frailly tapers her flag alongside.

Beauty and purity can find and are afforded other opportunities for the display of their graces in the setting of fashionable clothing, and while admitting that they appeared in ruidance and force at the races and drew much admiring recognition, the sober critic can hardly be the fault of the person who wears of lavish dress in the ladies' box at the race-course. It is time that the term "lady" carried more meaning than its mere accordance by courtesy.

Wednesday, being days of great periods to whom known in the calendar, was deservedly signified by a more general turning out of the belles and beaux, than any except Monday, which, being a Derby-day, was fully patronized by our worthy citizens, including the upper

next season occupy the Germania Theatre on East Fourteenth Street.

A few cottagers have already emigrated to Long Beach, and among them Miss Mary Anderson and Miss Maggie Mitchell, but this spell of cold rainy weather makes them wish they had not. They find it too cold to venture out, and are compelled to content themselves with gazing into the fire on the hearth. So it is at all the other watering-places in the vicinity of New York. At Long Beach, Rockaway, Far Rockaway, Coney Island, and Glen Island, large crowds gathered on Sunday last, but before reaching their homes in the city were drenched through and through by an unrelenting and chilling rain. A few more days of such weather will greatly ruin the hotel proprietors of their hoped-for bonanzas, for a full force of waters is on hand at each house, and these have to be fed and paid; besides provisions in no mean quantity have to be laid in to meet a rush should it come. Perishable goods and clamorous waiters, with a continuance of this weather, will bankrupt many a caterer who has not the necessary backing. The loss already entailed is said to have reached, at Coney Island alone, in the two past days, \$100,000. On these occasions the waiters have far outnumbered the guests. Count G. Gall, the Italian Consul at Philadelphia, and Count Lupo-Waldenfeld, the Austrian chargé d'affaires, will spend the summer at Newport, where the season promises to surpass all of its predecessors. Ex-Gov. and Mrs. Van Zandt, who own considerable property there, have just sold some lots containing about 47,294 square feet at a price per lot of twenty-five cents. The land, which is bounded northwesterly by Rhode Island Avenue, and southeasterly by Kay Street, was purchased by Mr. John Whipple of this city. He is a son-in-law of ex-Gov. Thomas Swann of Maryland. Mrs. Julia Forestead, a sister of Mrs. Col. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, has also made a purchase of a building-site at this fashionable watering-place.

Many of the newly erected cottages at Long Beach are in the Queen Anne style, and have from nine to sixteen rooms, exclusive of servants' quarters. These rent from \$1,000 to \$1,500, and some of them have been taken by the New York and University clubs. To return to Long Beach, one of the most charming spots in that watering-place is situated on Park Avenue, and is called the "Actone's Colony." There alone is a cluster are the cottages of J. W. Wallack, Mrs. Elford Adams, Arthur L. Sewell, Mrs. W. B. Elford, Thomas Eaton, R. T. Padwick, Maggie Mitchell's husband, Edwin Bion, and George Wallack, while lived by on Cedar Avenue are those of Miss Mary Anderson, J. W. Albright, Frank S. Chauhan, William Henderson, and John Russell Young.

Mr. Ernest Stuart Luman, the eldest son of the founder of the famous line, who is now one of the principal managers at Liverpool, has just been granted a C. B. Commander of the Bath. Mr. James is by far the youngest man who ever bore this distinguished title.

REVIEW.

It is interesting to notice where the magazine writers come from. The July *Scribner* will contain contributions from John Estlin Cooke, Joel Chandler Hart (or "Uncle Remus"), Sidney Lanier, E. A. Mason, William Murfree, Jr., Constantine Cary Harrison, George W. Cable, W. D. Howells, Horace McComb, Sarah D. Clark, George P. Fisher, Bancroft Thompson Lathrop, Charles Barnard, Maurice F. Egan, Albert Stickney, May Croly Roper, Eugene Schuyler, S. B. Parsons, Jr., D. L. Pound, H. W. Elliott. Of these, the first seven are Southerners, the next six New Englanders, the next five New Yorkers. If the names of the reviewers were given, there would be accessions to the last two classes. There was, of course, no consideration of service in making up the number, but a recent increase of accessible work from Southern writers is well to be remarked. Mr. Elliott is from Ohio, we believe, and happens to be the only representative of the West—a season which is constantly doing good literary work in many fields.

Alma Miller's statue of George Sand will be inaugurated at Nohant in August.

"AMOR."

Say fifty million or more years ago,
Or during the carboniferous period,
The earth's vast forests in submergence slow
Began to hide themselves beneath the sod,
And with them took, below earth's cooling crust,
Billions of atoms thrown off from the sun.
Since then the light and heat that is stored in dust
Have through vast chemical transformations gone,
And man is now discovering every day
New uses for this sunlight of the past.
While porifera now whirly like wind,
Woodrobes in latent power, in volume vast,
Till, borrowing deep in subterranean mine
With energetic hand, persistent toil,
He finds those treasures which henceforth shall shine
In diamonds, coal, and lubricating oil,
And now there's not a doubter that releases
To requite in value to mankind,
Who put it to a thousand different uses
In which its light and heat can be combined.

In this connection we must briefly mention
A recent simple, valuable invention—
A coin contrivance for one's summer cooking
Which does its work without the slightest smoking.
At moderate cost it gives a heat intense,
Through an adjustment based on common sense.
Using far fuel costless gasoline,
It never can be otherwise than clean.

Having no ashes, soot, or even smoke,
Over which disengaged coils can creep,
He eludes, for reasons we deem sound and right,
This stove has proved itself the cook's delight.

He also claims, with ordinary care
This cooking gas will really outwear
All others now in use, and will exceed,
In all respects, coal oil stoves, kerosene, so well,
And when the public learn the price is low,
For all these reasons they will promptly go
And, ere the dawning of another day,
Lay down the coal and bear a price away.

The courteous Campbell all his open door
Receives the throngs which daily crowd his store.
They give one look in his agreeable face
And buy a stove before they leave the place.
So, as each buyer utters his praise,
The constant flow of customers never ceases,
And Campbell's ample income proudly swells
With honest pride that his own store excels
All other summer stoves now known to man,
No matter what their merit or their name.

All honest citizens will readily gaze
The hosts of friend Campbell's large success.
"Tis this! A man of good soul, sound and nerve,
He serves his price and from it will not swerve.
Whatever the result, he is content,
As he would rather be right than President.
The store where these ungalvanized stoves are seen
Is Washington Avenue, Ten hundred fifteen.

SIX SELECT POPULAR

Moonlight and Electric Light Excursions!

ON THE ELEGANT AND COMMODIOUS

STEAMER "CHAS. P. CHOUTEAU."

Leaving Foot of Olive Street, Wednesdays 5 P.M., and Saturdays 4:30 P.M., Returning at 10:45 P.M.

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The Steamer CHAS. P. CHOUTEAU will leave foot of Chestnut Street at 5:30 o'clock sharp. Spiering's Orchestra, Dancing, and a general good time.

Tickets can be had of members of the Athletic Club, Balmer & Weber's, or at the Boat on the evening of the Excursion.

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\$33 to \$500.

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The Spectator.

[VOL. I. No. 52.]

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

[PRICE 5 CENTS.]

A SPECIAL DRIVE IN DIAMONDS!

From our recent immense purchases in Europe we have selected and
SPECIALLY Mounted in ELEGANT and varied settings.

40	SOLITAIRE DIAMOND STUDS AT	\$25 00 each.
30	" " " " " " " "	50 00 "
20	" " " " " " " "	100 00 "
40	prs. " " RAB-RINGS AT	50 00 per pair.
30	" " " " " " " "	75 00 " "
20	" " " " " " " "	100 00 " "
10	" " " " " " " "	150 00 " "
10	" " " " " " " "	200 00 " "
50	" " FINGER-RINGS AT	25 00 each.
30	" " " " " " " "	50 00 "
20	" " " " " " " "	100 00 "
10	" " " " " " " "	150 00 "
10	" " " " " " " "	200 00 "

These goods are GUARANTEED the best VALUE ever offered for the amounts, and we will cheerfully RETURN the sums invested, less ten per cent and the value of the settings, at any time within ONE YEAR from date of purchase.

As there is a prospective GREAT INCREASE in the VALUE of Diamonds, a more FAVORABLE time to invest never before presented itself.

In addition to the above, we have one of the CHOICEST Stocks in America of FINE LARGE PAIRS and SOLITAIREs, and offer ADVANTAGES in PRICES which cannot be equalled.

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The Spectator.

ST. LOUIS, SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.



Mr. Troubadour Ambleg was a tenor. He wanted his light voice for a light salary in the choirs of an inexpensive open company that soule the Summer months and the opera air of the West End auditions to a sometimes quite harassing degree. His soul was as full of art as his throat was of music. He doted upon the beautiful whenever he came in contact with it, and frequently, when he heard of beauty lying around in August fineness in any direction, he went out of his way to find it. It was in this manner he became acquainted with Miss Silicia Justatylene. She was the belle of an upper upper circle, a glowing, brown-eyed maiden, with sun-kissed hair, and the sweetest smiles that ever played in Polaroid style over the ruffs and fringes of an expensive toilet. Indeed, an entire horde of glistening good nature shone upon the horizon of her lips, and a single glance of her eye was worth more to a man in love than the ascent of a sparkling cart to a traveler perishing of thirst on a dry and burning desert. When Mr. Ambleg saw Miss Justatylene, that pink of beauty and perfection of herself, gracing a front bench, where the susceptible tenor was nightly straining his voice at a salary of ten dollars a week, their eyes met and their loves at once intertwined. Like Teetle, the daughter of Moscherosch, who found in the yellow-haired scurrier, Alvarado, the lover she had dreamt of long before the prize of the "fair girl's" vessel touched the shores of Mexico, the super-aesthetic maiden of my story saw in the choirs singer the affinity for which she had long looked and sighed. Mr. Ambleg, too, at once became aware that in Miss Justatylene he had met his fate. They smiled, and smiled, and smiled, and encouraged each other across the footlights. The choirs singer forgot all the other maiden beauty that flourished under the foliage, and there were crushed and trampled hearts lying in the choirs across which Ambleg and Miss Justatylene exchanged their affection. But Ambleg did not mind it. He had learned that Miss Justatylene was the queen of her circle, and he determined to share her crown with her. Now, Ambleg was not wealthy, neither was he rich in prepossessing features. His teeth were fresh, his mouth was big, his forehead small, his eyes expressive, his hair of a lustrous yellow, his moustache quip, his shirt collar, and

usually required to do long service without washing, while his general appearance was not extravagantly pleasant, and certainly not over-abundant in that grace and ease for which pretty girls have, at all times, a fondness. Therefore, it was surprising that Miss Silicia Justatylene felt in love with the choirs-singer tenor. But she did not, and, it seems, felt so deeply into admiration of himself and his voice, that she could not have done better had she made the start, in falling, from the top of a seven-story house. When love is once kindled in the glow of a pair of admiring eyes, look out for a conflagration in the neighborhood of the heart. Night after night, as the moon washed the tree tops with waves of silver, and the leaves rustled their whispers to each other, Miss Silicia Justatylene sat in the front row, either joining with the choirs of aesthetic maidens in "Patience" in singing to her own ideal *Troubadour*:

"Turn, oh, turn in this direction,
Shed, oh shed a gentle smile;
With a glance of love perfume
My poor fainting heart beguile!
Oh such eyes as maidens cherish
Let thy fond adorer gaze,
Oh so sweetly partish
In their all evening rays."

Or, following *Belina* through the mazes of the "Mas-cotte" gobbie song, while she had a *Pippo* of her own in mind all the time. Ambleg noticed this growing affection, and sang all the louder, and all the wilder, to the great enjoyment of the performers. At last Miss Silicia Justatylene left him a token of her love—a soft, white rose, which she kissed and placed in her chair as she departed one evening. Ambleg cleared the stage at a bound, secured the creamy flower, pressed it to his lips and over his callous throat bosom, after which he carefully stowed it away in a pocket, and with his wash and beard-brush. The following day Miss Silicia Justatylene was teying with a \$10,000 necklace in the bay-window of her paternal residence on Pineford Avenue, when the postman handed her a letter in a yellow envelope. It was from Ambleg. She glanced at she looked at it, then smiled and flattered gracefully up to an escritoire, where she hid it, and a charming little note on pink monogram paper with heavy gold edges, and placed it in one of the nicest and most serpentine envelopes you ever saw. Ambleg read that note that very night to a group of wide-eyed and open-mouthed choirs singers. It invited him to call on Miss Justatylene the next day. The call was made. Miss Silicia Justatylene received Ambleg at the front door, and led him to the magnificent parlor as graciously as if he were a prince.

"My *Pippo*!" she cried, as she flung her arms around his neck, and almost knocked over the piano stool.

"My *Belina*!" sighed the tenor, as he pressed her to his glowing bosom.

After the first agony of meeting they sat down and told the stories of their love. Grad fate had dealt harshly with her. This was already engaged to be married; the other would not begin to have a ghost of a show at monogamy if wives were to be had at less cents a dozen. Miss Justatylene was betrothed to Mr. Prymore, a young man who had lapsed of coming into a fortune some day or other, providing he survived the journey was accomplished. Mr. Ambleg was impatient, still she said she could scrape up enough to buy him a suit of clothes and a box of tooth-powder, and then they might fly together as far as East St. Louis anyhow. Miss Justatylene was to become a wandering minstrel's bride. She took the \$50,000 diamond engagement ring Mr. Prymore had given her from her finger, and put on a \$2 imitation sapphire that

the choirs-singer gave her. What simple, pure, and unselfish love!

But the course of true love is as rough as the rocky roads to Dublin. Not content with wandering under his innumerable windows every night waiting his breath in whistling Sullivan's music to pieces, while *Belina* opened the shutters of the third-story window and wiffy sang:

"For I'm by turkey's love,"
to which *Pippo* audaciously responded,
"And I say mine-own love."

After which there was a mixture of "gobble, gobble, gobble," and "ha-ha-ha-ha." Not content with this innocent and artistic way of amusing himself while he kept people awake for blocks around, Ambleg very tactlessly boasted of his success, and exhibited Miss Silicia Justatylene's notes and photographs to indiscriminate crowds. One day he met Mr. Prymore and a prize-fighting brother of Miss Justatylene in the street. This brother had chosen Prymore's service in the 24th regiment, and required but slight provocation to disturb the crowd in a row as inviting as that which decorated the middle of Mr. Ambleg's face. By the free use of whiskey punches these young men finally inveigled Ambleg into a deep and dark cellar, where they proceeded to smother him up with dirt and feet so that he might not be able to identify himself again.

After materially spoiling his appearance, they made themselves presents of the photographs and letters which they found in his possession, gave him a few parting touches, and then went away to prepare an official statement of their side of the case. Ambleg now had no more use for the Justatylene mansion, or the Justatylene beauty, so he made up his mind to lead his heart and his bruises with a \$10,000 ban. For this purpose he went into town. Miss Silicia had named herself away to the Rosebud Sulphur Springs, the fashionable and celebrated beauties there, should be so jealous of her triumph over a choirs singer, that they were gossiping of their attentions and eviling in their remarks. Some of the same evildoers had had food for gossip a season or two before over Miss Silicia Justatylene's capture of a \$15,000 ex-Presidential candidate. That a woman should range all the way from a Presidential candidate to a choirs-singer, was unusual and interesting. So unprovoked did the gossiping smile at Rosebud Sulphur Springs make it for Miss Silicia Justatylene, that she hastened back to the more congenial atmosphere of her home on Pineford Avenue. In the meantime, her prize-fighting brother and Mr. Prymore, had, with the same courage that impelled them to do so, Mr. Ambleg into a cellar, and beat him, and drew a sailing gun on him, follow down on their knees before Miss Silicia Justatylene, and asked her to plead their case. She consented, and by a swift-footed courier sent Ambleg a message accompanied by the talismanic words, "Pippo" and "Belina." He staggered, smacking a few-erent cigar and rushed out to the Justatylene mansion like a fire-engine pursued by an insurance man. His lawyer wiped his coat-tail and followed, the two arriving there out of breath, the one bent on money, the other called by the sweet voice of love.

"Oh, *Belina*!"

This was the salutation that fell from the two lovers as their eyes melted into each other.

"Pippo, you have saved my prize-winning brother and my ostensible love for \$10,000. They are short of cash just now and can't conveniently pay. Please cut down the amount somewhat dear Pippo. For the sake of this amethyst (shows him the ring) I beg of you to do so," said she.

"I will reduce," said he.

"How much?" asked she.

"All I want is enough to buy a watch, a new suit, pay my board-bill, and get to my mother. I think it will take \$500," said he.

"Is that all," said she.

"Not all, quite. The two lawyers I have hired cannot be seated with less than \$500. We three—that is the two lawyers and myself—want \$300 a piece. Thus you see I cut the \$10,000 down \$8,500," said he.

"Oh, Pippo, you are too good to reduce so liberally," said she.

Thus the interview ended and as Ambrose ambled down the steps Miss Silica Jaxatime sat down at her piano and sang:

A father—behold young man,
A pretty—good young man,
An utterly honest, much too easy,
Breeder the said young man.

As she rose from the piano she continued to him the sarcastic melody, and going up to her boudoir, even while Ambrose's heavy heels were clinking on the adjacent pavement, she sat in contemplation of the one hundredth offer of marriage which she had just accepted. This is a true story.



As frequently the juvenile mind avails

The sleeping silence with a loud-lary yell,

Whose chirping wakes the maid-fairy tales,

While thrills experience leap their veins

And vapory halcyon pictures dress'd in blue,

The tale of unachieved love to sweetly tell.

Or, as the cooing of a thought's disturbed,

When to its thought made it is reaching thro',

By misty rank rears where red lips, unclothed,

Triangles and blood discs ery-red wreath link,

And with an urge, weak and wild, to drink again

How he weaves the golden dream.

So, gone, O Queen! Deth, gone, enigma, Frow,

All the poetry of euphemism on

Your dawn-fet music wakes the greedy child

From leading intervals in pleasant realm

To forth unfettered fawn whose gentleness call him,

Your quivering quip implies the unborn fun.

Oscar Wilde, an excellent likeness of whom is given above, is the scroop son of the late Sir William Wilde, a Dublin physician. He was surgeon-on-call to Queen Victoria, and was subjected by her for his services in generating the first, second, and third, and for the great affinity to his profession. A book called "Travel in the Holy Land" was compiled by him, and his wife became somewhat famous as a pianist, writing over the pseudonym of "Sylvia." Sir William Wilde was a somewhat nervous gentleman, and now has an illegitimate son in Dublin who is a physician. Oscar, the poet and leader of the London school of aesthetics, is only about twenty-two

years old, and is a graduate of Oxford. From an article devoted to him in the last number of the New York Herald I take this pertinent extract:

It has often been asked whether Oscar Wilde is a hater or a fool. If he does not believe in the tenets of the creed of which he is the apostle, it is very truly said that he must be a hater. Wilde, on the other hand, people of healthy minds and bodies can scarcely understand a stranger, strapping young man lasciviously lounging upon a bank, like Lily, or finding his greatest delight in the contemplation of a ten-mark leopard. That a great deal of madraza nonsense is talked by the aesthetes is beyond question, but they are not without their place and mission in the cosmogony. The great London Exhibition gave rise to a movement for the revival of the æsthetic tastes of the English people, and the North Kensington Museum is the legitimate offspring of that movement. "The people were taught to appreciate the beauties of ancient times and to select what was good from each era. But the authors went further than that. They refused to see good in anything unless it was at the same time old. Early Saxon dresses were their delight, a costume by Worth their abomination. They transferred into their dress and manners the mystical philosophy taught by Bolivar Lutton and continued in different guises by Schopenhauer and other sages. They had all kinds of aspirations, which they were unable to formulate in their minds, much less to express in words. Their ideal writings were psychopomps to their 'old gods' and 'olive greens.' They wished to find beauty in the abstract, as some great geniuses have done before, and failing in this they have chosen what to them was the nearest concrete image and taken to the worship of lilies and daisies. Whether a young girl dressed herself with a veil some four inches above the place where the Venus di Medici would place hers, is a matter of little import, but that she should do so in the only case where a veil is of any use, that is, in the eyes of the world at least, better dressed. Poverty of language may be coupled with poverty of mind, but the only case of the evidence of these two folks. Few people can express in words all they think and feel, and the case of even trained writers and speakers on art has often been commented upon. When altogether untrained boys and girls attempt to express their half-formed ideas about what they do not understand, it is consequently not surprising that they should be at a loss. So across the peculiar philosophy is which their language. It is much easier to say of a picture that it is 'exquisite' than to say 'deliciously precious' than to point out its perfectness and faults in plain English. That Oscar Wilde has been, and stronger than those whose expressed in the greater part of his madraza verse is beyond peradventure; but his followers must always be in the absurd position of persons dining at what they can never attain. Aesthetics is as harmless as collecting postage stamps, and the only case where a veil is of any use, that is, in the eyes of the world at least, better dressed. As a dudu or a mermaid. As for the hand, Oscar Wilde, time will show his former looks and dress the appearance of his wondrous verse, and he will write of his search for 'The Beautiful' just as Lewis Carroll has written of the 'Hunting of the Snark.' But it is not imagined that Wilde is a fat or lean young man. He is plump and sleek. He loves breakfast and port. He is a little of a dandy, and he tells us of his many amusements of making, and when Gilbert wrote of the 'Greenery Valley, Grosvenor Square, one foot in the green, and one foot in the red, quite another sort of person before his mental vision.

Respectfully referred to the various youngsters who have attended the circus this week.

Little Johnny went to view

The circus and the Big Blue Sperm;

Johnny tried the Big Red, too,

And how he weaves the golden dream.

While they passed these things at will

To the air or anywhere,

Johnny would not be left off,

Turned about on the golden stairs.

The Post-Dispatch is to have a new office. It is to be in a new building, to be situated on the front corner of the old site just opposite the Grand Opera House on Market Street, and just west of the new building being erected by Hor. Thomas Allen. When the removal is made a \$20,000. How perfecting power is to be put in, and how the paper is to be improved, and how the Post-Dispatch has made money very rapidly during the last eighteen months.

Mr. Equiptment's report, the Herald, celebrated the anniversary of its recovery. It has certainly been a most profitable effort, and the success of the enterprise, resulting, by all odds, anything in this line, outside of New York City.



The "Heralds" are to commence regular trips from Grand Avenue to Fourth Street next Wednesday. They are most comfortable and convenient vehicles, and, as they are to make quick time will, doubtless be largely patronized. It was the desire of the company to have them commence running in July, but there have been many unexpected delays. The horses to be used have been purchased with great care, and are of a superior class. If the "Heralds" give satisfaction, there will be no need of an elevated railroad for some time to come, for they will make very quick time.

The Spectator has by no means abandoned the project of securing a well-splashed drive to Forest Park. The need of one was never more apparent than it has been during this long, dry, hot summer. It has simply been next to impossible to get to Forest Park for some weeks past. Page Avenue, and all the other streets and avenues leading that way have been almost impassable. How many more seasons shall it be thus? Are we ever to have a decent drive to our forest and most picturesque park? You who have fine horses and vehicles had but little pleasure in them; and unless there is a change, the custom of driving will soon be extinct in St. Louis. When the Spectator ceased its efforts last June to raise sufficient money to buy water pipe along Page Avenue, and sprang it into the air, the season, there had been secured something over \$11,000. The amount required was \$12,000, as at a great many subscribers were leaving the city for the Summer, and as there would have been great trouble and delay in collecting subscriptions on the matter for the time being. Now, as Autumn is upon us, and our absent citizens are beginning to return, the time is opportune for a reopening of this sub. But the question arises, will it not be better to attempt the effort to spruce Page Avenue, and devote the effort to Liddell Avenue. There are a number of reasons for this change. In the first place, Liddell Avenue is almost a continuation of Pine Street, which is the favorite driving street of the city, and is a more direct route to Forest Park. It is a straight, broad, and beautiful drive. The width is over 100 feet, and with proper improvements can be made the finest drive in the city, and a perfect roadway for vehicles. It has never been fully opened up, and its beauties cannot be understood until it is properly finished off. All citizens pertaining to the property adjoining it have been asked to give up their share of the city's workmen to proceed with its improvement. While the city is willing to do part of the work required, it will not do all of it, and a subscription will therefore be asked for by the Spectator. It is not intended to give full details at this time, but they will be forthcoming very shortly. Attention is called to the matter now so that those who subscribed to the Page Avenue fund may give the matter their careful consideration. It is to be hoped that all will consent to the manner they proposed to give, devoted to the improvement of the city. Assurances of substantial assistance have already been received from several districts, and it is believed the work can be pushed through to completion this Fall and Winter, so a beautiful drive may be ready for use early next season.

When at the circus the other day, I saw a healthy-looking lady, with a round face, and a short dress, come up into the reserved seats with a villainous-looking little dog under her arm. It was a real case of canine infatuation, for she seemed to be apparently unconscious of the fact that she was in the presence of a dog. There is nothing strange about a dog, or a woman either. In fact, they are both amazingly prevalent. But, to see a woman carrying a dog about

in her arms with more affection than she would bestow on a real baby, is somewhat remarkable. She sat down with the utmost dignity and composure, while the dog licked his face through the somewhat ornate gold watch chain that fell from her neck. All of a sudden a terrible yell proceeded from the neighborhood of the complacent lady with the round face and the short dress. It was that dog. He had got his sweet head fastened in that tortuous watch-chain, and was hanging himself. Though diminutive in size, he managed to scratch most violently and make himself very conspicuous. He pulled and pulled, and the more he pulled the more he yelled. The lady lost her placidity and became excited almost as much as the dog. She tried to shake him off and spoke to him with tears in her eyes, but he would not be shaken off, and his ears were closed to her admonitions. She tried to shut his mouth while she undid the golden nose, but he broke out worse than ever and even attracted the attention of the lady elephant that was performing in the ring. It was a critical moment, the audience was about to rise as one man and one woman in a desperate endeavor to see what was the matter when the lady shot down on side like a falling star and rushed out into the adjoining menagerie tent. Her face looked like the big sun setting in the haze of Autumn, and the perspiration broke out in drops as big as Hot Springs diamonds. She was very much distressed.

The following letter comes all the way from Leadville, but the subject is opportune:

LEADVILLE, COLO., September 3, 1881.

SIR: In your issue of August 25, you made mention of our recognition that a variety company, styling itself "Saunders' Majestics," received in the West their last but not unengaged in Leadville was played the Grand Central Theatre, and on the 23rd of September. At first the performance was entirely too vulgar, even for this place, and it was only made passable by a notice from the Chief of Police. The manager deserted his company in this city, but finally sent for them.

A correspondent upon it in the city writes and wants to know if Mr. Spaulding is going to turn the Olympic into a variety theatre. I have not seen the "show" at the Olympic this week, but I hear that it is a very disgusting affair. It is not even what it professes to be, nearly all the competent members of the troupe having left it long since. It does little good, however, to advise such combinations, for they listen on the subject they thus obtain. The only way to get rid of them is to starve them out. A good commencement in that direction has been made this week, for the audiences at the Olympic have been exceedingly light, but what do you think of a great party that lends its influence and influence to the support of such a vile variety performance? Here is a paragraph from the August number of the *Globe-Democrat* of last Tuesday.

Well pleased audiences witness nightly the variety entertainment given by the Saubach Majestic Company. The only one of the troupe who is worth anything at all, is the Japanese gymnast, in his side for life on the tight rope stretched from the dome to the stage, and one of them will surely die from the pressure of admission, but to mention the many amusing specialties of other performers, and the tricks of the trained dogs.

I should be so full to state that Mr. Fitz Garris also took part of the premiums at the National Photographic Convention, in New York. The truth is that St. Louis carried away all the premiums. Mr. Garris has been making some very fine pictures of late, and has ordered some new designs in scenery from New York by which his capabilities will be much improved. In the way of making photographs St. Louis takes a permanent stand.

Severest Brothers, who did the splendid decorating work for Pope's Theatre from their own original designs, have been commissioned to prepare the decorations for a theatre in Denver and one in New Orleans. What they did at Pope's is a most excellent recommendation of their capacity to do the most work, and it is with great satisfaction that the Spectator is the first to see interpolating a house extent to other large cities.

Mr. Phil. Ferguson, of the *Globe-Democrat*, has been taking a long vacation. He is a veteran who has made a brilliant record in journalism, and, having been more saving many of his brethren of the craft, he is able to afford a long vacation, and he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has a great many friends who do not begrudge him the pleasure of it.

Mr. William Hyde will complete his twenty-fifth year with the *Republican* on the 4th of next January. A quarter of a century is a long time in the profession, but Mr. Hyde is still a young man, being only forty-five. When he went to the *Republican*, Mr. Paschall was the editor, and journalism was quite a different thing in St. Louis from what it is now. He was for some time the only reporter on the paper, doing all the local work, and was the first man west of the Mississippi to receive and prepare for the printers a news message by telegraph. I hear that he is to take a long vacation after he celebrates his twenty-fifth year of service, and that he will possibly make a tour around the world.

The masterful *Globe-Democrat* is to have two new presses in a short time. They are to be very complete in every way, and will fold supplements as well as regular sheets of the paper. They will in this respect be in advance of any presses yet made.

Neither tropical heat, nor blinding dust, nor any other trifling drawback can deter the enthusiastic St. Louisans from patronizing the favorite amusement, the "Circus," the initial performance of which, — the procession on Monday, — drew crowds of perspiring, but delighted admirers, eager to gaze, through unimpaired physical endurance, their first glimpse of the promised glorious show to be uninterceptedly revealed in behind the swelling canvas. Old men and matrons, young men and maidens, children of every imaginable age, size and description, from the tenderly guarded heir apparent of millions, to the apparent heir of nothing but "poverty, hunger and dirt," all stood, stolidly and stolidly, and down-staring, eager, with fluttering heart and excited countenance, awaiting the coming of this wonderful and soul-stirring pageant. Clerks nervously thrust their pens behind their ears, and hastened to window or doorway, fearful lest they be too late; lawyers and others together affecting a constitutional pose, now, to join the going throng, while learned judges on the bench and their judicial verks in hopes of gaining a peep, at least, at the ten-thousand-dollar beauty, anxiously reclining in a howdah on the back of a shambuling elephant.

The remarkable degree of preference shown by the "good men and true" of all ages, great city, with their respective families, from the aged grandchild to the infant in arms, for this heterogeneous form of entertainment, bespeaks a simplicity of ideas and tastes seldom found outside the immediate rural districts. It is a singularly unspoiled and childlike nature which can take full its highest level of wit and amusement in the most banal and original remarks, the funniest and astonishing contortions and gestures of the clown. While the fact of a certain spontaneous sameness and repetition in the bareback-riding, hoop-jumping, and visions of muscular labors, hanging head downward from bars and trapezes, in breath-taking attitudes, does militate at all against their attractiveness in the minds of these simple children of nature with which our urban homes are peopled. Kind and a certain base spirit of uneducated longing can have no place in our community so long as Messrs. Forepaugh and Barnum continue to favor us with their thrilling and enchanting shows. Indeed, it is whispered that a desperate and original citizen, headed by his Honor, the Mayor, contemplate making a proposition to Mr. Barnum to establish a permanent circus here, so that our children need never be deprived of this instructive and entertaining means of amusement.

It would seem that even the spirit of Shakespeare is powerless to exercise the wondrous power of Old Ned, who continues to pour his molten beads upon our

devoted heads, and to demand, besides, the sacrificial offering of young Hamlet, of ambitious Richard, and the Israelitish "Merchant of Venice," upon the altar of his dry words. "Tis not that I love Shakespeare less, nor thy graceful and fruitful interpretation thereof, on which brother Warde, that I do not gaze upon thy mimic world from the parquette of the beautiful Pope's Theatre, but that I love my comfort more, and take it in a rustic chair outside, where the southern breeze may have uninterrupted play, and fan my heated brow with its cooling breath.

'Tis rather a pity, too, considering the thermometer again, that the gentlemen of Denmark, in the day of Hamlet, were not in the habit of appearing at court in sear-sucker suits instead of silken hose and breeches, as the latter indisposability has, I understand, cost our talented young tragedian considerable already in the way of supplying this extremely expensive kind of bodily adornment.

The approach of the Fall season is plainly evidenced in the gradual filling up of the hotels. The clerks are assuming more businesslike airs, and the halls resound with the voices of children, while the serenity and quiet of the "permanents" thus broken in upon, causes such a feeling of disgust as to suggest ideas of setting up establishments of their own and returning to private life.

A very clever writer of one of the cleverest books that have been produced of late years, makes a great point of what she calls the "sophisticated" show of an unsophisticated maiden. It is the one link which connects an otherwise merely bacillie belle with the great outside world of fashion and show. It is the substance of things hoped for by her lover, the evidence of things not seen by the casual observer. In other words, it is the stamp of real gentility, the seal of all that is cultured and refined. Girls, look to your boots, for by the manner of your shoeing shall ye be known.

It is the rule to decry the use of cosmetics and to make a sweeping condemnation of their use, but anything which has had such continued and universal practice as the enhancement of female charms by this means, must have the germ of good in it somewhere. Of course, you deny that it is a stupid and short-sighted policy to add arsenic in order to improve the complexion — that is, if the person possesses the natural desire to enjoy the good things of life until she attains three-score years and ten — but if, convinced that a woman, once her femininity has taken gentle wings, no longer has a mission to fulfil, and she would be wise to develop angelic pinions and soar away after her departed chaperon, then I fail to perceive any special impropriety in the laxative's practice, and the fair lady has the comfort of knowing that if by chance she should swallow a grain or two too much she will at least make a handsome corpse, and make her exit from the stage the envy of all her dear female friends.

As a pretty woman, slightly on the wane, it must be admitted, remarked to me not long since, "What are you doing? We must get the best of these autumn years somehow. It is all very well to say, 'Don't use cosmetics, they will ruin your complexion,' but your complexion is already ruined by Time's merciless claw, and a horrid, sorry, dirty atmosphere! Must not one repair the ravages? Must one aid helplessly by the because of possible consequences which exist doubtless only in some croaking doctor's imagination, see a heavy of flogging, but satin-skinned girls of sixteen, appropriating the complexion and seductiveness while their cheeks were gray? Never, as I am a woman! Never, so long as a bit of pure powder and a bit of cosmetic skin remain in the land! It is only the weak-minded and tasteless members of our sex, who, in their ambitious efforts to rival the life and rose complexion, wring themselves up and appear as in a plaster of Paris mask — the ridicule of their own sex as well as of the other."

A few minutes' study of the great plate-glass window of a certain first-class down-town gentlemen's furnishing store, the other day, convinced me that the lords of creation had but small room to reproach the weaker vessel with a tendency to gorging attitudes, for anything more gorgeous than that array of flaring neck-wear it would be impossible to imagine. A Turner sunset is as nothing to it. Ribbon-shedding from the palest tints of the same color and technically known as "ombre" was the predominant style, and the most aggressively brilliant blues, peacock-blues and shaded yellows met my glance on every side. Our young swells evidently intend to rival the brilliant fans of the farthest fish-coasting fleet, when nature will doubtless hang her head with shame.

Few men possess qualities and attainments so versatile as Victor Hugo. He is a poet, a dramatist, an historian, a novelist, a philanthropist, and a politician. His dramas, many of them, have proved a fruitful field for the makers of opera librettos. Verdi's "Rigoletto" is taken entirely from Hugo's "Le Roi's Amie," as also is "Ernani" from his play of "Hernani," while numbers of others have been utilized in the same way.

I recently came across "Theo," one of Mrs. Barrett's earlier, if not her earliest novel, and after glancing over the first page or two would have classed the book finally, but that I was curious to see how badly a first-class writer may have written. There is a world of encouragement in the voluminous and shortness of her writing. Doubtless, too, she feels for poor "Theo" all the pitying tenderness of a mother for some beloved, but weakly child.

Others there are, however, in the field of literature that seem to have quipped God-like, fattened into existence. Chief among these we may name Miss Sprague, the author of "An Earnest Trifler." It seems almost incredible that a "practiced hand" could have written that book—as a *trifler*, so witty, so caustic, so thoroughly light and clever that its pages are a constant succession of positive intellectual surprises and delights. One feels instinctively that there is a woman who has never looked at things in the common way, but with a keen sense of all their possibilities, the most unusual one of which comes ever expressed in her writing. It is a God-given gift, this one of rare insight and original expression, and it is not genius itself, is something so near akin as to be an excellent substitute for it.

Lure of home is one of the most interesting qualities of the human race. By its home, I here mean to designate the particular city, village, or neighborhood in which one chooses to be born and reared. Unwillingness, isolation, objections of climate, poverty of surroundings—nothing, in short, seems to lessen the intensity of this affection for one's birth-place. The advantages of other places—superior beauty of scenery, cleanliness, accessibility to all that constitutes the refinements and luxuries of life—never in the least degree tempt the homesick heart to sever in its loyalty to that precious spot called home. To all of your objections there is but one answer—"It is home"—an answer so reasonable and as final as a woman's "because."

I came across an exemplification of this fact not long since in my intercourse with a friend—precisely that was what set me philosophizing upon this little human trait. It was a young bride—she had been telling an extended tour through the East—she had seen the grandeur of Niagara, the beauties of the St. Lawrence; the enchanting scenery of Lake George and the Hudson. She had listened to the magnificence of Mount Washington, and viewed the roar of the old ocean

on the rock-bound coasts of Maine and the broad sands of Newport. She had breathed the sublimated atmosphere of Boston and not beneath the shadow of the Colosseum had gazed upon Manhattan's horizon-touching avenues of brown-stone palaces and driven through Central Park; had even tipped over Philadelphia's speckled pavements, and yet that bountiful creature danced delightfully out of the Pullman car almost before it had fairly come to a standstill in Cabin Depot, and clasping her hands and gazing ecstatically around upon the heated, sooty, dusty, dingy old place, she exclaimed, "Oh! isn't it delightful to be back in dear old St. Louis again?"

Strangers, however, don't feel that way. A certain lady I know of, who hails from a corner of the globe where the grass is ever green, and the dust never flies—where bituminous coal, with its many disadvantages, is a thing unknown; where paint and whitewash are the creed of the people, and penury and poverty hide their ugly forms under the garment of order and neatness—has more than once felt the conflict between the desire to speak the whole truth and the exercise of that complaisant politeness which forms the basis of social intercourse, when she has been asked by those to the manner born, "Do you not think St. Louis a charming city?" Not having been reared in an atmosphere charged with powdered fineness, she naturally has objections to its inhabitants; but that, with the seat, she hopes to get used to in time. And, realizing how strong is the passion, which I may term local patriotism, she is enabled to understand why reasonable beings may think it to be a pleasant place to live in.

Said a pretty, bright maiden to me in Arcadia: "Oh, would you be aesthetic, and dress up in a lordly short-tailed gown and carry yourself in a lordly air?" "Why, certainly, my dear," said I. "And you said, 'just for the fun of it,' and passed under a guarded and twisted old tree for the express benefit of one of our well-known artists. Perhaps the sequel will be a daily bit of *good work* at our Fall exhibition."

The St. Louis Choral Society began its rehearsals for the season last Thursday evening, by entering upon the study of Beethoven's grand mass in C. The "Kyrie" and the "Gloria" were read by the chorists, under the intelligent and conscientious guidance of the society's director, Mr. Joseph Otten, with an appreciative interest which promises well for the artistic success of the work when it shall be ready for performance. It is the intention to give it, probably in November, with a complete orchestra, and with a chorus of at least a hundred voices. The roll of the society already numbers nearly one hundred of our best church and choral singers, besides many associate members whose contributions go to make up a generous fund for the necessary expenses of the rehearsals and concerts. In addition to the mass in C, the first programme will probably include the march and chorus from Tannhäuser, and the Tannhäuser overture. The rehearsals are appointed for Thursday evenings, at the hall No. 1306 Olive Street. The annual election of officers is fixed for Thursday, September 22.

Here is a paragraph from the San Francisco *Argonaut* that is not exactly clear:

"The married life of the present Emperor and Empress of Russia is a good illustration of the value of domestic and truth-speaking between matrimonial partners. When the Emperor, for political reasons, was compelled to marry his late brother's daughter, he did not hesitate to tell her that he loved another. This open confession was met by a corresponding answer. His fiancée told him unreservedly that she had passionately loved his brother. Nevertheless, their marriage has apparently a model marriage—one which may well surprise us by its undisturbed accordance and lasting affection."

If the wife of the present Emperor was ever the fiancée of the late Emperor Alexander, people have been a long time finding it out; and, moreover, if this is true, she is a much older woman than she is reputed

to be. The present Catharina is the daughter of the King of Denmark, and is a sister of the Princess of Wales. The marriage between her and her husband is said to have been a love match.

Readers of the *Spectator* who are familiar with Louisa Alcott's story of "Little Women," one of the best and highest books in the language, will appreciate the sublimed verses from the pen of a young lady of this city, who seems to have caught the spirit of the story and wishes to testify her appreciation of the little people, and some of the big people, too, who figure in the book.

Three cheers for President's little maid!

For Nannie and her Tommy Bangs,

For naughty Nan and Tommy Bangs,

And Dinky's pretty pony!

Three cheers for all the President's school,

Including tiny Ted,

And Thomas Mead and Mrs. Ja

For all the old and new.

Oh, how we wish we could go there

To get our education!

We'd stay at President's all year round,

Not ask for a vacation.

We'd stay with Nannie and her Nannie,

Who's sweet and kind, I know it,

Because she's Mrs. March's "boy,"

And Uncle Teddy's Jo, too.

We'd visit our little grandpa, too,

Who's in the wood and fields,

And weed them well, that Uncle Thayer

Might each year have good yields.

We'd come about where Nannie came,

Where's Goddard's our opinion.

And give the former a resting place

Of thanks for that Museum.

We'd be right glad, in school and out,

To visit the Hays and Nans,

And the Mrs. Staffs, too, and help

Save the Jack and the Dan.

And then to sit "round in a ring,"

The "conferences" in the hall,

And listen to Mrs. Felt's tale

Of Mrs. Hilditch's little Mable!

O, wouldn't we have pretty times,

If we once only knew?

Then three cheers for President's little maid,

And so to Uncle Thayer.

In republican France and constitutional Germany they oppose the support of religious institutions by the State, but they find no fault with the giving of large subsidies to theatres from the public treasury. The following are the sums received by a number of European theatres: "The Grand Opera at Paris, 800,000 francs; the Theatre Royal of Berlin, 750,000 francs; the Stuttgart Theatre, 625,000 francs; the Theatre Royal of Dresden, 600,000 francs; the Imperial Theatre of Vienna, 500,000 francs; the San Carlo at Naples, 300,000 francs; the Apollo at Rome, 250,000 francs; the Theatre Royal at Copenhagen, 250,000 francs; the Theatre of Calcutta, 200,000 francs; the Theatre of Moscow, 150,000 francs; the Theatre Royal at Stockholm, 120,000 francs; the Bellini at Palermo, 120,000 francs; the Monna at Brüssel, 120,000 francs; the Theatre Royal of Turin, 60,000 francs; Pegasus of Florence, 40,000 francs."

In this connection it will be interesting to give the salaries received by some of the artists of the Grand Opera in Paris. M. Lacombe, 150,000 francs, that is to say about \$24,000 per annum; which is equivalent to say \$155 a week. M. Maurel receives 110,000 francs per annum. M. Villaret, 60,000 francs; M. Sellar, 55,000 francs; Madame Krauss, 50,000 francs; Mlle. Richard, 40,000 francs; and Mlle. Elmi, Paris, 30,000 francs per annum. Mrs. Girelli-Carandoli, the new American prima donna, who sings as well, if not better than any of the other ladies, and who draws more money into the house than they do, received only 5,000 francs for the first year, and 9,000 francs for the second year for her engagement.

Few lovers, in this neighborhood, who have sat under the nodding trees during the summer nights, spreading an occasional glow of the firefly as it waltz its wings in the shadow and burned with brilliant light, have thought of that passage in one of Othello's novels in which she characterizes the *fauvaise* as *hau-levée*, and says many other pretty things about them:

Statues of love words,
Fire dipped and vesperish blood,
Born is the night light
When least you're a breath—
Life blinks with love's breath
Thus a diurnal death,
Living at love at night,
At love sunk at heart's rest.

Love's heart's rest beside,
How love knows love,
He not learning words,
"South the shade of your wings;
He abated tender thoughtless
From out the heart's depth,
And made his winged soul
Of song words, Love songs.

Mr. Wolfson, the business manager of Jewell's, the great pianist, is in town. He has been trying to arrange for the veteran's appearance here, but is rather distrustful of St. Louis musical culture. He is anxious to form an alliance with the Philharmonic Society and give a concert conjointly with them. Then he thinks sufficient local interest might be aroused to secure a good attendance.

Mr. F. C. Farr, Governor Crittenden's private secretary, will deliver the opening address at the People's Theatre this evening. He is a young man of good address, and will probably make a better speech than the Mayor. It is to be hoped that his pantomimes will be too long, and that he will see that they are not turned up behind. Mr. Farr is the guest of Mr. Joseph H. McFarlane.

Permit me to say that, while the Mayor looks awkward on the platform, and while it is plain enough that he will never be a successful orator, he is a most congenial gentleman and a born companion. He has a generous heart, and in private conversation is most entertaining. He was not out out for a public man, but he is a fine man, all the same.

Here is an account of a wedding taken from a London letter to the *Philadelphia Quaker*:

At the marriage of the Reverend Vincent Furze to Miss West, of Abney Park, the church of Preston-on-Avon was beautifully decorated with ferns surrounding white flowers. The village road leading to the church was decorated with flower-twined arches. The bride wore Brussels lace over white satin, caught up with sprays of orange-blossoms and diamond pins. Her train was borne by two little pages in sailor costume. There were seven bridesmaids dressed in white satin de Leon, trimmed with mauve; each carried a bouquet of stephanotis and gardenias, and wore silver bracelets, pendants from the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were Miss Baillies, Miss Rosemont, Misses Stoomer, Miss Keighly Beale, and the three little Misses Furze, sister and nieces of the bridegroom. When they left the church, the little girls of the village, and the tenants, strewn flowers on the path as the wedding pair drove back to Abney Park to the breakfast.

The last number of that excellent paper, the *New York Art Interchange*, has the following concerning correspondence cards:

The convenient correspondence card has come to be regarded as one of the indispensable adjuncts of the writing desk. The novel features introduced in it are confined almost exclusively to the decorations, the color, size, and shape—white and pale tones and square outline—retaining the same from season to season. There is, however, no limit to variety and originality in ornamentation. Not infrequently the card bears simply the address, engraved; others show the days of the week, engraved in the same diagonal across the left upper corner. These latter are in plain type—blue, violet, and gray. The "symbolic" cards have the name of the day in Sanskrit letters, and the symbol (moon for Monday, sun for Sunday, etc.),

in Roman letters. This design is illuminated in various tints, gold always entering into the combination. In these are three especially attractive designs—one in red, black, and gold, and the other blue, gold, and gray. One of the most striking novelties are cards decorated with Sanskrit letters and gold, and others. These designs are unique, both for the artistic blending of metal tones and the graceful treatment of the subjects. The "Arabian" cards have a quiet device in red, black, and gold for the day of the week. The letters are in really English characters, but are so arranged, not to say Sanskrit, as to resemble Arabic. The decoration on cards is always placed at the upper left corner, addresses in the upper right corner. It is admitted to add any decoration to a card without address. Crests or monograms are rarely used on cards.

Mr. Siegfried Bienenstock, of this city, has written a play called "Robert Churchill." It was lately put on the stage in Brooklyn under the direction of Welch Edwards and achieved some success. Notices in the New York papers were rather favorable. The story says the play is a work which will compare favorably with many of the society plays that have gained the good will of the average theatre-goer; while in the language used it is immeasurably superior to many of them. In many scenes the situations were such as to give an intimation of the dramatic power possessed by the author, which, fostered and brought out by a more intimate knowledge of stage business, will place in his hands a tool yet wanting to make perfect his work."

Here is an invective in the preserving patrons of the Statuaries. One of the great features of a recent festival in Vienna was a swimming match in the river for ladies. The fair swimmers dived the water bravely and well, and at once reached the goal in safety, and without accepting assistance from the boats which followed them to render aid in case of falling strength.

The knowledge of this art has already added another laurel leaf to the crown of fame which encircles the brow of the talented Mrs. Bennett, who herself shines in the pages of history not only as the author of "That Lass of Lowrie's," but also as the Grace Darling of Long Branch—the woman who risked her own feeble life to save that of a male friend.

Imagine the romance, girls, of saving the life of some handsome fellow, who in gratitude therefor shall bestow himself upon you. True, the reputation now held is that the brave and courageous hero shall snatch his future bride from the cruel jaws of a watery grave; but now the tales are likely to be turned, and the thing is infinitely more romantic. Remember, maidens—all—me, two, three, four.

Mrs. W. H. Gamswell went East last week to enroll her youngest daughter, Miss Louise, as a pupil at Vassar College, where she will be for the next two years.

I find these anecdotes related of Rachel's love of money, in a very readable little article that appeared in a contemporary journal last week:

"At one time she used to tell her admirers that she was making a collection of emeralds, and the admirers, taking the hint, hastened to present their offerings to the fragile mirror; another time it was rubies that she collected, and finally sapphires. When her legaciness, or the generosity of her victims was exhausted, a jeweler was sent for and the collection was sold, the money being given profitably, if less brilliantly invested."

"This story of the tragedienne is more amusing: 'The celebrated artist had noticed in the house of a friend a guitar of the most respectable antiquity. Rachel asked the owner if she would mind giving it to her; and the request being complied with, the instrument was sent off to Rachel's lodgings. A few days later, the guitar appeared encased in a beautiful silk bag, suspended on the gilded wall of her elegant boudoir. 'What in the world have you there?' asked a visitor one morning. 'That,' said Rachel, 'is the

humble guitar with which, when I was a child, I earned scanty pittance as a poor little street singer.' The gentleman was charmed, and insisted on becoming the happy possessor of this priceless treasure. After a little difficulty he gained the coveted relic for the sum of 20,000 francs. But, unfortunately, the former owner of the guitar, calling on the Count recognized the instrument as an old friend, and cruelly told him the circumstance which led her to part with it. When Rachel was informed of the denouement of her little speculation, she calmly and smilingly observed, 'Poor —! How fortunes must have been!'

It is well attested that on her death-bed Rachel's strong passion of greed tempted her to make a willful contract between her desires and the stern exertion of death—that she was not without her extraordinary possessions to that "house whence no traveler returns." When death had stamped its signet on her brow, and put its chill upon her lips, she demanded that all her jewels should be heaped upon the coverlet of her bed, where her effulgent fingers could tremulously fumble among their glitter and sparkle. Each moment that carried her nearer to the silent land became more terrible to her despairing heart, and as her soul sank under the last cold wave she cried, with an agony unfeigned, the words whose utterance had aided in her fate:

If I find these jewels lost!

"If I find these jewels lost," said a quail little woman at her breakfast-table the other morning, as she raised the lid of the coffee-pot and peered into its dark depths, "or a large fortune; I do not care which," and she slapped down the lid. Perhaps she intended trying her fortune with coffee-grinds, but she didn't twist the cup at the table. Some very sensible women do "twirl the cap," however, and I had an occasion to witness one of these, and more than fairly prosperous, who has not disinclined to living of Fate is the back room of an old cove who makes her fortune by fortune-telling.

You would scarcely credit me if I told you the people of "standing and position" who drive in their carriages within a few minutes of the backs of her horses, and then go on foot, with hats slouched or veils doubled, to ask of Madame "what the grounds say to-day."

It is a weakness that many famous men and women have shared. Louis Napoleon, the Man of Destiny, despised not the prophecies of the fortune-teller. But perhaps he inherited this superstition from his gifted grandmother, for it is well known that Josephine trusted in dreams and fortune-tellers.

Do you happen to number among your acquaintances a literary aspirant? Young women of intellectual aspirations are the most common species of this not infrequent genus. The lists of new and popular publications are eagerly scanned by the literary sponge, and they buy and read such books if the purchase and the reading does not interfere too much with other desires. But the reviews of the newest books are well digested, and the new book is generally left open on a chair or set to snort out loud into speaking of it, that the sponge may drain forth her borrowed ideas.

A poem study of today:

She was a prison beauty, with an eye for effect. Her jewels were barbaric; bits of old-gold colored satin lighted up her black drapery, and she was studying "A. B." She considered it her life's work to take large, serene, and very sweet views of almost everything, beginning, of course, with herself. She had a career-life to find out "The Heart's True Presence." She seemed to ask a question, except the stereotyped one, "You find Art is fascinating? You love it, do you not?"

Mr. Fred. Ward is accompanied on his tour by his wife, who is a cultured and accomplished lady. She attends her husband every evening in his dressing-room at the theatre.

Conversation is an art so little practiced, and so little understood in the society of to-day, that it is well to keep ourselves reminded of some of its rules, and read, now and then, some allusion to its spirit, as one recounts the points of faith, who infatigably, before he dies, to relate to his family the various incidents which in "Helen," that old-fashioned novel of which, and its author, Maria Edgeworth, John Randolph held so high an opinion that he never wearied of reading and quoting. This is how a young and cultivated woman of Miss Edgeworth's time learned the polite art of conversation — by listening much. "What struck and interested her most, was the manner in which it (the conversation) went on and off without leading to any apparent unpleasant consequences, notwithstanding the various shades of opinion between the parties." (These parties were politicians.) "This she saw, depended much on the good sense and talents, but far more on the good breeding and temper of those who spoke and those who listened. Time, in the first place, was allowed and taken for each to be understood, and no one was urged by exclamation, or misconception, or contradiction, to say more than just the thing he thought."

A gentleman in this city who knows how to advertise is the agent of the Courtelli Speed Silk Company. He makes his goods familiar to people in a way they cannot resist, and the consequence is that he has almost the entire trade in his line that comes from St. Louis and vicinity. "Courtelli Silk" is always springing up before you in some new and not unpleasant manner. For instance, at the circus this week we all saw in big black letters, the words, "Use Courtelli Silk on the paper" balloons. That the riders used in the ring. Of course, everybody saw this, and everybody said that the Courtelli man was "smug." It made the ladies feel better satisfied in using "Courtelli" to know that the man who sells it understands his business. And lastly let me say that you will seldom see a handsomer advertisement, or one gotten up with more artistic taste than that of "Courtelli" in the Spectator.

THE DRAMA.

FREDERICK WARDE.

The only memorable feature in theatrical events during the week was the first appearance of Frederick Ward as a star in a round of legitimate characters at Pope's. The advent of this actor, who is, in the highest field of dramatic art, always of interest. To attain the topmost honours on the stage as a tragedian entails an amount of labor and toil aside from innate talent, which few are perceiving enough to endure. Those who aim at historic walls and scale the dizzy heights of stardom have a task of no ordinary magnitude. Of all this Mr. Frederick Ward seems fully conscious. He has entered upon his work with a full knowledge of the difficulties he has to overcome. Certainly, no one can assert that Mr. Ward was rash in his determination. If there is any actor to-day who has earned the right to star, it is he. For fourteen years, in England and America, he has served his apprenticeship in the best schools of the legitimate. As leading man to Booth, McCullough, Siddons, etc., his training has been of the severest kind, and his reputation as the best leading man in the country was well established. Thus, there was nothing premature, nothing unwise in Mr. Ward's resolve. The wonder is that he has not ceased staring in the legitimate before this. At any rate, the celebrated actor has now taken the vital step and has thrown himself into the classic field as a direct competitor of Booth, McCullough, and Barrett. His work must be measured according to their high standard, and he undoubtedly will be judged by the severest canons of criticism. Mr. Ward is no unworthy rival of the few great living tragedians. On the contrary, his work proves that he need fear no comparisons as an artist; that he stands upon his own individuality and takes rank as a first class actor in the best tragedians of the land. It would be strange, in-

deed, if it should not be so; for if training and experience count for nothing, then Mr. Ward must be well fitted for his work. Success at any rate justifies most things, and of Mr. Ward's emphatic success as an actor there is no doubt. With a voice of a soprano, almost unparalleled in September for its expressiveness, with the thermometer ranging near one hundred, with exceedingly stout counter attractions at the other theatres, Mr. Ward's business steadily increased and his reception was most gratifying. The engagement was triumphant from beginning to end. It has completely indicated the justness of Mr. Ward's conclusion to star, and the popular triumph will start on his travels cheered and encouraged by the euphonic approval of his "Lovers." The repertoire for the week was a very varied one, only two pieces being repeated out of nine performances. The programme was as follows: Monday, "Hamlet;" Tuesday, "Othello;" Mr. Ward as Iago; Wednesday evening, "Lady of Lyons;" Wednesday evening, "The Merchant of Venice;" and "Katherine and Petruchio;" Thursday evening, "Richard the III.;" Friday evening, "Romeo and Juliet;" Saturday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet;" Saturday evening, "Macbeth;" Sunday night, "Richard III.;" This repertoire would tax the power of any actor, and the versatility of Mr. Ward displayed in these characterizations was surprising. Ward's acting is artistic, scholarly, and finished throughout. He never yields to the temptation to rest for the sake of making a point. In each character he is the actor, scholar, and his own person. He does not follow blindly the traditional "business" of the legitimate, but shows that he is himself a thinker. At the same time he does not make innovations simply from a desire to change. For everything he has a good reason. His own sense is the result of his own study. Thus, each of his roles reveals the impulse of his individuality, and his originality is undoubted. In delivering Mr. Ward is easy and graceful, his elocution is faultless in its phrasing and intonation, his action rapid and magnetic. He utilizes his body as a person every quality necessary to convincing success, and his fine physique and splendid voice prove him to be completely equipped for the legitimate. Mr. Ward's *Hamlet* is the study of a student who has resolved to breathe into the lifeless form of psychological contrivances and from out of it make a man who should be as other men — not a more impossible personage. Hence his *Hamlet* is intensely human. The Duke is a man — we understand the secret springs which prompt his various actions. Mr. Ward's *Don Quixote* is a study of a scholar, a scholarly finished portrait of the melancholy Prince. In certain scenes the tragedian rose to the heights of genius, notably in the play scene. As *Hamlet* was Mr. Ward's initial role as a star, it is a memorable occasion. His reception was most enthusiastic, and he was repeatedly called before the curtain. As one of the best *Iago*s in the country, Mr. Ward has long been acknowledged; but, since he has made of that part a special study, he certainly stands high in the role. The witty, crafty cunning of the Moor appears before us in the life. His *Iago* is a perfect piece of a planisher, dwelling villa, outwardly the essence of frankness and good nature, a boon companion and jovial comrade, while beneath this exterior mask is concealed deep-seated hatred, evil-revenge and cruel treachery. A finer actor seldom than that of the severe and cold-blooded cunning animal fills the ears of the noble Duke with the words of jealousy, has never been seen on any stage, and Mr. Ward's *Iago* must rank the equal of any living tragedian. At the Wednesday matinee Mr. Ward appeared as Cleopatra, and was warmly and wisely, but ever popular, "Lady of Lyons." Few have long been considered the best ideal Cleopatra, but Mr. Ward's presentation was of such surpassing merit that it can be fairly claimed to have excelled that of the stunneress as Cleopatra. He was imbued with poetry and the glow of youthful enthusiasm. One point, too, is strongly in Mr. Ward's favor. He is still a young man, and therefore looks the character to the life. It is impossible to award such praise to this young man. In the evening the tragedian displayed his versa-

tility by assuming the role of *Shylock* in the "Merchant of Venice," in which part Mr. Ward again prominently evidenced his originality and faithful, conscientious study of Shakespeare. *Shylock* has no convincing, but is very interesting, and is a polemic in the face of nature. *Shylock* was a man robbed of all the eccentricity with which some actors invest the part, and stood out as one of the human family, albeit not a gentle. As *Shylock* and *Petruchio*, the evening's program, and in the presentation of the "Taming of the Shrew," Mr. Ward was breezy, very and vigorous, acting in the true comedy vein. The star was much applauded for his artistic work. "Richard III.," formed the full bill Thursday evening, and was very successful. Indeed, he astonished the audience by the excellence and finish of his performance. The hunchbacked monarch, the last regnant actor of the House of York, was painted by a master hand. The cunning craft and cold-bloodedness of Richard's nature was graphically sketched. In the text scene, where the bloody king is troubled by the apparitions of his victims, Mr. Ward rose to the heights of dramatic grandeur. His phrases, appealing outward, as he wakens, heeded not, from his dream-induced sleep, was vivid to its intensity. The audience was spell-bound until the end of the scene, when it burst out into one loud wailing. Mr. Ward's *Richard III.* is bound to become one of his favorite roles, on account of its intense personality. Last evening Mr. Ward appeared as *Henry VIII.* in the play, "The Merry Wives of Windsor." He played the part, and he was undoubtedly as good as his *Romeo* is the very best upon the American stage. It is permeated with the fire of youth, and the smaller scenes are depicted with wonderful strength. Mr. Ward's *Henry VIII.* is a perfect masterpiece. The final result must be highly satisfactory both to him and his manager, Mr. John J. Collins. He has proved his right to the highest honors on the stage and shows that even now he is the peer of the few great stars of the legitimate. With the courage gained as a star, Mr. Ward may expect to attain to the highest niche in the dramatic fame. We are glad of it, because he deserves success. He is no popinjay who springs ex-parte on the boards as a star as if he were a full-pampered Mincus fresh from the head of Jove. The best years of his life have been given to the study of his art. He has worked steadily upward from the lowest place in the performance to the highest. Each step upward has been fairly and honorably gained by hard work. His popularity is not the mere explosion of the moment, but the result of herculean growth, reached by preliminary puffing. He stands alone on his merits, makes no pretensions and asks solely to be judged by his work. Of his success there can be no doubt, and it is Frederick Ward we greet the most promising star now appearing in the legitimate. Mr. Ward's company is much above the average. Mr. Henry Arding is a leading man of decided ability and experience, and has made a decided impression during the week. His *Othello* was a fine performance. In the treatment of the various roles entrusted to him, he evinced much talent. His elocution is good. The leading lady, Miss Florence Elmore, gained much applause by her effective roles. She acts with great grace. Her rendering of the lines attracted general attention from the evocative of careful study and originality of taste. Miss Mary Elmore, who played *Queen Elizabeth*, was an eminent success. In her line of business she is one of the strongest actresses on the stage. Miss Francis Field made her debut in the profession. She possesses remarkable aptitude for the stage, is bright, intelligent, and a good actress, and a good reader, and it is the characters she assumed, the possession of real dramatic power was evident. We shall watch Miss Field's career with interest, as it is full of promise. The attainment of a high position in the dramatic art is a long and arduous one, she works persistently and perseveringly. Miss Louise Duncan rendered her lines with pleasing distinctness. Mr. James B. Curran is a thoroughly trained actor, well versed in the school of the legitimate. He adds considerably to the company. As *Henry VIII.* and *Petruchio* he had deserved honors. Mr. L. J.

Outrains men with vigor and much spirit. Mr. O. W. Braham, a favorite here, it is needless to say, gave satisfaction. One of the most promising gentlemen of the company is Mr. Halbert Murray, who has the chief of the true dramatic sense in him. His success is assured if he continues his hard work. Few young actors have impressed me more favorably. The costuming of the various pieces was rich and elaborate in the extreme. All the dresses are new, and many of the characters were splendidly costumed. Mr. Ward himself has a very expensive set of costumes. His robe for *Richard III.* is a chef d'œuvre. Mr. Ward and his company give their last performance to-morrow night, when *Richard III.* will be repeated. This evening the tragedy will appear as *Macbeth*.

THE MAN IN THE PARQUETTE.

I have received a photograph of Mlle Rhea from Manager Harry Sargent. Mlle Rhea is a French actress from the Imperial Theatre at St. Petersburg, and she is expected to fill the void created by the death of the lamented Nelson. Every newspaper man in the country, in any way identified with theatricals, has met with a photographic fair of the kind here mentioned, from the obliging Harry, who is at present in London. He promises to send another package in a few days, which will contain a sketch of the career of his new star. Very little is known about Mlle Rhea in this country, and Manager Sargent is acting wisely in showing her pictures head-on, and appealing her career to the eyes of the public. From all indications it would seem that Rhea is to prove a sensation. She has won the London theatre-goers, and the press of the world's metropolis, from the great "Thunder" itself, down to the most advertising sheet, has shown her pictures in the most complimentary way. The actress' picture is very prepossessing. It suggests a woman of little figure, above the average height, with classical features, clear cut as marble, a beautiful forehead nose, large black eyes, gracefully arched eyebrows, and a glow of raven hair, that falls in clusters upon the forehead, peeping out from under a huge black Gainsborough hat with a drooping white feather. The neck is long and flexible, and is fully exposed to view in front by the square cut and low carriage, while at the back it is shaded by a high ruff and ruffles after the elaborate Elizabethan fashion. Mlle Rhea makes a striking photograph, and if she is one-half as impressive on the stage as she is on card-board, will manage to "catch on," as the boys say.

Jennie Lee, another of Harry Sargent's attractions, has already appeared in New York, and made a success. She assumes the title role in a dramatization of Dick's "Black House," which is entitled "Poor Joe." The metropolitan critics have gone into ecstasies over Miss Lee, and her impersonation of the little ragged cross-weeper of the story is pronounced by all to be one of the most ear-provoking and heart-touching bits of acting on the stage. Ladies and gentlemen are well heard hearts during the performance of Miss Lee. The understudy, has been engaged by one of the St. Louis managers, and local theatre-goers will probably have an early opportunity of indulging any laboratory inclination they may be possessed of in this direction.

In company with several hundred other people, I witnessed a very disagreeable and dangerous exhibition at the Olympia Theatre last Sunday night, and was astonished that the management of the house permitted its stage to be put to such an use. A Captain somebody, who calls himself a scout, and makes pretensions to the championship of the world for rifle shooting, was suddenly added to the programme, and walked upon the scene in a gray buckskin suit and flapping sash, leading a pale and haggard-faced lady in a black skirt and common cotton shoes. They made their bow, and the lady taking her stand at the left of the stage placed a red cotton handkerchief over the top of her head while the alleged scout, who, I suppose was her husband, began leading his ride on the right side of the

stage. A glass ball was placed upon the lady's head, and in a few moments shattered to pieces by a bullet from the alleged scout's rifle. Then followed a series of fancy shots, the husband holding the gun in every conceivable position that could be attended with danger, and the target being every time a small glass ball on the top of the lady's head. Twice she held poise stings in her mouth while the marksman shot holes through them. The whole thing was an advertisement for Forrepp's show, and the performance was repeated there twice every day. I can read the deep and lines in that woman's face. She knows as well as anybody can that some day the ball will miss its mark and bury itself in her brain, and she has already been the fate of the stage marksman's assistant.

About a year ago a woman was shot to death in this manner in a Cincinnati Variety Theatre, and one of the two champion rifle shots seen here with Sel's circus at the beginning of the present season, was only a few weeks ago, during a performance in Milwaukee, struck in the centre of the forehead by a ball from his comrade's rifle, which was intended for a potato that rested upon the victim's head. There should be a law against endangering human life in this way, and first-class managers should not encourage such disgraceful exhibitions.

I was sitting in the Grand Opera House the other night listening to Fritz Emmet's songs and nonsense, when a prominent attorney asked a grain of wheat of interest to the entertainment by recalling a few incidents in the actor's early life in St. Louis. Joe Emmet lived, in 1835, on Gay Street between Fourteenth and Fifteenth, and the attorney lived just back of him on Morgan Street. The great favorite of to-day was then a mere youth, and had a following of boys as big as himself, all of whom had aspirations in the direction of the variety stage or circus. Near Joe's house was one of the old-time cellar-dwells—the shanting institution, high against the front wall, and in the rear of it as the serio-comic vocalist is a young man when she sings:

"Oh I'd give an hour of my money,
To see the day of you,
When Billy Brown and I did dance
On Grimes' cellar-door."

Joe and his companions gathered around this cellar-door early in the morning and were found there late at night. They extemporized drum-ticks and tubs-dished against the wall or the wooden surroundings until the neighbors were compelled to complain of the noise; they danced to Joe's singing or whistling, and when the song or the whistle were not heard, the harmonious whistled its melodies to the breeze. Joe became the best singer, whistler, dancer, and witless-musician-player in the crowd, as many grown up and dignified citizens who clustered around that Gay Street cellar-door can testify to-day. The memory of Joe's music and voice still lingers in the locality in which he was raised; he could be heard approaching when blocks away, as it was impossible to mistake his whistle or the clear ringing sweetness of his song. Now, the old music has pretty much gone out of the favorite's voice, the harmonious seems to have been placed on the shelf, and I dare say Joe does very little whistling.

But Fritz still loves music as dearly as of old. I hear that the leader of his orchestra has no sincere position. Since Emmet joined the throng of the reformed he has been spending his leisure moments at home—just in his room at the hotel—where he always insists on having a piano. He is constantly thinking out some new melodic lines, and he keeps his musical director beside him to place the compositions on paper. When he is not hammering away at something new, he is trying to improve the old—his old productions, and these, too, have to be written down. Thus it will be seen that the man who leads his orchestra during the performances has very little time to "loaf and invite his soul," as Walt Whitman puts it. He is a poor fellow, however, and he is not only enjoying himself, but is making his friends happy the world over, by doing so in a highly innocent and improving manner.

A play called "Erebor" is to be given at Pope's next week. It is strangely written, and deals with the troubles in Ireland, taking sides against English rule. In other American cities it is said to have created something of a sensation.

The Linguists, always charming, open the People's Theatre this evening. There will, no doubt, be a large audience present.

The decoration of the New People's Theatre was done by Isen, and is an artistic bit of work. The ceiling and the vestibule are particularly fine. When lighted up the effect is very brilliant.

Milton Nobles comes to the Grand Opera House next week, and the great Hermann, prince of magicians, holds the boards at the Olympia.

I notice that many ladies seek seats in the parquette of the new Grand Opera House. This is sensible. The parquette seats are the best seats in the house, and should not be taken entirely by the men. Let the ladies invade the parquette.

How sad a thing to slip the veil from a pleasing delusion, and have revealed to us the cold and naked reality! Now here is Miss Montague, Mr. Forrepp's \$10,000 beauty, who was to have come in as the "Princess of Field," with madons in advance sweeping the streets with flowers. Instead, she rode through the streets on the back of a chimney old elephant, in a box covered with faded cotton velvet. Really, Miss Montague, I felt sorry for you as you sat facing the not so great sacrifice for a woman whose face brings \$15,000 for a single summer. But here is where the delusion must be dispelled. This fair elephant-ride does not get \$10,000 from Mr. Forrepp, at least. I fear that she gets only \$175 a week, and my authority is good. Of course, \$175 a week is a great salary, probably twice as much as Miss M. ever got before, but it is not as much as \$10,000. For the five months that she is with Forrepp she will receive altogether about \$5,300, which is \$6,500 less than \$10,000.

The New York Union Square Company, which is announced at Pope's late in October, will remain here two weeks. They will present four of the Union Square plays, viz.: "Daniel Bochart," "The Banker's Daughter," "A Celebrated Case," and "Led Astray." This will be one of the most brilliant engagements of the season.

Miss Florence Elmore, the leading lady of the Warde combination, contemplates starting next season.

Miss Frances Field, the St. Louis lady who came to the present season with Fred Warde's company, is vivacious, entertaining, and charming in conversation, and ready and witty at repartee. She has adopted the stage out of pure love for dramatic art, and that her choice is a wise one is shown by the clever manner in which she has executed the various roles assigned her. A hard worker and zealous student, there is no reason why Miss Field should not make rapid progress on the stage. She possesses the requisite qualifications for success, and her future is simply a matter of work and perseverance.

Mr. John J. Collins, the manager of Fred. Warde, has the best wishes of his numerous friends for the success of his star. Mr. Collins is highly respected here, and it is the general hope that good fortune may attend his present venture.

Emmet's business at the Grand Opera House fell off considerably this week. Last week the receipts totalled up over \$10,000. This week it will not amount to half that sum.

Forrepp's circus has been the great center of attraction to the masses with Fred Warde's company, and the expenses of running this circus in St. Louis is in the neighborhood of \$12,000. attend his present venture.

men's street, of no architectural beauty without, but with lofty and lofty columns. The assumption, by Titian, is his only picture of interest, and while this is a work of great power, it did not impress me as being equal to the one of the same subject in the academy at Venice. The chief interest of the church of San Anastasia is centered in two figures in white and colored marble, representing the bodies of the holy water, and executed by Gabriel Carli, father of Paul Veronese.

Forty-eight different kinds of marble, quarried in the vicinity of Verona, were used in its construction. This last item came from the gable, as I remember of its recent use in his church, representing the bodies of the holy water, at least thirty minutes. The *Piazza delle Erbe*, or vegetable market, was once the forum of the Republic, and at one extremely stands the column on which rested the lion of St. Mark now in Venice, and conveyed there when Verona became subject to the Venetian Republic. The house of the Capello, where the *Lovend* Bonomo was wanted to hold midnight confab with Juliet, is a very prosaic sort of a building, and the balcony where the fair lady gave him such delightful taffy is so high that in order to have secured a full view of its sleekness he must, of necessity, have lain flat on his back in the middle of the street. The one chapel where all sentimental pilgrims to Verona have the license of their devotion is the tomb of the lovely, but unfortunate Juliet, and being of a sentimental turn of mind, the Doctor, the Judge, and the Professor set out in search of this hallowed spot so dear to the hearts of all admirers of the perfect Bard of Avon. Down a narrow street, the air shimmering with heat, past huge umbrellas ten feet across, under which sat fat and droovy women fanning sheets of watermelon to keep away the flies, into a dirty court filled with children, all of whom, on seeing us, left their play and began to beg. Before we got to the gate, the ground, in passing through a covered arched way as a stone-cutter's shop, then entered a garden in which weeds, and briars, and thistles grew. Grapewines were trailed overhead, loaded with purple fruit. Then, came a turn to the right, and across the garden was a projecting chapel of a decorative monastery. A heavy door of iron came and unlocked the iron gate, and inside of it, the Professor, enclosed with Gothic arches, was the tomb of Juliet. The Doctor leaned pensively upon his umbrella and gazed, the Judge unfolded a clean pocket handkerchief, and the Professor proceeded to examine the tributes of affection, which were piled about in picturesque confusion. There were crowds of people from Boston and California, from San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, absolutely armful of them, withered wreaths, faded flowers, tokens of love, and every conceivable variety of push which sentimental idiots could get with. Suddenly we passed, and the Professor, who had asked the Judge what he thought of it. The Judge said that it was nothing in the world but an old stone horse trough with a hole in the side to let the water out. The Doctor said he thought it the most stupendous building ever constructed, and the people who had left their cards, and wreaths, and flowers were a pack of fools. Then the Professor looked at the Judge, and the Doctor looked at the Professor, and all three looked at each other, and then a broad grin overspread the features of the sentimental triad, and simultaneously they exclaimed, "So it is!" The old garden had been with the professional sense of an undertaker passed over his face, smiling his life. The dignified party passed out through the thistles and weeds, out through the sombre shade of the stone-cutter's arch, out into the glad sunlight, into the fervent hailing heat, each one thinking in himself of the glibness of the human faculty. The Cassan Palace has a wonderful fresco, by Tiziano, and thither we went, passing through an old Roman gateway. An aged tailor, with his wife and daughter seemed to be in charge. Our desire to enter the palace was made known, and after much deliberation we were admitted. The design was "The Triumph of St. George," and it was wonderful, the beauty of the work produced it. Leaving Verona, the morning train, we arrived at midnight in the beautiful town of Bolzano, in the Austrian Tyrol. Having until the following morning, we again set our face homeward.

Shortly we climbed the Alps, through the Brenner Pass and the cultivated fields, reaching to the summits of lofty mountains, then down to the fertile plains of Bavaria, and at evening we entered the station of Munich. Coming, as we did from Italy, and most of all from Venice, it would be manifestly unjust to judge the Bavarian capital by our first impressions.

Instead of the heat we found a chill in the air. Instead of a sheet for covering at night we found feather beds, not to sleep on, but under; instead of dazzling sunshine there were clouds and rain; instead of the quaint and picturesque houses and palaces of Venice, were the solemn and formal architecture of Germany; instead of grace and beauty everywhere, we found solidity and awkwardness. In order of visits came the new *Pinakothek*, or gallery of modern paintings. Aside from a couple of works by Pinty, we have not seen a more dismal mass of rubbish outside of London. The old *Pinakothek*, or gallery of old masters, next to Florence, is the best collection of pictures ever seen in Europe. The Venetian painters are poorly represented, the works of Paul Veronese are hardly recognizable, and those of Titian are little better, but the early Italians are numerous and excellent. Here you see Rubens at his best. In fact all the Flemish and Dutch painters are to be seen in the best places of their kind. In the basement is a superb collection of Greek and Roman vases. The wall decorations are in Pompeian style, and in some cases their enthusiasm for paint has led the decorators to portray scenes unfit for exhibition, even among savages. The exhibition of works, by Munich artists was very bad. The best works are secured by dealers who get out of hand, and only the "pot-bellies" are exhibited outside of the dealers' galleries. S. H. Crane is the only St. Louis student in Munich, and he is one of the most promising of any nationality. He has just received the first medal for hand-painting. He has few talents, and what is quite as good, no success, is thoroughly earnest. He gives more attention to study than to beer-gardens, which is not always the case with young men who come abroad. The military system of Germany is unquestionably superior to that of either France or Italy. These Germans are dreadfully in earnest. It is force reduced to the perfection of discipline. If you look along a crowded street the red trimmings of artillery, form give a decided tone to the entire mass. The men are large, solid fellows, and when they march it seems as though a stone wall would not stand in their way. The entire population who are not in the army seem to do little else but drink beer. The gardens are thronged from morning until night. In one place we saw hundreds of people standing in a paved court with stone mugs, holding nearly half a gallon, talking, chatting, and drinking. As the mugs were too heavy to hold they would place them on the pavement at their feet, and proceed with their conversation, and thus alternate beer and talk. Before we reached the stores are all closed and nothing but beer and tobacco can be found on sale. There are no beggars and none of the attempted extortions so universal in Italy. If we could only impart a few thousand of us active, willing, tidy, model German servants girls to the United States, it would make the best, and the snobs of the old town quite enurable to house-keepers.

W. R. H.

LETTER-BOX.

THE CHAPERONE SYSTEM.

Editor of the Spectator:

The dissemination of your correspondent gives her opinions so different a cast upon the chaperone system, which you so unparaphrasingly condemn, that she begs leave to express them.

In early days in St. Louis, as elsewhere in this country, that system was the prevailing one—not a service lady, but an independent custom from France, and French ancestors. No ball, party, picnic, or merry-making of any kind was gotten up excepting married ladies, and I challenge the world to show a fairer

model record than can be shown by polite society throughout the Southern States until after the war.

Did not understand me as implying that the customs of domestic institutions elsewhere. I write merely of what I know. You say "there can be no real sympathy between youth and middle age." I think you err. "Unhappy age and youth cannot live together," was sung only of opposite sexes. There is, there must be, in the breast of every woman, a sympathy for her young daughter—with what pride will she deck her for the social fray; how her heart beats with proud rapture at her victories! how she lives again in her triumphs; how eager is she to give her all possible pleasure, and shield her from every annoyance; and if she have no daughter, if she have no one, how seldom the mother's feeling comes to the front for any little girl placed under her care. With all the self-sacrifice of a hen chaperoning a duckling, she will at once, at any inconvenience, identify herself with her charge. There was a time in St. Louis when society was largely made up of married ladies, and wholly swayed by the tastes of the St. Louis girls were thought, by the girls of other cities, to live in an earthly paradise. Looking back upon that time, I think too, if there was ever a wider against the fair fame of any of those married ladies and their husbands, it was uttered by her as never to have been heard. No, *Vice à Chaperon*! With her *œdipus in solis*, I predict a return to those Arabian days, when modesty and reserve, and formal politeness were thought as natural for a young lady as grace, gaiety, and good breeding, and deference to married ladies was universal. It was an unfortunate intercourse, between the sexes has been tested in the Sandwich Islands and the results there do not encourage an importation of the custom. Amid the present atmosphere of crime we want more restraint, not power. Under the countenance of older people, young girls and their gallants can have all the innocent liberty they desire, released from that wholesome restraint that liberty may become license. The best way to preserve the blue upon the grape is not to risk its being brushed away—once gone it cannot bloom again.

Your excerpt from one of Appleton's "Home-Boys" deplores the prevailing tendency among women of the day to leave little girls to stand alone, and to neglect the obvious duties for which they were created, for angelical spheres where they may run a career of vice and vanity, or become a hot bubble in the mighty whirlpool of effort to "elevate themselves." I read in this a tariff, but certain reaction against the teachings of the Public School system, which has been inculcated from so many refrains and as never palps. It has been thought that to be womanly was to be weak, an error to be corrected as quickly as might be, before a female, the only thing to be done was to disguise the fact by emulating all manly attributes. As a result, the most harmonious, because the most picturesque protest against femininity. For more dire are those efforts to violate; to rule; to share equally the "Rights," once considered the peculiar prerogative of men while ignoring those womanly gifts, the use of which would make their homes abodes of happiness.

The article from Appleton's book says: "Many a pair of old maid's might have [old different lives]," etc., "that they preferred to keep alive a little corner of their pride." Not only many a pair, but many thousand maids and widows might lead happy, useful lives, if they were allowed to guard them from the same number of girls and teach them the simple common-sense of the Dame School of olden times. See what good work the Catholic and Protestant sisterhood have done. We appreciate the future blacksmith and carpenter to learn their trades. We endow institutes to furnish, with rapidity, to girls the same educational opportunity he or she may desire to exercise the talents of either. For the battle of life we arm our free school pupils with arithmetic and calisthenics aids as valuable as the waxen wings of Icarus. Verily one might sigh for the times past when the boy was taught to ride, to shoot, and to speak in truth; when the sampler and the cookey-book, the Bible and Shakespeare were thought sufficient for the girl; when the "Rule of Three" was the limit of her business education; when to be a lady,

as far as a pure heart, unassisted mind, and good sense could make her, was her simple duty; when women were feminine and men courteous they should be so; when to be a woman was to be a nurse, a help-mate, a housewife, when each woman should be her individual right "to be let alone and left," and every man a child "Amos?"

FERRIS.

THE SURF BATHER.

The surf on the beach is quarterly
As the statue of Beauty's queen,
Her gleams coming and going
In the breath of summer's breeze.
Her foot the wet sand imprints
That she has bath there by the sea,
And her slender line, now visible,
Now hid beneath waves of blue.

Is her stand for a moment lifted,
With her long hair streaming back,
To her loving smile descending,
Like a veil of glowing black,
The glad waves rise to play her
To draw soft exclaiming cries,
And the voice again bound to grasp her
Is the pride of her virgin charms.

How the waves laughed when they saw her
How the wind and wave rustled
In the meeting sea to draw her
As out of the surf summoned.
How the eager waves ran to catch her
And, smiling, she left her limbs,
And saw as Neptune's daughter,
The smiling sea consumed.

Oh, shadows of aerial ocean,
Be under with her face
Or, with, in view in the distance,
And make out the sunset stars,
See arms on the lighted cliff
The line with shining gulls,
With the soft, shadowed hills
Forever but refused face.

For being here she is distant
For shadowed sunset lies,
And the waves reflect the latter
In the sparkling sea.
See lowering her face from the ocean,
She floats on the rising tide,
Each wave as she goes by minute,
Reluctantly quits her side.

For she will smile and sing
And smile with a will
For then would she longer hover
To gaze upon her at night,
Now so far as the ocean divides
A dream more real and rare,
And so her face is now well
A sea in a sea.

And so, sweet smile, securely,
So here unto her own,
As child of the sea and air,
A nymph in her ocean home,
The sea will be glad to have her
In the heart of the sea.

The surf will surround with laughter,
It has touched thy finger tips?

MR. LORIN, August 28, 1881.

TABLE GOSSIP.

An ancient and perfectly reliable authority tells us that the fashion of this world passeth away, which is doubtless true, but this cannot be said of the "Fashion" of this world, for they surely pass on, like the pictured shell of a pomegranate, to be again preferred to us unchanged. A French ancestor of the kitchen, writing long in century back, gives elaborate directions for the construction of a "pistane" for the center of a dining-table, which plateau was to be "made of plate glass, and bordered with a filigree setting of copper, studded and covered with moss and flowers. This was to be flanked by serpentine glass triangles, to be also flitted with moss and flowers, so as to cover the glass completely," all of which directions would be perfectly for today. Since that time, tell Europe, with their crystal assemblages, flitted with costly bone-ware, and wreathed with grapes and lilies, waving holding huge bouquets, and stately candelabra, have

held their day. The potent wand of Fashion has waved their heads, and, obeying its mysterious and capricious edict of the plate and its accompaniments, described by the French Franchin. "In a pretty apartment in front, and to be commended for the reason that it permits people to suppose others of the habit, to see each other's faces without peering under, or craning over the tall ornaments that formerly divided them. Indeed, it was a difficult matter, under that disposed regime, "for eye to look to eye," etc., without getting a spasm. The changes in the style of dress—numerous and radical though they are, are scarcely greater than the alterations in house-furnishing and table-decorating. With a variety of布置, sort of room was the old style dining-room, with its big mahogany table-stained with cut glass and silver, encircled by the peace-fall of floral, its mantle with a responsible-looking clock, and vases of French flowers, outstaring and covered with glass stands, like or two family portraits, with those of "George and Marie" hung upon the walls, and perhaps one of Benvenuto, and "The Thirty Days," the substitution chairs, its dark, rich carpet, with practical crumpled-cloth, its broad mahogany table, dished black with age and polished, and smooth as a mirror, and when pressed for the banquet here admitted and all-sufficient. We all thought, the satin damask cloth without crease, the shining well-furnished silver and glass, and gold-leafed, the tall decanters, and the great silver-glass. I remember with little light, but high-toned) was "a game warning," and in being questioned as to his reasons, declared that he "intended to leave from public life, as an intimation of proper propriety, and stand under the table, but all through the night, so that nobody could tell whether the mahogany had properly polished or not." What would be the shadow on beholding the modern dining-table, silver like a kaleidoscope, a very patch-work of things, with gorgeous cloth, variously embossed napkins, glasses differing in size, shape, and size, harlequin-crim, and so the plates alike, with flowers in special-shaped, in silver, and silver, and silver, in paper for lions, and then the bowl, almost with a "pistane" paper and gilding, French engravings on the walls, bristled in every direction, clock holding busts, statues, and vases—a frightful embarrassment of riches, he himself, pronouncing the whole "Pis a la mode" very fine, but I think that much of the present style of decoration will be construed to the limits of variety, and we shall see a variety and a revival of what is fittest nature. One thing is certain, not all the colors of the rainbow can outline, in subtleties, the "white splendor" of perfect cleanliness and neatness.

The artistic taste has also extended to the kitchen, and there, I heartily wish it good speed; that region will bear a large amount of harmless decoration. They may nickel-plate the range, and give us an amount of shining copper and brass work, to bright the dresser, so that we are allowed to cook in whole some ones of granite ware. Pots, kettles, and pans have a beauty all their own—that of usefulness—and an experienced cook, on entering a house of this department, and beholding all the various implements of her peculiar industry displayed in tempting messes unadorned, will feel a pleasurable excitement, near akin to that experienced by a soldier who enters to feast his eyes and deplete her purse, at Zuccato's. I am sure she could never behold unmoved the vertical griddle, which is made of two griddles of light grooved iron bars, joined with hinges, and ready to swing two feet at the hinged end. It opens and shuts easily, having a handle on the upper end of one side, and a small clamp for holding the sides together. The meat or food to be broiled is placed in between the bars, and can be moved by being turned before the fire, without being otherwise handled. A long narrow dripping pan slips under between the feet, and catches all the oil and fat which would otherwise be lost. The broiling, fall upon the coals and be turned to smoke and smell. Another staple, of value in preparing dishes "en broiler," is an oval kettle, thick-walled, of steel proportioned to the quantity of food to be broiled, a heavy lid fitting with a ring inside of the kettle, and a rim as thick with projecting above, on which live coals

of wood or charcoal can be placed to assist the cooking of the dish to be broiled.

DINNER MENU FOR FOUR.

Toujours Soup.

Salade de Voie. Bretons au Fricasole.
Coulisses and Omelette. Soufflé.
Terrine à la poivrade. Saucisson.
Almond Pudding.

Toujours Soup.

Take the red meat, a large marrowfat, three heads of celery, four large potatoes, and two large turnips; grill in your soup pot, with one ounce of butter, half a pound of lean bacon. Let them stew gently for one hour. Then add salt, pepper, and a small quantity of three kinds of tomatoes. Let it boil one hour and a half; then strain through a coarse sieve into the tureen in which you have a pint of bread cut, and small scapes and toasted bread. This recipe was obtained from Mrs. Delmonico's chef.

SALADINTE DE VEAL.

Get your butcher to leave for you a shoulder of veal. Boil the bones in small pieces, put them in the bottom of your dish, which I have just described. Lay on three bones a slice of lean bacon, as large as your head, and one calf's foot cut in halves, one large onion, two carrots, and two bunches of small chard. Lay a bunch of small herbs and parsley, red and black pepper to taste, and the blades of mace broken in pieces; put in a quart of water, or clear beef. If you have it, add a stick with you rub the veal. When you start the kettle cut four or five thin slices of butter, have the same number of half inch and tongue; chop half a pound of veal, and the same quantity of beef, with a small quantity of marrow fat. It is in the shape, size and shape with a fork, and season very lightly with salt, pepper, and spice that you prefer. Add the veal in a meat tureen, cover the upper part with a cloth, and let it stand for an hour or two. In the shape, size and shape with a fork, and season very lightly with salt, pepper, and spice that you prefer. Add the veal in a meat tureen, cover the upper part with a cloth, and let it stand for an hour or two. In the shape, size and shape with a fork, and season very lightly with salt, pepper, and spice that you prefer. Add the veal in a meat tureen, cover the upper part with a cloth, and let it stand for an hour or two.

BRANES, OR FRICASSADE.

Remove all the string skin surrounding them, and wash in salted water for two hours, then blanch in boiling vinegar and water for five minutes, put a tablespoonful of salt in the water, and let them stand in a teaspoonful of chopped mushrooms, an ounce of butter, and two tablespoonfuls of flour, in a saucepan with half a pint of water or veal broth, let it stew for ten minutes, put in the brains, and let it stew five minutes, then add a teaspoonful of sweet cream, stew five minutes longer and serve.

CATTLE-FOOT IN CREAM.

Choose cold, firm heads; put to boil in very salt water, keep covered. When tender, put them, laid up, in a baking dish just large enough for them, cover them with fine bread crumbs well seasoned with red and black pepper and nutmeg, pour over them gradually a quart of cream, and let it stand for an hour or two. Then add a teaspoonful of salt, and let it stew for ten minutes, and serve.

STEWED SALMON.

Scrape, skin, and put to boil in salted water. Mix in a saucepan a half pint of clear gravy from any meat, two spoonfuls of your best melted lard, a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt; drain the turnips and put them to stew in this sauce for twenty minutes, and serve.

TERRINE, A LA POIVRADE.

Peel and cut turnips into small squares, boil in salted water. Mix in a saucepan a half pint of clear gravy from any meat, two spoonfuls of your best melted lard, a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt; drain the turnips and put them to stew in this sauce for twenty minutes, and serve.

minutes, stir in, five minutes before serving, the well-beaten yolks of two eggs.

STUFFED TOMATOES.

Cut off the stem end, and take out all the innards without breaking the skins. Mix with some finely chopped herbs, onion, a clove of garlic, butter, pepper, and salt, and half as much bread crumbs. Fill each skin heaping full, sprinkle fine crumbs on the top and bake for an hour, taking care not to burn; pour over them the juice that has escaped, mixed with a spoonful of melted butter.

ALMOND PUDDING.

Blanch and pound fine a half ounce of bitter, and four ounces of sweet almonds, add a tablespoonful of rose water, and a wineglass of orange flower water; soak a half pound of stale sponge cake, crumbled, in a pint of sweet cream, beat yolks of eight eggs very light, add half pound of sugar, and quarter pound of butter, mix all together, and stir over the fire until it just comes to a boil, then put in your pudding dish and bake for a half hour. Make a stiff icing of the whites of three eggs and four heaping spoonfuls of powdered sugar, spread in rough waves over the pudding, and cool, and stick sliced almonds over it about an inch apart; brown a light brown by covering with a hot fat, taking care not to burn.

DOXA.

THE SUN-MOTH'S DEATH.

Are there no roses to attract the dinge,

No roses to tell the tale of his death?

Of the many moving pictures

That live—and die, as well?

Does the finger that stops the night fly

On its flame?—till the world's mystery

Closes the eyes of his tiny creatures

That chiding a parent's fear?

II.

The sun-moth's wings are heavy to-day,

They hang on a tattered dove;

And the gold-tinted foliage scarce their play

In the wistful light of the eve.

A sun-moth's death. A gossamer sheet,

Detached from a sun-god's tear,

Is left out in its ever shifting lace

For the tiny sun-moth's lace.

III.

And the thousand berries with their golden lads

That ring in the sun-god's dawn,

Now flourish their dance as they softly fall

That a sun-moth's soul has gone!

And the thousand star eyes, that forever keep

The sight of the sun,

Drop a tear on the lifeless crown—

And the sun-moth's own.

IV.

With the sun-god's tears he is bitterly hot

And the sun-god's shade its glow;

They ring it away where the cloudless day

Is left to the sun-god's glow;

And, as myriad ones from their tiny throng

Flare 'round their onward flight,

But quit, in sun-odors and all,

Gods in the rays of light.

RUDY O'NEAL.

ST. LOUIS, September 8, 1881.

ART NOTES.

(From the Art Intelligencer.)

It is in contemplation, according to pretty trustworthy rumor, to found here an *Etchers' Society* analogous to the "London Society of Painter-Etchers." Among the prominent members will be Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magin, Henry Parry, C. H. Miller, J. H. Sautelle, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fowler, Peter Moran, S. J. Perrie, and others. There has existed for some years a sort of Etchers' Club, but it has never asserted itself as a definite art organization. On the return to the city of some of the old masters of the new or reconstructed society, further particulars will be ascertained.

James H. Bond, who from his convenient home at Flushing, L. I., pays frequent visits to his studio, has just finished one of his characteristic works, entitled "The Unexpected Guest," wherein two painter-pupils are interrupted in their work by a well-grown kid-

ten. Another work on his easel is called "Moving Further West," and, as may be guessed, combines landscape, figures, and live stock of various kinds. Mr. Bond is furthermore making a "new departure" (so he is in art, and leaving the sculptor's domain. His comical modern sculpture is to be two comical and two little allegorical, and is modelling a figure of time arising with mallet and chisel the record of history from the base of a pedestal, on the top of which the best of anybody may be—in this case it is that of Abraham Lincoln—over whom the figure of Immortality holds out the Declaration of Independence. His recent glories!

Wm. M. Chase will return from Spain with his Spanish sketches and studies of Velasquez next month and resume his duties.

Peter Moran's steady progress as an animal painter is amply evidenced by his "Burrow Train, New Mexico," reproduced in etching in the *American Art Director*. He is at present in the Southern region, and it is thought, may possibly come to New York next year.

G. F. Fisher is at Elberon Station, Long Branch. F. Silva is still "marching" in the same neighborhood, and Constant Mayer has returned to the city.

Will H. Low's portrait of Austin Dobson, that most perfect and charming work of *en-pen-in-ment*, forms the frontispiece of the last *Critic*.

Thomas Howden, who has wisely taken to the study and reproduction of American subjects, is at present at Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania. His last year's Academy negro subjects were highly spoken of, and he has now sent two others to Richard's Fifth Avenue Art Rooms, where they are to be seen.

G. E. Ewing, the Scottish sculptor, who has been in this city about a year, and does not seem to be enamored of this country or desirous of exhibiting his work, is engaged on a bust of his compatriot, the Rev. Dr. Thomson.

The Associated Artists, including Mr. Samuel Colman, have, in common with Mr. S. Gardiner and Mr. John La Farge, been doing some fine ecclesiastical work, both in New York and Boston.

Walter L. Palmer, whose clever interior studies will be remembered on the Academy walls, is now in Florence, but will soon return.

Humphrey H. Moore, accompanied by his beautiful Spanish wife, is now in Japan, painting studies of Japanese life and character. Mr. Moore is the best American who has returned to work in this field.

Stephen J. Perrie and Jerome Perrie are now stopping at Gibraltar, making sketches and studies. They have made sketches in Tangiers, Seville, Granada, and other places, during their present sojourn there.

Peter Moran is now in New Mexico, engaged in drawing illustrations for a book by Mr. Dandridge, at Philadelphia.

Thomas Moran is in Colorado.

Edward Moran has sent two pictures in oil—"The Tolders of the Field" and "Homeward Bound"—to the Chicago Inter-State Exposition.

Leon Moran sends two water-colors—"A Winter's Day" and "A Still Life." Peter Moran an oil entitled "Girdle," this being a portrait of Ulysia, the famous child-maid of Paris, who has just died, and whose funeral was attended by a large number of the best known artists in that city.

Edward Reichfeld has just been married to Miss Wilbur, a well-known American beauty in Paris.

W. H. Lippincott, of New York, had two well-known paintings in the Paris Salon just closed; one was a portrait of Mlle. Bilit, the other was entitled "Les deux amis."

Mrs. Mrs. Les Mergat, the American artist, is painting a portrait of James Russell Lowell in London.

Thomas Ball, the sculptor, has just finished a beautiful group in clay, Scriptural subject.

The statue of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, recently unveiled at Baltimore, is a bronze figure eight feet in height, sculptured by Albert Bruce Jay.

William Chase, in a letter from Madrid, has "the courage of his convictions" to say that, after a careful examination of Velasquez's paintings, he is prepared to say they are almost equal to some of the moderns.

Henry Harrison has painted the comet as it appeared on the 23rd of June.

M. Gambetta assisted at the fête of the unveiling of the statue of Dupont at Newbourg, on Sunday, the 4th of September.

Mr. Bonnat, the intimate friend of the late M. Paul de St. Victor, the critic, made a rough sketch of him on his death-bed, and a sculptor took a cast of his face. M. Charles Blanc pronounced his funeral oration.

Three Belgian artists, MM. Verhae and Verhae, painters, and M. Famenart, engraver, have been made Chevaliers of the Legion of Honor. M. Verhae painted the "Revue des Ecoles" on the occasion of the silver wedding of the king and queen of Belgium.

Mr. C. E. Birch has been commissioned to execute a marble bust of the late Earl Russell, to be placed in Guildhall.

The latest portrait of Queen Victoria on the new English postage and revenue stamp is said to be very faulty in execution and coloring.

The sale at the close of the exhibition of church ornaments and personal jewels from Peru, in London, realized £10,778.

At the exhibition of old and modern engravings on view at the "Cercle de la Librairie, et de l'Impression," on the Boulevard St. Germain, Paris, Rembrandt (represented by the portrait known as "The Burgomaster's"), and by a proof of the "Prince aux cent Florins." M. Department's "Catalogue de l'Exposition" is in itself a work of art, being enriched by numerous plates from magnificent French art publications, and containing a historical sketch of the rise and progress of the art of engraving.

Leonardo da Vinci's "Machines et Reclues," mentioned in his well-known "Trattato della Pittura" (treatise on painting), and the property of the National Gallery, London, so also has Bartolomeo Montagna's "Virgine and Child."

The recent Furniture and Trades Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, Brighton, included exhibits in wood, metal work, stained glass, wall-paper, leather, fabric, and shoes.

At the recent Versailles Exposition, in the metal work department, was exhibited a lovely little watch, set with brilliant, once the property of Madame Dubouché, a magnificent collection of French medals of the six, tenth and seventeenth centuries; a portrait in enamel of J. B. Rousseau; sixteenth century figures of child-eater, snuff-boxes, conchoidal and statuettes in gold, silver and bronze. In the furniture and carved-wood department, was shown, among the pieces, a handsome cabinet of carved wood, with tiny figures in ivory; an Italian cabinet of cherry, incrustated with ivory; carved panels in wood, representing "Mars and Venus," the "Burning of Sodom," and two portraits of Louis XIV. and XV.; a fifteenth century edifice of carved wood, incrustated with ivory, once owned by Marie de Medicis, and wood carvings representing the marriage and death of the Virgin. Among tapestries was a notable German tapestry of 1666, the subject being the birth of Christ; a small English tapestry, in silk, representing Charles the First of England; a magnificent Persian tapestry, and some fine pieces of chandeliers. Among small articles were shown a Louis XVI. ink, with figures and spangles on silk; an eighteenth century fan of carved ivory, ornamented with turquoise and painted with wreaths of flowers; a box of the same period, consisting of an opera glass, and two fan paintings, in water-color, of the time of Marie Antoinette; a snuff box, with the portraits of Mlle. Mor and her daughter; perfume bottles and miniatures of Calais, Mme. Roland and other famous personages.

At the recent Exposition at Strasbourg, Caruso was represented by two works, "Les Noirs de la Klamm-



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The Spectator.

Vol. II. No. 2.]

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1881.

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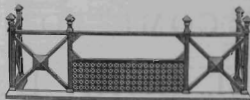
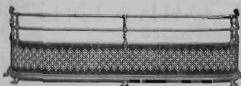
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The Spectator.

ST. LOUIS, SEPTEMBER 24, 1881.

Subscribers who have been receiving the SPECTATOR abroad and who have returned to the city are requested to notify us of the change.

THE TOWN TALKER.

And the President is dead. For weeks and months have we been waiting for this dread intelligence. There was never a reasonable hope of his recovery, and the whole nation has only been holding its breath in fear of the moment of final dissolution. And while it did so, its people gathered about the sick man's bedside and watched with his loving and devoted wife. Never in the history of any country under the sun did a people grow so near their ruler. Never was the devotion of a people expressed in so many tender words of sympathy and so many prayers. It was as though the father of every family were on his dying bed. And when the end came,—the long-delayed but inevitable end,—there was a heart-burst from one end of the land to the other. The tears that fell Tuesday morning, wherever there was a telegraph or a newspaper, were as copious as the very dew of heaven, and the whole nation joined hands in unpeakable sorrow. What a man he was that had been taken away! How great a loss to the country! What a bereavement to every one of his fellow-citizens who had learned to love him for the patience, the courage, and the nobility which he displayed in all those trying weeks of suffering! True, "God reigns, and the Government still lives," but the loss of so good a man is felt none the less keenly; for it was for his own sake and the sake of his faithful wife, as well as that of the country, that we wanted him to live. We wanted to see the same great qualities that characterized him on his sickbed, given free play in the strong and vigorous man as President of the United States. Such men do not often appear in a nation's history, and it is a terrible calamity that one such should be cut down in the zenith of his manhood, and at the very moment when he is nearing upon his most important service to the country. And that one was so great, so good, and so noble!—that one who so beautifully illustrated the best and most distinctive type of our American manhood,—should be taken off by the bullet of an insane assassin, and made to suffer so long and so much without cause, makes the affliction doubly severe. Ah, that a hand should so vilely direct the sword was moved to its demolition and set by the concerted promptings of this poor, evening, scrambling Goliath. That he should be punished in compensation. The deed is done, the sacrifice is made, and the victim lies before us. No compensation can be made, no punishment can make amends, no, not if the glaring eyes of the foul monster had to look upon a son of Eve forever, and have his tongue parched by the devil that tormented Caiaphas, could this great affliction be relieved. The consolation we have left to us is that a lesson in courage, nobility, patience, and devotion has been taught to the country, and that through the sufferings of the illustrious patient, a cruel power has come which spreads over the land and brings the hearts of the people nearer together.

The best public expression we have had from St. Louis over the death of the President, was from Col. A. W. Slayback, in his speech at the Mercantile Exchange meeting last Tuesday. It is not often that a man rises to the height of an occasion like that, though such an one

is a golden opportunity for the orator. Col. Slayback's speech was entirely impromptu, and came with no studied effort. He left what he said and said what he felt, and everybody would be stirred there was load of the tenderest sympathy, for he has a big and a warm heart. I should say he rose to the height of true, impassioned oratory, and the best evidence that he did, was seen in the tears that trickled down the cheeks of many of his hearers. As impetuous men as Col. Slayback, and full of fire, and he has a warmth of soul and an earnestness that always makes him impressive, whether before a court or on the platform; but never before, perhaps, in his life did his gift of speech and his personal magnetism so grandly assert themselves. And this was the more impressive to those who knew the speaker to have been a Confederate soldier, and therefore an opponent in arms of the illustrious one over whom he was delivering so brilliant a panegyric. This looked like the breaking down of sectionalism and the striking of party lines, and the declaration of the higher and nobler sentiments of our manhood.

It is also worthy of remark that the most pathetic and eloquent article that has been published concerning the death of President Garfield was in the *St. Louis Courier-Journal*. It appeared in the telegraphic columns of the morning papers Tuesday, and the author is Mr. Henry Watterson, another ex-Confederate, and a strong opponent to Gen. Garfield in his candidacy for the Presidency. A lot of tender and appropriate writing this article has never been equaled. It is a poem full of sweet and tender cadences, and it ought to live in the memory of every American citizen.

St. Louis will give handsomely to the fund for the benefit of Mrs. Garfield and children. Subscriptions are going everywhere, and the President is dead, for the gift will be but a feeble expression of love, on the part of the American people, for the memory of one who was alike good and great, and whose talking off was so timely. The Spectator hopes that every man, woman, and child who can afford it will give something to this fund.

Now, since it has been discovered that the President's wound was a fatal one from the beginning, and since it transpires that he was left alive by medical science, perhaps some of those people who have been so freely abusing Dr. Bliss will feel somewhat ashamed of themselves. Dr. Bliss did a most commendable part for the illustrious patient, and he can very well be excused for having talked a good deal sometimes. He proved himself to be not only a great physician, but a poor remarkable man. His physical endurance was something astonishing. No one but a physician can understand the torture he has to put to himself, and who can tell the hours he lost from sleep, and the anxiety he felt concerning the responsibility upon his shoulders. That he did not always tell the public the whole truth is evident; but the public was much better able to suffer this deprivation than the sick President was to bear the naked facts. If Dr. Bliss had told the whole story in the bulletin, the President would have died long ago from discouragement. No, Dr. Bliss did exactly right, and he is entitled to be called one of the great men of the nation.

One important lesson the American people should learn from the universality of sorrow that Mr. President's death brought, and the unanimity of praise that is bestowed upon his character by people, regardless of party or class differences, is the wrong of suspicion about an every man who is nominated for office. It seems to be assumed that the abuse of candidates is

a necessary part of every campaign, and we are sometimes almost ready to believe that there are no good men to be found. The late President did not escape abuse. He was abused most bitterly, and there was a time when certain journals were discussing the possibility of his being taken off the Republican ticket and another man put in his stead. It was declared that his record was too vulnerable to allow of his being elected to the Presidency, and a great many people were made to believe he was a very bad man. But see the change! He had no sooner entered upon the administration of the government of the country than he showed some of the noblest qualities, and began to gain the hearts of his late opponents. Long before the assassin's bullet had done its fatal work, President Garfield was taking rank as one of the greatest Chief Executives in our history, and it needed only the affecting spectacle which we have just seen to complete his popularity and make him an idol with his fellow-citizens. And yet he was the same man who was so ruthlessly and persistently attacked a year before he died. This constant and senseless warfare on men who are nominated for office is demoralizing in the extreme, for it makes the masses doubt the very existence of persons who are honest and good, and it is only by such a calamity as that which has just befallen the country that we are reminded of the fact that there is some old-fashioned greatness in the country.

On Tuesday Mr. Charles Pope, who is in the East, telegraphed to Treasurer Zimmerman to close the theatre that evening. Mr. Zimmerman explained the situation to Mr. Pope in a dispatch in reply to this, saying that other theatres would be open, and only intended closing on the day when the President Garfield's funeral, in accordance with the Mayor's proclamation. As an answer, Mr. Pope telegraphed, "I impatiently await the closing of my theatre out of respect to the nation's grief." *Amos M. Pope* has given in the case of Mr. fellow-citizens.

When Mr. Spaulding was asked the morning after the President's death if he intended to close the Olympic that night, he said "yes" very positively; and that implied that the Grand Union House would also be open, as it is "pooled" with the Olympic. When word of the close came, the English were amazed up in the Olympic, People's, and Grand Opera House, Pope's alone showing a becoming reverence by having its doors closed. A hundred or two hundred tickets to see the performance at the Grand Opera House, and a few persons straggled into the People's and the Olympic. When it was time for the curtain to rise at the Grand Opera House, Mr. Norton, the manager, appeared and said there would be no performance, and that money would be refunded to ticket holders at the box-office. In commenting upon this matter in the *Republicans* of Wednesday morning, Mr. Garrett, the dramatic critic of this paper, said this magnificent language:

Business was not suspended yesterday on "Change," in the mercantile houses, or other departments of industry that have their hands in the public pocket, and the resuscitation of a theatrical company requisit week for their equipment is not explained. Of "Our feelings" the only one who was dressed for his part and was ready to go on was Mr. M. M. Norton, the sole American in the party. All the others are English, and this incident furnishes a patriotic-psychological study.

The hours of the day were close upon midnight. The house was playing Morton's Big 4 minarels, and the management or the managers preferred to shut up shop. It may have been a mutual agreement. At all events, there was no performance at Pope's.

It is possible that Mr. Barrett did not know that the Mercantile Exchange, the Mercantile, and the Mercantile Exchange had all closed, out of respect to the late President? And is it the fair thing, any how,

out to Mr. Harrison for \$30,000. The cost of the works was about \$150,000, and there is, consequently, a good profit on the sale just made. The purchasers are Englishmen, who have some money over by that they do not work, and they had either erect new smalling works or purchase the Harrison Works. They chose to adopt the latter course on account of the great saving of time.

The managers of the St. Louis Musical Union have completed their subscription list. Three hundred fifty names are obtained, which is the limit. The Mercantile Library Hall will seat comfortably 1,200 in the body of the hall, without using the side seats. Three hundred and fifty subscribers with three tickets each will fill 1,500 of those seats, allowing 150 seats to be used by the subscribers as extra tickets, for each subscriber has the right to purchase one or more seats; but in order to do so, he must present his subscriber's ticket, which will be in the shape of a handsome little book containing his tickets to all the dress rehearsals and the concerts. Thus every subscriber will be assured of a good seat in the body of the hall. For an orchestral performance one seat in the Mercantile Library Hall is as good as another. Mr. Carr, the business manager, will send these subscribers' tickets, containing the tickets to each subscriber in the course of the next two weeks. St. Louis will have a series of concerts this Winter of which we may be proud, and the success of Messrs. Carr and Waldman only proves that what we need to give our city a better musical standing is a little energy and business sense.

Mrs. Lizzie Boulver, who will be remembered as having given a concert at Mercantile Library Hall last Spring, and who has just returned to the city from an extensive Eastern trip, has been offered liberal inducements to make her debut in grand opera, but declined at the urgent solicitation of her friends and relatives.

The McCullough Amateur Dramatic Club had its annual election of officers last Monday evening. The meeting was held at the Pickwick Theatre parlors, and there was a large and enthusiastic attendance of both ladies and gentlemen. Most of the old officers were re-elected. The roster, as it now stands, is as follows: President, Albert Todd; Vice-President, Albert Blair; Secretary and Treasurer, L. S. Metcalfe, Jr.; Manager, E. W. Thomas; Executive Committee, L. S. Metcalfe, Jr., W. G. Smyth, C. M. Alexander, Frank Ober, Mrs. F. H. Thomas, and Miss Minnie Bulky; Committee on Plays, J. T. Sands, Charles C. Allen, George M. Bartlett, Gus Thomas, Wayman McCreery, Miss W. L. Allen, Miss Edith M. Kribben, Miss Fannie Maxmire, Miss Nellie Schuyler, and Miss Cora Libby. After the election of officers a resolution was adopted, making the price per annum, for non-acting membership, \$5 instead of \$3. The membership of the Club is now about nine hundred, and the Secretary has the names of two hundred applicants. This is, therefore, certainly a most prosperous organization, and it is doubtful if there is one equal to it in the city. The first entertainment will probably be given early in November, and will be at the Pickwick Theatre. Towards the middle of the season there are to be two or three entertainments of a somewhat novel character. An interesting feature for the coming season will be the large number of ladies who will take active part in the performances, and some of them are highly spoken of. Persons who wish to apply for membership in the McCullough Club should address Mr. L. S. Metcalfe, Jr., Secretary, 414 Olive Street.

The "Smiths" should have all the consolation they can get out of their fate. "Smith" is one of the oddest words in the world—the sister of "Sophy," which, in almost all languages, has the meaning of science, craft, or skill. The Irish pronounced their word "shile," and they had the habit of calling a man without a trade "shillabees" or "shilliftees." Their goddess of letters or knowledge was "Som" or "Sal," and their learned men were "somers" or "salts." The German "snuff," a quid, "toss" or "tossie," or "shots" were the lights and leaders of practical civilization long ago.

The Boston Courier says that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new novel will be called "Through One Administration," a title which suggests that she has woven into it some of the studies of American politics which she must have made during her residence in Washington.

Mr. Sherman Spencer, of this city, has written a pamphlet, which he calls the "Voters' Hand-Book of the National and Separate State Constitutions Combined." The one just issued is the first of a series, and is devoted to the Constitution of the United States and that of the State of Missouri. In his preface the author says his aim is to put the Constitution of the United States and those of the several States into the hands of every voter, so that a better knowledge of our fundamental law may be had by the masses. This is a grand object, and it would be a great thing if it could be done, but Mr. Sherman will find it up-hill work to carry out his scheme. His pamphlet seeks to accomplish a good end, but it is lacking qualities that would make it popular. In the first place, the arrangement of the matter is not attractive, and would never please the eye of the ordinary reader; and in the second place, the whole thing reads too much like a lawyer's brief to be sought after by the masses. Taken, for instance, from the explanatory notes under sect. 2, Art. III. of the National Constitution:

Hayburn's case (note), 2 Dall. 419; Chisholm, ex v. Georgia, 2 Dall. 419; Glass et al. v. Sloop Betsey, 2 Dall. 61; United States v. La Vendette, 3 Dall. 297; Hollingsworth et al. v. Virginia, 3 Dall. 378; Mosman, ex v. Huguenin, 4 Dall. 12; Marbury v. Madison, 1 Cr. 137.

Mr. Carr is filled up, to a large extent, with just such unmeaning references as the above. I use "unmeaning" as it applies to the ordinary reader, who, as I understand it, is the one Mr. Sherman wishes to reach. The ordinary reader would never waste through such stuff, and if he did he would not know what it meant; and he would certainly never go to the trouble of hunting up these law-books referred to. Mr. Sherman wishes to popularize our fundamental law, but he must get up his pamphlets in popular form, otherwise he will waste his time and money. Doubtless he spent a vast amount of labor on the one he has just published, but he will find himself poorly paid for his trouble, notwithstanding the flattering endorsement he has from Governor Crittenden, and Messrs. Henry Hitchcock, E. O. Barnard, and other prominent citizens.

A very pretty piece of book-making is the "Trade Catalogue" just issued by Shorb & Boland, the well-known wholesale book and stationery dealers. This firm has achieved an enviable reputation for handsome catalogues, and the one this year maintains their standing in that direction.

Three hundred tons of human bones have lately been received at Bristol in England, from Plevna, at whose historic siege the former owners of these fragmentary remains laid their bones in the dust, and poured out their last words as prophesies to the first man they met. It is not for sepulture that these bones have been brought across the sea; no reverent feeling of admiration for a brave people fighting against heavy odds has dictated this invoice. On the contrary, these remains are to be used simply as manure. The bodies, which were merely self-sung, found their place at Plevna, that the given standard of the prophet might still wave, are by the natural process of the elements to be converted into wamp-wamp and turnips and wheat. There is a grotesque side to this shipment of bones, as well as a sad one. Down the mountain side by Plevna the Turkish hordes did some of the basest and most fighting while the race was down to Europe.

Never since the Seljukian Turks first started upon the conquest of the West has the individual come so strongly to the front. One may imagine a brave Turk, full of faith in Mahomet and confidence in Osman Pasha, his breast drest with a noble resolve to do all that in him lay for the holy war of the Sultan. Struck down by a Russian bullet, one sharp pang took the place of the valor and the religious fervor which had been there but a moment before. In place of a live

soldier, a carcass was prone upon the hillside. And what happened? The winds of heaven and its rains beat down upon it. The addition of less than an ounce of lead changed this living, daring, loving organism into, say a broken sword, or a broken lance, or a broken banner, and the elements sported with it. The flesh went to feed the flies and carrion birds; where the soldier had fallen rank grass and a tuft of weeds marked his resting-place this Spring. Again come the bone merchant with his cart, and the defender of Plevna was shovelled in, to mix inextricably with others of his class, to be broken and sold for fertilizer, and then long voyage to Bristol. By this time he is spread about on the fallow fields of merry England; the subtle essences that gave vitality to his bones are now about to stiffen the barley stalks. And when Gabriel blows the awful trumpet on that awful day of reckoning, where will this soldier be? Some of him still fattening the slope by Plevna, the balance at work in the waving grain; he is scattered to the four winds of heaven, and what will answer in his place? The Turks have a superstition against the taking of pictures, because they think that on the last day the taker will have to produce a soul for the Gæge which he has called into being. How much wiser will it be for those to whom souls will come demanding their bodies?

There are few persons in America who have not heard of, if not seen, the play of "Camille," the proper name of "La Dame aux Camélias." It has been surmised that this is an invention out of whole cloth, but such is not the case. The original of the "lady of the camélias" was Marie Duplessis, and she was in Paris at the same time as Lola Montez. She came from Normandy, which country she left for the French capital when but seventeen years of age. She was remarkably handsome; but she was ignorant of city life and squandered her first springs with worthless characters. But soon her charms won her a place in the world of gallantry. After wandering about the pavements of Paris she met a man who gave her diamonds, set her up in furnished apartments, and introduced her to his friends and the best society. She was famous for the length and beauty of her hair. When she unbraided it, and standing up let it hang natural, the ends made little curls on the floor. She had a delicate beauty, and her clear skin, through which the blue veins show so plainly, indicated consumption. She had flocks of great sadness. She was quite capricious in her moods, adoring to-day what she had detested yesterday. A splendid dresser, she set the fashion, and still but few could equal her intimate originality. She loved camélias, wearing white ones the year round, except for three days in every month, when red ones were to be seen on her bosom.

She had a perfect mania for lying. She prevaricated even when the truth would have served her purpose better. Asked one day why she lied so much, she replied: "The lie whitens the teeth,"—a fair lie not for a courtesan. She died in 1841 in an *entre not* near the Church of the Madeleine. After her death the Parisians went on pilgrimages to her apartments to look at her diamonds, her old slippers, her faces, and her rich underclothes. Alexander Dumas, the young man so much moved by her sad death. He had known her during the brilliancy of her beauty, and he wished to "sing" his impressions of her, so he made Marie Duplessis the heroine of his romance, "La Dame aux Camélias," which first appeared in 1845. Later on, he dramatized the novel. The role of *Camille* was created by Mlle. Doche, and epidemic died in France as to whether she was or was not a better actress in the part than the Bernhardt. As the original of *Camille* and *Zola* Marie Duplessis was as I have sketched her.

Governor Crittenden has appointed Mr. Joseph H. McEntire Coal-Old Inspector of St. Louis, to succeed the late John J. Holliday. In so doing he has met the wishes of a great many of his best citizens, and done simple justice by a man who was as fair as the sun and when he was a Kansas bar-tender, and who is a most worthy gentleman. It is one of the very best appointments that the Governor has made, and will reflect honor upon his administration.

The circus men have always, hitherto, been awarded the medal for lying announcements, but the variety people are raising their hack. What do you think of the following, from the People's Theatre programme this week:—"St. Felix sisters, Charlotte, Henriette, Clementine. These ladies, whose names have become a household word in all refined American families for their beautiful singing, lady-like bearing, and artistic excellence, will appear in their specialties." This, to use an emphatic, but vulgar expression, "takes the cake."

The "Big Four Miracles," at Pope's, were the failure of the week. This Ethiopian minstrel troupe is exceedingly indifferent—not to say bad. The patronage was as bad as the least court delineators.

The attractions at the theatres next week are the Violet Family at the Olympic, Rice's "Surprise Party" at the Grand Opera House, and Rita's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Pope's.

Mr. William Hayden, the manager of Tios, Keene, the tragedian, was in town this week. He says Mr. Keene's engagement this season has been unusually successful, both artistically and financially. He states that Keene has improved wonderfully, and that he has made a big hit as Macbeth.

Very little is known of Manager Mapleson's Italian Opera programme. It is settled that Christine Nilsson will not be his prima donna. Minnie Hauk has been engaged by the Impresario, and will, it is said, appear as "Caterina in the Italian version of *Donizetti's* 'Taming of the Shrew,' *Elza in 'La Bohème,' and Solita in 'L'Armée'*." Signor Campanini will again be the leading tenor of the troupe.

Here is an amazing little paragraph from last Wednesday's *Register*:

Miss Flora Pike was engaged early in the season for one of Mr. Rice's companies. The talented young Boston vocalist was so much impressed that she was to appear in "Cladivella at School," "Mazeppa," "Blossie Taylor," etc., but as she was cast in *Bar-le-Duc*, in which direction her audience took out rump, and as she was offered a New York engagement for the season, Mr. Rice kindly accorded her a release.

The truth about the matter above referred to is that Miss Pike went down to Boston from New York to join "Rice's Surprise Party," according to contract. And when she got there and went on the stage in rehearsal, she learned that she was expected to wear tight. She refused to do, and the manager therefore told her she would have to throw up the engagement.

Mathias Duckert, the famous equinestrator of the Barnum Circus, is forty-two years old, yet she rides as gracefully as she did twenty years ago.

Barnum himself is over seventy, but he takes a childish interest in the performance in his show, "amplifying every grand or successful act. He is the prince of showmen, brave, or all odds, the best entertainer in his line that goes through the country. If you go to see a circus at all, it is a good rule to wait for Barnum," for he has all you will see anywhere else, and a good deal more.

RELPEPENS.

OUR ART CHITTY ABROAD.

(Special Correspondence of the Spectator.)

AT SING, S. S. BOLIVIA, August 30, 1881.

A wait of an hour at Victoria docks for the infinitesimal tug—like an English transport objects the size of which are ridiculously disproportionate to its own—to tow the huge ship Bolivia to a point where the last passenger ascends the stairway leading up her side, and the last British, perchance with eyes wet from parting with those bound to the New World, descends to wave a mistier handkerchief as a signal of parting and God-speed. An idle, curious crowd

accumulates upon the marine stone quays, their passage stopped by the swaying bridges which, as by word of command, have moved noiselessly aside from out the pathway of the ship. They stand gazing at the passengers, who lean upon the railings and look down at the upturned faces of the throng. A couple of women, one at least respectably dressed, afford amusement to the more brutal litters by a sort of sporting match, which, as their rage increases, promises to degenerate into "a tooth and toenail" squabble, when a stout policeman interposes, and the two spitting cats, they are dragged asunder. The pugnacity of the children of John Bull, or the fighting quality of the seamen of spirits daily consumed in London, is further exemplified by two sailors on shipboard, who, to settle some petty dispute, square off and pummel each other in regular prize-fighting fashion. These come from among those who, having made the outward voyage together, meet with faces browned by the sun of Italy, the cold breezes of the Alps, or reflections from the silvery surface of the English lakes, their eyes sparkling with the exhilaration of health. Then comes the story of the Stammer's wanderings, the excretion of London cabmen, Italian beggars, gauds, and the multitude of parasites who earn a dishonorable living by regaling tourists. If two lanes, perchance, visited the same city, each engulfs his brain for some curious object missed by the other, which is sure to be found and unguessed to under impression, to effect the same effort on the other side. Mountains are reclined, castles revealed, churches are again rendered picturesque, and in a short time a pleasant companionship is established between strangers who have been united by a similar purpose, and now, with faces reddened, their hearts warmed by the sun of the Tropics. We strain gallily down the Channel, the Grasswell, where the ship rounds to and anchors for the succeeding tide, as two are required for the largest vessels, equipping at the quay, are discussed, the situation in a tone of mild complaint, a small steamer comes spinning down the river toward us. The strains of music are heard, and soon dear old Yankee Doodle is distinguished. A horn, a trumpet, and two or three other instruments play the old colonial air with hearty gusto as the little steamer gracefully circles round us. Her looks vanish, handkerchiefs are waved, we cheer, and some grave and dignified people actually dance with delight; and the company is heartily acknowledged, and most of us conclude that under the thick epithem of John Bull a warm heart beats, and after all, we forgive his backmen, and the many things which may have remained to the debit side of our account with us, and which prove to be a good fortune to old England and its people. Toward morning I awake, and feel the throbbing pulse of the four-wheeled steamer, and thus know that we are once more entering upon that trackless stream of water which lies between us and the American coast. The dreary weather has disappeared, the sky is blue, and the sails of the sailing-vessels which swarm the Channel are sharply cut, and there is an intensity in the color of the best and worst. The water dashes gallily, tossing the silvery light about—an angry, we hope, of pleasant days to come. I am inclined to think that the evil time which rests upon the English Channel for its resourceless remedy to the human stomach has been somewhat exaggerated. Four times I have crossed this season, and only once did it cease to lie as placid and quiet as a pond. Then, possibly to show its power, it boiled, and roared, and foamed, and tossed the boat about like a chip, and despite our best work up out the length and breadth thereof. There were solos and choruses and fugues, groans and loud complainings; and some good groans as so far kept us from our interior arrangements, and at times I could not restrain an angry and sometimes a laughing outburst of the numerous sufferers. The stateroom on the steamer running from Antwerp to Harwich contains four bunks, and the Judge, the Doctor, and myself occupied three of them. The other was occupied by an invalid in the other, but the owner did not miss his appearance; doubtless he was studying astronomy on the upper deck. When I turned in I

found the Doctor and the Judge each with an eye open. There was a look of anxious expectation on the face of each as he eagerly watched my movements, and I was not long in coming to the conclusion that something outside that he wished to look after, and he would disappear for a few minutes, and then return and resume his watch. I must confess that at times, as the vessel rolled and plunged like a surly horse, there was a slight nervousness, but fortunately never developed into anything beyond a faint suspicion of a possibility. And I would have died had my remains devoured by sharks before I could have been so long in the water. I was not without the watchful anxiety of my bank-mate's meet. They were grimly going that I might be sick. In all phases and under all circumstances my stomach had behaved most bravely, and I was not long in coming to the conclusion, I had sympathized so cordially with their evil, that I had lost interest in the sound of the dinner-bell, suggested so many toothsome morsels of salt pork and fried bacon at such times, that I knew they were both ready to endure the rigors of perdition, provided I could be brought down from my exalted height of placid humor. However, as the night wore on and there was no sign of reward for their unobtrusive vigil, they both grew weary and fell asleep, and in the morning I had to shake them up in time for the custom-house inspection and early train for London.

It is now the third day out. The Channel has been traversed, the long grey chalky cliffs and green rounded hills of the English coast, squarely cut by the water's edge, with here and there a town or village settling in the shelter of a white and gleaming precipice, have been passed. A waxy, misty steam met me in the portals of the ocean. The May of the passengers grew drably sick. I was awakened in the morning by a distressful sound close to my bunk, and looking up I found my room-mate clinging to the water-rack. I asked him what the matter was, and he said he was rising his throat. He hasn't been to the dining-room since. It is a pitiful sight to see so many blooming cheeks turned to a greenish-yellow hue, eyes leaden and listless, women lying about like limp and weary soldiers, strong men of whose faces all human interest and expression has died, and most pitiful of all, the poor little children, as joyless and desolate as the other ones. I could stand the inevitable rakes, which will follow, to see them dance about again. The captain is a kindly featured man, who seems to place little value upon gold lace and brass buttons, as he dresses more like a well-to-do Scotch farmer than a naval officer. He is constantly turning up in his unobtrusive suit, and very little like a naval officer, which escapes his vigilant eye. His only pet is a black-and-white cat, which at every meal climbs to the top of his chair and receives his ration from his hand. He has been a sailor from childhood, and has a hearty contempt for the fall, seaward life on shore. One time the ship was laid up for a few weeks undergoing repairs, so the cat was taken to the captain's home for a visit. She seemed to enjoy it for a day or two, but after that began to long for her old life on the ocean wave. She became restless and refused food, and by the time the Bolivia was ready for sea, poor Toby had wasted to a skeleton. When the vessel first set he began to recover, and in a short time was as fat and as plump as when he first came aboard.

It is wonderful to watch the changing aspect of the scene. Soon after leaving the Channel we enter the Gulf Stream, with its waters of the deepest blue. On a day the sea is of a deep blue, and on another day, when the heavens are overcast it changes to a lighter hue, and at sunset the ray clouds are reflected in delicate tones and undulating patterns on the surface of the sea. After a storm, it rises and falls like a restless giant, and the waves are of a deep blue, except when the ship plunges through watery hills and sends a mass of bubbling foam, white and feathery, full yids away on either side. As far as the eye extends, the sea is of a deep blue, and the sun, when it valleys lie in warring light. But the waters do not rest. Valleys change to hills and hills to valleys. The spirit of unrest forever hounds upon the ocean. It

any glitter in the sunlight, the moon may pave a pathway broad with silver, sails may hang limp and useless like dead weeds, but the night-breeze has been to me still. It heaves as though with deep-drawn sighs,—vexed, changing, sulky. Man it spurns; his ships are tossed like chaff. Its business is a part of universal awe,—that which sends plants spinning in their orbits, and brings the comet from the farthest confines of far space to linger a moment in our view and disappear for ages.

As we approached the banks of Newfoundland we entered the region of fogs. The white mist settled around the ship so dense as to be wholly impenetrable to sight. There were no clouds above, and we could see, at times, the outlines of the coast, but all about us the fog was so opaque that the ships bore aloft scarcely be distinguished from the hurricane deck. For eighteen hours the hoarse fog-horn belled its warning as we went plunging ahead at the highest speed. Then the veil lifted, and the broad round disc of ocean lay before us, with its white sails, and the day before we sighted the light-ship off Sandy Hook a large whale reared his nose out of the water within fifty feet of the vessel, and desiring no further acquaintance with an object so much larger than himself, he quickly gave a plunge, leaving the sea boiling with foam. Soon after several others were seen spouting in the distance. Schools of porpoises came leaping after us, and now and then the fin of a shark would be seen cutting the water in uncomfortable proximity to the ship. On the night of the seventh, the ship's log told us that a pilot-boat would soon make its appearance. The latest news we had from America was the 20th of August, and at that time there seemed to be no possible hope for the President. The case had been discussed over and over again among the passengers, and all agreed that there was scarcely a hope of our finding him alive. There were one hundred and twenty salmon passengers, and as many more in the stowage. The night was clear, and the wind mild and pleasant. The ship was wrapped with which we had been enveloped for nearly a month on land and sea were laid aside, and every person on the ship, outside of the crew, were at deck straining their eyes to catch sight of the light at the masthead of the pilot-boat. Once the cry was raised, "There he is!" but it proved to be a floating vessel. When she came in sight, and I saw the pilot-boat, which witnessed a scene of more intense excitement. Impatiently but silently did we await the approach of the small boat to the ship's side. When within hearing distance some one shouted, "How is the President?" For a second our ears closed for the reply, which seemed ages coming. It came, "He is yet alive!" A wail, joyous cries went up from every person on board. Saloon passengers, stowage passengers, men and women, Americans, English, German,—every one was wild with delight. For fifteen minutes men danced, women waved their handkerchiefs, children cried, and all were laughing and shouting themselves. The pilot-boat lifted the ladder to the deck, bringing a bundle of papers. Some of them were secured, and there was a wild rush for the cabin. A passenger read aloud the latest dispatches, giving an account of the removal from Washington to Long Branch. Silently, eagerly, and with bated breath all listened to the public story of how the lamest sufferer had been taken so tenderly by loving hands and conveyed from the malarious atmosphere of the White House to the cottage near the beach. When the fervent devotion of the President's wife and daughter was mentioned, or a picture was drawn of the poor emaciated form, wasted to a shadow of its former self, the remembrance of long hours, and tears moistened the eyes of all the eager crowd. Finally we passed to the decks to enjoy the yellow sunlight, and exchange congratulations that there was at least some hope remaining for the recovery of the one whose welfare had been so far every heart for 24 or all in distant lands. By noon the following day we were once more on terra firma, and although the many others of the New York docks were not calculated to inspire enthusiasm, especially with the thermometer at seventy a Fahrenheit, yet it was America, and happiness beamed in every eye.

W. K. U.

TABLE GOSSIP.

A writer of such recognized influence in the domain of taste as to be a law-giver in household decoration, from whose dictum there is no appeal, advises against striving after luxury one cannot afford, which leads to pretensions devoid in the way of furnishing, and advocates the superior excellence as well as elegance of what is suitable, giving the forcible example of glass, which, used for drinking and other vessels, is of unsurpassed beauty and usefulness, but if employed instead of iron or marble to make pillars, would convey, from its known fragility, an idea of weakness rather than of strength. "This is the era of sham,—of cheap splendour, false taste, false elegance; and really, one is surprised and pleased to find that sometimes a thing really is what it seems, and agrees heartily with the French writer on taste, who 'hopes that one day people will come to understand that good taste consists in striving to secure the most useful, and wish to be, but in appearing to be what one really is.' As English authority says, half the effect of a room must depend upon the way it is fitted up, yet some condemn the practice of making the dining-room different in the style of furniture and mode of occupancy from the others, and cannot see why it should not be so. In this climate, and this city of dust and noise, unless each room is furnished with a view to the absolute requirements and most comfortable enjoyment of eating, it will be a failure. Of course one does not want to make a boudoir or a sitting-room of a dining-room; it is wanted to be kept in perfect order for the next meal, and in summer to be shut up from the flies. The furniture and decoration should be of a solid and substantial character; its chairs covered with a material that will not harbor dust or odors—one does not want in the atmosphere at dinner a reminiscence of breakfast. A bare floor, no matter how handsome the parquetry and rugs, will not do for this purpose. The edges of the chairs when moved to and from the table. Some yet miscoloured floor-covering, which is as useless as carpet and yet not woolen, is to be hoped for. Stained floors are common looking, and, besides, show glaringly the dust. The old French would not use carpets, which were once in common use here, have nothing but a desired in the way of cheapness and beauty, but they are costly, and require an amount of elbow grease not readily obtainable now. On the walls of a dining-room I should hang pictures 'costly as the pure coin bag,' and of a character to harmonize with the glass. Tooth-glasses, looking-glasses, gongs, a cane-table, by a Stewart, a whole pile, a woodcock and snail, so like that one might think to stir their feathers with a puff of breath, but so pretty faces—"superior are odious"—and no tragic scenes. I too well remember the "Massacre of Wyoming," hung the walls of an otherwise elegantly furnished dining-room; and by ill fortune I happened to look at it during the meal, I went home with a French and a dozen, or indignation. I would have the furniture of solid mahogany, if possible, and with little or no carving, as that absorbs, not reflects the light, and causes a disagreeable reflection. There is one old-fashioned article of furniture, the dumb waiter, which I earnestly recommend; it should be made of solid wood, and strong. When placed at the left hand side of the mistress, at table, it furnishes the service of at least three pairs of hands, and has the additional advantage of having neither eyes nor tongue. I think, however, the only suitable one for a dining-room, as not requiring wheels, in default of these, white or light-colored linen which are very suitable. "Any one with money, those days," can furnish a house according to the received rules of fashionable good taste, if the valuable commodities of taste and judgment be lacking in the buyer, they can be supplied, as well as a substitution by the artistic dealer in high art furnishings; but a house furnished by one having themselves taste and judgment, artistic or not, except, even with the impediment of limited means, will give pleasure to individuals, a character of elegance, the eye will not have. In fact these lucky folk people do some-

times meet with the misdeeds of the man in the old play who, being selected for a Russian marriage he disguises, tries in vain to get a drink of water. "What?" cries the link-boy, "so great a personage drink water? You'll get no water here, great Risti Pasha! A bowl of cream for your highness!" Sir, should one of those who carry weight enough to sigh for the clear water of simple common, his table—*à la mode* elegance, they must have the cream of artistic elegance (so called). But I am en route for the kitchen. An article of kitchenware called the Grilling Dutch Oven, deserves to find favor with every cook. It is similar in make and general appearance to what is called a spit, the kitchen, but is not more than six inches wide, and instead of one, has three movable wire rods, each furnished with four wire loops, from which are suspended the articles to be broiled; it is large enough to roast, in this way, a duck or chicken. It is used by being placed on a stove rack, immediately in front of the fire. The gray falls into the bottom, whence it can be poured through a little gate opening from one end. Every kitchen, besides the usual frying-pan—in which chops, cutlets, and other things are cooked in a little fat—should have one of another kind, for cooking by immersion in boiling fat. This should be at least six inches deep, and should have a netted wire suspension fitting easily into it, having a handle with a wooden slip, the cooked articles can thus be easily lifted out as soon as done. An inexperienced cook would be alarmed at the quantity of fat required, but needlessly; the same fat will serve for many fryings if poured at once, after using, into boiling water and permitted to cool in it, and then skimmed off from the dregs and kept in a covered jar, after that use for fish to be kept fresh. Things cooked by being plunged into boiling fat have a crust formed on them, which excludes the grease, and they are cooked by the expansion of the juices within, converted by heat into steam.

A DINNER BILL OF FARE.

Commencement à la Reine.

Robert Pils.

Dinnering, with effect.

Pate Fritters. Stewed Spinach.

Satisfy on Salad. Stuffed Cucumbers.

Apple Pudding.

THE LATEST PARIS WIT.

In a village on the sea-coast of Normandy they had just buried an old schoolmaster who looked but little of completing his sixtieth year.

"Now we have lost it to be temperate," said one of his contemporaries to the young men of the village, as the corpse emerged from the church. "Jacques wouldn't have lived so long if he had been a drinker. Never did he take more than his pint and a half of brandy a day."

Dedicated to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals:

Two gentlemen are walking together.

Suddenly one says: "Let us go another way. The next street will do us as well as this."

His companion laughs. "Some streets are better than others, then, for your 'dreaders' in this case, perhaps?"

The first, with a little embarrassment:

"Well, yes—in the fifth street, there on the right, there's a dog. I promised him a cake the other day, and I haven't one with me."

M. Dubois, from the Department of the High Alps, brings on his travels for the summer, comes to Paris.

The buildings excite his admiration, but he is much pained by the crowd of people who come from the country.

"It is really intolerable. You would not believe it possible, but one cannot so much as empty his watch-bowl out of the window for fear some one should be going past. There is no freedom of action at all."

Letter from a Glasgow to his family:

"Here in Paris it has been so hot as to melt the asphalt. Boys in the street have caught thousands of quavering mice, holding them by the ears, were caught by their feet, and stuck fast as if in glue."

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SOCIETY.

A bull, as of the Summer's hazy, yet overhangs the social life of the city, and although the late deserted homes of aristocratic quarters are showing signs of the return of the wanderers who make the life of these stately dwellings, gayety and gaiety have weakened no echoes as yet. Over many proud lath-ways waves the insignia of the nation's mourning for its noble child, and there duties in the September air an unseen veil of sadness, which even the light-of-heart cannot thrust aside. Oft-times the unseen tale a stronger hand upon us than even the grasp of mortal fingers can hold us with; and no atmosphere is so pregnant with that mysterious spirit that links the visible and the invisible powers of nature as that which the Autumn sighs of this our Western Hemisphere, where the Fall, our American name for this season, has a sweet mystic solace whose influence is unknown in other lands. The future lies near this new-born world of ours, and we are a people of the present and the future, Maying the past with its solemn echoes to these mouldering kingdoms of the earth that point backward to their glory.

That "the world do move" is an incontrovertible fact which Americans love to peep to the front, and our present grief shuts not from sight our future joys. While long streams of light and gladness flow from the great business houses of the city, the brilliancy within is indicative of the Fall and Winter's coming gayeties.

Let Fall of earth, rise to Fall, is a sentence that will typify the impulses of the human heart. The robes of the Veiled Prophet dance before the funeral trappings that lay and respect have hung out for our dead President, and the human motive of the gay world are preparing to bloom into butterfly gossamer for the city's grand gala night. I have seen some gorgeous dresses preparing for well-known ladies, who will disport them on that occasion, and it is safe to predict—on a certainty—that on previous ball has ever been so grand as this promise to be. I may not speak more playfully of dresses I have seen, for no lady thus has anticipated gayer morn than hinted at.

Many weddings will follow the great ball, the golden October days, when all the world lies gleaming in the full fruition of earth's hopes. In addition to those announced last week, it is said that Miss Tweed, who for five or six years past has been a teacher at Mary Institute, will be married in October to Mr. Walter Heron, and of great authority it is asserted that the Misses Hattie and Lizzie Glenn, nees of Mr. E. L. Simmons, are engaged to the Messrs. Burr, of all this city. The young ladies are recent graduates of Mary Institute. Dame Rumor asserts that Miss Zoe Papin, the daughter of Mr. Theodore Papin, is soon to wed a gentleman of high standing from New Orleans, but Dimpie Hays, an emphatic contradiction, very faintly in her assertions, seen when supported by her reliable gossip, "the best authority." Perhaps

the two cronies may have to eat their words about the announcement of Miss Van Studdiford's marriage, for I hear that the young lady delays it is late. *Miss nous verront.* The marriage of the wealthy Mr. Withall to Miss Hoydel, daughter of Dr. Heydel, of Mayville, which the Spectator announced last April, will not be consummated until after Christmas, as Mr. Withall is observing a year of mourning for his father. It is said that the preparations for the betrothal of Miss Julia Moffitt are progressing on a very superb scale, and that the wedding will be an unusually brilliant affair. There was a wedding at Kansas City this week which had interest for many St. Louisans, as the groom, Mr. Paul Owsie, is well known to this his home, being the son of Mr. Felix Owsie. The bride was Miss Jansen, of Kansas City.

I attended a simple, quiet wedding this week, that was full of the finest, finest, earnest spirit that should mark the occasion where true hearts come in the presence of men to acknowledge the sacred vows which already they have registered before God. The sweet holiness of that beautiful bride came back again and again to me, wearing a breath of that purity and freedom from all worldliness, which is needed, often rather than it comes, to assure us of the fact that there are nuptials as holy as those smelt out of God and sustained by the angels in Paradise, where the world was young. Very youthful was this smiling pair, who last Wednesday afternoon pronounced their glad vows in the pretty parlor of the bride's home, at the residence of her grandmother, Mrs. DeWitt, on School Street. The groom, Mr. Fred C. Willis, is the youngest son of the well-known, and scholarly Mr. M. W. Willis, of this city, and a member of the firm of E. G. Willis & Bro., of Main Street.

The bride was Miss Mattie M. Lyon, granddaughter of the late Capt. James Dozier.

Only members of the immediate families and one or two intimate friends were assembled to witness the ceremony of marriage, which was performed by the Rev. M. W. Willis, who is a retired clergyman of the Congregational Church; and a more touching, tender, and beautiful service than that I have never heard.

The bride, whose sweet smiles, exquisite complexion, dainty, quaint features, shy, hand eyes, winged brown hair, and form possessed of

"A certain air of symmetry,
A kinship of loveliness, all grace,
And youth and yet closed in time."

carried that certain inexpressible, tender touch of early maidenhood, which drew to her all hearts. The groom, in the very first flush of manhood, with "heaven in his eyes and truth upon his lips," had an equal interest for the witnesses of this marriage. In one look, manifest of his noble, honest face, and the earnestness of his blue eyes, he is outwardly the very complement of nature, to the beauty of his little brunette bride. Even old hearts grew young in their sweet and graceful presence, and the solemn tones of the clergyman-father, he asked, "My son, wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife," etc., drew from the young groom such an earnest, distinct "Yes, sir, I do," as carried a conviction that Happiness and Honor were the handmaids who attended Hymene at this marriage.

There are few details of Fashion to write about this charming wedding, for the bride wore only a simple trailing dress of dark, rich, elegant style, made with a becoming lace to match, and diamond savings to brighten the costume. It did not bear the intention to have any attendants, but the little bride being seized with shyness just before entering the parlor where the ceremony was performed, her young relatives were summoned to assist as bridesmaids, and Miss Nellie Dozier, Miss Mason, and Miss Willis, attended by Mr. Edward C. Willis, Alden Dozier, and Mr. Ed. Huskey, presented the brilliant pair and acted as bridesmaids and groomsmen.

Miss Little Willis, the youngest sister of the group, is a very Marguerite in her exquisite blonde style, tall and slender, with very clear complexion. Her dress of old blue satin, with bodice and draperies

shimmering all over with silver designs in relief, brocade, had its surprise corsage filled with transparent folds of Malines, and fastened by a large cluster of natural flowers, whose many leaves were matched by the hand-painted blossoms that bordered the train. Her shoes—a costume of a tint and style that richly contrasted with the aristocratic beauty of the wearer.

Miss Nellie Dozier wore white and lace, with short and loose hair, Malines, with little tulle, that could not eclipse the pure pail and white of her complexion. Miss Mason's dress was all of white muslin and lace, fastened at corsage and belt with clusters of acacia. Mrs. Willis, the mother of the groom, wore a dress of white Malines, with white ribbon, and a white lace collar. Mr. C. W. Willis, of Cincinnati, Mrs. Dozier, the venerable grandmother of the bride, wore that deep interest which, when manifested by the old in the happiness of the young, is so rarely to be met. And Mrs. Mason, the step-mother of the bride, and, with most hospitable grace, the part of hostess.

The new debutantes who every year step into the social scene to fill the places made vacant in the circle of young ladies by those who have gone to swell the ranks of the matrons of the land, are always curious for our interest. Among those to be presented this season are: Miss Lily Gordon, a granddaughter of Mr. Patchen, of Lucas Place; Miss Mary, daughter of Mr. Maurice Alexander; Miss Fannie Barnes, granddaughter of Mr. Theron Barnes; Miss Lily Woodbridge, daughter of Mrs. Arman May, whose first husband was a well-known St. Louisian this Summer; Miss Mimi Morrison, daughter of Col. J. L. D. Morrison; Miss Nellie Kasp, the accomplished daughter of Col. George Kasp; Miss Lulu Krone, daughter of Mr. Krone; Miss Benjamin Warner, daughter of Major Henry B. Turner; Miss May Hopkins, daughter of Mrs. John Hopkins of Pine Street; Miss Lulu Kasper, daughter of John Kasper, and Miss L. Kasper, daughter of L. Kasper, whose former, former acquaintance was a well-known Jew. I have not yet heard who are the calm beauties who enter the lists with these young ladies, but doubtless there will be quite as many bachelors as brides. If it were, it would be an improvement in our best social journalism, if the word "belle" should be relegated to its wonted accepted meaning. All the women or girls who belong to society are not belles, and it is quite impossible that in the usual significance of the term all will be belles. Rather from daintiness or fear of confusion the word has been abused until in its application there has come to be either honor, disrepute, or indifference. The designation of belle is a term, let us practice a better understanding of our "dictionary learning," and show that we know what it takes to make a belle. A little more discrimination of language will not hurt us if it does about our noses. Our society is not so small as it used to be, although these two are by no means necessary terms, and our parity alone cannot make belles of all our beauties, or claim beauty for all our belles.

ORAL.

SOCIAL NOTES.

Miss Salla Starr, of "Vicksburg," who has been spending the Summer with her relatives the Hardways, of Washington Avenue, and visiting a number of the well-known old families of the city, leaves to-day for her Missouri home. Miss Salla is a clever, bright, and as graceful as she is agreeable. Few young ladies have more friends than she, or will be more missed from their circle.

Last Saturday evening a party of two gentlemen, Messrs. J. H. Adams and J. H. Turner, Esq., with Joseph Lucas, attended by a full staff of waiters, went on a rambling tour to Newbern. Their first arrival was performed under the windows of Mr. R. J. Jones. There a cordial welcome was quickly served, and the musicians called in to participate. At last after the gay waltzers (Miss Col. C. Hunt), and from thence they went to Mr. Jacobs, and wound up their musical round by going to Col. Hunt's.

The wedding supper served at the marriage of Mr. Fred. Willis and Miss Mattie Lyon was in every way

tasteful and delightful regard, and Penck, early exhibited that skill which years ago established as the favorite attribute of the old French aristocracy of the city. Tees molded in the shapes of all human graces, and blushing roses, and blue, or peeling even the appearance of relating those great scientific truths which seem to them unanswerable. By such as these will Prof. Mitchell's "Cosmogony" be read with pleasure, since it confirms what they wish to believe, — at least, probably, which might be as readily accomplished by weaker arguments than those here presented, for the learned Professor is by no means lacking in ability. He is himself a scientist and student of considerable renown, but he has given himself too great a task. His intellectual strength may be great, but intellects greater than his have evolved the theory which he attacks, and if he failed to prove his point we are willing to admit that "it is not because his argument is so weak, but because the truths which he attacks are so strong.

Thursday afternoon Mrs. Dozier and Mrs. Mason were a charming *jetée* to the children of the connection, as they too might have been, in memory of the marriage of their little cousin, Miss Lynn. Miss Maggie Davidson, one of the most admired young ladies of Jefferson City, will be the guest of our Mrs. Leggett in October, when she comes to tend the Valled Prophet's hall.

Mr. Peter How will leave the city soon for New ocean, whether he goes in search of health.

It is reported that Miss Minnie How will be married to Mr. Francis Howder during the Autumn.

Miss Sanderson, of Milwaukee, is expected to visit at Fania Hayward in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Selom Humphreys and their son Mr. M. Humphreys, of New York, will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Chambers in October.

LITERATURE.

Monsters, Madmen, and the Baby. By Gustave Dré, translated by T. B. Peterson and Brothers. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.) — This remarkable volume is a collection of sketches upon a variety of themes, all of which have a light thread of connection. They are divided into three general divisions, named respectively "The Bachelor," "Homesickings," and "The Family." Taken as a whole, these sketches are a strange mixture of Parisian wit and dreamy philosophy. They present all as thoroughly French incongruity of extreme relations, — the side by side with the most grotesque, — the author is evidently deeply satirical at the heart of the fashionable *desists* who so promiscuously discuss their toilettes and their religious duties, and carry their worldliness and rancorous jealousy of each other to the very verge of the sacramental table. He is unceasingly laughing in his sleeve at the sweet creature, yet whose innate frivolity and worldliness he casts out a transparent veil of Christian charity and humility. Those who are at all familiar with Mr. Gustave Dré will not be surprised to hear that the entire significance of several of these sketches renders the same untranslatable for general household reading. The translator has doubtless done what he could to obviate this fault, but without destroying the entire character of the book could not altogether eradicate it. Those sketches devoted to "The Family" are, many of them, exceedingly natural, life-like, and satirical. There is a vein of light philosophical reflection running through them, and many of the observations upon the respective duties of parents and children are worthy of consideration.

Cosmogony. By Prof. Thomas Mitchell. New York: The American News Company. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.) A man who, like our learned Professor, here undertakes the Herculean task of explaining all the greatest scientific of modern times, must feel himself a sort of intellectual Samson, capable by merely putting his shoulder to one of its main supports, of pulling down around his ears the whole wonderful structure erected on the theories of such careful and indefatigable laborers as Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, and others. After a careful perusal of his arguments we feel justified in saying that Mr. Mitchell has scarcely proved himself equal to the task which he has undertaken. Far from demolishing the structure of his scientific brethren, he has not even weakened it in the slightest degree. It still stands noble, erect, beautiful in its logical proportions, and unassailable by such weak weapons as Prof. Mitchell brings to bear against it. Mr. Mitchell's book, how-

ever, cannot fail to be a great comfort to those who, anxious to confirm their own wavering faith in the Scriptural interpretation of the creation, are yet unable, by reason of lack of scientific culture, to bring forth themselves any argument which will prove the appearance of relating those great scientific truths which seem to them unanswerable. By such as these will Prof. Mitchell's "Cosmogony" be read with pleasure, since it confirms what they wish to believe, — at least, probably, which might be as readily accomplished by weaker arguments than those here presented, for the learned Professor is by no means lacking in ability. He is himself a scientist and student of considerable renown, but he has given himself too great a task. His intellectual strength may be great, but intellects greater than his have evolved the theory which he attacks, and if he failed to prove his point we are willing to admit that "it is not because his argument is so weak, but because the truths which he attacks are so strong.

Scriber's (The Century) is wonderfully attractive, and we feel like devouring it at a single sitting. Never before did this beautiful publication show up so handsomely. The engravings continue to excite the warmest admiration from the severest critics, and at the same time charm the popular eye. It is a real feast to look over the pretty pictures in the October number, and the wide circulation of this magazine must be doing a great work in the art education of the masses. The first article is called "Old Yorktown," and is devoted to some interesting and timely historical narrative concerning the surrender of Cornwallis at Washington. There is a good article on "Poetry in America," and another on "Primal Civilization." "Bear Hunting in the South" furnishes good reading for a leisure half hour, and "The First Editor" will be a revelation to a great many people. "The New Phase of Napoleonic History," by Walter A. Baringham, is a striking article, and one that will excite much attention. Mr. Baringham is the son of the ex-Minister to China, and shows very considerable ability as a writer.

Heroes of the Plains. Moffat Publishing Company. St. Louis: Sold by subscription only. — This is a handsomely gotten up book of 200 pages, profusely illustrated, and the well suited to the outer market. It was written. The author is Mr. J. W. Bush, who has attained some distinction late as a writer of heroic adventures. "Heroes of the Plains" is mostly devoted to the life and exploits of Wild Bill, the famous scout. It also contains brief sketches of Buffalo Bill, Gen. Custer, and other famous plainsmen. The style of the author is somewhat sensational, but is better than that of most writers of this class. The work will no doubt have a large sale.

THE MAGAZINES.

Harper's is richer than usual in charming illustrations. It is a perfect gallery of artistic gems, chief among which is that on the frontispiece, entitled "With Grandpa." The old three-cornered hat, the breeches, and all that, are admirably done, and the fineness of the work cannot be too highly praised. Messrs. Abbey and Wolf, as usual, are engraver respectively, deserve great credit for the work. "A Peckish Bird," by William Hamilton Gibson, does equal credit to his pencil and his pen; it is a perfect article in graceful drawing, finished engraving, and correspondingly graceful and truthful description. "Journalistic London" is the first of a series of papers contributed by Joseph Hatton. The subject is one which cannot fail to be of interest to all, and it is embellished with excellent portraits of many modern literary lights. "The Peabody Museum of Archeology and Ethnology," by C. T. Poying, ought to have a peculiar interest as it describes at length the wonderful mound at Chokoma, Missouri, besides containing much other information on mound-building and kindred topics. The subject is a little odd, but always interesting. "Admiral's Days," by Henry Van, and "Frederick A. Briggsman," by Edward Strahan, are also very interesting and capably illustrated. Barnard contributes a rather dry article on "The Telegraph of To-day," while "Cotton and its King-

dom" is pleasantly discussed by Henry W. Gandy. C. C. Goodwin throws a bright and not very flattering light on "The Mormon Situation," in a lengthy paper on that subject. Thomas Hardy still draws the fascinating length of his "Lodovician" along, and Miss Wain leaves her "herbs" "in a little trouble over her dual heart." "Baldy," by Kate Upson Clark, and "Palm Heart Love No Fair Lady," by Amelia E. Barr, are up to the usual average of short stories. The "Easy Chair" is as genial and instructive as ever, while the "Library," and "Historical Record," and the "Drawer" afford their customary fund of fun and information.

The *Scientist* for October contains an interesting paper on the "Origins of Crime in Russia," by Richard L. Dugdale; a short reminiscence from the pen of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, entitled "Carlyle's Legends," and a learned dissertation upon "The Two Hamlets," in the best style of Mr. Richard Grant White. Sarah Ann Jewett floats us into the very heart of Syrian shades and nature's solitudes on a bit of "River Driftwood," and keeps us there with pretty prattle of hobnobbing and cardinal virtues. "A Tropical Scene," by Charles Warren Stoddard, is a charming sketch of a semi-wild beauty, while the "Katrina Song," by H. H., contains some very novel and interesting bits of translation from the *Friths* of Saga. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps contributes one of the most interesting papers in the volume, entitled "Is God Good?" It is written in a logical but characteristically graceful and "spiritually" vein. The paper on "Dean Stanley," by Phillips Brooks, is an earnest and impartial tribute from Boston's talented young churchman to the good, great man whose death is still fresh in the minds of all. Dante Gabrielle Rossetti, S. M. B. Platt, and Julia C. B. Burr supply the poetical element, while Mr. Howells and Henry James are as entertaining as ever in their respective serials, "Dr. Brum's Practice," and "The Practice of a Lady." "Some Recent Novels" are ably criticized, and "The Contributors' Club" is, as usual, one of the most entertaining features of the magazine.

The *North American Review* contains rather more than its usual quota of local interest. The two papers respectively entitled "Some Dangerous Questions," by John T. Morgan; "The State and the Nation," by George F. Edmunds; and "Shall Two States Rule the Nation?" by Thomas A. Hendricks. The ability of these gentlemen is a sufficient guarantee of the value of their contributions. Prof. George F. Fisher has a very readable article on "The Elements of Puritanism," while "The Idea of the University," by Daniel C. Gilman, is a very able paper, which should be read by all interested in the educational system of our country. The sixth part of "The Isles of Central America," by David Crocker, contains some very interesting information on the prehistoric age and origin of the monuments of Mexico and Central America. Col. Henry B. Carrington, of the United States army, gives a very readable review of the military career of the "Father of his Country," in a paper entitled "Washington as a Strategist."

Lippincott's, for October, affords us a very entertaining description of Grand Traverse Bay, by Maurice Thompson, together with a number of illustrations of various points in life narrative. "Broken Toys," a pretty little tale, by Howard Gipsy, while "Cardinal" is a well-written account of that portion of Spain, containing a number of illustrations of Moorish relics. Sherman Bonner has several chapters of her serial, "The Valcours," while "Mr. Hartley's Niece," by Sidney Chase, and "Dorothy's Bird," by Ella Williams Thompson, are very fair short stories, together with "Chaperones" and an "Afternoon Tea," by Edward Wanton, constitute the remainder of the *Journal*. "My Journey with a King," by Louise Coolidge Jones, is a rather entertaining account of a trip around the Sandwich Islands, and "The Story of the years," which "Zoological Curiosities," by Leta L. Oswald, treats of "Sacred Baboons," "Young America in Old England" is a very impermissible sketch of an

American girl's experience in England, by J. Magruder. "Our Monthly Gospel" discusses several topics of more or less interest to the general reader, while the "Literature of the Day" confines itself to a brief review of Ovid's "Lauds" and Wilde's "Poems."

A lady visiting a friend knocks over an inkstand, spilling the ink upon her overdress and upon that of her hostess; thereupon she shrieks like a peacock.

"Well, but look here," says the other; "what shall I say?"

"Oh, you?" replies the lady. "Why, it's your own ink!"

Telling the news of the day, some one mentions a recent surgical operation.

"What! Seventy-two thousand francs? What did they do to him?"

"For such a price as that he ought to have been made into mince-meat!"

Definitions and reflections.

People think they are not understood, when in reality they are only incomprehensible.

The last of artists is more competent in a matter of art than the first of connoisseurs.

It is not easy to entertain friendship for a man whom we know to be of superior merit.

In the parlor of the connoisseur:

"Is it possible that a man like that should die so sudden, and he so strong, too, for his age?"

"Only think of it, Mame. Pipist, and his house-keeper tells me, for all he was eighty years old, there wasn't one white hair in his wig!"

Economy:

A physician has just bled his patient, a rare operation nowadays, but sometimes useful.

The patient is a young man, an inhabitant of the gay world of the boulevards and the clubs.

The doctor, having drawn quite a quantity of blood, hands the basin to the servant, that it may be thrown out.

"Stop, stop!" cries the patient eagerly: "there's enough there to satisfy the honor of several persons. I could even spare a little to a friend!"

Parisian incident.

A sick man has been granted permission to have straw laid down before his door.

Yesterday his opposite neighbor, who is a banker, comes in to see him.

"I have to ask an immense favor," the visitor says; "will you have that straw removed?"

"But I cannot, my physician orders it."

"I will have your sickness cured by the most expensive system: only have the straw taken away."

"But why?"

"The company of which I am president has paid no dividends for the last two years. People say it is at the point of death, and, don't you see, if they see straw in the street, they'll be sure it's dying!"

Pianos

To accommodate always hundreds of houses we will, until further notice, sell new Pianos on installment of \$5 to \$10 per month, as you purchase. Our stock is carefully selected, and contains latest

Monthly

improved pianos of all grades, from grand to the best in all styles of Squares, Uprights, Cabinet Grands, Parlor Grands, and Grand Grands. In addition to the above, we have a large stock of ERING, HAINES, STORY & CAMP, NATHANIEL,

Payments

FENCIBLES, and OTHERS, giving a variety to select from that cannot be found in any other house in the country.

Every instrument warranted. Catalogue mailed on application.

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BUY SLICED CORNED BEEF

Packed by St. Louis Beef Canning Company.

ONCE MORE NOW, CROW!

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BOSTON ART FURNITURE

Is Again Complete, and Our Store-Rooms in St. Louis greatly Enlarged.

We Have Added to Our Store-rooms,

Giving us now 34,500 square feet of Floor Room, all for

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If Goods Prove Unsatisfactory They May Be Returned.

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Caution attention given to all kinds of notarial business. Checks always on hand.

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Parties desiring marriage licenses will find these offices convenient for ladies, and save from the disagreeable publicity of the Recorder's office. Will visit residences for this purpose, when notified by letter or by telephone. Call telephone No. 100.

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1313 Franklin Avenue.

The Spectator.

[Vol. II. No. 6.]

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1881.

[PRICE 5 CENTS.]

DIAMONDS!

Our late European purchases have now arrived, and we are showing a stock which is UNPARALLELED in the West of MOUNTED and UNSET gems.

The universal testimony of critical judges all confirm the fact, of which we have been confident, that we have a larger stock of choice GEM MATCHED PAIRS, of the FINEST QUALITY, than any house in the United States, East or West. Of this assertion we are WELL ASSURED by the SALES we are constantly making against local and Eastern COMPETITION, and by the travelling representatives of the leading IMPORTING diamond houses of the East, who are AMAZED at seeing our immense and EXQUISITE stock.

We ask all intending buyers of SOLITAIRE diamond finger rings and ear-rings, lace pins, studs, bracelets, etc., to do themselves the justice to inspect our stock.

Our prices are LOWER than the same QUALITIES can possibly be PURCHASED elsewhere, our FACILITIES in purchasing and our IMMENSE SALES enabling us to sell FAR BELOW all competition, East or West. WE GRANT THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS THAT THE MOST EXACTING BUYER CAN DEMAND.

Our mounted gems are the ADMIRATION of all who see them, and are largely mounted in our OWN FACTORY, where we possess UNEQUALLED FACILITIES to mount any jewel to order as may be desired.

MERMOD, JACCARD & Co.,

NOS. 401, 403, AND 405 NORTH FOURTH STREET.

CORNER OF LOCUST, OLD FELLOWS' HALL.

*** We are making a SPECIAL offering of SOLITAIRE diamond ear-rings at \$50, \$75, \$100, \$150, and \$200 per pair. If interested, we will be pleased to show them to you.

We Invite the Ladies!

(Whose judgment is the matter we consider very correct), to carefully examine our stock of

CHILDREN'S SUITS,

CHILDREN'S KILTS,

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CHILDREN'S OVERCOATS,

And we are satisfied they will pronounce them superior in style, fit, and make, to any similar goods sold in this or any other city.

The Golden Eagle,

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Connecticut Mutual

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

JACOB L. GREENE, President.

JOHN M. TAYLOR, Secretary.

The insurance grows to some extent that only a very small amount of the money paid for life insurance ever returns. To ascertain how nearly correct this idea is, it must be referred to our company, whereas it is subject to the following items showing some of the results of the Connecticut Mutual's business from its organization to date.

Total paid to policy-holders, or to their legal representatives, for death claims, national war-insurements, etc., from organization to January 1, 1884.	\$16,166,611.00
Held in trust, easily invested, exclusively for their benefit.	\$4,424,319.75
Total paid to policy-holders.	\$20,590,930.75
Expenses.	\$1,210,000.00
Total paid to policy-holders.	\$19,380,930.75

That is, for instance, are some of the funds placed with these investments for the policy-holders, the amount having not only earned for them over twenty-one millions more than they have received in, but have, in addition, paid off the expense of running the Company.

To meet its existing contracts the Connecticut Mutual has resources as follows:

Reserve, cash and securities.	\$4,424,319.75
Stock in bonds.	\$4,424,319.75
Surplus.	\$1,210,000.00

And a steady annual income of over eight millions.

Percentage of receipts used for expenses only 3.26, — the lowest ratio shown by any Company.

Every policy guarantees a definitely stated and most liberal amount of paid-up insurance in case of lapse.

The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company aims to furnish the safest indemnity at the minimum of cost, and to be in all respects a perfect realization of the beneficent theory of life insurance. So no experience of thirty-five years has situated these rules to a degree unapproached by any other organization; and, day by day, as regular other past results, present strength, and successful working conditions, or ability to carry the great work on into the distance, it stands preeminent among the life insurance companies of the world.

The management says: "Out of a gross income for 1883 of \$1,000,000, policy-holders and beneficiaries received \$900,000, of which amount \$400,000 was for death claims and annuities. Every benefit claim has been promptly met, every doubtful one satisfactorily settled, and only three retained, which we finally believe, on careful investigation, to be unjustifiably fraudulent. Out of \$1,000,000 of claims only \$100,000 was in dispute."

For safest and best insurance at lowest obtainable cost, see

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Offices and Salesrooms: 609, 611 & 613 N. Fourth St., St. Louis.

The Spectator.

ST. LOUIS, OCTOBER 22, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

DEAR SIR: Are the notices you sometimes write of cheap goods stores and other business establishments about town, advertisements or not? In some instances they are so felicitously worded that I am constrained to believe you are not writing for so much a line, but that you are simply endeavoring to pay an honest compliment. As it is generally supposed that the stores pay for all the pretty things the papers say of them, I thought I would trouble you with this inquiry. Clark.

There has never been a paid notice of any kind whatsoever inserted in the regular reading columns of the *Spectator*, and so long as the paper is controlled by its present policy there never will be. It is true that it is generally supposed that the stores never have anything pleasant said about them by the papers unless it is paid for. This is because of the niggardly custom of the daily papers. The *Spectator* holds to the view that the merchants are the most enterprising people of the community, that they give more money to public enterprises than anybody else, and what they have to sell is more thought of and talked of than anything else. The daily papers give long book reviews, have interviews with actresses, and publish critiques on painters, for which they charge nothing, and yet they could be no greater advertisement for the publisher, the actress, and the artist. From those three classes of people they get but a small revenue as compared with that they get from the mercantile houses, and yet they hold it a great breach of business propriety to write an item about a pretty display of goods in a window, without charging a round sum for it. This is all wrong. I see just as pretty things in the stores and shops as I do in the theatre or the art galleries, and I assume to myself the right to write about all that I see, if I think it will interest the readers of the *Spectator*. When I describe a pretty dress I know there are hundreds of lady readers who are interested, and if I tell you makers that I am doing the same justice to it as I do when I describe a painting and tell you what I think of it. There is always a crowd at the show above things along the street, and don't you suppose people who stop and look at these pretty articles like to know some of the particulars about them? If a gown makes a good speech at a public meeting, I say so; if a man gives a good dinner, I say so; and if I may hint, I am a judicious *Dejeuner*, why don't you do it and be accorded the privilege of reading of what you do? The *Spectator* is as free as the air, and the Town Talker proposes to talk about whatever he sees and hears, regardless of custom or condition.

Almost daily from the journalistic observations of one unassuming man new stars rising in the dramatic firmament, but few of them prove to be anything more than brilliant or foot-lights comets. Real new stars, blazing fixed stars of genius, are rare in any age. I think I am safe in saying one has just begun to glimmer in our artistic skies that is destined to shine resplendently and long. T. M. Hill, the manager who gave Dequain, Thompson and "Josh Whitecomb" to the world, belongs the honor of discovering the coming luminary and calling attention to it. By invitation of Mr. Hill I was present last Monday afternoon in the parlors of the Laclede Hotel. The manager's slighted restraint given by a young protégé of his, Miss Margaret Mather. The audience was a critical one, including such gentlemen as John McCullough, the tragedian; John A. Cockerill, of the *Post-Dispatch*; Thos. E. Garrett, of the *Republican*; A.

B. Cunningham, of the *Hornet*; Col. A. W. Slayback; Mr. Jepson, of the "Josh Whitecomb" Combination; Manager Spaulding, of the Olympic Theatre; Col. F. Dousan, of Dakota, and other gentlemen well known in literary and professional circles. It was an assemblage hard to please, there to criticize, and determined to find fault and be bored, if possible. Miss Mather is a young girl, with no stage experience. She has a face almost classical in its beauty, dark hair and eyes, and an exquisite figure. She wore a simple travelling dress of navy blue cloth, without a particle of jewelry, a scrap of lace, or even a flower in the way of ornament. She had no stage furniture or scenery except a single large arm-chair. And yet in three minutes from the time she uttered the first sigh, in the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet," every critical heart felt that he was in the presence of genius, akin to inspiration. The agonizing pation scene followed, and then the awful core scene from "Leah." Every tone was impassioned, every attitude and gesture was a glorious triumph of art. No sculptor could ever ask a more perfect model than some of her magnificent poses. Such a *Juliet* has never been seen on our stage. She rendered the soft and beautiful impersonation of Deborah Nelson tame by comparison, and presented a *Juliet* tender, passionate, with in the energy of her semi-tropical love. Time and again tears rolled down the cheeks of those who came expecting to be wearied, or at most amused. John McCullough himself, with misty eyes, laughed once at the torrent of Slayback's sympathetic tears. "A man would be no man," exclaimed the gallant Colonel, "who could witness such acting and not shed tears; but," he added, "if I let you couldn't make me do it, nor any other man." Garrett's gray beard glistened with *tears* and *tears*, and John Cockerill tried to play off a loud cackle, as the reason for his vigorous use of a handkerchief. The whole performance was marvellous in its power, a cry of surprise of the genius which swags lanterns, huffs and aunts, as the brows show the long range blades of the slender willow-branches. Mr. Hill is to be congratulated on the brilliant promise of his fair young ward, and I have no quarrel in saying that she has made *Miss Mather* as *Juliet*, next Fall, will be the dramatic queen, not of this lot, but of the generation.

Seeing all the contrivances made up of by Mr. Wells to keep his conductors honest, the hall-punch and the counterpane arrangements as complicated as an astronomical clock, which he has recently put in his cars to be rung in the presence of the passengers, "I wonder that he has never thought of the plan adopted upon all the street-car lines or trolleys in Europe. The conductor is furnished with a book of tickets, and when a fare is paid he tears one off and gives it to the passenger. The stults show how many he has given out, and he must have the money to cover them. The ticket is the passenger's receipt for the money paid, and every one knows that he is entitled to one. The plan seems perfectly simple, entirely effective, and saves a great deal of racket. In Brussels you pay according to the distance travelled, and the distance is stated upon the ticket which the passenger receives. The cars are divided in the centre by a door, one end being first-class and the other second-class; you put your money and take your choice. Instead of putting on smoking-cars, why not adopt the double decker system they have in Paris, The Hague, and other places. Seats are provided on top of the car, and an iron spiral stairway leads up both from front and rear platforms. These gentlemen could ride and enjoy their smoke without annoying those inside. On the Continent nearly as many ladies ride outside as in,

but it is not likely they would come to that in this country. Over there a woman is regarded as an inferior sort of an animal, having few rights which she is not allowed to exercise. In this country, however, and rasher is bound to respect it. If she meets a man where, as it often happens, the sidewalk is wide enough for but one, it is she who must step into the gutter and let him pass.

It is generally known that the masters' phalanx which adorns the sidewalk within several blocks of the vicinity of each and all the theatres on Saturday afternoon, is composed almost exclusively of low-brow, undervalued fellows, who have not the effrontery to advance any pretensions to the title of gentlemen, and as such are so far beneath the notice of the well-bred ladies who run the gamut of their impertinent glances, as to excite in their breasts no greater annoyance than would score from the tormentings of an insignificant grub, which, an unbecoming movement of the hand drives from the vision and the memory at one and the same moment. A lady's annoyance from impertinence must always be in proportion to the offender's pretensions to birth, education, and breeding.

Witness the conduct of certain parties who occupied a box at the Olympic on Saturday afternoon last, and who, by reason of their position, and the fact that they were gentlemen, must have caused no slight feeling of annoyance, irritation, and contempt among the numerous lovely and charming ladies of which the audience was largely composed. Seated conspicuously in the front of the box, these concealed young bloods made no pretence whatever of standing to the play, but during the whole performance kept their opera-glasses levelled at the audience, only lowering them now and then to exchange laughing comments upon some person at vision they had been starting, or to direct each others' glances to some new object of amusement or praise admiration. That they had anticipated the matter simply to amuse themselves with the audience—the female portion of it, that is—was only too evident, and if they did not get their money's worth of amusement out of it—providing they paid my money for their seats—it was not their fault, both unconsciously complex as an innuendo in the actors, whose performance they merely ignored, and in the group, whose erect and modest countenances they scrutinized and commented on with the cool assurance of Turkish pasha inspecting a harem.

It is a common expression that half the trouble of this world is borrowed, and if this be true of the world generally, it is more than true of American women. The amount of anxious thought which our mothers expend upon the possible disasters of the future, plant premature frowns on their brow, and silver threads in their once young tresses. From the parent she realizes the prospective peril of the first baby to the day they take their last farewell of their middle-aged sons, their lives are one constant fear and worry. The "pride of life" in this super-civilized nineteenth century, is the source of endless anxieties. All the energies of mind and body are called into action in the continued struggle to keep up the necessary appearances, with never a halting-place by the way where the weary struggler can rest a moment and gaze back serenely upon the thorny pathway of poverty successfully surmounted. Still greater heights continually beckon on, and the grave at last closes over unwarmed hopes and still more ambitious dreams. After all, "success" worth the struggle which we, as a people, make to acquire it? A little more ease and enjoyment by the way would be infinitely better both for the mothers and the children.

No design has yet been considered for the St. Louis Garfield monument, nor will the subscription lists be closed. Speaking in a general way, however, it can now be said that the monument will be simple and grave, without fancy ornamentation; be built of marble and granite from Missouri quarries, and not over thirty feet high, erected by the people. It is intended that it shall tell its own tale to posterity of its purpose and objects, to whom, when, and by whom erected. Of course, how much or how little of its story shall be set forth in sculptured designs is less a matter of doubt. The names of all contributors, no matter how many there are, will be placed on the monument, probably in tablets of white bronze relieved and set out by reversed niches process.

The River Convention which meets in the city next Wednesday promises to be not only the largest commercial gathering that ever occurred in St. Louis, but in America, or even the world. Sixteen States will be represented, and there will be nearly 1,000 delegates present. The convention will be notable rather for its general representation than for the distinguished character of its members. It does not appear that there are to be any great number of Senators or members of Congress here, but the delegates will be of that class of men who are directly from the people, and by whom public opinion is formed. The formation of a public opinion is just what the promoters of this gathering are seeking. They want to rally and put into active service that general sentiment that already exists in favor of the improvement of the most servicable water-way on the globe. The meeting of the convention will mark an important epoch in the history of St. Louis and the Mississippi Valley, and the gentlemen who participate therein are charged with the inspiration of a movement that will revolutionize the commerce of this nation.

The committee of arrangements is to be complimented for the unostentatious manner in which they have gone about the making of preparations for the convention. They have raised about \$15,000 for expenses, and expect to have \$50,000 before the day of meeting. The names of subscribers are not to be published, so that there will be no opportunity for small jealousies. Some of the subscriptions are enormously liberal. A single individual, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, but whose name is indelibly connected with Central Hall, the building of which he gave \$10,000. A large part of this fund is to go to the entertainment of invited guests. Delegates must pay their own expenses, but invited guests will have no bills to pay.

On Thursday evening the convention takes possession of the Grand Opera House and John McLaughlin, who will play "Virginius" Wednesday evening there will be a promenade concert at the Merchants' Exchange, and a musical extravaganza is to be given Friday. Tickets to these entertainments are to be had only through the favor of the committee in charge.

The sessions of the convention are to be in the Grand Opera House, which I understand is very kindly offered, free of charge.

In reply to several inquiries, I will say that the lady who has the French kindergarten in Stoddard's addition, is Mrs. Remond, and that her school is on 22th, between Chestnut Street and Locust Avenue.

I have been asked by a great many people, of late, if the publication of "The Paris Letter" had injured the *Globe-Democrat*. I don't know if the proprietors are the only people who are interested in the success of that subject. Quite a number of gentlemen who have families have told me they had stopped the *Globe-Democrat* and commenced to take the *Republican*, but a paper

sometimes gives more subscribers by indelicacy than it does. I will say to so long as the most of mankind are disposed to be very wicked. I doubt very much that the *G.D.* will suffer materially for the "oversight." A paper which has built itself up by such means as it has used, and likely to be injured by one false step, even though it be a pretty serious one. The only evidence I have seen that the matter has been a serious one, that is, one touching the pocket, is the lightning change that has taken place, rivaling even those of William Horner. Little over two weeks the *G.D.* has been a delightfully clean sheet, almost as clean as the *Republican*, *Columbia Tribune*, and New York *Times*. There are now some slight evidences of a relapse, but I sincerely hope it will be limited to the mere fact, and the extraordinary subject of study in the history of journalism will be lost.

I have received the following letter, with an article enclosed that I wrote last week about an ending piece of Olive Street, near Third.

DEAR SIR: The lady spoken of in the enclosed article is not a widow. She is a married lady, and has been in my mental knowledge for a number of years. Hoping you will correct your statement, I remain,

Yours, respectfully,

S. S. SCHERER, J. E. SCHERER.

S. S. SCHERER, J. E. SCHERER. It is impossible that the above is from the husband of the lady who was last week spoken of as "the widow." The establishment described is commonly called the "Widow's," and as I have never seen a man who has assumed the description of a husband, I naturally suppose the "widow's" was a place run by a widow, I am glad to know that there is a Mr. Scherer, and that he has so enterprising a wife.

I never look at Scherers' windows on Fourth Street but I am struck with the beauty and richness of his displays. Not only does he understand the art of making an article look its best, but he displays the most taste in his selections, and has always a striking novelty in taste and form. Mr. Scherers' business is fine for wraps for ladies has grown very rapidly in the last few years, and he now makes that line a special branch of his business. We may expect to see some very fine ensembles and costumes in his windows at the approach of winter.

A great many things may be learned simply by standing around and keeping one's eyes and ears open. I was in an Olive Street drug store, the other day, in a quite fashionable neighborhood, when a stylishly dressed young lady walked in, and with the utmost carelessness as to her surroundings, asked the drug clerk for fifty cents' worth of cream. It was weighed out and given to her. She was a very handsome lady, with marble-like face and brilliant eyes, which I noticed she swept contemptuously by. "Are you acquainted with that drug?" the young fellow asked the clerk. "Of course I am," was the answer. "That's Miss B.—, of such an avenue." "Why do you sell her poison in such a quantity?" "Oh," said the clerk, in a matter-of-course sort of way, "she's a regular customer. She has been every two days. She's what we call an average customer—takes it for her complexion—is used to it, and doesn't do without it." Further conversation elicited the fact that Miss B.— was only once this same druggist's many customers who are anxious, drink tea, and eat the delicious delicacies of marriage.

It is estimated that at least four thousand of the poor ladies of St. Louis are given to these poisonous practices. They eat arsenic in glass "wafers" and bring down their eyes, and sometimes in a more complicated way, take laudanum or opium either as excessive lassitude begotten of late hours and reckless revelry, or because they are fascinated by the wild and riotous dreams, and have to drive the devil out of their heads. The number includes the young women only, and does not take into account the large number of married and aging ladies who indulge their taste or folly in this direction.

If the figures are correct, they argue the existence of a terribly destructive force at work in the ranks of young womanhood, and the fact that a law is laid down for the express purpose of preventing the wholesale use of poisons by the people does not appear to offer the slightest barrier to the further prevalence of the practice.

I have heard it said that some ladies were even so far forgetful of themselves, and so terribly under the fascination of intoxicating drugs that they paid periodical visits to the back rooms of saloons of Chicago, vine-dress, and gave possibility of their pin-money for whiffs at the nauseous opium-pipe. It is possible that such is the case. Opium-smoking does exist right here in St. Louis, and as there is always, even in the best society, an occasional bit of eccentricity, romantic and adventurous femininity, there is no reason why some St. Louis girls might not be rash or reckless enough to sinfully join Chinaman's dreamy-going pipe with their own rays. Many male editors patronize these opium dens, I understand, and if it is a gentleman who has frequently laid his head upon "a celestial" couch, with the picture-fumes of the phantasmal drug playing through his brain, that I obtained the statement that one of two young ladies of presumed respectable position had been seen in these places.

There was a letter in one of the papers, the other day, from a young lady who offered her services as a writer of short or serial romances—it didn't seem to make any difference to her which was wanted, she stood just as ready to write a story ranging through numerous chapters, as to chop one off in the middle of a third chapter. The young lady was sincere and earnest in tendering her services, and the paper was almost too kind to refuse her, but in reply to her the matter here became it reminds me that several years ago all the young girlhood of the land was trying to rush into love, and no man at school who had gotten beyond his first few lines of English composition was so blithely modest that she was not willing to publish a book or write a newspaper article. Every girl appeared to have an idea that the only good and worthy thing she could make was a literary one, and that the Kingdom of heaven offered her the only hope for distinction and independence. Newspaper editors were hourly assailed with communications from femininity afflicted with this kind of ambition, and the editorial waste-baskets were kept in a continual condition of overflow. As the situation has changed, Woman is seldom heard from in the newspaper office. Only the ultra-advanced active-writing society reporter is bold enough to assert herself in the journalistic profession, and sometimes time is hunted out only to find that she is already in the way, and she is unable to find that she does not properly belong to the profession at all. Woman has discovered a hundred other avenues to independence. The general recognition which has been given her in the higher spheres, and the recognition which she has earned in the lower, where with men in the lighter kinds of work, make it no longer necessary for her to look to letters for a livelihood, or to hope to gain fame and fortune by a few hurried, and perhaps first, studies of the pen. She is better able to appreciate than to execute literary work; and as appreciative readers are now and then badly needed, it is subsiding to find women rapidly falling into the ranks of those whose literary tastes are satisfied by the good old-fashioned reading, such as the *Spectator* furnishes mostly to its friends and patrons.

I think theatrical managers have a poorer opinion of the general intelligence of the public than any other class of men on earth. They live by the public's patronage, and endeavor in every way to attract people to their houses, but as soon as they get their theatre they seem not unreasonably to absolutely and shamelessly insult them. I am forced into this way of thinking every time any star of any theatre (first, especially) appears in any of our theatres, and the utility man and the father-girl are thrust upon inoffensive audiences

In the most prominently and awkward and grotesque attitudes. During John McCullough's present engagement at the Grand Opera House, the "caper" has had many opportunities to climb into coats of mail and to fill out the throng in howling Roman mobs, and he has on every occasion shown both in all his ridiculous glory. The ballet girl has been driven into lights, and in doing duty as a page, has tangled her limbs and movements up in disgraceful awkwardness, frequently succeeding in marring the beauty of a scene and destroying the illusion of one-half the play. It always seems to be a matter of the utmost importance for the theatrical manager to boldly assert his proud prerogative of making a tragedy ridiculous by introducing a clown or some comically-out "sawyer" at a time when the public is making an effort to be treated to a first-class entertainment, and during Mr. McCullough's engagement the Roman citizen or soldier is calculated to attract almost as much attention to himself as the star does; while the playgoer and troupe-chandler pages would be the principal cause of any complicity not accustomed to having the details of the drama utterly and generally neglected.

I was talking to a humorous writer the other day—a gentleman who is engaged in getting ready for the press a funny and, he promises, an interesting book. He remarked that very little literary work was being done at present that would live; and he gave as his reason for so speaking, that the tendency of the age was to banish and flippant, and all who wrote for money were obliged to deal with subjects that from their very ephemeral nature could not be of the slightest possible interest to posterity, and therefore would not be preserved. He was almost right. The world is becoming too enlightened, and knowledge is too general and too cheap, while language has been reduced to the utmost simplicity, and everybody seems to handle it with such facility for any one man to stand out so prominently among his co-workers as to be entitled to anything like literary immortality. The days of great books are at an end forever. Journalism has spread with the rapidity of civilization; schools are almost as numerous as dwelling-houses in large cities; libraries are multiplying, and the desire to acquire and possess knowledge permeates all classes, and may be as readily gratified by the child of the day-laborer as by the offspring of the millionaire. The darkness of the Middle Ages has been thoroughly dispelled. There are no longer towers of learning in our midst, and "marvellous lays" and "startling golden tales" have been entirely swept out of sight by the overwhelming wave of modern enlightenment. Everybody seems capable of doing everything well, and therefore the funny man was right when he said that nothing more would live, as nobody seems anxious to try to do anything extraordinary in the face of competition that is so vast and appalling as the great American continent itself.

The Athletic Club were again disappointed last Saturday by the clerk of the weather, and had to postpone their fall meeting until to-day. There will be a large and "well" attendance at the grounds, Shepley and Pine Streets, this afternoon.

Mr. John A. Dillon, late of the *Chicago Democrat*, has gone to Mexico with Capt. Reid to assist the great engineer in his ship-railway scheme.

Ed. P. Hanna, of Dakota, has been in the city this week, on his way to New Mexico, where he goes with a party of capitalists to begin the development of a singular of silver and copper veins in which he owns a third interest.

"Table scraps" and much other interesting matter, had to be left out of the *Spectator* this week for want of room.

Miss Kate Jewell, of the Union Square Company, is not the same girl as the one who wrote the *Atlantic Monthly*.

THE DRAMA.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH.

Last Monday John McCullough, the tragedian, commenced his second two weeks' engagement in this city, appearing at the Grand Opera House. This was his first performance in St. Louis since his return from England, where last Spring he acquired fresh fame on the classic boards of "Old Drury," by his splendid impersonation of *Pyrrhus*. The London public well-remembered McCullough, enthusiastically, and lent to the brilliancy of his dramatic career. "Spartacus," *Kean's* play, the celebrated American actor, who is no doubt popular in St. Louis, opened his short season here, and during the remainder of the week he has been seen as *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Brutus*. As all these characters he has been seen here before, time and again, yet the Opera House was nightly crowded by intellectual as well as fashionable audiences, all eager to witness once more his fine impersonations. McCullough never stands still. Although he can now be said to be in the full maturity of his powers, it is not difficult to discern decided advancement over last seasons. There is more observation, richer filling out of each character with bolder lines; the treatment is less sharp and rugged, and shows more breadth. During the seven years which have elapsed since McCullough first appeared here on the stage as a star, there has been no other actor so good today as may be said to stand on the pinnacle of the American dramatic fame, one of the few legitimate tragedians whose renown is securely fixed, not only in the present, but also in the shadowy perspective of the future. This enviable position has only been acquired by Mr. McCullough by long years of labor and experience. He studied faithfully, and with him to lose a labor of love, which enabled him with sturdy perseverance to battle onward amid all disappointments, sanguine that at last he would emerge, as he has done, a victor. He has finely grasped the heart, and there is none who can deep his right to wear it on his brow. Like every great actor Mr. McCullough's career varies in artistic worth. It goes without saying that the most worthy epoch—what each of his impersonations bears the stamp of his dramatic superiority—but there are characters of which he is far excellence the personator, in which he rises to the heights of dramatic genius, and thus vindicates his title to historic honors. McCullough's acting in *the* *rebel*, *the* *vicious school*. He is grand in the delineations of human passions wrought in a Titanic conflict. The emotions of a strong soul racked to its uttermost depths, the terrible struggles of a heroic heart, find in his better interpretation than John McCullough. This is shown in his *Pyrrhus*, *Spartacus*, *King Lear*, *Brutus*, characters which are essentially his, and in which no other actor can compare with him. These are men who in their heroic sufferings are almost divine, as compared to every-day humanity. They are almost superhuman in their passions and emotions which all arise from the heart, not the brain. And McCullough portrays the passions of the heart above comparison. In pure idealism, as a *Hamlet* or *Lago* he does not shine with his full brilliancy. But as *Pyrrhus*, as *King Lear*, he is superb. He is at once in this field of dramatic personae, and his grand triumph is with the haunting echoes of a mourning son. McCullough fits both the part and the era to these parts. Gifted with a magnificent voice which stands now excellently with a splendid physique, nature has endowed him generously with the outward requisites for these characters. There are characters *Pyrrhus* is a comely man, and *King Lear* is a venerable old man. In giving form and flesh to these graphic figures, McCullough is the embodiment of ver-

idea. He realizes the picture of the great man as we have conceived him. The stern, rugged grandeur which surrounds these types as with a halo, is fully presented by him. He identifies himself with the nature, and their colossal passion and pathos is mirrored by him with the expressive eloquence and action of genius. Mr. McCullough's company this year is nearly the same as last, with the exception of Mr. Fred Ward, who is needed to star on his own account. Mr. Edmund Culler is now the leading man, and can even outdo his chief. He is a fine elocutionist, enunciates with clearness and distinctness, is endowed with that rare gift, the power and expression of repose, and possesses deep dramatic talent. Mr. John A. Lane is too well known to need much notice. He is a loud and experienced actor, who has been trained thoroughly in the legitimate, and he is one of the most capable exponenters. Mr. H. A. Langdon is a competent artist; Mr. H. C. Barton is clever, and Messrs. Frank Lane and I. H. Shewell are both thoroughly efficient. Miss Kate Forsythe, the leading lady, invests all her characters with a winning simplicity which is irresistible. She acts with tact and intelligence. Mrs. Augusta Foster is a capable actress, powerful and forcible in declamatory and emotional passages. Miss Martha Whitely shows signs of steady improvement in her profession. She has developed considerable dramatic strength. The McCullough Company remains here next week.

DESMOND THOMPSON.

This is the fourth season that Desmond Thompson has appeared at the Olympic in his breezy and natural disposition of *Uncle Jack* Whitcomb, the New England farmer. His business shows an appreciable decline, and hints at the necessity of the star's securing a new play. Don Thompson's portrayal of *Uncle Jack* is one of the best acts of character acting on the stage, and can rank with Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle*, or John O'Brien's *John Shingle*. It is ridiculous, the farcical, and in Don Thompson we have the actual county Yankee with all his peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, breathing and moving on the stage. *Uncle Jack* is the perfection of art, as it is a veritable *far-side-of-nature*. If, then, this is such a wonderful stage performance, why should it not last? Is *Uncle Jack*, or other celebrated personages? We think that is a question which is easily answered. *Uncle Jack* is simply a sketch—there is nothing dramatic in his existence—the whole stage setting is absolutely bad. All the twaddle and poorly-given answers that *Pat*, the crossing-sweeper, and *Brenda*, the housemaid, indulge in is nauseating. The talk about Sunday-school, and all that, is too precisely for any but the ones' gaily. And not only that, but it is unnatural in the highest degree, bookish and crossing-sweeper do not converse in such phrases. In fact, *Pat* and *Brenda*, in this respect, are impossible creations, and as unattainable as *Uncle Jack* is realistic. The principal dramatic personae after the star, are uninteresting, wearisome, and dull, because the audience comprehends that it is all a sham and a humbug, merely put upon the stage with a view of catching the patronage of some of the religious classes. This is one of the vital defects of the play. Another is the mismanagement of dramatic action. The star is so forcing that there is absolutely nothing to hold the attention of the spectators when *Uncle Jack* is off the stage. Again, the scene with *Tate* mother and her father is painful in the extreme, without any relieving features. All these are serious deficiencies of dramatic action, and prevent the place ever attaining the longevity which Thompson's splendid bit of acting deserves. The reason is twofold of the play, and it is the draught of expression. This is not as it should be, and is simply to be ascribed to the poor play, the impossible language of his characters, and *Uncle Jack* is a dramatic actor. Mr. Thompson's manager should seek to secure a new piece for his star, and one which will avoid the radical errors of the present one. *Genius* Martineau presents a natural picture of a bookish man in *far* as the impossible dialogue with *Pat*. *Genius* is a comical character, and *Pat* gives a fine comic sketch. Walter Gale, as *Frederick Delany*, a young Englishman, is good. Of Mr. George Bow's *Chap-*

erics him still further in this æsthetic study, and by forcing himself to the philosophy of motion (including rhythm, resistance, articulation, ball and socket, cradling, and a host of other principles), he understands how the mare has been able to trot a mile in ten minutes, and in a matter of seconds, and believes it will be able to travel faster still.

In judging the horse, the taste of the unskilled attaches much importance to color; and so in fact does that of the æsthetic judge, who comprehends "the sense of the beautiful." The taste of the two is very different, and so is the motive. The former likes one for color's sake, the latter knows that color is free the satisfying complement of higher qualities, and, or technically speaking, bay, is a popular color, even the different shades of bay are ardently discussed. The blood bay is most popular, especially if so shading of the mane, tail, and legs be black. The selection of turf men for the bay color of a certain celebrated race in Tennessee was so marked as to amount almost to prejudice; and at the annual sales, bay colts would sell for most money (averaging in color), despite the fact that browns and sorrels then gain more reputation than that of the bays, in subsequent contests upon the turf. Ladies and children almost invariably prefer light-colored or variegated colors. The whites, grays, and combinations of white with black, red, or brown, or yellow, commonly called bay-marks. These same colors are most unpopular with the groomers. Quite naturally is this so, for such colors are soiled most easily, and are most difficult to keep clean.

Browns and the different shades of sorrels, the darker shades ranking highest, are held in high esteem by good judges. Dark gray is favored by some of the most cultivated judges. Circus managers like variegated browns. Most of the kind (known as wish horses) are therefore allowed, like play actors, to strut out their brief existence behind the lights, to be looked at a rapid succession. This color is very rare and hard to find. An old legend in Kentucky teaches that he who looks upon a calico horse and makes a wish, and immediately turns his back so as not to see the animal again, will have his wish granted; hence the name wish horse. Black horses are much sought after for special uses. Paradoxically, they are popular with undertakers for funeral occasions, as well as with some bands for shows and circuses. Romance is found of black horses, and the ancient warrior loved to ride them in the battle's front. Grant rode a bay horse during the greater part of the war; Lee's charger was gray, a conspicuous and dangerous target, John Morgan, the wily leader of Kentucky Cavalry, during the late rebellion, and whose men were said to be more superbly mounted than any troopers in any war, rode longest a fiery black horse, a thoroughbred animal of great speed. One, the most famous of all show horses, noted for his sagacity as well as for the length of his mane and tail, both of which swept the ground, was a dark brown or bay. With the same intelligence and peculiarities, any other color would have appreciated his value in his particular sphere.

Every stable man tells us some interesting things of accident to horses. Trainers will select a fire-bronze, gray. Flashy young men with green cravats and cross-hatched clothes, like a white or gray-hair. Sober, orderly business men prefer the dark colors. Most ladies will drive a horse of any color in preference to a black. Some men want anything that is speedily and smartly all before anything that is slow, even if it is black.

On the race course only bays, sorrels, and browns are known to-day except blacks are sometimes found. Chay-banks and whips are unobtainable. Against grays there is a very strong prejudice, although there have been some very successful horses with a gray coat, notably those of Eglar and flowers of the colony line, and several of the modern races. Drought horses are bred by common owners and common sense. Roadsters are large or small, according to taste. For speed on the road the large horse is struck, although weight sets them to impede progress. The fastest prairie horse is the small, light brown *dog*, with a crest of white to the hips, is brown in color and very small. For

speed and beauty combined, a medium-sized-horse is best, for he may have grace as well as beauty of outline, qualities which a large horse but rarely possesses. Small horses are often beautiful, but seldom speedy. In the race horse we find a purely æsthetic study, for directly he is only ornamental. We cannot drive him, nor will he tamely "fardels bear." This statement is general, for it is a well-known fact that many a blue blooded animal has found his ultimatum in the plow or beneath the pack-saddle, and there done noble service, as honest men of toil, and far removed from the phantasies of man while cooing, "bold chest and good, his olive wreaths of victory upon successful breeder of the fall blood. And yet the race horse has his uses. In him is the fount of that spirited blood, which alone imparts strength, endurance, and noble quality, which ever and anon must be infused into the veins of the followers in order to avoid their deterioration.

You who indeed is a sturdy worthy of your grades. As accustomed as you are to scan the works of the old masters; long familiar with Angles and Proxillies, initiated into all the secrets and mysteries of coloring, shade, shadow, and perspective on exploring to its low favored mortals, we commend to you the modest, homely horse. Here you may trace graceful outlines, and search safely for perfect symmetry. Here is an æsthetic temple for the street and the road, for the country and the town, whereas, without ceasing to ply the ordinary avocations of life, you may "deceive and philosophize in taste in the science of the beautiful," to the full extent of satisfaction. Here you may study the outline of form, grace in movement, color, strength, endurance, vitality, usefulness, ornamentation, etc. What more can you find in the Crow Museum itself?

When actors and painters, successful men and devotees of art in general, have had their gazes consumed with the world's apparel, and passed from the heat of strife to rest, to enjoy, to be easy, one of their joys is almost sure to be, in some connection, a horse. So, when during the heated afternoon of Summer, we were wont to sit by the trough in Forest Park, and indulge in the æsthetic study of horses, and observed the same well-dressed men (strangers to us) tensely and carefully handling the same horses day after day, we set them down either as men of cultivated taste, or successful men in some other phase of life; nor was it difficult, to keep such separate and distinct from the mere "master of an horse," who proclaimed himself in the very handling of the lines, or the application of the whip. As "the apparel oft proclaims the man," so do the horses.

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"The Scandalous Venus of Miles" (Miles).

There is a novel short story by the author of "The Village Currier" which made such a hit in the August SCIENCE, an article by a Canadian captain on "Compulsory Lane Routes in the North Atlantic."

FROM BY

James Russell Lowell, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Edmund W. Gosse, Austin Dobson, Mary Hayes Dodge, Richard Wain, a Gilder, and others.

"Times of the Time" contains contributions from the pen of the late Dr. Haldane, on the change in the time of the magazine, on "The Contingency of 'Indolence,'" and "Public Spirit." This November number contains the prospectus for the coming year. The portrait of Dr. Haldane, photographed from a life-size picture by W. J. Linton, and issued just before his death, will possess a new interest to the readers of this magazine. It is offered at \$5.00, or, together with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for one year for \$6.00. Subscriptions are taken by book-sellers and news-dealers everywhere. Regular price of the magazine, \$4.00 a year; 35 cents a number.

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ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1881.

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The Spectator.

St. Louis, October 29, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

Unfortunately there is a man in the city named Girard. A still greater misfortune is that he is the proprietor of the Planters House, which has always claimed to be a first-class hotel, and which had an excellent reputation until it fell into the hands of Mr. Girard. When Mr. Girard was asked, the other day, to give something to the River Convention, he snipped his fingers and said, "No, not a cent." He was not the kind of man to fool his money away in that manner. All the other hotels contributed liberally, because they expected a good deal of patronage, and because they wanted to help St. Louis along. Girard was willing to take the patronage that might come his way, but he was not willing to risk a cent on it, and as to helping the city along, that was something that was entirely foreign to a man who wears as small a coat as he does. He is the kind of man who draws his head down between his shoulders like a terrapin, when you ask him to help a public enterprise, and who is not big enough to be at the head of a hotel like the Planters. He not only refused to contribute, but he insulted the reception committee that were there to receive delegates, and the gentlemen composing it had nothing to do but to pick up their hats and leave. The few delegates who unfortunately straggled in there, had to put up with a good deal less courtesy than if they had gone to any other hotel. If Mr. Girard had been one who ought to have put up a card at his door, saying "No delegate to the River Convention wanted here." But he did not do that; he took all he could get, charged them full fare, and put the money down in his pocket, with the comforting reflection that he was not robbed by the soliciting committee of the Convention. A lucky man is Mr. Girard, a real fortunate young man; but while he saves at the slight he wastes at the bung-hole, and some of these days he will wake up and find that people have quit going to his house. The Planters House is a good name for thirty years, but such a son as Girard would kill the best hotel in the world. All that is necessary is for him to have a good chance. He commenced by not giving anything for the Velled Prophets' parade, although by his house, like every other in the city, was directly benefited by the large influx of visitors. By the time he refused to help along two or three other public enterprises for the good of St. Louis in general and the hotels in particular, he will become pretty well known to our late citizens, and will have almost reached water that is entirely too deep for him.

The River Convention was a great success. The Executive Committee, composed of Messrs. Michael McElrath, John Jackson, E. O. Stansell, John A. Scudder, H. C. Harbottle, Frank Gleason, E. W. Smith, Henry H. Wilson, John T. Hart, Henry Lundy, Nathan Cole, C. T. Grelwinn, J. J. LaMotte, Charles Parsons, E. C. Simmons, A. R. Smith, with Mr. George L. Wright, the Corresponding Secretary, are to be sincerely congratulated. The Convention was a large one, and it was most magnificently entertained. St. Louis never before exhibited her hospitality more generously, and if any visitor failed to be well treated it was an accident or his own fault.

Two gentlemen deserve particular mention in this connection, Messrs. Miles Smith and M. H. Caffin. To them was largely entrusted the difficult and unenviable task of raising funds to meet the expenses of the

Convention. They accomplished their work promptly and successfully. There was never before so liberal a sum raised for a similar purpose in this city, and it is doubtful if there are two other gentlemen in St. Louis who could have accomplished as fine a result. I do not know what we should do without these two royal good men. We have many other citizens who live and work for others as well as themselves, but this happens to be an occasion when these two in particular are to be complimented.

The hearty thanks of the members of the local press, as well as of visiting editors and correspondents, are to be returned to Mr. Michael McElrath, Mr. Frank Gleason and their associates on the Executive Committee, for the liberal entertainment given them on Wednesday. There was a carriage ride to the Fair Grounds and Forest Park. At the latter place there was a fine collation prepared by Col. Herbert of the Forest Park Restaurant. There were about eighty gentlemen present, including a number of ex-delegates and Congressmen, and the conversation passed off in the most agreeable manner. The long dining-room was tastefully decorated with flowers and hanging baskets of fresh green plants, and the table was set with brilliant silver and glassware. Oysters, cold tongue, salads, cold roast beef, cold lamb, quail, and grouse, with appropriate accompaniments, were served, and at the close there was a copious supply of Mumm's Extra Dry. I have never seen a lunch more liberally relished, and I have never seen one at which there was more of that kind of freedom and goodnature that a newspaper man enjoys. There was but one attempt at a speech, and the gentleman who made that attempt, perhaps regretfully, for he was left standing in the middle of the room talking to the dishes. He was somewhat mixed, owing to the excitement of the ride.

Messrs. Griswold & Sperry, of the Laclede Hotel, served the sumptuous dinner of the newspaper men for the hospitality they displayed during the Convention. They gave up one of their parlors to the exclusive use of the press, and provided every convenience possible, including a very capable youth to wait in attendance.

Of the ten school directors elected on Tuesday last, eight are Germans, one an Irishman, and one (Mr. Scudder) an American—a striking commentary upon the apathy of the American population in this school election. The Germans elected include several gentlemen of recognized character and liberality, who, if it be believed, will not permit either political or national prejudice to control their action in the Board. The voluntary retirement of Mr. Tinsley and the defeat of Mr. Probes are a serious loss to the Board. It is a compliment to Mr. Probes that some of the least reputable elements in the present Board, with contractors and other parties "interested" in matters pending before the Board, and friends of a principal now under investigation by the Board, looked back, and some, it is said, spent money freely to defeat him. Mr. Scudder is a good man, and is, doubtless, not responsible for the character of some of the elements which elected him. If he makes as independent and efficient a member as Mr. Probes, he will be a most creditable director.

While there is ample room for criticism and censure in the proceedings of our School Board from time to time, indiscriminate and reckless abuse of the whole Board is not only unjust, but is injurious to the schools, and defeats the very end aimed at, in that it tends to prevent good men from consenting to become candidates. This year is nearly all of the waste it was

exceedingly difficult to find parties, fit for the place, who would consent to take it, and in several there was only one candidate. Notwithstanding the wrangling of a few noisy members of the Board, we ought to have altogether too much notice, the Board has been considerably better, on the whole, this year than it was last year. It must be remembered that the Board contains some men who give the public most valuable service at a very serious personal sacrifice of time and comfort, and the press owe a duty to the public to strengthen their hands in every possible way.

DEAR SIR: Not long ago I attended one of our up-town churches, and was filled with admiration for the beauties of the edifice and the most musical of voices in the choir; but there, I ceased to admire anything further, for just after the "congregational singing" there was such a bang of books into "cracks," that I felt myself fast retreating to a natural state of wickedness. People to the manner born should know better, *don't you, Herr Critic?* What an encyclopedia on "ignorance" book? might become under the guidance of some people who are not amenable to trifles in the way of good breeding, such as I have just remarked. Musical epics that you are, would not such some grace on your ears? I presume that you go to the orthodox church below, and so have not had the opportunity of witnessing the bad taste and worse form of politeness exhibited by people far, far above the rabble.

True, fair and gentle "Jazz," there are people who seem for the solemn surroundings of a house of worship. I have seen an old lady get up off her knees and pinch her needless arching till it turned blue and screamed for pain. Then again, I have seen young ladies who would look at a prayer-book with one eye, and carry on a flirtation with the other. The prescriptions of religious services are often violated by the people who profess to be the most religious.

The peanut is a useful vegetable in its proper place. Without it Virginia and North Carolina would be much shorter of pocket-money than they are. Without it the train-boy's occupation would be as gone as Odello's. Without it rural courtships would lug on circus days and at the county fairs. But there is one place where the savory goober is an infamous and undesirable nuisance, and that is at the theatre. There is no Christian resignation or noble simplicity that is proof against the exasperation of having to sit beside a persistent peanut-crusher at a play or an opera. All the passionate agony of tragedy and melodrama mingled and jingled with the cracking of peanut-hulls, all the soft tender sweetness of love-scenes knocked into children and nonsense by the crunch, crunch, crunching of a peanut shell; all the rage, exasperating strain of "O Treasures" or "O Somewhere" paired with the vile discords of a penny-orchestra's unwhispered jaw and teeth. I have endured martyrdom more than once, lately, in St. Louis theatres, from the pestiferous din of the peanut-sheller, and I now rise to protest. The police should march out to the ear any man or woman caught eating peanuts in a first-class theatre or concert-hall.

I hear many complaints of the inefficiency and unreliability of the district telephone service in the city. Here is one out of the multitude of similar instances of the carelessness that is manifested in the telephone. A gentleman from a far distant portion of the country, first well known in St. Louis, sent a district telegram at five o'clock one Thursday afternoon, asking one of our most noted society leaders to go with him to the theatre. He went out to dine with a party of friends, and came back to the telephone office at seven o'clock to find there was no message for him. He got the girl operator to read another dispatch of inquiry as to why an answer had come. He waited

woman, who was a little while in dressing on a stylish pink bonnet, with bright wings and shaded feathers that matched the shades of her costume; but then pretty girls are not hard to suit, and there are more pretty bonnets than pretty girls.

I went the other day to Thomas's new bath-house, 1117 Olive Street, and was so pleased with everything about the establishment that I cannot refrain from commending it to those who have not yet visited it. While there is no city in the world where the Turkish and Russian baths are so much of a necessity to cleanliness and comfort as this, St. Louis is lacking in such accommodations, and ladies especially have had little to be grateful for to the proprietors of public bath-houses, until the completion of this new establishment, owned by J. P. Thomas, of the Lindell Hotel bath-rooms.

My attendant at the Turkish bath on Olive Street, told me the other day that he used to serve in London, in the famous establishment of Doctor somebody, whose name I forget, where members of the royal family came to be shampooed like other folks—no, not like other folks; for although they lay stretched on the slab with no slight nor majesty before their flesh and blood, the poor attendant had to do homage to the royal man as scrubbed by backing around the slab, and genuflecting at every turn. He very naturally thinks that American men are more pleasing, and better looking than their English highnesses.

If you are an astronomical student, perhaps you are familiar with the following:

He turns the axis in Eilat strong;

"Oh, darling," he cried, "won't I cradle my queen?"

For Mercury joins all days of life,

If you will consent to be, precious, my wife."

"May coming," she whispered, "what's Jupiter know,

And might centre Venus, as tell me the moon?

Alas! it was Neptune the lover, when he said,

"You're in a hurry when you run home," and he fled.

A novel idea for an entertainment, which as yet is but in *petit*,—in fact it will be but in *petit* when fully developed,—has been originated by a lady whose love of children and delight in bringing forward the sweet voices of these little blossoms of our race, is sure to make it a success. She proposes giving a Kinder Symposium in which the little orchestra of whistles will use only three-stringed instruments—a triangle, cello, penny whistle (known as a rattlesnake), a cuckoo-stump, and a drum. Should the little musicians be dressed as warring minstrels or minstrelloids, the sight as well as sound would be a pleasant experience, long remembered by those who hear this Kinder Symposium.

What a mania rich people have for owning valuable diamonds. One would think that the virtues the ancients ascribed to precious stones, and above all to diamonds, was devotedly trusted in by the men and women of the nineteenth century, from the eagerness they manifest to possess the sparkling stone, and the price they take in their valuations. Every woman carries her diamonds some special quality of beauty beyond those of her acquaintance; and less fortunate women, who own no diamonds, are interested in viewing the superiority of their friends' solitaires.

I saw a pair of saltire diamond cross-rings, of unusual size and beauty, valued at \$4,000, which Mr. Joe Lucas purchased a few days ago for Miss McLane, his bride-elect.

Once in a while the proceeds to the old ladies and grooms who have completed fifty years of married bliss, right before celebrating companions with any of those bewitched on the more matchless brides and grooms of today. I have seen wedding parties in a long time than a case of solid gold bath-houses shown me last week by Mr. Samuel Clegg, at his new office in the Exchange Insurance building, which was introduced by a gift to Judge Wiley. Mr. F. R. Rindley, who organized the police academy last November, at Kridgewick, Pa.

In one of Mornet & Jaccard's windows there is a pair of cake plates displayed in a case of crimson brocade lined with velvet satin shading from rose to cream, the hues paling toward the upper edge of the lid with a sunset effect, while the bottom is lined with a tissue of growing strawberries, lemon circles to form receptacles for the plates, which are truly of an exquisite beauty. Their centres are carved into perfect pictures—apples of gold in pictures of silver—the gold of the fruits and flowers which make the embellishment being treated with acids to produce many varieties of coloring and shading. In one plate is a cluster of growing strawberries, the large, ripe fruit and small, immature berries, and the pure white blossoms, set about with leaves and grasses variously tinted. The other plate shows in its centre luscious-looking plums and a cluster of cherries, leaves, and grasses gracefully filling out the picture.

The knives are the most unique items of this elegant set. Their polished silver blades, shaped like a Turkish dagger, have oxidized handles, whose dark ground shows, in raised relief, quiet carvings that are judiciously lightened by touches of gold,—as, two men pitching quoits, the upper part of their bodies in red gold and the garments of the oxidized metal. Two men with golden wings bearing about a golden apple; some golden-bird roses set in dark foliage; a standard illuminated with gold. Each handle is different from all the others, and the entire workmanship is of the most artistic character.

I learn that Richard Watson Gilder is to succeed the late Dr. Holland as editor of *Norther's Magazine*, or *The Century*, as it is now called. If my information is correct, the publishers of this popular magazine and the public are alike entitled to congratulation. Mr. Gilder has been the assistant editor of *Norther's* since its fourth volume, and his editorial success may be said to be rare talent, his exquisite taste, and his thorough knowledge of contemporary literature and literatures, both in this country and abroad, than to any other cause. He has also been a regular contributor to the magazine; but unlike most modern-day poets, he has rare modesty, and his contributions have, for the most part, escaped either anonymousness or over his initials simply. He is a poet of acknowledged merit, nevertheless, and a little volume of his charming verses, under the title of "The New Day," has, within a short time, passed through two editions. The current number of *The Century* offers an excellent illustration of his talent and his style in the postscript verses on Darwin's death, which also appear anonymously, and which are among the very best the great National authority could furnish. Mr. Gilder began his literary career on the *Newark Advertiser*, which has turned out a number of well known poets and Eastern journalists. Afterwards, in connection with Mr. Newton Crane, of the laws of Patrons & Crane, of this city, and who at that time was also connected with the *Newark Advertiser*, he established the *Newark Mercury Register*. Shortly after embarking in this venture *Norther's Magazine* was established, and he left *Norther's*, which still published as the only morning paper in Newark, to take the position he has since continuously filled. Mr. Gilder is still a young man and full of energy, and his accession to the head of the magazine will give it a new impetus to still further growth. If possible.

Mr. Gilder's family is a remarkable one in a literary way. His father was a chaplain in the army, who died while in service, and in consequence of an act of assent from the army as the head of the war office. After that, the oldest daughter of the family, in one of the few successful women journalists of the world. She began her career as a dramatic critic on the *Newark Mercury Register*, and afterwards was a regular reporter on the *New York Tribune*. She next passed to the *New York Herald*, upon whose staff she was regularly employed for many years, and until a short time ago when she published *The Century*, a literary magazine which has had an extraordinary success. She not only edits the newspaper, but, in connection with her brother,

Mr. Joseph Gilder, conducts the business of its publication. Another brother, Col. Will Gilder, who was a dragoon staff officer during the war, and who was also connected with the *Newark Register*, has recently written a most entertaining book, which, under the title of "Schwartz's Story," tells the history of Lieut. Schwartz's expedition to the Arctic regions in search of Sir John Franklin's record and relics, of which expedition Col. Gilder was the second in command.

Norther's Magazine, now *The Century*, was the first magazine in America to issue a foreign edition, and "a circulation" of two thousand in England alone; it now numbers eighteen thousand subscribers in that "right little island."

De Amieis, whose charming books of *Hotel* have been reviewed in another department of the *Spectator*, gives the following amusing recipe of a dinner eaten in Morocco. It will be observed that the favorings are unpleasantly suggestive of the toilet:

Chickens with pomatum,

Gam with cold cream,

Fish with cosmetics.

Licors, puddings, and cold vegetables, all with some dreadful combination suggestive of the barber's shop.

Even fashionable ladies, it seems, are growing ambitious of excelling in athletic sports. A new game, much in vogue among ladies in the East, is that known as "Hare and Hounds." A continue, in which the awkward and clinging frock shirt is reduced to a minimum, and which affords ample breathing-room to the fair wearers, is chosen as the proper one in which to play this game. The colors of stockings, short skirts, and jerseys are brilliantly gay, and usually present striking contrasts in hue. As the game is played in the country, with one of the ladies representing a hare and running for dear life over ploughed fields, ditches, and fences, closely followed by a pack of dithering hounds, the bright hares most light up the landscape wonderfully, and form a picturesque sight for some masculine observer.

A great deal of this sort of exercise may improve the wretchedly half-gait of many of our women, who waddle or mince along; and when it comes to running, posing a slight so vibrations as to deter away from making the attempt. Very few of our modest mince. I fear, would make successful athletes, but the general practice of "Hare and Hounds" might do much toward bringing about a better knowledge of the art of running.

One of the worst features of our modern so-called "society," is the necessity which it imposes and practices in its valuations. A society lady of today will inspect her servant to see "Not at home," when she is quietly sitting within sound of her visitor's voice, with the same courtesy and sympathy, with which she orders her to bring a glass of water, or if it can be so to see her to see her with step eagerly forward, her face wreathed in smiles, and greet her with a kiss and emphatic "so glad to see you," while in her heart, probably, she wishes her to feel a feeling of dislike which even her false organic muscles can scarcely conceal. A truly sincere person who so connects to be a witness to this sort of polite deceit, is struck with horror at the duplicity of one whom she probably considered a perfect woman. There is no occasion for this honest deception,—the *honesty* of life do not require it,—but many miswary examples of fashion have an idea that in this way only can they add the reputation of society ladies.

The prevalent longevity of those great broad-brimmed hats which the ladies, young and old, tall and short, persist in wearing, is a source of great annoyance to the habitude painter-groom. Any one who has assisted himself, as I have, with a double-headed yardstick, knows to a great deal of this way, and yet is put too near to destroy the illusion, and when the certain has size, and such a situation is fully fixed upon the play, a lady enters the soft directly in front and presents a

eternal surface of perfectly opaque beaver fur, some three feet in diameter, between him and the stage, and keeps it there during the performance, only moving it now and then a little to the right or left when something warmer for the man behind is trying to peep around it, can appreciate the situation and will join in its prayer that all ladies wearing head-coverings to the theatre more than three yards in circumference will be so kind as to remove them and hang them upon the little pegs designed for that purpose under the seats.

The things that strike me as specially suitable for evening entertainments, are these little acts constructed of a bit of sill or relief, and a phrase of ten or three rows laid together. They look awfully cunning on the fluffy locks of the sweet creatures, and don't interfere with a fellow's view either of the performance or of the pretty little ear and rounded cheek of the wearer.

Indeed, a writer of New York fashions says that it is now considered very bad taste to wear others large hat or bonnet to the theatre, which may obstruct the view of others. Small, close-fitting bonnets are the only suitable head-gear for evening entertainments.

The Spectator gives up a considerable share of its space this week to a series of replies to the effusion of one "Charles Angustus," in last week's issue. He had the temerity to write an article in which he advised young men not to be married, and fertilized his point by numerous stray quotations from poets and other people who wrote after having been fitted. By referring to the "Letter-Box," "Charles Angustus" will discover that there are two sides to this question, and that he has not only committed one famous worthy of his sheet, but four. Three of the four who make it so lively for "Charles Angustus" this week, are ladies, and it must be granted that they know something of quotations, as well as the use of the common English.

This orthographical rhyme doth tell a truth only too true:

If for a stomach ache you suffer
Each time some whisky, it will break;
You down, and wash you sweat and quaver,
And you will use a barrel o' snuff.

Much whisky doth your wit beguile,
Your breath doth, likewise, your wile;
You lose your style, likewise your pride,
If you swallow too often snuff.

Judge D. Robert Barclay will, in the near future, come out with an article similar to Col. John Ingersoll's. It will probably be in the shape of a public address, but it is not yet determined which of the principal cities will be honored with his first delivery. Judge Barclay is now enjoying delight that they go to no nations, and men go from a feeling of human sympathy they have for their kind—those noble, magnanimous men! Well, there could hardly be a wedding unless men as well as women consent to be present, and it is very considerable of them to leave more important affairs and attend the four o'clock weddings which are the fashion this season.

Mr. Robert P. Tenney, the President of the St. Louis Temperance Convention, has been very hot water for a month or more, on account of the freight blockade. He has taken his troubles so much to heart that he has allowed an ugly beard to take a healthy start on a face that was once as rosy and smooth as a peach.

Rarely, if ever, in the history of St. Louis, has such an audience been seen in a theatre as that which assembled Thursday evening in the Grand Opera House. The city had transferred the theatre for that evening to the members of the Mississippi River Convention, and their ladies and friends. The entire house was reserved for them, and it was packed with representative men from every part of the great valley, and the country generally. Men whose names have been heard in national affairs were scattered everywhere, in boxes, parquette, dress circle, and family tier. It was a gray-haired and bald-headed audience, a tall and weighty audience of "grave and potent seigniors." There were many handsome women in the throng, but comparatively few young ladies. It was an audience

calculated to appreciate "Virginia," and the warmth of its appreciation was shown by the fact that McCullough was called before the curtain at the close of every act, and in one instance the recall was repeated three times. The complimentary performance was a happy idea on the part of the committee that had in charge the entertainment of the city's guests, and they evidently enjoyed it.

Better than any sermon I ever heard preached or any book that I ever read on the subject of marital devotion and affection, was the performance of "The Banker's Daughter," at Pope's Theatre last Monday evening. The lessons there taught were not in the cold form of moral advice, nor in the tame, commonplace lecture, but were revealed in speech and action with so realistic a representation that everybody present felt that he was in the presence of a drama in actual life. I wish that every preacher—of every man, and woman, and boy, and girl, in St. Louis might have seen that performance. I wish that all might have seen the tears of Edna when she saw the man she had married leave her to give her time to learn to love him, and then the scene of the miser, made known to him through the innocence and simplicity of their little girl, Oh, life! what is it without some touches of tenderness and sweet devotion. What is it without the love of a man for his wife and wife for a husband. How barren the heart that goes alone through the world and knows no response to its yearnings. Edna's tender pleadings and Julia's self-sacrificing devotion, the "miser's" manly and self-adoring love! All the way through there is a struggle for the transient and the best there is in life,—a real union between man and wife. In these days, there is so much that is otherwise a play that teaches the sound doctrine of married life. It comes like a messenger from Heaven, and falls upon us like sweet incense.

SOCIETY.

If marriage be a lottery—and he or she would be hardly who denied the assertion—then there are about as many St. Louisans gambling in that sort of lottery as in that other one which our gossipy city gets up a periodical sensation about, and there has been a pretty lively time of chance-taking in the matrimonial lottery this Fall. Let us hope the loving gamblers have all drawn prizes, and pray that those who discover that they have made mistakes will have the good breeding to alter and be content.

Wedding has followed wedding this week, without a pause, and yet the interest of the public has not seemed to flag one whit. Women flock to weddings with the same unending delight that they go to no nations, and men go from a feeling of human sympathy they have for their kind—those noble, magnanimous men! Well, there could hardly be a wedding unless men as well as women consent to be present, and it is very considerable of them to leave more important affairs and attend the four o'clock weddings which are the fashion this season.

Miss Sallie McPheters' marriage to Mr. William H. Brown, of Louisville, was, under the circumstances, the event of the current week. It had been so long looked forward to and so much talked about, that unless the spectacular effect had been a rare success, there would have been some very sharp criticism. The wedding was scarcely a disappointing affair as to the beauty of scenery at the church, and the bride made her exit from the ranks of young ladyhood with as much grace and even more beauty than she made her debut a few brief seasons ago. Miss McPheters has a very favorable reputation for beauty, grace, vivacity, and wit, and those who know her best say that her home, as well as her social circle, has ever been the brighter for her presence, and that her domestic grace has been endeared more to a large and loving circle.

Her marriage at the Presbyterian Church, corner of Garrison and Lucas Avenues, had been long announced

and drew together a large and very fashionable assembly. Fully three-fourths of the company were ladies, and the large auditorium was brilliant with their satins, velvets, plushes, and gowns. There were more people than could be seated, and as everybody wanted to get out early, when they were to be seated, they either as the came in or went out, and as there were about fifty times as many people as seats, the whole affair was no sinecure. The ushers were all from Louisville, and the ladies seemed to think they knew more about the city than the St. Louis ladies. The management had no usher from Louisville could have, and paid no heed to anything except the handsome appearance of the petite Louisville girls, which must have been rather a disadvantage, as the list of names of these petite and handsome men were George Avery, William Hill, Clifford Atchison, Charles Hubbard, Foster Thomas, Henry Smith, Sidney Avery, and John Noyes, the latter of St. Louis.

When the bridal party entered the church, they were met at the door by the ushers, who then turned and preceded them, two and two together, to the altar. The bridesmaids, arm-in-arm, followed the ushers, and a pretty sight they made in their blue and pink dresses of satin silk, and hats of blue and pink plush, weighted down with plumes of the same tint. They came two and two together, one in pink and one in blue, and followed by the bridesmaids, who were Misses Lettie Robinson and Hattie Wickham, of Louisville, and the Misses Fannie Wickham, Lulu Scott, Lucille Charvat, Fannie Hayward, Charlie Best, and Alexis Gengery, of St. Louis, and George Avery was the groom's best man. The maidens entered the altar rails, leaving a space for the bride and groom in the centre, and an other stood just back of each bridesmaid. The bride came down the aisle leaning on her father's arm, and was met at the altar by the groom and his best man, and then the marriage ceremony began. Dr. Rutherford had come from Kentucky to perform the service, and was assisted by Dr. Beale, the pastor of the church. Nobody paid much attention to what was said, but all admired the dignity and grace of the bride, and surely her beauty never shone more charmingly than through the transparent folds of her bridal veil, which was draped about her shaggy head by sprays of natural roses, whose green tints deepened to pale gold at their hearts, or gleamed with ivory purity in the half-faded buds. Her rise was quite novel in style, being all of white pink, that gleamed with pearl-like lustre as it caught the light. It was very simply made, the long train sweeping in unbroken folds from the waist far out on the floor, from which it was parted by the gold ribbon. The evening dress was of white satin and trimmed with white ostrich tips, Duchesse lace covering the bosom and forming the sleeves. An immense cluster of white roses was fastened at the left side of the corsage, and she carried a bouquet of roses in her right hand. The bride is a beautiful brunette, with clear complexion of great delicacy, and eyes as bright as stars. She was taller than any of the bridesmaids, and for that matter, taller than the groom.

Louisville is famous for its pretty girls, but the St. Louis girls carried off the palm from the Louisville bridesmaids completely at this wedding. The dresses of all were charmingly pretty, and the bridesmaids were under their wedding dresses in elegant dresses, the exquisite features of the costumes. The dress suits of the groomsmen attendants, as well as that of the groom, were very becoming. Prince Albert coats being most in vogue, the trying of a million suit of dresses, which makes any man look like the head waiter of a hotel.

After the wedding there was a reception at the bride's home, lasting until seven o'clock, attended by about one hundred guests, and including the bridesmaids. At eight the bride and groom departed on their wedding trip, but further festivities were in store for the remainder of the bridal party.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Hill, of the daughters, Misses Hill, were the bridesmaids, and a large number of their friends to meet the wedding guests from Louisville, and the evening made a gay close to Miss McPheters' wedding-day.

Mrs. Lucretia Yeatman gave an elegant lunch to the bride and groom and their attendants on Wednesday, and Friday night the party from Louisville, together with numerous others, were charmingly entertained at the University Club.

Another interesting marriage of the past week was that of Miss Nellie Farrar, eldest daughter of the late Dr. John O'F. Farrar to Mr. James Clay Duke, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Duke, of this city. The ceremony was very quietly performed at St. John's Methodist Church, by Rev. Dr. Tudor, the bride wearing a stylish traveling-dress of bronze-green cloth, and a plush hat of the same shade, encircled by a long shaded green feather. There was a numerous company of friends and relatives present at the ceremony, but no reception afterwards, as the bride and groom drove immediately to the train that bore them eastward on their wedding journey.

The marriage of Miss Mollie Kennard, daughter of Mrs. John Kennard, and Mr. Samuel Kennedy, was solemnized Wednesday afternoon at the Centenary Church, by the Rev. Dr. Lewis. The attendants were Miss Constable, of Baltimore, with Col. Leigh Knapp, and Miss Rebecca Newmann, with Mr. Bates. Mr. Sam. Kennard's two little daughters, Annie and Mamie, beautifully dressed in lace and muslin, and carrying baskets of flowers, led the procession, scattering blossoms before the bride.

The bride wore a very rich robe of cream-white satin, made *à la train*, and with pointed bodice whose square collar was finished with a Valenciennes collar trimmed with Spanish lace, and elbow sleeves of lace. The full tulle veil was fastened under a coronet of orange blossoms, and a large cluster of the bridal flowers was fastened at the corsage. There were a number of well-known society people at this wedding, and many elegant toilettes were displayed by the ladies. A reception at the home of the bride followed the ceremony at the church, after which Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy left for Chicago and farther Eastern cities.

Mr. Vincent B. Primm, eldest son of the late Judge Primm, was married to Miss Helen Moore, of Osceola, Ark., on the 18th of this month.

Mr. Frank Fowler and Miss Minnie Harig, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Harig, of 3118 Washington Avenue, were married at four o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

Truly the wedding bells pealed continuously throughout the week, but the *Spectator* has not space to do justice to all the bride's wedding-gowns, and what bride wants it told that she got married unless her gown is described? And bridal adjectives take up as much room as bridal trains.

COL. DONAN WRITES ABOUT "THE FASHION."



What is that? It is a picture. Of what is it a picture? It is a picture of a hat. Are there any such hats in real life? There are untold thousands of them. They are seen in the front rows of all our dress stores, in theatres and halls, at squares, and plays, and *concerts*. What are those two poor fellows behind the hat doing? They are *copying* their necks this way and that, bobbing their heads and wiggling their eyes till they stick out like *spat* sticks, trying to see the stage and the actors. Can they see them? No, they

can see nothing but a hat. Did they pay a dollar apiece for tickets to look at a hat? No, they did not, but they cannot see anything else unless they get necks built on the plan of extension fishing-poles, or did crooked opera-glasses made to see around the corner. What is in the hat? A head, and perhaps a big lot of dyed hair. To whom does the head belong? To a young woman. Why does she wear such a monstrosity, such a stage-built, view-obstructing wagon-load of felt and feathers, dowers, lace, and ribbons on her head? Because it is "the fashion," and she is "a woman of fashion."

Fashion! Pithy, whimsical, tyrannic old bedlam.
Wild, extravagant, prodigal, sometimes vulgar and insane. Light and teasing as the dandelion's down, the heart of a coquette. Changeable as the wind on election days, the people of a dream, the hues of a chameleon, or the affections of an average sweet-sixteen.

gates of starting seamstresses and factory girls. The garish glitter of her jewels is outshone by the tears of widows and orphans, hollow-eyed, wan and woful waves of the lamp and needle, — crystallized in God's cabinet of imperishable witness of wrong. Skeletons through her courts, and vampires of lust, envy, and covetousness perch in her holy places. Her temples are too often perdition's recruiting offices, and her shrines trysting-places of fiends, phantoms and fools. Her rustling silks, satins and laces are drabbled in the blood of souls, and her pathway is ridged with sepulchres — tombs of youth, beauty, hope, humor, and all that is noble in human nature.

Yet how vast her power, how absolute her sway, how irresistible her fiat. Wrinkled, hagridden and howay, she issues, through her adjutant modesties and attitudes, often of dubious repute, her edicts, more hardensome than the old Draconian Code, more binding than the Medo-Persian laws, more variable than the ever-shifting shanghai or mackerel on some tall, heaven-pointing spire; and all the feminine world scrambles to render first homage and obedience: every needle in Christendom responds with its stitch, stitch, stitching of costumed atrocities and ludicrousities.

What truly too steepedness, what also truly too expansive, that demography too significant for her society? She declares, as she did a few years ago, that black and white as the properst time; and again the influence of the stylish inebriety, our townsmen, our Fourth Streets and Broadways back like walking cemetery—as if all the tombstones of some rural churchyard had taken a simultaneous motion to scatter abroad for a holiday. She commends the manifestation of thirty-five years of fashion in a single dress, and the result is a bunchy, clumsy, draggy mass of longevity, heavy enough to break the back of an ordinary Mexican back; and yet “everybody who is anybody” must stagger under one. She decries the intrusion

of the modern Galsburghs, gypsies and turbanes. They look like once decent head-coverers that a fat man has accidentally set down on, or a baby elephant has trod upon. There is, there can be, no beauty in mere distortion; and these cap-totes of fashionable female feminisecism, kicking up on one side and down on the other, towering to a cloung-punching peak, compounded of the heaviest materials, straw or felt, velvet and chape crape, with ribbons, lace and ostrich-plumes polywiggled in a maddening labyrinth of heterogeneous subububbery, and topped off with a shovelful of jet beads or scavenger-breeders, like hatches and hatches, are the most horrible libels on all sensibly-bonneted, lace, caps, kettle-lids, or trying-pans. But Fashion prescribes them; and in spite of taste, complexion, and general shape of head and face, they must be worn.

Call this barbarian task-mistress, this emptier of pockets and filler of poor-houses and graves, this ever-changing and insatiate harlot of costumery, a Goddess? Nay, rather say, Demoneess of Fashion.

Would you build a sample of her devoutest worshippers? Look, then. Stand aside. Do you see that thing? She is one of the belles of a great city. Her papa is millionaire—failed a few months ago for a million and a half. She is a leader of the "ton"; a *sine qua non* of Saratoga; a nonpareil of Newport and Long Branch; a star of the evening, radiant star, at all operas, grand-duke and military balls, receptions and soirees; one of the cream of the cream, and that skimmed again, of famous Fifth Avenue, London, Washington, Heights, or Sohoery Place. See her hair, immediate star; her eyes, blue as the sky, and her face, white as the snow, broken, speckled, and her eyelids tinged with lead or manganese, to give brilliancy to her dissipation-worn, lackluster eyes.

Note the lame, dull, dead vacuity of her face; no more soul or expression in it than in the bottom of a diluted porcelain tea-pot; every feature, lineament, glance, and movement telling of a life squandered, frittered away in stupid eating, drinking, and sleeping; lounging on sofas, or sauntering along fashionable promenades to show the latest achievement of her dress-maker; poring over trashy "Ladies' Books" and yellow-backed novels of the loudly gushing type; carressing vile, ribbon-dressed poodles, or flirting in slang and innuendo with sweet-scented, slinking fops, even more insignificant and despicable — poodles with words.

So how she bends. Nice, you think? Oh, no. Miss your masculinized soul, not a bit of it; no sickness there. It is the fashion. She thinks, or some ignore and resister and belch-builder does for her, that her art, instantly poor resembles the classic *carre* of Greek statues. Does she know why the figures she thus caricatures assume that attitude? That is the result of mediocrity, of anything else. And that monstrous leaping up over that is fashion's doing, too. What a pity she had not been born a female dancer. What a pity she had not been in the style then, without any such unaided effort, and at the same, this masculine misapprehension of culture was, not a caricature, but a rebuke.

Mark all her features and reflexes, her hampered, humped, hinged, her shockingly puffed low pads and astrophysically long nails, her painfully distorted saucer-lid-in-her-throat convulsions of a throat, her ankle-twisting bubble-gum heels, and her bush, twenty impudent looks and leering glances, any one of which would furnish material for a dozen verdigris tissue cardstock.

Ugly! the pitiable, nauseating creature! Empty-headed and hollow-breasted, unable to carry on an intelligent conversation but three consecutive clock-alarms, knowing nothing, knowing nothing, feeling nothing, caring for nothing but the pitiful vanities, general and accidental of fops, balls, theatres and masquerades, it is strange that she and all her genus, with their masculine counterparts, go on year after year increasing in frivolous contemptibility—like corn sales, ever growing downward! When they assemble in drawing-rooms, parlors or halls, having no information, no opinions, no feelings, no opinions to interchange, they are of necessity driven, after the first few pa-

ments of money-shedding glitters and trappings, to depend upon their heels, instead of their heads, for the means of subsistence, and to be the objects of amusement, and laughing at-to-music conversation become the all-absorbing pastime, as well as business, of their worthless lives.

Where is the remedy for this state of things? Change the mode of education. Teach our girls, and boys too, that brain and nerve, knowledge and muscle are worth more than gold, jewelry, apparel or equipage; that real men and women of power and culture, honesty, sterner and more worth a world, of Fashion's "poisoned" leadings, or stinking, stinking, expiring life, however "rich" or accomplished, is the fashionable snare of the day. Give us women, and not husband-sneaking flimsy girls.

FABRI, DAKOTA.

P. DIXON.

LETTER-BOX.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS NO. 1.

Editor of the Spectator:

In your last issue, under the signature of "Charles Augustus," a certain epistolary individual suborned himself to a borrowed blade of abuse against women. "The noble occupation—of that vilifying and dragging through the mire the characters of mothers, sisters, and wives—and writing of the magnitude of wisdom, justice, virtue, and magnanimity of the noble sex." "Charles Augustus" has plenty of authority for the stand he takes—good authority, most excellent authority. From the day that the first man Adam hit his covering, trembling from behind the lovely and delicate outlines of his spouse, and shirked the responsibility of his own side under the cowardly accusation, "The woman tempted me and I did eat," down to the modern Don Juan of poetic scribbles, the imbecile, Byron himself, there are a host of ready answers. "Charles Augustus" has presented us a goodly array of them, both among ancient and modern writers. We do not pretend to deny his apt quotations; we have read them all before, have culled them each and all as a sweet morsel under our tongue. We have smiled contemptuously over the mad infatuation of the noble Antony, and mused long upon the dire disasters wrought by the studies of living of Troy. But, my dear "Charles Augustus," might it not be possible to look upon these little episodes of history in a different light? Might it not be that a prejudiced mind has laid too much stress upon the play cases and too little upon the great influences which developed that came into its colossal proportions? "Great-ones from little seeds rise," we know, but the fly is born in a small thing beside the powerful sun, whose all-pervading influence of heat and moisture develops the seedling into a thing of such importance. Just so with woman's beauty. What were Helen's smile, Cleopatra's voluptuous glance, Ruler's matches between, without the help of mind and passion and cell disease, which continually gave in the breasts of these noble actresses? The burning torch is a harmless and beautiful thing in its proper element, but cast it into a powder magazine and it becomes a most powerful agent of destruction. The heart of man is a magazine of all draft-draft combustibles, and it is his own hand which precipitates therein the spark which shall ignite it and scatter moral ruin all around him. Thus comes he the innocent agent for that which is only the natural result of his own lawless, passion, passions. You quote, "Charles Augustus," and all the moderns and classic prototypes. Why cannot they stand up the men and acknowledge thy sin, and take thy punishment as becomes the supposed nobility of your nature? But not you, and cover like coward that you are, behind your Helens and Cleopatras, and following the example of your great progenitor, cry aloud, "The woman did it." Where is the justice, the honor, the strength of mind and soul, upon these dove-like brows and hid to honor our lords and leaders. Ye gods! are these the lords and masters we must honor—these miserable, cowardly men, who shift the burden of their sin upon a woman's shoulder, and then mock and revile her in her helpless weakness.

Who was this fellow, who says, "Believe a woman or an epistle, or any other thing, that's false?" who takes the talent of the fair, the most innocent of his sex—a man taken up by his own unbridled passions—an adulterer, a seducer, an insatiable devotee of every carnal pleasure? And as for Alexander Pope, who declares that "every woman is at her wits' end," why every one knows him to have been a pampered, misanthropic man, so misanthropic as to be forever deluded by nature from obtaining favor in a woman's eyes; hence, with true masculine generosity, he spitefully vents his spleen upon the scintillating object of his disappointed love. "Fratry, thy name is woman," says Hamlet, a weak dreamer, impatient, swerving of purpose, casting about for him for something weaker than himself to attack, and giving this contemptible thrust at woman. A noble array of answers then! step up, "Charles Augustus," and defend your witnesses—a moral wreck, a learned idiot, a mad fool. Not one of your odds would be taken in a modern court of justice. Against such as these we could cite such a list of noble testimonials to the wit, and worth, and virtue of woman, and from sources so irreproachable as would cause this black cloud of calumny which you have raised, to disappear utterly in the brilliant radiance of their truth. But space forbids. Already we fear to have trespasses too long upon the patience of our dear Spectator. But our parting word to "Charles Augustus," and to all who read, is—

Get on your feet from a single home as able-scientists hold up the whole colossal frame of some extinct leviathan, so from this tiny letter can a wise woman construct the moral frame-work which supports the outward semblance of the manly "Charles Augustus." It matters not to us what that semblance be, be it whether his mouthpiece be blande and sweetly derogating, or of raven hue with Napoleon tint, looking through the outer eye upon the shrieking, shifting world beyond,—we implore him in the name of the sex which he so delicately is endeavoring to so to his election to remain a free and untrammelled bachelor. The ranks of the Benedictines can never be honored by his enrollment, and as for the women upon whom he should chance to lay his lawless, distorted, selfish, and egotistical self, it were better for her had she never been born.

JENKINS.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS NO. 2.

Editor of the Spectator:

Grieved was I and astonished, to read in the last Spectator the article, "Young man, don't get married." Grieved that so foolish a young man as "Charles Augustus" should exist in this enlightened age; astonished that the Spectator should publish his folly to the world.

"Charles" would be a bachelor. Why?

Nobody guesses either the barbaric story, And why should any one? What has he ever done for any one or the world at large? He has lived for himself alone, why should anybody care or grieve for him?

And surely it will be so.

That ladies have often prize and love. And why should any one? What has he ever done for any one or the world at large? He has lived for himself alone, why should anybody care or grieve for him?

"First, that does mean? Thus hast thou to keep and increase it."

Secondly, Has thou none? Thus hast thou to help get it.

Thirdly, Art in prosperity? Thine happiness is decided.

Fourthly, Art in adversity? She'll comfort, advise, and bear part of thy burdens to make it more tolerable.

Fifthly, Art at home? She'll drive away melancholy.

Sixthly, Art abroad? She looks after thee going from home, whilst for thee in thy absence, and joyfully welcomes thy return.

Recently, There is nothing delightful without society, and no society so sweet as matrimony.

Eighthly, The fond of conjugal love is adamant.

Stately. The sweet company of blueness increases, the number of parents is doubled, of brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces.

Truly. Thus art made a father by a fair and happy issue.

Eleventhly. More curiously the barrenness of matrimony, how much more a single life?

Twelfthly. If nature cannot be punishment, surely thy will shall not avoid it.

"Be not then so wayward, so evasive, so distrustful, so curious and nice, but let's all marry, 'take me to thee and then to me, and then to thee, for that great god—love's sake, for Hyacinth's sake," singing:

Let those here now who never loved before, And those who always loved, now love the more.

For what more willingly (as Varro holds) can a proper man see than a fair wife, a sweet wife, a loving wife? Can the world afford a better sight, sweeter comfort, a fairer object, a more graceful aspect? God send us all good wives, every man his wish in this kind.

And then, oh miserable, ye may know and acknowledge that—

Nothing is so man as love.

A good woman is man's bliss.

When her love right and constant is, There is no wiser under heaven.

Of all that a man may never know, As a good wife is the best glow delight.

As a good woman that loveth true, He doth in none but her find beauty.

Thus be wiser with lovely word.

And again—

The virtue of her lively looks, Exceeds the precious stone.

I wish not only to see her looks, To read or look on her.

In life she is true as chaste, In truth, Prowd.

In word and act, is deed consistent— What will you more, my say?

I speak from experience, and I say from my heart I approve of matrimony. I am glad that I am a married man. I am heartily glad that I have a wife, —no sweet a wife, no maiden a wife, no young, no chaste a wife, no loving a wife, and I do wish and desire all men to marry. There is no joy, no contentment, no pleasure in the world like that of a good wife, and therefore I say to you, "Charles Augustus," and to all who others who linger in single awkwardness—

Be not too late, but use your time, And while you may, go marry.

But let not one of you say, You may never marry.

DICK QUINCY.

St. Louis, October 30, 1881.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS NO. 3.

Editor of the Spectator:

There is a reverse side to the picture of "woman" with your comparison of last week signing himself "Charles Augustus," paints so vividly in colors borrowed from the fancy of various authors, both ancient and modern; and with your permission I will present a few quotations which represent the sex in a very different light from that which the jaundiced imagination of this most-cursed of crusty old bachelors sheds upon it.

"Charles Augustus" has been most cruelly fitted by some easy noddies, and is seeking blind for his whole sex, there is a sweeping condemnation of the whole sex, "Charles Augustus," is spite of a few letters, you may yet live to be the most courteous of those foxes whose brevity of casual attachment you now so contemptuously deride.

The greatest merit of many a husband is his wife, —Pensold.

Every folly of woman is born of the simplicity of man, —Molinet.

Oh woman, in one hour of ease, Excuse me, cry, and hard to please.

And when she is alone, My life's light shining upon me, When pain and anguish wrings the brow, A ministering angel thou.

—Rita.

What in the midst of this mighty drama are girls and
in blind fancies? They are the sum of that good for
ish men are fighting and enduring—the delicate
soul in which is borne outward through ages the
sacred life. —*Edna.*

Is because acquainted in youth with a great woman
elope all a man's powers and gives him a thousand
sins. —*IF I could.*

Women are content to give up their lives for one be-
d. The happiness is far beyond the misery. —*E. Hils.*

For men without woman's beggar,
Although the whole world be possessed;
And a beggar with a good wife,
With more than this world is blessed. —*Pers. Hyslop.*

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more gaily, more refined,
More longing, watering, warmer lost and worn
Than women's are. —*Shakespeare.*

And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the hopes that plighted love endures,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Of what were man's a world without a sun. —*Chapman.*

Oh woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you;
Angels are pained far to look like you;
There's no joy in all we believe of heaven—
Amusing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love. —*Gray.*

True love is better than glory, and a tranquil desire,
Is the woman of your heart seated by it, the greatest
of the gods can send to us. If then, O friendly
angel, canst thou point the felicity of an artless and
sister heart, and reckon among the blessings which
even hath bestowed on thee the love of faithful
man, give thanks for the blessing awarded thee;
If the prizes of life are nothing compared to that
—*Thackeray.*

I have observed among all nations that women,
however found, are the same kind,—civil, obliging,
unselfish, tender, inclined to be gay and cheerful, timor-
ous, and modest. —*Lafayette.*

Self-abnegation is a rare virtue that good men preach
of good women practice. —*Holmes.*

Jews.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS NO. 1.

Sister of the Spectator.
Woman has ever been the inspiration of the poet,
age, and hero, the incentive to noble deeds, the minis-
tering angel at the bedside of sickness and sorrow, the
joy of the court, the charm of the lofty but on the
sustained side, Mister "Charles Augustus" to the con-
trary notwithstanding.

Whether man be a cripple or child at the gate,
If woman be there, there is happiness too.

Yet perhaps Mister "Charles Augustus" has never
even engaged or child, nor felt that—
Pains of love are sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

With Sedley, perhaps he has never been able to say,
Fishes is my joy.

Does he know—
What old Adam says to Eve,
Aimer, sweet, 'tis a vice?

He probably has never felt—
How many a heavy tear would chill
On many's cheek,
If woman were not present still
Her word to speak.

Or how charming "He"—
To give a piece and a big mallow apple,
"Hand for each little want his hands for to grapple."
His heart has never been to the sentiment,—
O woman, in our eyes of men
Cupidity, joy, and trust to please;
But when midwinter wraps the snow,
A misapprehension need thou.

Nor know the sweetest disappointment,—
When he is asked in for her,
And believed to her eye,
The words that mean to the ear
Know no such liberty.

Nor ever—
Did he hear of the Widow Malone,
Omine!
Who lived in the town of Athlone
Alone.
O, she was all the world to me.

He sneers at the gown,
O blind his love, he whom we see
All that's bright and fair below.

He finds—
'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, his hands,
By blood or ink.

With the poet he cannot say,
But sweeter still than this, than those, than those,
Is first and passionate love.

No doubt Mister "Charles Augustus" has no Miss
Lee of whom he could write—

And neither the angel in heaven above,
Nor the dreamer down under the sea,
Can ever discover my soul from the soul
Of the heavenly Anselm Lee.

And by his own confession, never hopes to whistle—
She is a homely wren thing,
This sweet was wide of mine.

"He never is crowned with immortality," who can-
not sing—

Love rules the knee, the court, the grove,
And love a heaven and heaven is love.

"An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an
angel."

Someday, perhaps, Mister "Charles Augustus" may
have reason to long for some one so sweetly coo.

I know not, I care not if you'll be that heart:
I but know that I have thus wherever thou art,
dreamed, as he may be, to wander alone by the sympho-
nic sea, sadly missing.

How likely had I had the storm,
A weary slave true you to me,
Could the rich reward secure—
The lovely Mary Mason.

And the rarer at woman's constancy may never be
the ideal of whom she mourns.

My heart is tender to you can forget,
To all, except one name, sadly blind.

And I must even survive this last adieu,
And bear with life to love and pray for you.

And he may never dream dreams and see visions of
one—

Who thinks whenever he turns his eye,
The morning star of memory.

That would make even him exclaim—
To me thou art

The cherished sweetness of my heart,
In me thou art

Indeed, indeed, "and you'll believe it," Mr. Specta-
tor, with Mister "Charles Augustus" no wrong,
but all the good we one day hope for ourselves; that
when with age and tottering steps, his gray hairs honed
and his coat-tail, sewing to by the fond children of
the village, he comes at the stars shine forth and the
moon rises calm in the heavens, to some
more-covered soil in the church-yard where sleeps all
that is loveliest and dearest; as the night falls and
the music swirls around the head of the old, old man, he
may sit and smother, though sadly, sigh—

"Pace, peace! he cannot hear
Loves of sunset.
All his life's buried love,
Help earth upon it."

ST. LOUIS, October 30, 1881.

THE DRAMA.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH'S COMPANY.

The second week of John McCullough's engagement
at the Grand Opera House has been even more suc-
cessful dramatically than the first. His repertoire
consisted of "The Gladiator," "Virginius," "Richard III."
and to-night "Macbeth." The tragedian on Thursday

evening gave a performance of "Virginius" to the
delegates to the Mississippi River Convention. Of Mr.
McCullough's attributes and qualities as an actor suf-
ficient has been said here. He is recognized as preem-
inent and unequalled in many characters of the legitimate
drama, especially those of a robust, vigorous school,
while in others he attains a high level of art rarely reached
by other tragedians. The one blot on the performance
of our leading legitimate actors of the present day is the
unlucky support. The incompetency of the other actors
in the cast detracts from the pleasure derived from
the performance and completely dissipates the illusion
produced by the incomparable art of the tragedian
gifted with genius. At the same time it is not always
the fault of the star that the members of his combina-
tion often fall below mediocrity. There is no longer
any school for the legitimate, and the actors who can
deliver blank verse with correctness, or feel at their
ease when bedecked with a Roman toga, are scarce.
Training is an essential qualification for the classic
drama. With the advent of the combination system
on the dramatic field the stock companies disappeared.
While, perhaps, the present method of dramatic
organization is better than the amateurism, it is certainly
worse for the actor. With usually only one part to
perform during the season he becomes lazy and care-
less. There is no inducement for him to study, or
opportunity for him to analyze and personate many
and varied characters. The training-school has been
abolished, and thus important roles in the legitimate
have to be entrusted to hands lacking in all the pre-
requisites necessary for a successful performance.
Mr. McCullough, like all other artists, has experienced
the greatest difficulty in securing competent talent.
He engaged an English actor whom he deemed
thoroughly competent, but the British devotee of the
stock and bunlike failed. Perhaps this paucity of good,
legitimate actors may in a measure excuse the quality
of the support offered by our great tragedians, but it
can hardly be accepted as all-answering. It is a sad
fact, but nevertheless true, that Mr. McCullough's
company is not on the same plane that it was years
ago. Last season his combination embraced both
Fred. Ward and Edmund Collier. This year the
former has succumbed, and his place has not been filled.
The gap thus occasioned in the ranks of his combina-
tion is a serious one. Ward was one of the very best
leading men on the stage, and it goes without saying
that his accession, without the addition of a recruit of
equal talent, is a serious weakening to McCullough's
forces. His best man is absent. Mr. Edmund Collier,
who is now the leading man, is a most excellent
actor. He has a splendid physique, and his *belles*,
Apples, *Cleopatra*, *Edgar*, and *Therese*, were pure
and artistic personations. His elocution is impres-
sive, his enunciation clear and distinct, and his
actions *apropos*. Mr. Collier is an actor who with-
out makes his mark. All his work was well done,
and satisfied the most critical. His only fault is a phys-
ical defect which gives him the appearance of "mouth-
ing." Some of Mr. Collier's efforts were beyond all
expectation, and he received due acknowledgment from
the audience in the way of enthusiastic applause. If,
then, Mr. Collier is such an excellent actor, what su-
periority must the organization have had when he in-
cluded not only Collier, but likewise Fred. Ward.
The inferiority of talent this year, as compared to last,
is self-evident. Mr. John A. Lane is an experi-
enced actor, but during this engagement he has been
forced into roles in which he does not excel, and thus
the weakening process was carried on. Mr. Harry
Langham made a bluff *Karl*, and a good *Desnoes*, but
in other characters was less satisfactory. And this
exhausts the roll of competent stars. Messrs. Frank
Lane, Shilwell, Harton, Little, Stephens, etc., are all
young men, who will not improve in their pro-
fession, and are intelligent and painstaking, but they
are not adequate to a satisfying interpretation of the
roles which fell to their lot. Mr. Frank Lane's
Edmond, in "King Lear," looked funny. It is
evident that these gentlemen, while doing their
best, are often out of their parts, and are slow. The
result is that the performance are anything but
satisfactory. The same weakness is to be found in the

ladies. Miss Kate Forsythe is a fair actress, and plays *Frydast* with much grace and sweetness. It is her best part. In the other roles she is fearfully over-weighted. Her face, so far from mobile, has fixed expression, and her lips are not tempered. *Her Cordelia* is very poor. Mrs. Augusta Forster mistakes loneliness for power, and the temptation to read at times seems treacherous to her. There is something stiff and rock-crusted about her work which is unpleasant. There is lack of shading and breadth of interpretation. She never throws out a suggestion of reserved force. Miss Mitton. With the signs of improvement, but has yet much to learn. Such an actor as John McCullough certainly ought to be able to serve himself with the best stock actors on the stage. His dramatic genius knows no competition, and his financial success is so great a warrant. His securing the best attainable talent in his company. His performances are marred by the incompetency of some of his companions, and it is in a degree reflects discredit upon him as the star. We hope that next season Mr. McCullough will visit us with a company greatly strengthened and improved.

UNION SQUARE COMPANY.

One of the notable dramatic events of the season occurred last Monday night at Pope's Theatre, when Mr. A. M. Palmer's New York Union Square Theatre Company entered upon a two weeks' engagement. In addition to its splendid company, Mr. Palmer brought with him all the strength and resources of the theatre, which was painted by Mr. Richard Hargrave, whose reputation as a scenic artist is second to none—furniture, draperies, bric-a-brac, and other properties. Thus the stage-setting becomes a feature of the performance. For the initial week of the engagement, *Reveries* (Horn) and *the celebrated play "The Banker's Daughter,"* was produced. It is not exaggerating in the least, to say that the Union Square Company is at the stock company can be found on the stage today. Walker's company may be equal, but does not surpass it. Those who have attended the performances at Pope's have enjoyed a rare dramatic treat. Miss Sara Jewett, who was seen here for the first time, played the part of Lillian, the banker's daughter. She acted with a delicacy and propriety, a tenderness of expression and rare emotional pathos so as to win encomiums from the most critical. The character was emphasized by its gradations of shading, and from the moment she stepped upon the stage, a light-shaded, laughing-eyed maiden, to the final act, where she was the wife yearning for the return of and reconciliation with her husband, the treatment of the role was artistic in all its requirements. Miss Jewett's finished, cultivated, correct, and delicate actress, whose power is inspired by true dramatic skill and a bright intelligence. Her acting is of the natural school, and both in her sunshine and her grief she never falls into the odiousness of the high standard she espies to—a faithful interpretation of nature. In her stage business she also betrays the polished artist. She never for a moment loses sight of whom she is, and her movements are as significant as the tones of her dialogue. The part of *Pharisee St. Vincent Brown* was taken by Miss Maid Harlow. Her interpretation of this bright, witty, vivacious, and mischievous personage was very fine. Through all the impetuosity of speech in which the consort of old *Brutus*, the millionaire indulges, Miss Harlow never lost sight of the lady. Her good breeding kept all her native-brained propensities within bounds. In this respect I deem Miss Harlow's rendition somewhat superior to that of Mrs. Watson, who is, nevertheless, an accomplished artist. But in this character she seemed to lack firmness of perception, and sometimes overstepped the limits of ladylike delicacy. As Mrs. *Pharisee St. Vincent*, Mrs. F. Phillips was thoroughly satisfactory. The role is a subordinate one, and affords no scope, but what there is of it was well done by this actress. Miss Nellie Witherington, as *Laurie*, the servant, was good in her usual part. *Nellie* was played by Miss Eva French with much intelligence. Mr. Charles H. Thorne, of course, was the *John Stedlow*. His acting was simply perfect. The effects produced by Mr. Thorne in his quiet, subdued manner are marvellous.

Loneliness he never indulges in. He is a gentleman, and acts and behaves exactly as a polished gentleman would do. We lose sight of the stage, the illusion is so complete. Mostly in his best, dignified and courteous in demeanor, Mr. Thorne presents a picture which is at once our ideal Stedlow. Mr. Thorne may be considered the foremost representative of the modern school of acting. He is his best exponent. And his acting must be seen to be appreciated. The effect of his appearance at the termination of the fatal duel, his quiet, cool defiance to *Conroy*, on the last scene, his eloquent denunciation of the average actor, was electrifying. His subdued tones, the natural ease of his gentleman—thrilled the audience. It was surprisingly realistic and, above all, natural. In the following scene with *Lillian*, Mr. Thorne acted with a delicacy of touch and a fine feeling. Mr. Thorne's *Stedlow* was a splendid piece of acting. Mr. John Parselle gave an excellent personation of *Laurie Watson*, *Lillian's* father. The assumption was both rounded and graceful. Mr. *Belmont*, the banker's partner, of Mr. J. H. Shadler, was capital. It was an eccentric, yet life-like sketch of the banker, whose sole object in life is his business. The peculiarities of *Belmont* were represented with marked skill, and is no instance of "over-acting." Mr. Thorne, in the present a caricature. Mr. Frederic de Belleville was the *Count de Carpe*. Mr. Belleville was seen here last season at the Olympia. The impression he then made, while favorable, was not one calculated for lasting. But his *Count de Carpe* will not be forgotten. It is decidedly the very best *Carpe* ever witnessed here. James Collier and Sir. Majors have both been seen in this character, and both are good actors. But their interpretation of the French man fell far below De Belleville's. He is the very incarnation of the chivalric, revengeful Gaul, and the quarrel he sought with *Belmont* was worked up with marvellous realism. The duel was equally effective. Mr. De Belleville's dress and appearance were admirable. I do not think too much praise can be bestowed upon this actor, and was surprised at the unexpected talent he has developed. And here it was he remained by the way, that the most memorable, both of the quarrel scene in the house of the American ambassador, and the duel scene at the ruined chateau, were wonderfully realistic, and climaxes were worked up with marvellous effect. Mr. Owen Everett was George Washington Phipps. He played the part well, but did not exhaust its possibilities. He did not personify the restless, evil *G. H. P.*, and his impersonation was inferior to that of P. H. P. He was the original, and also the character of *Walden's*. Nevertheless, the actor gave a good delineation of the part, but it was scarcely up to the high plane attained by the aristocrat. Mr. H. W. Montgomery was *Conroy*, the millionaire. His counterpoise of mental acuity was poor, and his character can scarcely be commended. It was a fair performance, but in the Union Square Company we look for the highest excellence. Mr. Walden Ramsey made a very acceptable French Duke. He acted with vigor and quiet intensity, and was equal to all the demands of the part. Mr. Julius Magnus, as *M. Montclair*, the French art critic, handled his part artistically and characteristically, and his fall was to be found with his friends. "The Banker's Daughter" has been produced in this city by such a splendid company as the Union Square organization. Every character was fitted closely to perfection, only two parts being below the high plane of excellence which this famous company has attained. Next week this company will be seen in two plays which have never been produced in St. Louis. On Monday, *Sarah's* "Daniel Boone" will be announced, and on the following Thursday, "French Fashions." Every lover of the dramatic art will attend the performances at Pope's next week, and study the acting of this company.

THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE.

At the People's Theatre, Mr. Stafford, who is announced as "the talented young American actor," supported by Miss Rosa Rand, had appeared in a double bill—the one-act comedy of "Delicate Ground," and the Wallack comedy of "The Snowball." In "Delicate

Ground" Mr. Stafford was cast for the others *Beauford*, and Miss Rosa Rand, for *Pauline*. In "The Snowball," Mr. Stafford played the part of *John Parke*, and Miss Rand, Mr. *Pauline*. Although Mr. Stafford is obviously the star of the company, Miss Rosa Rand is the star in reality. She surely matches the honors from Mr. Stafford. Miss Rand was formerly a leading lady in the Frank Mayo company, and last season appeared at the Theatre as *Agnes Lincoln*, in "The Kivala," when produced by Joseph Jefferson's company. She is a good actress, and has stage experience, which the star lacks. Miss Rand has excellent qualities as a comedienne, and her impersonations of *Pauline* and Mrs. *Pauline* were both excellent. They were noted for their sparkling brightness and vivacity. Of Mr. Stafford's work, we must not be too critical. He is altogether lacking. His face is not particularly mobile, and thus he is wanting in variety of expression. There is no coloring in his treatment. His dialogue becomes monotonous, and he does nothing to attract the attention of the audience. His training is defective, and his stage experience is palpable. Mr. Stafford may, perhaps, some day develop into a capable actor, but at present he has much to learn. Even in two plays in which the principal parts were cast, the quality of the work was with all the houses. He will thus perceive that he has still much to attain before he can expect to become a successful star. Of the "unusually powerful dramatic" quality of his work, we have no doubt, with the exception of Miss Rand, the entire organization of the company, all, scarcely rises to the level of mediocrity. Mr. Andrew Jacques was painfully indifferent as *Alphonse*, in "Delicate Ground," and Mr. Henry Podgorski, in "The Snowball." Mr. *Henry* "Fido" Lane Thompson was poor, very poor. Miss Edith Talbot as *Pauline*, and Miss Laura Pease's *Edith* Thorne, call for no remark except to mention that they were far from satisfactory. "Delicate Ground" and "Snowball," as presented by Mr. William Stafford and his company, afforded a dreary evening's entertainment.

CARABO.

THE MAN IN THE PARQUETTE.

"The most marvellous thing of our era conceived," as per programme of the People's Theatre, was a most unusually bold, as attributed by Mr. William Stafford. Mr. Stafford is a rich man's son, and this of course can hardly be his fault, but it is a fact, but if he is really inclined with an earnest desire to make the stage his profession he should go through an apprenticeship, and should not come out as a full-blown star. He is a little more than a year old, and his career is a warning step. He is a bright, intelligent young man, but he has commenced the wrong way to become a good actor. Let him begin at the bottom of the ladder.

Mr. Stafford was announced last week to appear in "Against His Will." The reason he did not produce this society drama was because Miss Rosa Rand's role was too good, and he was afraid he might be cast somewhat below the shade. After this we can expect it should not matter to him what character he played in.

Next week the "Big Four Vandellie Combination" is announced at the People's Theatre. This is to be followed, on the fifth day, by "the reigning dramatic sensation of London and New York," with magnificent scenery and elegant costumes. It is denominated the special event of the season. What is the reigning sensation? The shade after this we can expect it should not matter to him what character he played in.

The programme at Pope's for next week embraces "Daniel Boone" for Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings and matinee, and "French Fashions" for Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings and matinee.

The production of the latter play is not yet a fixed fact. It may be changed to "Led Astray." In any event, Pope's Theatre should be liberally patronized, for such performances are seldom witnessed in St. Louis.

Mr. Charles Thorne is the best-paid stock actor in this country. It is said he receives a salary of \$250 a week, and \$300 when on the road. Mr. Thorne is about forty-two years of age, and has been twice married. His present wife, who is with him in this city, is said to be quite wealthy.

"*Woh at Last*," will be produced at Pope's on the conclusion of the Union Square engagement, by Steele Mackaye and his company. Pope's Theatre has been engaged for a week, by Mr. E. C. Simmons, and the proceeds of the performances will be donated to St. Luke's Hospital.

This is a similar enterprise to the "Hazel Kirke" engagement last November, which proved to be so successful that people were turned away from the theatre at every performance. "Won at Last" is said to be a greater play than "Hazel Kirke," and Mr. Simmons and his worthy condutors are certain to pilot the engagement to a phenomenal financial success, while the reputation of Steele Mackaye and his company are no less a guarantee of an artistic treat.

Both "Daniel Rochat" and "French Flats" have been adapted from the French, by Mr. A. R. Cazanau. The former is by the celebrated French dramatist, Sardou; the latter is from the pen of M. Clivot. It is a very laughable comedy, and was a New York success.

Mr. Ernest Albert promises to surpass all his previous work in the scenery for "Won at Last." He is painting an interior which he has himself designed. It is to be a beauty.

Sardon's "Daniel Rochat" was first produced at the Theatre Francais, Paris, on February 16, 1880.

Adelina Patti sailed from Liverpool for New York, last Saturday, so that her appearance here this season is no longer a matter of doubt. Her agent has engaged Mercurio Library Hall for Thursday and Friday, February 23d and 24th. The Costa Diva will sing in two concerts here. Her debut in this country will be at Stelway Hall, New York. Nicolini, the tenor, accompanies her.

Mary Anderson next week will appear in two new roles. She will play *Galatea*, in Gilbert's "Tyroliad," and *Galatée* is a part created by Madge Robertson, now Mrs. Kendall, the English actress, who was a sister to Robinson, the dramatist. The second character is that of *Berthé*, in "The Daughter of Roland." The play is from a French source, and deals with the knights of chivalry in their pristine days, which are referred to by the poet when he says:

Oh, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Foutarahian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come
When Roland brave, and Oliver,
And every paladin and peer

The play deals with supposed incidents growing out of the death of Roland, the favorite nephew and captain of Charlemagne the Great, at Roncevaux.

I am here reminded of an article I recently saw in *Pick's Saw*, on mishaps to actors and actresses. The following was related of the step-daughter of Dr. Hamilton Griffin:

Probably one of the meanest tricks that was ever played was played on Mary Anderson. It will be remembered that in the play of "Ingomar," *Porthlein* and the other players had several long scenes, where they took each other by the hair of the head, and, too, they were much hugging, but just hugging enough. *Ingomar* wears a huge fur garment, made of lion's skin, or something. One day he noticed that the moths were getting into it, and he told his servant to see about the moths, and drive them out. The servant not seeing

Insect powder and blew the hair of the innocent fall of it, and scrubbed the middle of his waist bearing. *Topsy* put it on just before he went on the stage, and thought it didn't smell just right, but he had no time to inquire into it. He kept it put fairly into his pocket, and when he came back from the first act, he took a jump, and threw himself all over him. She got some bug full of insect powder, and the other fall of benzine, and as she said, "Will always love me, *Ingraham*," she rubbed her face with it, and she said, "*Ingraham*, said in an aside, "For the love of heaven, what have you been drinking?" and then she sneezed a couple of times. *Topsy* held her up as best he could, considering that his nose was full of insect powder, and he knew it, and he said, "I don't know what's come over you, but I think it is that terrible sue." They went on with the play between sneezes, and when the curtain went down she told *Topsy* to go out and shake himself, and he did so, and she said, "You're a good fellow, *Ingraham* had a bump along, and My wife to more."

John T. Raymond is to be here on the 20th of November, with his new play of "Fresh, the American," and will stay two weeks.

It is surprising, but true, that the jokes indulged in by the end man of Haverly's Minstrels, at the Olympic this week, are mostly new.

The new People's Theatre is exerting a civilizing influence over the neighborhood in which it is situated. The disreputable places about there can't stand the electric light. There are men who don't go to some places unless they are protected by the generous mantle of darkness.

It is a good sign that the management of the People's Theatre is paying attention to its orchestra. A xylophone soloist has been added to it, and further improvement and additions to the number of pieces are in contemplation. Mr. Richard Maddern, at Pope's, is still *par excellence* the best conductor in the city. Some of the solos and selections played by his orchestra accompanied three times nightly, and the music at Pope's is enjoyed as much as the performance.

SHELTON, CT.

ART.

The new edition of *Scribner's Magazine*, or rather the first number with the new name of *The Century* attached, is in many respects a remarkable publication. Ten years ago it would have been impossible to have issued such a magazine. The corps of contributors, priests, are no other than the generation who preceded them, but the distinctive feature of *Scribner's*, the illustrations, is a new thing. The illustrations, has been the illustrations. While it has not been an organ of any particular clique of artists, those who have kept pace with art growth in America will recognize the fact that not only has it given full recognition to the younger American artists, but its wonderful popularity is owing, in a great measure, to their illustrations. Excellent as its reading matter is, I will venture the opinion that the unparalleled success which has attended its growth would have been impossible had it not been for the illustrations. It has not only given it the first rank among illustrated journals, but the world over. There is the same difference between the illustrations in *The Century* for November and those in the first volume of *Scribner's* that there is between

[illegible]

he said, "The wind came rushing across the bend in the Canal, under the Rialto, quaking things rattly, and below to the drowsy Venetians that he had escaped from the Adriatic for a frolic, and proposed to shake things up in Venice. My heart leaped him, and was so delighted with the thought that I heard from my head down to my feet the throbbing of the blood. I said to me, first over one shoulder, then over the other, laughing all the time in the jolliest manner. Occasionally it would come down close to the water, and Poppo's ponderous, world almost catch it, but away it would go like a butterfly, grizzling all the while in the most tantalizing way. At last old Dessau went roaring off toward the Scala Church, leaving my poor hat to shift for itself, when it fell flat into the water and lay there utterly useless until I fished it out all limp and wet, and with a guilty ashamed air of the for the trick, but, 'poor old hat!'

Blum's talent is not confined to drawing but also to illustrations. He paints exquisitely both in water-color and oil. When I left Venice in August he had nearly finished a picture of the Cassaro, the most beautiful place on the Grand Canal, and had almost of the same scene. There was none of the usual Venetian vermillion of Zucchi, the architectural exactitude and intensely green reflections of Canaletto, nor the metallic glare of some of Ecco's Venetian subjects, but it was full of softening light and tender, truthful color.

Brum, the illustrator of the Greek play at Harvard, is a young man, and a member of the Society of American Artists. I was shown the original drawing for this article in the art department of Serthoff's while in New York a few weeks ago. Strong as the reproductions are in the magazine, I cannot but feel that the drawings were probably five times the size of the engravings. The "Ellipses in Despair" is clearly of grand conception. The horror and despair of *Medea* on learning that he had killed his father and married his own mother is given with the greatest dramatic effect. The artist has given the picture a certain glow, the artist has given the artist more freedom of action than

the ordinary methods of drawing upon blocks. Small figures may be thus produced which preserve the quality of the large original drawings, and which would have been impossible by the old style wood-cut. The difference between the old methods and the new is strikingly shown in the engraving portrait of George Eliot, and Elton's drawings of Salsol. Of course, the drawings themselves have much to do with it, the "George Eliot" being in the conventional English manner, while the others are free, bold, and strong, but the manner of reproduction is an important factor to be considered. A favorite plan with Dumas is to give figures no background and no shadows, apparently nothing to stand on. He gets in this manner a wonderful effect of sunlight. As in Greece the theatre was sometimes large enough to contain forty thousand spectators, and he sits on a hill-side, with no covering but the sky and no light but the sun's rays, the artist is justified in representing his figures in the foreground just out of doors and in the full sunshine, if he chooses.

The career of Stephen Parrish, illustrator of the "Around Cape Ann," is remarkable. He is a Philadelphia, thirty-five years old. Thirteen years of his life were spent in commercial pursuits. Less than two years ago he took up etching and within the first year he made forty plates, and achieved a great success. I think he might fairly be called the Italian of American etchers. The influence of Appin will be seen in some of his plates, but he has great originality, and unless he is eventually successful in painting he will do well to confine himself to the etching-needle, and leave the palette and brushes to those who have not his special gifts in the other direction. There was a fine display of his etchings among those at the Fair this year. In his later works most of the skies are left untouched, they being simply covered with an even tint, put upon the plate during the process of printing. We have enough cloudless skies in this country to justify it, and a cloudy sky is infinitely better than one draped with woe or wail. His illustrations in the *Century*, printed under the skillful direction of Mr. Drake, who has entire charge of the art department of the magazine, and who has the genuine latitudes of an artist, are about equal to his etchings. In mentioning the influences which have contributed to his success, Mr. Drake goes over a prominent position. As I said at the outset, without the art feature the magazine could never have been a success, and without Mr. Drake's instinctive knowledge of what was good, his entire receptiveness to genuine art feeling, his firmness, vigilance, and personal supervision in the preparation of the magazine for publication, its great success could not have been achieved. His continued association with the *Century* is assured, as he is the holder of considerable stock in the new company. The illustrations by Mary Halleck Poole, of "A Pilgrimage Down to Mexico," are fair, but without the care bestowed upon them by the engraver and printer they would not be specially noteworthy.

Whatever change there has been in the art department of *Hayes's* Magazine has been forced upon them by *Scribner's*. They found their young competitor gaining favor so rapidly it was absolutely necessary to do something. The drawings by Abbey, Reinhardt, and Fry are good, but even as they are they will recognize none of the old-time wood-cuts, which at service here or twenty years ago, brought forth from their dusty shelves and brightened up to illustrate entirely different articles. As an instance of their persistency in this respect, I will mention an instance. A writer of reputation prepared an article for them which required illustrations. He was told that they could not afford to have drawings made specially for him, but he could have the cuts made by hand, in wood-cuts, and if he found anything which would answer, they would use them. So he and the public were forced to partake of a warmed-over meat, instead of something fresh and appetizing prepared for the occasion.

The new issues of the 36. Lookie Sketch Club are located in the third story of the new building just completed on Chestnut Street, between Sixth and Seventh, 34-420, I believe, and occupied by Sterling &

Webster. The main room is something over fifty feet long, and is peculiarly adapted to the uses of the Club. In the competition for the decorations of the rooms the plan of *Scribner's* was preferred, and it is to be hoped they have been entrusted with the work. As the Sketch Club is the recognized art association of the city, it is to be presumed the decorators will see to it that their reputation is sustained in the new home of the Club. The former apartment of the Club was too small to admit of comfortable receptions. The universal propensity among those artistically employed, to smoke, seriously interfered with many in the old cramped room, where the smoke was perfect, and the air trouble will be heretofore obviated. The rooms are so large, and the ventilation so ample, no inconvenience will hereafter be experienced on that score. The dedication reception will probably take place on or about the tenth of November. Mr. Harey will be the host, and the subject which he has given for illustration, is "Around the World." It is certainly broad enough, and the members will not be compelled to borrow books, start up a poem, and make a drawing in a certain time, or perhaps compose a line or two in the metre of the one selected and having it accepted by most of the fellows as genuine, as has been done. As many of our contributors have been across the ocean, we may expect reminiscences of foreign travel. Probably few will remember Spain; Ennos, Northern Italy; Guller, something about Rome; Fry, Paris or London; Harey, something, and so on through the list. It is the duty of the management to place the associate and honorary members of the Club on such a footing that they will feel it is their Club quite as much as that of the contributing members, and make the monthly reception as attractive that all will take pleasure in being present. The feeling seems to be general that the Club has outgrown the Bohemian stage in the same sense that good artists no longer affect Bohemian, by wearing long hair, slouch hats, and uncleanly beards. Not that the members ever degraded in their meetings below the standard of strictest propriety. But being older, stronger, with a position better assured, they can afford to provide elegant and commodious apartments, and make the Club a creditable influence in the city.

W. R. H.

THE SURRENDER OF YORKTOWN—HOW THE KING OF ENGLAND RECEIVED THE NEWS.

The Centennial Anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, and the interesting exercises held in celebration of the event, have not been so much as to attract from the memories of Sir N. William Russell, Bart., published in 1915, in which we are given some of the reception in London of the important news of the surrender. A part of this account may interest the readers of the *Spectator*.

"On Sunday, the 23d of November, about noon, official intelligence of the surrender of the British forces at Yorktown arrived from Baltimore, at Lord George Germain's house in Pall Mall. Lord William happened to be there when the messenger brought the news. Without communicating it to any other person, Lord George, for the purpose of dispatch, at once called upon and with him into a back room, and drove to Lord Sturges's house in Portland Place. Having imparted to him the disastrous information and taken him into the carriage, they instantly proceeded to the Chancellor's house in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, where they found at home, when, after a short consultation, they determined to try it themselves, in person, before Lord North. He had not received any intimation of the event when they arrived, and he was, therefore, in the room, and at six o'clock. The first minister's remark, on even his presence of mind, gave way for a short time under this awful disaster. I asked Lord George afterwards how he took the communication when made to him. 'As he would have taken a bill in that case,' replied Lord George, 'for he opened his arms, exclaiming WILLY, as he stood up and down the apartment during a few minutes, 'Oh God! it is all over!'

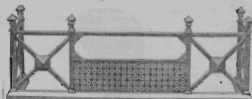
Words which he repeated many times, under emotions

of the deepest consternation and distress. . . . I stated that day at Lord George's; and though the information which had reached London in the morning had been confirmed by the arrival of a messenger, and that it was a matter not to admit of long concealment, it was not then communicated either to me or to any individual of the company, when I went to Pall Mall, between five and six o'clock. Lord Washington, who likewise shared the news, was the only person present, except Lord George, acquainted with the fact. The party, six in number, sat down to table. I thought the matter of the house appeared serious, though he manifested no distress, and I thought it was not unusual for his servants delivered him a letter brought back by the messenger who had been dispatched to the king. Lord George opened and perused it; then looking at Lord Washington, to whom he extremely desired his observations, he said, 'I have just as always does, except that I observe he has omitted to mark the hour and the minute of his writing, with his usual precision.' This remark, though calculated to awaken interest, excited no comment, and while in ladies, Lord George's three daughters, remained in the room, we repressed our curiosity. But they had no sooner withdrawn, than Lord George, having received a second messenger, and just after the arrival of the old Count Moutpierre, from Paris, lying at the point of death: 'It would grieve me,' said I, 'to finish my career, however far advanced in years, to be a First Minister of France, before I had witnessed the fall of the Bastille, and the triumph of the people and America.' 'He has survived to see that scene,' replied Lord George, with some agitation. Evidently unconscious of the fact which had happened across one's mind, I continued to speak of the decisive action fought at the mouth of the Chesapeake early in the preceding month of September, between Admiral Graves and Count de Grasse; which engagement in its results might prove most injurious to Lord Cornwallis. Under this impression, 'my meaning,' said I, 'is if I were the Count de Moutpierre, I should wish to be long enough to behold the final issue of the war in Virginia.' 'He has survived to witness it completely,' said Lord George, 'and his army has surrendered, and you may peruse the particulars of the capitulation in that paper,' taking at the same time one from his pocket, which he delivered into my hand, and without further emotion.

"After perusing the account of Lord Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, it was impossible for all present not to feel a lively curiosity to know how the king had received the intelligence, as well as how he had acted. I thought it was not unusual for his servants delivered him a letter brought back by the messenger who had been dispatched to the king. Lord George opened and perused it; then looking at Lord Washington, to whom he extremely desired his observations, he said, 'I have just as always does, except that I observe he has omitted to mark the hour and the minute of his writing, with his usual precision.' This remark, though calculated to awaken interest, excited no comment, and while in ladies, Lord George's three daughters, remained in the room, we repressed our curiosity. But they had no sooner withdrawn, than Lord George, having received a second messenger, and just after the arrival of the old Count Moutpierre, from Paris, lying at the point of death: 'It would grieve me,' said I, 'to finish my career, however far advanced in years, to be a First Minister of France, before I had witnessed the fall of the Bastille, and the triumph of the people and America.' 'He has survived to see that scene,' replied Lord George, with some agitation. Evidently unconscious of the fact which had happened across one's mind, I continued to speak of the decisive action fought at the mouth of the Chesapeake early in the preceding month of September, between Admiral Graves and Count de Grasse; which engagement in its results might prove most injurious to Lord Cornwallis. Under this impression, 'my meaning,' said I, 'is if I were the Count de Moutpierre, I should wish to be long enough to behold the final issue of the war in Virginia.' 'He has survived to witness it completely,' said Lord George, 'and his army has surrendered, and you may peruse the particulars of the capitulation in that paper,' taking at the same time one from his pocket, which he delivered into my hand, and without further emotion.

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VOL. II. No. 8.]

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1881.

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The Spectator.

Entered at the Post-office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

St. LOUIS, NOVEMBER 5, 1881.

We desire to call your especial attention to the work of the Humane Society of this city. Since its organization last Spring, there have been two hundred and fifty-three official warnings given to persons who were mistreating animals, eighty-one animals taken from work and sent home, seven suffering animals killed, twenty-five arrests for cruelty, and nineteen convictions in court. Here is something done—a real work accomplished—but it is not all revealed in these figures. The moral influence of the Society has been greater than can be easily estimated. The very fact that we have an organized body in this community with the stern law in its hands is a constant menace to the torturers of innocent and helpless animals. The Humane Society has also turned its attention to the swill dairies of the city. The peddlers of poison milk have been exposed, and people made to realize what kind of nourishment goes down the throats of thousands of the infants and children of St. Louis. The Society can take hold of these infamous pet establishments, and break them up in their business of furnishing bad milk and torturing cows, if it is sustained. And now this is just the point we desire to make here: Shall the Humane Society be maintained or not? It not only needs kind words, but it needs dollars and cents. No organization in this city gives promise of doing so much to relieve suffering, save infant lives, and wield a healthy moral influence over all classes. We who every reader would consider how much in clear cash it is worth to him or her to have this continued, which has so abundantly and rigorously begun.

THE TOWN TALKER.

I have it on good authority that the parties in a recent wedding on First Square, one evening this week, were not altogether strangers to a wedding ceremony, having before long pronounced over themselves in profound earnest last summer. It appears that the bride's parents were much opposed to the match, and at one time forbade the marriage altogether. The lady was very young, having only come out last Winter, but had a determined way about her, and resolved to marry in secret if she could not marry in any other way. The parental pair are said to have first applied to a Catholic priest, who declined to solemnize the union if it were to be kept from their parents. They then went to a Protestant clergyman, who consented to perform the ceremony. Immediately afterwards the lady went to White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, and there spent the summer. Exactly why the wedding rites were re-negated I am unable to say, probably, though, it was to guess the parents of the bride.

The easy pretty girls are lauded for the silver wedding of Governor and Mrs. Crittenden, which is to be celebrated at the Executive Mansion in Jefferson City, the evening of the 10th inst.

Mr. John Meyer, of the house of Meyer, Isaacson & Co., at this date, is to be married to Miss Elizabeth Reysen, of Philadelphia, on the 10th inst. The newly-wedded couple will live at the Southern.

Babies are making themselves more conspicuous than formerly. I always thought it was a baby's place to stay in the house and say as little as possible. But what do you think? I actually received a baby's card the other day. It was a very young baby, too; not more than two or three days old. In order that you may more fully understand, I will explain: I have the acquaintance of a very estimable lady and gentleman, who married some time last Fall. So far as I know, nobody lived at their house but themselves and a servant, and I did not know of but one or two other people by their name in the city. My surprise, therefore, was considerable when I received a card of a gentleman of the same name as the couple above referred to, with their given names combined initials, with a number on his card the same as that on theirs, and with the date, "October 18, 1881," down in one corner. Entertaining youth, I thought,—a real live American. I could almost see a smile on the imaginary chubby face that looked out from the face of the card. Really this is a most convenient and delightful way the babies now have of notifying us that they have come into existence. It saves questions and explanations, and puts the new comer on his proper basis at once. Oh, the joy young creatures! what text? You now send your cards out on the day you are born, you ride in carriages, you sleep in beds all by yourselves, and some of you take in a bottle most readily. I suppose we may next expect to see you step out in dress suits, with canes in your hands and a pug at your heels. All eyes of this day and age wants to room according to his ambitious designs.

The pink-eye may have been very uncomfortable to the horses, but it was not without its humors to the biped part of creation. One bright little lady in North St. Louis, who had not been reading the papers, dropped down to the laundry last week to learn why her husband's calves had not been sent home. "And just think," said she that evening, detailing her adventures, "the ridiculous creature told me that his horses had pink eyes, and he couldn't drive him in the wagon. I told him I didn't care what color eyes his horse had; if he thought we were going to wait for these colic-falls till he got a steed with eyes that would suit his fastidious taste for time, he was mistaken. I told him we were proud, but not particular, and would just as soon have a horse with no eyes at all, or green, black, or blue eyes. Didn't I give it to him?"

It has propagated out that there is serious trouble in one of the foremost churches of the city, all caused by the superciliousness of a pastor upon whose shoulders the Episcopal purple may fall at any time, and who is known throughout Catholic circles as one of the most prominent clergymen in the diocese of St. Louis. Father V— has been for many years pastor of St. B—'s Church, where Father W— is rector. Lately he has been assigned to a parish by the Bishop, and at the noon-day mass Father W— announced that a meeting must be held in the early afternoon in order to get up a testimonial to Father V—, as his departure. The pillars of the church all assembled, and Mr. Joseph D— was called to the chair. A motion was made to take up a subscription by paper, whereupon Mr. Michael McJ— objected, and said that there were many present who might give five or ten dollars if it was more money put in their hands who would not give anything if the amount were to be taken down on paper. This disappointed Father W— extremely, and he denounced Mr. McJ— in unmeasured terms, accusing him of being a scoundrel; broke in the parish, a consummate of the piping and deacon's process, and a kind device of the Jesuits.

The good pastor became so very abusive that Mr. D— again and again called him to order; but the gifted gentleman refused to be alarmed, and his flood of silvery eloquence was continued until he was prevailed to leave the vestry-room. Mr. D— was more indignant than Mr. McJ—, although the latter gentleman is the possessor of a reasonably peppy temper, too, and it was no surprise to the people who had been at the meeting to hear that Mr. D— has resigned the presidency of the St. B—'s Council at the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Father J— wrote a hot letter to Mr. D—, informing him that he would not have a testimonial at all, "much less a handful of copper in a hat." Father W— has since apologized to Mr. D—, but has not yet got around to Mr. McJ—. The whole affair was hushed up, but all is not quiet in Israel yet, by any means. The fire of indignation smolder, but they met, entirely gone out, and it is possible that they may blaze up at any time.

The prevalent disease just now is stiff neck, and almost as many people know what is good for stiff neck as there are distracted folks anxious to cure hay fever. To ameliorate this evil, I would propose a small placard to be worn at an angle in the hat:

NOTICE.
The next man who tells me
what's good for stiff neck,
will be strangled on the ear.

The capture of the Maxwell boys was one of the most remarkable feats of journalistic enterprise which has occurred for years in St. Louis. The Post-Dispatch worked up the arrest of the alleged desperadoes with a vivid particularity which spoke volumes for its interest in the case. The next day it had three lines announcing that the Wilkys, "the alleged Maxwell boys, were released to-day."

Nobody will know how many people in St. Louis and its environs have lost money speculating on the recent fluctuating markets. A great many of the people who were taken by the fever had about as much idea of the course of trade as a cow has of the questionnaire calendar. One of these gentlemen, who has lost quite a decent little pot of money, called on a certain attorney and asked him for advice as the creditor.

"What did you say?" asked the lawyer.
"That."
"What kind of pork?"
"I don't know."
"Did you say hay or span-corn?"
"I don't know what I thought, I just gave the money to my broker and he invested it for me."
"Then you don't know whether he put it in Tobacco or dry salt fish—you see not certain whether you reaped gold or loss or long-haired cherries?"
"No."
"Did you see the pork?"
"No."
"Well, I'll tell you, you don't want a lawyer's advice; you want to go home and soak your head. A man who could put up his money without knowing anything more of what was done with it than you do, ought to have a guarantee appended."
And this gentleman is not an unfair specimen of the speculating class.

Look out for the New York Tribune writers and authors along Fifth Street, near the Illinois Hotel, this afternoon. If on a good day they will look like a gray with leaders.

DEAR SIR: To decide a wager, will you please inform, in your to-morrow's issue, when the play "Won at Last" was on the boards here? I remember having seen it about three years ago, with Blanche Meda as leading lady. You will oblige greatly.

MORRIS ROSENTHAL

"Won at Last" is to be presented here for the first time next week. It is a comparatively new play, and has only been given in New York and one or two other places.

"Sarah's Young Man" and "The Honeymoon" are to be given at the Pickwick Theatre next Tuesday evening, by the Booth Dramatic Club.

The time for the first dress rehearsal and concert of the St. Louis Musical Union is now only about two weeks off. The dress rehearsal will take place at the Mercantile Library Hall on Wednesday morning, November 10, at 10 o'clock. The concert will be given at the same place on Friday evening, November 12, at 8 o'clock. The management have been obliged to take this hall, as there is none other large enough in the city to accommodate the subscribers. They issue 1500 tickets and there are 1500 seats in the body of the hall, so that will be sure of a good attendance. The orchestra will be made up of the best players of these rehearsals in the morning, and are going to attend them generally, and I am glad of it; for if they do, the concert the following evening will be appreciated accordingly. No one can judge of any great composition by the first rehearsal, but the orchestra will be giving the ladies and other children of subscribers a chance of studying the music in the rehearsals. It will be a great educator, and have a tendency to elevate the taste of the community. I will be glad to see the orchestra. The orchestra has been rehearsing faithfully, and has already had four and expect to have two more rehearsals. Miss Crouch, of Cincinnati, who sang so acceptably at the opening of the Art Hall, will probably sing the solo parts. I have heard her sing very well, and she is, of course, born and educated here. Mr. Philip Harrison, will sing a piece composed expressly for this occasion by another of our talented young musicians, Mr. A. F. Robyn. He also arranged it for orchestra. Miss Crouch, and probably they will give general satisfaction, and I am sure that the orchestra will be well liked. I thought to think, we have such an orchestra here. Surely all the subscribers have had their tickets sent to them. The style in which they are gotten up is certainly very fine, and cannot be denied. Now, it seems to me that the only thing that is wanting is a few more subscribers by the very best people of our city, that they should be made full dress affairs. Every gentleman, and especially the young gentlemen, should appear in full evening costume. There is no use making any suggestion now, as it is too late to do so. I would like to see and direct them in this matter better than anybody else.

In reply to a number of inquiries about eight classes at the Art School at Washington University, the following circular, which has just been issued, is presented.

Applications for admission to the classes of the night school will be received in Room No. 1, 1st floor, University Building, corner Seventeenth and Washington streets, Tuesday evening, November 9, from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. The names of those who are urged to stand or send in their names on that evening, as the number admitted will be limited to one hundred, will be published in the *Journal* on Wednesday, November 12, and continue on Tuesday and Saturday evenings for three weeks, outlining the evening classes. A drawing board will be loaned to each student and must be signed with materials as follows: A drawing board of well-seasoned pine, 20x28 inches, paper, thumb tacks, crayon and charcoal. Each student must also bring a small box of materials with the owner's name. Instruction will be given in free-hand drawing from objects, elementary arithmetic, and the principles of perspective. The course of life—the model drawn. A special class will be formed in architectural and mechanical drawing. For further information, apply to H. C. Fies, Director, at the University Building.

It seems hardly credible that intelligent and reputable members of the School Board can tolerate for a

moment a proposition boldly made to run the public schools as part of a political machine. Yet if the reports in the morning papers are correct, that seems to have been advocated at the caucus of the Republican members of the Board on Thursday night. It is said, however, that several Republican members refused to attend the caucus, and several who were present denounced such an outrageous proposition.

The advance sheets of the annual report of President Judson, of the School Board, present a very satisfactory exhibit of the financial condition of the Board, showing that during the past three years the current expenses of the schools have been reduced some \$26,000, while the average attendance of children has increased some 2,000, and that at the beginning of the present school year there was a surplus of nearly \$100,000, available for general expenses of schools. The document is a very interesting one, and should be read by every parent and tax-payer.

At the inauguration of the St. Charles Opera House, Saturday, November 12th, the following ladies and gentlemen will assist: Mrs. J. B. Scott, Misses Nellie Strong, Laura E. Fisher; Messrs. A. Waldauer, Dabney Carr, Epstein Brothers, Tom C. Doan. A rich literary and musical treat is in store for our friends in St. Charles, and we assure them that their new Opera House will be opened in a highly artistic and enjoyable manner.

The *Spectator* is really proud of having brought about in this city a change in the general tone of dramatic criticism. A year ago it stood alone among all the papers, literary and daily, as the advocate of moderate criticism. It is still so to-day. In fact, advertisements of theatrical performances seem to be the fashion. Miss Mary Anderson has been very roughly handled this week by both the *Globe-Democrat* and *Post-Dispatch*. Even the *Washington* failed to be as enthusiastic over her as usual. When she was here a year ago, the *Spectator* called down unnumbered maledictions, because it came out squarely with the statement that Miss Anderson was not yet a great actress. The *Globe-Democrat*, in speaking of her in its issue of November 23, 1899, used these condescending words:

Miss Mary Anderson, perhaps the best singer on English

to a full house. The actress was enthusiastically received, and found as beautiful, as graceful, and as attractive as ever. Time has smoothed a great deal of the former rugged points of her acting, and in addition, she has accomplished last night considerable improvement was noted. *Evelyn* is one of the finest roles in her repertoire, and there are many who think it her greatest part. She played the elusive and beautiful heroine to perfection, giving to every shade of emotion the appropriate expression, and thus making an artistic and charmingly rugged effort of her entire performance.

In its issue of last Tuesday, it spoke of the young lady in this wise:

Not only does she express the already noted fact that the most exalting years of her life have gone unimproved, and that badly she has been disappointed, but she also tells us that she has never first seen a girl in a sort of juvenile prowl, and achieved sudden popularity by a display of the graces for which she is famous, and, tall, though slender, she is not ungainly figure.

Really, this is quite a breezy and refreshing change. The lady will not be deemed to know what is the matter. The same gentleman is at the head of the parade, and she is not to be taken in by his words. It is a little strange that he should know his younger men to write about her one day at one time, and another man at some other time. Is it possible that Mr. McCullagh has taken a hint from the *Spectator*? When this paper dares to raise his voice but one year against Mrs. Mary Anderson's *monotonous, mechanical, and unimproving* acting, and then to praise her for her "brilliant actress" and an "innocent young girl." That the *Spectator* was honest in what it said will probably never be admitted, since it is sustained this year by both the *Free-Pressman* and the *Past-Pictorial*. Mrs. Anne Anderson is a very different person from the actress who comes before the public as "Bertha" at the

article. The drift of public opinion makes not one whit of difference. She is the fashion now, it is true, but not so much the fashion as she was a year ago, but more the fashion than she will be a year hence. She opened to a very small house Monday evening, and there has not been the need of the "standing room only" card that was there last year.

A performance of "The Masquerade" is to be given at the Grand Opera House to-morrow (Sunday) evening, under the auspices of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, a most excellent charitable and social organization. The directors are the Messrs. Epstein, and they have been at great pains to insure a smooth and delightful performance. The chorus has been drilled for months, and the principals are understood to be well up in their parts. Many of the young ladies who take part are quite pretty, and the costumes are new and brilliant. It will no doubt be an excellent entertainment, and the house is certain to be full.

Mr. Strauss, the rising young Franklin Avenue photographer, has taken some very striking pictures of the principals of the Epstein Massette Company, in costume; *Jetties* looks exceedingly pretty. They all may be seen in the window of Peters' music store, on Fifth Street.

"Charles is a saint," who was so warmly attached in the *Spectator* of last week, comes back to-day with a very vigorous and readable response; and a saintly friend comes to his aid in regular warfare. The saint is not yet exhausted. However, I regret to say that he is not equal to the relative merits of the warring parties. At a time when so many people have the matrimonial fever; it may interfere with engagements. Who knows how many affianced young ladies may have been persuaded, by the onslaught of last week, that a man is about the meanest thing on earth, and is unworthy to be trusted; or how many young gentlemen may have been convinced, by the onslaught of yesterday, that a woman is about the most gorgeous prey in the world to put themselves into the clutches of a woman? Any interference that parties to this discussion are deemed of hideous in mind or body is a mistake. I know the ladies to be both intelligent and handsome, and the gentlemen to be both agreeable and handsome. I am sure that the *Spectator* is going to inspire neither to a superiority.

Mr. George H. Wright, the Corresponding Secretary of the late River Convention, has gone to New York to look after some interests pertaining to his father's estate. He is a young man of high attainments, and to the task of arranging the important proceedings of the late Convention for publication in book form, it is altogether possible that he will be permanently retained by the committee appointed from the late Convention. Mr. Wright has demonstrated some excellent qualities for the premier work of popularizing and urging before Congress the needs of the Mississippi valley. He is a young man of high attainments, and to the task of arranging the important proceedings of the late Convention for publication in book form, it is altogether possible that he will be permanently retained by the committee appointed from the late Convention. Mr. Wright has demonstrated some excellent qualities for the premier work of popularizing and urging before Congress the needs of the Mississippi valley. He is a young man of high attainments, and to the task of arranging the important proceedings of the late Convention for publication in book form, it is altogether possible that he will be permanently retained by the committee appointed from the late Convention.

The wife of Mr. F. C. Farr, Governor Crittenden's Private Secretary, has been in the city this week, and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. McEndre, on St. Ange Avenue. She is possessed of a very fine voice, and at one time, I believe, she thought of studying for the opera.

Mr. J. W. Baer, whose works, "Heroes of the Plains" and "Border Outlaws," have had and are having the largest sale ever known in book publishing in the West, leaves to-morrow (Sunday) for the East, to begin the preparation of a new book. The work he now has in hand will deal with the various phases of metropolitan life, taking in the mysteries of New York, social corruptions of Washington City, the Chinese customs and life in San Francisco, inside life of Mormonism at Salt Lake, and the mysteries of condomium and life in New Orleans. Mr. Baer will leave New York for San Francisco about December 1st, going by water, and will visit all the places about which he proposes to write. The book will be a large and superbly illustrated volume, and will be brought out about the 1st of March next by that enterprising and popular publisher, W. S. Bryan, who handles so successfully Mr. Baer's present works.

The application of the electric light to photography is about to have a new illustration in St. Louis. Mr. John A. Scholten, the famous photographic artist, has been so pressed with orders this season that the limited and irregular supply of Winter would hardly enable him to meet the demands of his customers,—at least that has been his experience in recent Winters. In order to meet the difficulty and insure promptness and dispatch, Mr. Scholten determined to call into regulation the electric light, which has been shown to be even more effective in flashing photographs than the light of the Winter sun. Through the kindness of Wm. Barr & Co. and Engage Jewett & Co., who have each permitted Mr. Scholten to make wire attachments to the machinery which generates the lights in their respective stores, he has been enabled to put his plans into practice, and the result will be that from now and after next week the presence or absence of the sun will be of no consequence in finishing photographs in the studio of Mr. Scholten.

Mr. J. H. Carter (Commodore Rollington) is going East Sunday evening to make final preparations for the publication of his Almanac for 1882. It will be the largest, best, and by far the most expensive that he has ever issued.

Nobody could believe the opportunities for making money speculatively, which are in the hands of the Chief of Police of this city. If he were disposed to use them, I was talking upon this subject to Chief Kennet, the other day, and he asked me how much I supposed he could make if he were disposed to abuse his position. "Say \$100,000 a year over your salary," I guessed. He laughed. "If I wanted to," he said, "I could increase my bank account at least \$80,000 this year, and no one would be one whit the wiser—it would be absolutely impossible to find it out."

"But how?"

"Well, for instance, take a man like this Muncie Burrows, who was killed the other day. He could easily afford to pay \$100 a week to be let alone—neglected, you understand. Why, I had a man come into my office, only a week ago, and say to me, 'I could stay in town. I told him he could not.' He said in a most agonized tone that it would be easily worth a hundred dollars a week to him to be let stay here, and he knew of twenty other men in the same fix. Two thousand dollars a week, you understand, is \$104,000 a year."

"But there would be some risk?"

"Not a bit of risk. These fellows do not bargain for immunity from arrest; they take their chances on being caught. All they want is to have the Chief tell the detectives that such a man says he is going to square it, and that he wants to give him a chance. If he is up to anything, arrest him at once."

"What did you say to the fellow?"

"I ordered him out of the office, of course, and he left town that night saying he was going where the police were more liberal."

And this is only one of the temptations. There are the gamblers, and the lottery sharps, the fakirs, and the great mass of the industrious criminals, most of whom pay a toll, not for immunity from arrest, but simply from being worried by the police on account of their

former reputation. There would be an immense fortune in this tactful dishonesty, and the Police Board would look for a long time before they could find a man as certain to resist such influences as Chief Kennet.

From the frequent efforts made to found new secret societies, not alone in St. Louis, but everywhere throughout the country, it is quite evident that very few of the existing lodges are at all satisfying to their illuminati. A new initiation is great fun; but how a lot of such can sit around and see new men put through the same old ritual week after week, I can conceive. The latest settlement in this line is a new order, just imported from Philadelphia into this city, called "The Brotherhood of the Republic." The initiation is said to be a most gorgeous affair, and I happen to know that the paraphernalia bought by the one lodge now open in St. Louis, cost \$400. The society is a semi-political one, and only gentlemen with very long purses can afford to belong to it.

Secret societies can hardly thrive, anyhow, in America, unless there is some very good reason for their being. People do not care to get mixed up with orders of which they know nothing. There is an air of underhand about some of the orders which frighten away steady, middle-aged America. In fact, ninety per cent of the secrecy in all the lodges is mere clap-trap, any how. Unless one is going into a serious political conspiracy, there is no sense in being sworn never to tell anybody know that, by throwing three somersaults backward and having a fit of colic, a brother Fulcrum will know that you act by the card. In this month's *Contemporary*, an article on Dr. Karl Marx calls attention to the fact that even the International Society failed to spread among either the English or American proletariats. It is a fact that the Anglo-Saxon would prefer play at being in secret societies than really join them.

The great need of this country is a five-cent cigar that will look and smell like a two-for-a-quarter cigar.

There will soon be some important changes made upon the Washington Avenue Railroad. More bomb-balls are to be put on, and also more of the double-enders. Mr. Maxon told me that after long study of the situation, he had come to the conclusion that there was no economy in a hubbub where people were allowed to stand up, as the percentage of unpaid fares was great enough to destroy the profits; the hubbub is the cheapest one where all the fares are collected. He is going to make a strenuous effort to have all the standing up done in the large cars.

I am told, by the way, that the real reason for Mr. Wells' sale of his interest in the Missouri Railway Company is that he has gone into the elevator railway scheme, and the money which he got for his stock will soon be put again into city passenger-carrying on the new plan.

But why don't somebody who has a lot of money to lose, start a cable car here? A great deal of capital is being put into that enterprise in Chicago. The cars, of course, are not yet running there, but the track is built. It looks just like an ordinary track, with a long car running along the centre for the conductor to spin through. The cable runs in a tunnel under the road-bed, and each car has a clutch which is being run into that enterprise in Chicago. The two-rope never stops, and the cars are controlled simply by opening the clutch so that the cable can slip through, and then applying the brake.

Women sometimes like to have their own way. I was never more amusingly impressed with the truth of this fact than on the occasion of a fashionable wedding last week, where the eight gentlemanly ushers, whose duty it was to keep the aisles clear for the bridal procession, were driven almost to the verge of distraction by the obstinacy of a number of ladies whom the prevailing occasion had called out. With the quick feminine eye for an advantageous position to obtain a

good view of the bridal entry, they ranged themselves along the wall at the back of the church, between which and the last pews the wedding party would have to pass on their way to the altar. No sooner had they pressed themselves comely and exchanged a glance of satisfaction with each other, than as the bride stepped up and politely informed them that they could not stand there, that he would find seats somewhere, or they might stand in the further aisle. But not an inch would they budge. Smilingly thanking him, they assured him they would prefer standing there. "But, ladies," he expostulated, "we must positively keep this aisle clear." Pressing somewhat closer to the wall and pushing back their fiances, they informed him there was plenty of room to pass. At his wit's end, the gentlemen-in-waiting, with a muttered impression that sounded suspiciously like "confound the women," hurried back to his commander, with whom he held a short consultation. Then another envoy was sent forth, but with no better success; still smiling, the amazons held the fort, while the masculine invaders ground their teeth in helpless rage. Nor could they do more than compromise the matter finally, by allowing the female brigade to stand a little further around where the space was somewhat wider and the view equally good.

Our local policeman can testify to the absurd regularity with which a drunken woman will set herself obstinately upon the ground and refuse to sit hand or foot, preferring to be dragged to the calaboose rather than walk away, although knowing perfectly well that the inevitable goal must be reached, if not in one way, then in another. There seems to be a latent sense in the female mind that she is not in any way amenable to the laws, either to those upon the statute book or to those immemorial moral ones which smile at once to veil and to protect the varied elements of society. One determined female even entered a smoking-car the other morning and placidly inhaled the tremendous whiffs which a certain male individual deliberately puffed under her very nose from the strongest kind of a cigar. But she was having her way, and was doubtless happy in the consciousness thereof.

An enthusiastic Kindergarten teacher not long since instructed her little ones to bring her every kind of leather that they could find, whereupon she was the recipient of innumerable genuine *adventures* from chickens, pigeons, etc., each little kid giving to the correct reply to the usual question, "Where did this grow?" Finally one of the juveniles triumphantly presented quite a fine ostrich plume, and to the teacher's smiling query, "And where did this grow, Kitty?" the innocent answer was, "On sister's hat." Another round-faced "chub" exhibited a peacock feather which "grew on the fly-brush."

The aged post-luminate has produced a new poem in his declining years which the critics pronounce equal to the best work of his early prime. It will be gladly welcomed by the host of Tennyson's admirers, whose hearts have been drawn to him through years of constant communion with his verse, and who will be rejoiced to know that their idol has left nothing in his old age unworthy the great name which his genius has immortalized.

The feminine portion of our great city is already denouncing the new club scheme, and if their influence can do ought to check its growth the project will be brought to an untimely end. Women are the arch-enemy of clubs. They seem to behold in these harmless associations a rival more dangerous than the pale cheek of unbecomingness, or the beauty, or the inevitable "man" upon whose husband is continually meeting down town, and upon whose hypothetical head is heaped all the blame of innumerable derelictions in the way of broken domestic appointments and waiting dimers.

It is absolutely impossible for the most able and eloquent of men to convince a woman of the necessity and utility of a club. She is deaf to every argument

obstinately refuses to admit even his premises. If he tells her it is for recreation, she sarcastically informs him that he has as much recreation as she has. If he mildly suggests the importance and necessity of the periodical-tablets and conversational opportunities—the increased mental activity which results from the friction of minds, as it were—she irrelevantly remarks that she was under the impression that she possessed a mind when he married her, but doubtless it was deficient in the first-class quality of throwing off sparks of genius when brought into contact with his. This last is delivered in a tone which indicates that the deficiency has not so much left her mind as it has. As a last resource he probably intimates that it is a cheap place to buy his dinner, which propitiously stimulates she receives in frozen silence, and with an expression of such wordless and withering scorn, that the signpost of the periodicals behind the friendly shelter of his newspaper, and never mentions the club again until he announces the fact of its membership some morning, just as the front door closes on his retracting form and her exasperated countenance.

Gentlemen of fashion desirous of perfecting themselves in the abstruse science of removing a kid glove with ease, elegance, and dexterity, would do well to take a lesson or two from Mr. Charles Thorne, of the Union Square Company, who has brought the process to a point of perfection which renders it a positive pleasure to witness. The whole operation is performed in about four almost imperceptible movements, the conversation being continued all the time, and the performer himself being, to all appearances, unconscious of the action. With the elbow lightly resting upon the table by which he is seated, the right hand drops carefully: movement number one, a gentle pass of the left hand, and the glove is subordinated; number two is a dextrous turn, by which the glove is turned over about half way between the wrist and first joint; number three shows the fingers of the right hand with the left, and by some magical pressure, known only to the gentleman himself, but the knock of which he would probably inspire in an anxious enquirer, the whole affair is so hastened as to prepare it for the fourth and last movement, which is only another light pass by which the glove is gracefully left hanging in the left hand. The whole time of the performance is about ten seconds, and unless the spectator has been closely watching him, he is ignorant of the fact that so skilful a bit of glove manipulation has been going on.

Telling as it may seem, this business of removing a glove is really an important matter. How much mortification of spirit might many a young man be spared were he but master of this convenient and graceful art. Who has witnessed a lady, who has not actually experienced, the awkward spectacle of a young man entering a room, tugging away at an obstinately fitting glove until he is as red in the face as a turkey-cock, and finally, driven to despair by the sight of the fair object of his love, who, while he masticates and except with long heaved sighs like hers, he gives one final jerk and wrench which splits the glove to the very finger ends, and while in term of uselessness then and there fragments, and it is not only the glove which suffers, but the poor young man's self-esteem has received a wrench as well, which not all the soothing fatteries of the fair lady can immediately soothe, and "how long before his perturbed feelings can be soothed. To him the art of taking off a glove is no trifling matter.

"Divorced skirts" is the latest name for the wide trousers which some English ladies are endeavoring to introduce as the new thing in dress reforms. But they will never take. Women may be ever so much desirous of wearing the breeches metaphorically, many of them do that; more than the world suspects—but they are not, as a class, ambitious to don the divided masculine garment themselves. They have too correct an eye for the beautiful for that, and too keen a sense of what is best calculated to conceal their own deficiencies. What! does any theory-gaze

woman, or man either, imagine that all the thin women in the world are going to exhibit their scrawiness to the diswearing eyes of every medical student they meet, or that the hundred and one women of the young men, particularly, whose increasing sublimity is the secret agony of their souls—are going to emphasize their hated rotundity by a garb which offers no friendly concealment in the way of dexterously draped drapery? Not so long as they are women and retain those heaven-born instincts of bodily advantage which they have direct from their mother Eve.

Novelty is the keynote to the American heart, and whoever can best supply our people with fresh and novel ideas is the one who will quickest gain favor in their eyes; are,—and put their money in his or her hands. The young lady who wears an open Coat "Folk's" has realized this fact, and the old trick of putting the real names of all the people she describes in her sketches, must have been a sudden bit of Yankee inspiration calculated to create a sensation and prove most poignant success to the jaded palates of an overfed literary public. It was a bright idea which is working most advantageously for its author, as the half-dozen book sales resulting therefrom are selling the book wonderfully fast.

Queens and princesses may look very well when arrayed in their royal ermine, with jeweled crowns upon their heads; but if newspaper reports are to be credited, they are very decidedly less affairs when travelling about like common mortals. Here, for example, is a description of the dress of Queen Margaret of Naples, as she stepped out of the railway carriage at the depot. Yes, a few days since New Queen Margaret is a young woman, and a pretty one, too, and she knew she'd meet a great many very stylish gentlemen at the depot,—the Emperor, and some two or three thousand young officers of various ranks,—and she naturally wanted to look her best. Being a woman, but, poor thing, being at the same time a queen, she probably doesn't have the ordering of her own dresses, and has to wear just what is given her. Nay, it is even worse than that. "She wore a brown crepe-croché travelling dress, with a lighter colored tablier, and over these an olive-green pelisse trimmed with blue fox fur. Her bonnet covered three quarters of her head, and was made of the same material as her dress. She had a remnant muff, quite de mode of four buttons, and a gold chain around her neck." Picture it! A brown dress, two shades, with olive-green mantle and brown bonnet. Who ever heard of such an execrable combination? But to top off the dowdiness, she must put on a gold chain. Horror of horrors! A gold chain with a travelling costume. No American girl with the slightest pretensions to style would have been guilty of such bad taste. I'd wager as much money as I could get that one of our Boston, or New York, or St. Louis belles stepped out of that carriage behind the Queen of Naples, our republican miss would have thrown the royal lady in the shade by her superior elegance of appearance and tasteful dress; but then, queens can afford to dispense dress, and so I suppose it doesn't matter if she does mix her colors and wear only four given gowns.

SOCIETY.

Priests, notaries public, dress-makers, caterers, silversmiths, and other vendors of wedding accessories ought to label one corner of their bank deposit, "wedding earnings," and I'd wager they will find they have no better source of revenue than the fashionable marriages of this season. Even the society reporters, who pay their entrance fees with imperative alacrity, grow richer in this kind of small change every day, besides living in an ecstasie state from feeding their eyes on wedding preparations and gossamering these things in their hearts, until they have confided the facts to the public through the daily press, only to pass from one state of ecstasy to another, differing in degree, but never in kind. A very bright woman once

asked me what dictionary society reporters used. There was such a merry twinkle in her eyes as you see the cue to her query, and made me reply that it was not the dictionary she wanted, but the wedding register editorial has, I preferred to keep the name a secret, however, it wasn't Smart.

Wedding preparations have distanced all comparative figures of late, and it will be a comment to the nation that the wedding of the daughter of Miss Bates, and Mr. John Frost, last Tuesday afternoon, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, was characterized by such chaste elegance as distinguished it above even the wedding of the daughter of Mr. Bates. As representatives of a portion of St. Louis' best aristocracy of birth, the bride and groom and their attendants certainly sustained well the old adage, that "blood is thicker than water." The bride, Miss Mary Bates, of hearing about both the maidens and the men, and groom, after the altar calls at that wedding, that gave an air of its own to the ceremony, which enhanced its claims as a tabernacle.

The bride cannot be called beautiful, but there is a sweet freshness of complexion, a grace in her dainty figure, and a fine taste always shown in her dress, making a charming ensemble that greater beauties often lack. The groom, much taller, contrasting handsomely with a splendid physique and most manly bearing, looked the proud and happy man he was, as he stood with the hand of his little bride on his arm, before the priest who, by the rites of Mother Church and with the right of matrimony, had bound them to live together, loving and, as you can tell how much earthly keeping has to do with eternal wedlock?

This wedding was conducted in the English style, the immediate relatives, both contracting parties and their friends, rising just before the bride and groom, and being seated nearest the chancel rails by the ushers. Messrs. Arthur Lee, Lou Hirschberg, Winston L. Barnes, Henry Turner, Frank Jernan, and William Wickham. The ushers then returned to meet the bridesmaids, who were Misses Marie Tull and Lois Scott, Daisy Laidlaw, Emily Russell, Lucille Charvin and Fannie Wickham, and if the city had been searched, there would have been brought together six lovelier looking girls.

The bride entered leaning on the arm of her uncle, Mr. Richard Barrett, and was preceded down the aisle by two little blonde girls in lace dresses and flowing ringlets, and at the altar she was joined by the groom and his best man, Mr. Charles Chambers. The priest and his attendants advanced to meet the pair, and the short ceremony of the Catholic marriage service being completed, the bride and groom, the priest, should unite in wedding Maria Barrett, daughter of the late Mayor, Arthur Barrett, and John Melaniphy Frost, son of General Frost. As a picture, the bride and her maids were so fresh and fair, and their dresses so picture-perfectly pretty; and the groom and his attendants so handsome and courtly in their bearing, wearing the Prince Albert style of dress that not one wetted off a single fly. The afternoon scene of a brilliant day came pouring into the little church in long pencils of jewelled light through the stained-glass windows, making pale by comparison the flames of the tall candles on the high altar, which burned with a yellow lustre. The statues of Jesus and Joseph, and the painting of the Virgin above the altar, and the priests and acolytes in their white robes, gave a touch of medieval times to the modern wedding.

The bride's dress was as rich as a prince's wedding wear, and perfect throughout in all its appointments. Of pearl-white satin so thick and lustrous that its costly granitine of darkness gave, whose floral designs were notations on marble, and whose pattern was its most appropriate enrichment. Three ounces of this beautiful lace completely covered the satin petticoat, but the train swept out in rich folds, their lustrous surface reflecting the light from the altar. A pointed bodice was laced down the back, and set off the graceful form to perfection. The square-cut corsage was overlaid with double rows of point d'acier lace whose floral-like designs fell like the shadows of pale lilies and roses on the fair maidenly neck and

thrust, caught together by a diamond-bowed belt of finest silk, given the bride by her lover. The elbow sleeves were formed out of the same material, and over all fell the misty folds of the long tulle veil, giving a bewitchingly ethereal look to the slender, graceful figure of the bride. A spray of orange blossoms beamed the veil close to the shapely head, whose golden-brown tresses lost none of their beauty under its filmy folds. Diamond earrings flashed in her ears, and a great India stone twinkled like a star as a pin in her hair. This robe was a poem, and Enid,

When she felt in longing for a dress,

never dreamed of one lovelier than this.

The costumes of the bridesmaids were of uniform beauty, and nothing could have been in better taste. They were all of cream-white chiffon, cloth and satin, made with round waists and simple corsages, and close-fitting half-length sleeves met by long-extended "Director's" gloves. The draperies of all the dresses were arranged with very beautiful effect, and the high-crowned mosaic-pattern hats of cream-white plush, adorned with masses of flowing feathers, were not only charmingly picturesque, but exceedingly becoming to the fresh faces they surmounted. Of course there were details of lace and ribbons and jewels that made the differing points of prettiness in these costumes, but did not destroy their pleasing uniformity.

In the bouquets carried by each young lady consisted their distinctive badges, three bearing bunches of Ben Sillars roses, three of pink streamers, and three Jacquemont roses tied with cardinal ribbons; and I must say here, that I think these huge, great bouquets are one of the ungainly fashions of this æsthetic period. Better carry one lily like Oscar Wilde, or two hollyhocks even, than the fashionable club of flowers, two of which can show their beauty for being as compressed to suit the forms of fashion. Three or four perfect flowers on their natural stems impart a touch of their own grace to the lady who has the taste to carry them.

But let us return to the wedding, and take a peep at some of the rich dresses of the guests. Although the parlors at Mrs. Swearingen's residence, on Washington Avenue, where a reception was held until six o'clock, was the place where the rich robes of the ladies showed to best advantage. Mrs. Swearingen, the grandmother of the bride, and Mrs. Arthur Barrett, the bride's mother, received their guests with that graceful ease that is their birthright. No toilettes were in vogue taste than their own. Mrs. Swearingen's dress was of a dark shade of bronze-green satin, made with court train, and finished at throat and wrists with elegant point d'Alençon lace, having that tinge of cream that well-deserved point lace should wear. A narrow band of diamonds across the pulch of her hair, and superb diamond ear-rings and pins were her jewels. Mrs. Barrett's symmetrical figure was set off by an elegant robe of black satin marvellous, its court train most gracefully managed by the fair wearer. Fine black Brussels lace elaborately enriched the tail, and entirely formed the elbow sleeves, and the creamy point lace that softened the simple corsage was caught together low on the bodice by a large cluster of red roses, shading from cerise to crimson. A similar cluster of roses was fastened in the low-collared brown hair. It is only two brief seasons since Mrs. Barrett introduced her daughter to society, and now as then, she who looks upon time as mother and daughter could easily fancy them sisters.

The bride's paternal grandmother was present, her beautiful white hair and widow's dress setting off her aristocratic features, and tall, erect figure.

Mrs. Frost, wife of the groom's father, Gen. Frost, wore a charming costume of pale blue brocade, much trimmed with Alençon lace, and adorned by bouquets of cardinal roses. A white robe laid with pink plumes, and very handsome diamonds, enhanced the brilliancy of her fine brunette complexion.

Many beautiful toilettes, as picturesque as the fashion of the times and the taste of the wearer could desire, were worn by the guests. One especially noteworthy for its artistic touch, was the dress of the blonde face is brightened by a wealth of naturally

golden curls, was a combination of white-lace velvet and satin brocade, illuminated with lively touches of jewel-colored passementerie. The simple corsage, outlined by a wide Michol collar, embellished with the jeweled trimming, and overlaid with creamy Spanish point lace, which was held together low on the corsage by a cluster of shaded pink roses. The de Medice sleeves were enriched with falls of the large-point lace, met by long rose-white gloves. A large-lily tail of white-broad velvet, surmounted by a spray of curling pink ostrich plumes, completed the charmingly picturesque costume.

A lady whose bright brown eyes and lithe and graceful figure make the thick silvery waves of her gray hair a constant surprise, enhancing, however, the sparkle of her expressive eyes, and bringing out the beautiful glow of her olive complexion, was a charming picture in her black satin robe, adorned by precious old point lace at throat and wrists, and delicately capped by a French capote of white plush with pink plumes.

A costume of fascinating beauty was a combination of sord and satin of the most delicate bluish-green, a reproduction of that poetic gown of

Spangled silk from foreign looms,
Where, like a shining sea, the lovely lace
Played into green, and thicker down the front
With jewels that the sword with drops of dew.

A foam of lace fell within the Directorate collar that framed the square-cut corsage, and dropped from the Horlene sleeves about the rounded arms, while sparkling gems clung to the racy ears and circled the white throat.

The most elaborate, and without doubt the most costly dress worn by any lady at this wedding, was a princess robe of lavender-tinted velvet, trimmed with fountains of point d'Alençon lace, and deeply bordered the long court train. The open corsage was almost covered by a Valois collar of point lace, and the shaded sleeves, whose openings were filled with tulle, were finished by ruffles of the elegant lace. An elaborate embroidery of pearl beads in various sizes further enriched this dress, and the diamonds that twinkled on the lady's neck and arms, and in her corsage, were made sad an art's ransom.

Hosts of fair women and courtly men, and among the latter many silver-crowned heads of representative St. Louis families, paid their desires to the graceful bride and her grand-looking husband, who sat and laughed, and refreshed themselves with the tempting banquet, said "to enjoy," and went their several ways, many of them to meet again a few hours later at the Lee-Orr wedding, in the Lafayette Park neighborhood.

At seven o'clock the same evening, Miss Kate Orr, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Orr, was married to Mr. Charles Lee, a Colonel, an adopted son of Mr. Dwight Dyer, of this city.

At this wedding the bridesmaids, six in number, were all dressed in different colors—pink, cream, blue, lavender, white, and even green. There were six groomsmen also, but they adhered to the conventional "dress suit." The attendants were Miss Betty Orr, Jessie Loring, Mollie Tansy, Cora Stewart, Helen Dyer, and Miss Clegg; with Messrs. Allen, Williams, Broadhead, Brooks, Dimmons, and Will Orr, as groomsmen. The bride's dress was very handsome, of pearl-white satin, whose drapings were all trimmed with point d'Alençon lace beaded by crystal passementerie. The floral garniture was carrying of point d'Alençon lace, and the train was carried by a long train.

The marriage was performed privately, but the reception hall, followed was very largely attended, especially by the *jeunesse d'élite*; for this being one of the houses where dancing always may be expected, the young people never sent "regrets." They were there in force that bright, moonlight night, and although the hours of the reception were limited, yet the appetites for one of Boers' grand suppers, such as he only can serve on a *cote blanche* order, and for which the guests generally contrive to pick up *cette blanche* appetites.

"The tale of the wedding!" are you whispering to the "society" column? No, indeed. The very next day, at the wedding of the daughter of the house of Mrs. H. G. Brookings on Dayton Street, where Miss

May Reynolds, sister of Mrs. Brookings, married Mr. Robert Montgomery, son of Dr. Montgomery, and another away up on Pine street, at the house of Mrs. Bradford, whose only daughter, Miss Carrie Bradford, a debutante of last Winter, married a Mr. Alfred Ryan—said to be a very handsome man. The bride is wealthy, and her wedding-gown was very rich; but there were only two or three guests invited: no bridesmaids, and, it is whispered, not much merriment.

There was a great display of the social hospitality of Mrs. Cook, and the social gifts of tact and agreeable manners for which Mrs. Cook is noted in her circle. Entrancing music, the lights, the flowers, the gay dresses of beautiful women, and a feast whose artistic arrangement Boers had made in keeping with the beauty of the room where it was served, were the bright concomitants of a clearing entertainment.

OPAL.

A lady's black beaded silk mantle was taken by mistake from the dressing-room, at the Frost-Barrett wedding. The lady who has it still much obliged the owner by returning it to Mrs. Swearingen's house, and receiving her own, left in its place.

LETTER-BOX.

"CHARLES AUGUSTUS" RESPONDS.

Editor of the Spectator

I am overwhelmed with the avalanche of indignant protests against my recent letter in the Spectator, "Justin," "Don Quixote," "Jung," and "Gemin" are terribly in earnest about my sportive diction. I collated the standards as a joke,—not to ridicule women, but to show what foolish things men, from Homer to Oscar Wilde, have said about them. "Justin," especially, displays a rare combination of talent. Such beauty of diction is seldom united with such versatility of billingsgate. From the hour I learn that I am a "sympathetic individual," "a narrow, despicable, selfish, and egotistical," "a foolish young man," "a miserable wretch," "a coward," "am a crusty old bachelor," have been "crazily jilted," and am an infernal reputation on general principles.

Would it not have been more in consonance with the beauteous character of these ladies claim for themselves, to disprove the harsh things that have been said of them, rather than to heap epithets on me? Why do they attack a pseudonym, or slander a man de plume? They "bay the moon," lose temper for a fiction, cast venom at a masque, hurl rivalry at a name.

There, erigued, fair rhetoric hushed on the ground, and shamed till silence her echo alone.

But before proceeding, I'll dispose of "Don Quixote." He says he is married and has a "sweet, young, noble, chaste, and loving wife." Of course he showed her his letter before he went to press. That's what I call "tally." But I forgive you, Don. You have often strained truth worse to keep peace in the family. You are one of the curbed-forces. I cannot be persuaded by such an you. Nangle that you one do will capture me; I am not that kind of a windmill.

Now, my lovely antagonists, I send you one of beauteous persons. The doctrine of compensation demands some recompense for faulty intellect, but

Verus infelix.

You are in thinking that men ever form in hopes of living with some being described in those poetic vagaries you delight in. Man may become an anchorite, and still do deeds or leave a name at which the world grows proud, "but when women forever the world, the sun still of their life work is secretly shadowed forth in the misapprehension." Most men marry through pity, to save some hapless damsel from the fate of an "old maid." Ah! what a dreary fate it is!

An old maid! What a dismal picture! I think I see her now, "sitting in a lonely kitchen on an inverted slop-bucket, parsing her corns with a case knife by the light of a tallow candle."

No wonder anxious mamma wish to dispose of their hopeful offspring, and inveigle some credulous bachelor by their wiles.

If a bachelor is to forfeit his thence, ease, pleasures, associations, and freedom from responsibility, for whom should he do this?

For a poor girl? No. Want is not a laughing room-mate; poverty has cold feet; love does not linger with Laocæus. No; she might do as "a side apostle apostolism," as Col. Sellers says, but not as a permanent investment.

A rich one? Not unless he is willing to forfeit his self-respect by dangling at the apron-strings of a pure-purged aristocrat, or he a pensioner to one who regards his culture, refinement, and genius as no equivalent for her filthy lucre; or be subservient to the whims of one whose happiness hangs in the frail elements of a lace waist!

An ugly one? No. They are debtors to space for occupying it! Disagreeable blunders; they owe an apology to existence, and came into the world to fill a vacancy when vacancy were preferable. They should all be killed young to save the head.

A pretty one? No. The fatal gift of beauty does not cluster with the jewel of constancy. Beauty is easily broken where flattery seeks access to parity. Loveless innocence dies young. How can man fall when beauty abhors with civility of thought and deed! Only by putting it to the test; and the beauties are few who have withstood the trial. Their paths are paved with temptation, and poor human nature is weak. Nay, to pretty one for me.

The wisest and soundest lesson is—
"That age, often, poverty, or imprisonment
Can impose on nature, in a passion
To what we fear" in the *Confession*.

A good girl? No. "Good" girls are lonely. They are not good on principle, but assume a virtue to check their holiness. "Good" is the inevitable attribute when no other merit can be ascribed; it negatives beauty, wit, culture, and coquetry.
No! I must exclude from the list of eligibles all who are poor, rich, pretty, ugly, and good. Still I am not hard to please. I simply want one who is—

Not too young, and not too old;
Not too tender, and not too rough;
But just young, and tender enough.

If any such there be, she will learn something to her advantage by addressing

— CHARLES ARGENTIUS.

WE COME TO THE RESCUE.

Editor of the Spectator:

In your last issue, "Charles Argenti" receives an exhortation from some late and oblique, bene signifying herself "Justin."

It is not just for her to judge the men of the past and present by those individuals by whom she is surrounded. If her kinsmen are beset with a hell of and passion continually raging in their breasts, they should be considered for the safety of society, for as surely as the majority of wretched pite and good, just as are men. And for this infuriated woman to exhort all our sex because the men with whom she has been associated are low and vile, is not just. While giving "Charles Argenti" a lecture for presuming to mention lightly the name of woman, because of the many good wives and mothers whom we see around us, she insults and slanders the sex to which her father and brothers belong (insulted and she has no one). "Glad the beam from thine own eye," sweet "Justin."

As small species of animals the progeny perishes of the parents of the same kind parents, so in mankind, and while "Justin" makes such sweeping charges against men, judging them from those whom she has had the best opportunity of knowing, it would seem as if she should have added a saving clause as follows: "I am willing to father." Let us not be so sure to think that all the fair sex are not angels, and how many a howl of indignation rises to Heaven, and on

every lip is the time-honored saying, "Remember your mother was a woman." But yet these women will abuse men, and accuse them of any and everything mean, selfish, and vile, and never seem to remember their fathers are men.

Then let all men protest, that as none we love and revere the name of mother, but we will not consent to react quiet while foolish women slander the noble sex to which our pure and honorable fathers belong.

BENJAMIN.

A REPLY TO COL. DONAN.

Editor of the Spectator:

What a touching picture of the rage for fashion, of the frivolity of dress, and the emptiness of the minds of our young ladies does the illustration Col. Donan give in his letter in your last week's issue! It is really pitiable, and would have drawn the tears to the eyes of the hardened tyrants of Rome. Why does not this talented age, whose foster father is more cutting than Rome's, and whose satire is as keen as the Latin Juvenal's, scripture for us an ivory model to his own ideal, as did the great Pygmalion, and then invoke the aid of that Italian goddess and give it life, endow it with virtues, graces, and wisdom equal to his own, that the young ladies of to-day might have a model of the highest type of beauty, a standard of learning, a criterion for dress? How the eyes of the world would turn to this modern Porph, who would probably possess a mind equal to a Minerva, the modesty of a Daphne, the patience and fortitude of a Penelope, and the beauty of a Helen. Would not the world feel rewarded for its patience in waiting through the long centuries of the past for the coming of this redeemer of womanhood, this prelate whose mission now seems to be to expose the faults of our present female race, to fling his coarse bombast at her style of dress, to prick at her character with his high-sounding phrases, and to beat his capricious, inflated remarks about her cap, plume, more absurd, more severe, more unjust and egotistical than ever was assumed by the eratic Socrates?

Is it indicative of a great mind, of superior learning, of usefulness or even brilliancy, to be able to fling these venomous shafts at young womanhood, this coarse ridicule, this mockery at truth? Have our young ladies reached that low ebb of minority at life that the illustrious Colman describes? Cannot his sneering accusations be confuted, simply by saying they are the eccentric imaginations of a diseased mind intoxicated with his own imagined greatness? Beneath these "captions of fashionable newnesses"—as the Colman describes them—there are too many bright minds, many intelligent forces! and do we as pure, noble, and thoughtful emanate from these maidens as from the minds of our best masters? Are there not as wars, bold, and sincere hearts beneath the glossy dress of our young ladies as were ever possessed by Hamlet? Ever since Adam was robbed of his spiny rib, as a corner-stone for woman, through every early age, nation, and in every clime there have lived these assumed sophists, who deemed it wisdom to fling their virulent slander at womanhood. But the world moves on, and I predict that the present age—the very girls whom the eloquent Colman would sting with his vandilic ridicule—will produce as loving wives, as true and faithful mothers, and as noble matrons as we find chronicled on the pages of the past.

Bumby years,

MINON.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM "A NATIVE-BORN AMERICAN."

Editor of the Spectator:

I find in a signature to the *Philo-Democrat* of Sunday last, a communication from "Jus. S. G.," containing some strictures on my expressions in the *Spectator* of the 23d ult., to the use of the court-house one night, week before last, by individuals associated to all, albeit, and encourage such is the spirit of the press, and ever by the Mayor of St. Louis in his official capacity. He reminds me that England recognized the Confederacy, and for her sympathetic acts with those in rebellion against us, as was shown by her aid to the Geneva award, to pay to the United States the sum of \$15,000,000, and that England is "the Sybuck of

antons and the New of min." I don't exactly know what this means, but I desire to suggest: First, That England don't recognize the Southern Confederacy, even South, but that at no time within 1861, 1862, 1863, or 1864 was a meeting held in England, or elsewhere in Great Britain, in aid of the Southern Confederacy, which was provided for by a major of a city, or a government official in his official capacity. Third, That if England, for doing less than has been done right here in St. Louis and throughout the United States, was obliged to pay to our people \$15,000,000 for her wrong-doing, what reason could she have for doing so, or what should be the measure of her damages, if she should summon to before an international board of arbitration? Fourth, If England did wrong in the dark days of our war, that any reason, why we would do a greater wrong now, by doing so. Fifth, That England has been a nation and a Nation of men, how it is that she should of all European governments, Switzerland excepted, has been for generations the asylum for political and liberty-seeking refugees from the oppressed nations of the world? In conclusion I will, with the consent of its generous editor, offer "Jus. S. G.," at least half a column of next week's *Spectator*, if he will succinctly, and without the use of adjectives and rhetoric, or calling of names, state just what the Irish republic is. I beg him to do this on behalf, not only of myself, but of scores of others who, like me, have not seen the question fairly put. We want to know what really is, and how they propose to remedy whatever wrong has been done, and from which they now suffer? I do not ask this to prepare a counter-essay. It is in the completest good faith and in the honest spirit of inquiry. Will "Jus. S. G.," lay aside his rhetoric, and in a simple manner try to remove some of the misconceptions, and perhaps prejudices, from our eyes? I should, perhaps, add that the casting of "home rule" is not to be mingled with the statement of wrongs, as that is clearly not germane to the present difficulty, which has solely to do with agrarian troubles.

A NATIVE-BORN AMERICAN.

THE DRAMA.

MARY ANDERSON.

Mary Anderson began her week's engagement last Monday at the Grand Opera House, appearing as *Galathea* in Wagner's *Die Walküre*, *Phrygians*, and *Galathea*.—It was the first time Miss Anderson had assumed this role in St. Louis, and there was considerable curiosity aroused, therefore, to witness the performance. The result was a disappointing one. No one could find the audience becoming enthusiastic, and although the actress was called before the curtain, the applause was neither spontaneous nor hearty. In one thing Miss Anderson was perfect. She lacked the marble statue in perfection, and her occasional stammering, however, had its full effect. It is difficult to criticize Miss Anderson's *Galathea*. In the first place, she seems to have grasped the character from a wrong standpoint, or rather, to have entirely failed to grasp it. *Galathea* is not a woman of faultless beauty, throughout, nurtured by color, light, or shade. The delicate, delicious, naive, innocent attractiveness of the loving statue, in the scene with *Phrygians*, was lost. These lighter passages between the sculptor and the suddenly inspired producer, which were so noted in a style which bespeaks purity of art, lack of delusive perversion, and the finer, subtler feelings of maiden womanhood, which only the finished, cultured artist can emphasize with expressiveness, were lost. In those parts of the dialogue which call for a condition's most finished art, she responded simply in a tone of embarrassment. This was her substitute for all the beauty and grace which she should have shown in the naturally prattle born of pure artlessness. Here was a monstrous intrusion of ostentatious, absolutely

also in the east. The story is that of a man, entirely dead, won to his better self by an innocent, pure-hearted woman. The names recited above are proof that the company is a most excellent one. All the members are artists of recognized merit.

"*Won at Last*" will be produced with more than the usual care as to stage setting, a feature in which Pope's Theatre is preeminent. Mr. Ernest Abbott, the scenic artist, is preparing some exquisite interiors, and which he is putting his best skill. The success of "*Won at Last*" is assured.

One lady in this city attended the performance of "*The Banker's Daughter*," at Pope's last week, five times. Another went both to matinee and evening performances of "*Daniel Rochat*." Both ladies are fine critics, and they enjoyed the dramatic treat afforded by Mr. Palmer's company.

Marie Geisinger, that wonderful German artiste, equally at home in opera bouffe, tragedy, or comedy, will appear at Pope's in January.

Adelina Patti's agent emphatically contradicts the rumors that La Diva will appear in opera in this country during the present season. He adds that she will appear in concert, and nothing but concerts, during her American tour, although it may be said, it is true, that these concerts will have something of an operatic character, as they will embrace some of the principal successes of Patti's, and even entire acts from her operatic repertoire. But that Madame Patti will appear in formal operatic performances is, he states, positively untrue, as the announced concerts will be her only public appearances.

Almafv, the celebrated critic of the London *Pilgrimage*, comments thus upon "*Patience*," taking exception to its classification as a satire: "It invents a set of follies, vanities, and affectations, and then satirizes them. Whatever aestheticism may be, it certainly is not in the least like Mr. Gilbert's representation of it, which has not even the fundamental similarity necessary in the wildest caricature. Satire and personification are different things. Mr. Gilbert is an excellent personifier, but a very poor satirist. If there is any true satire in the piece, it is the semi-political satire which lies in *Patience* ascending a formal definition of love, and then carrying it out to its strictly logical consequences. As far as aestheticism is concerned, all the aesthetics in London might go to the Savoy and come away with their 'withers unwrung.' The more aesthetic they are, the more they will be pleased with the measures of the workmanship, both literary and musical, which characterizes the charming extravaganza; for that, not satire, is the proper term to apply to it."

It is reported that Mr. D'Oyly Carte intends building a theatre in New York after the plan of his Savoy Theatre in London, with a special view to the production of light opera.

Fran Materna, the great German prima donna who will participate in the May Festival in Cincinnati next year, will leave Vienna for America on the 13th of April. She is bound by her contract to appear in sixteen concerts, for which she will receive \$10,000 and expenses paid for herself and two companions. After her American tour she will go to Bayreuth, and return to Vienna about the 1st of September.

Sara Jewett has tears in her voice. It made some people cry to hear her speak the simple name John, in "*The Banker's Daughter*."

Mr. Steele Mackaye, who comes to Pope's next week, is the American apostle of what is known as the Delsartian system of elocution. The few people in St. Louis who knew what it will see in Mr. Mackaye's acting a practical illustration of it. He was the teacher last Summer of at least one lady of this city who is studying the system.

Sara Jewett is unquestionably the most flabbed actress that we have had here this season. She is not only a finished actress, but a cultivated and high-bred lady.

Mr. De Belliville's appearance in "*The Banker's Daughter*," as *Caroline*, was superb. The character fitted her physically like a glove. As *Charles Rochester*, the American "*Daniel Rochat*," the same characteristics did not produce so favorable an effect. He would hardly be regarded as a typical American. Mr. De Belliville is a fine actor, and will probably make his mark.

Miss Sara Jewett's costumes for *Los Healders* were exceedingly rich and handsome.

Mr. Ed. Chapman, who is playing the part of *Fernando Roco*, in the Wilbur Macosette Company, is a brother of Mr. Chapman, the business agent of Mary Anderson.

Mary Anderson was the very picture of the marble *Galatea*. She was beautifully statuesque, and her appearance was admired by everyone. This year Col. Hamilton Griffin, Miss Anderson's stepfather, is her sole manager. Her brother *Joseph* is a member of her company, and plays minor roles.

Edward Lee's *Surprise* Party organization is not proving very successful this season. Miss Topsy Venn, his leading lady, has left the company.

In January Miss Genevieve Ward will appear at the Grand Opera House in her superb impersonation of *Syphax* de Ménéfret, in "*Forge-a-new*." She is now playing in Boston. Mr. Clements still remains her leading support, but Col. Sim, of Brooklyn, is no longer her manager. Mr. Cobbe now fills that responsible position. Miss Ward has a new play, entitled "*Sister's Web*," which may be produced in this city during her coming engagement.

The dramatization of Judge Tourange's "*Fool's Errand*," for the Brodie Mackaye company, has been produced in Philadelphia, and is regarded as a failure. A good critic says it is a failure "for the reason that its dramatic interest is not sufficient to overcome the fatal fault of its ill-chosen motive."

"The Great Magdal," Andrea's latest opera, has just been produced at the Bijou, New York, with Selma Dolak, Blanche Chapaux, and George Denham in the cast. Its success is not very pronounced, and only a short run is predicted for it.

SKEETCHES.

ART.

The second number of *Art and Music* was issued too late for notice last week. The coverings by Paul E. Barney and H. H. Bolman show a decided advance in the direction of the most beautiful and difficult department of art. The drawings by W. R. James are especially noteworthy. No such illustrations by a St. Louis artist have ever before appeared in a home publication. The initial letter represents one of the grotesque bronze figures which may be seen upon the buildings of Florence; not a gargoye, as one writer stated, but erected to hold torches. The original from which the drawing was made has a socket rising from the head, in which the torch was placed, but in adapting it to the purposes of illustration this was left off. The *Ponte Vecchio* is an exquisite drawing. This old bridge is the most picturesque structure of like character in Florence. The corridor leading from the east side of the bridge passes over the Arno above the goldenfish shops which have occupied this bridge for three hundred years. I remember distinctly the day when this drawing was made. The heat was intolerable. The mercury was above a hundred, and not a breath of air was stirring night or day. What ever lay beneath may have followed the torments wind-

logs of the Arno up the valley, spent its force in its effort before reaching the city. At night we had a relief. The atmosphere was stifling, and the electric bell at the Hotel Washington, which made as much racket as a Chinese gong, was kept in a constant up and down motion, and the windows with ice, ice, ice, and other cooling drinks in our vain endeavor to keep below a boiling temperature. That morning James detected his intention to stretch the old bridge in the direction of the Arno, and he was prepared to spend the forenoon in the Uffizi. We were late. Florence that night, so every moment was precious. At half-past twelve we were to meet in the Loggia below, and go for our regular morning sketch in a corner across the Piazza Signoria. The night was fine, I went gasping down the marble stairway of the famous gallery, in a paralytic condition, as the work of art in the top story of the building, where there are plenty of sketches, but no ventilation. I found James had completed his sketch of the bridge, and had filled in the time by drawing the *Perseus*, also one of the illustrations of the same artist as the *Ponte Vecchio*. After examining the Italian sketches by the stairway I went to the Loggia. There we would drop the slippery macaroni from our forks, we adjured to the Loggia del Gallo, to smoke our Cavers, a villainous kind of cheese, but we could not let go of our cigarettes. The Italian government has a monopoly on tobacco, and the duty is so high that everyone, from prince to peasant, smokes these abominable makefishes. We had smoked every moment and seen much, but still we were unable to occupy weeks. There is a limit to human endurance. We sat in the splinted, turned chairs provided by the omnibus companies, and the magnificent Loggia is used as headquarters by them, and at a little table placed by the entrance main, sits the superintendent receiving reports of the conductors as they came from their different routes. All the benches and projecting base stones of the associations statue which ornament that majestic portico were covered with white vapors, who sleep about the living day, except when they occasionally snuggled, begging loans, or are stirred up by the handsome peddlers in their swallow-tailed coats, cocked hats, and short swords. Then they would run up, yawn, stretch themselves, and lie down for another nap. The heat and the constant exertion of sight-seeing had well-nigh exhausted us. We had seen so many miles of pictures, such endless rows of statuary, entire collections, examined Louvre, and taken in as much as we could in the past two months, that we were then, happily, easily. I mustered enough energy to say to James, "Let's go to the hotel. I wouldn't see the statue, now to meet Michael Angelo, if it were there." James brightened up a little and replied, "Not for an introduction to Raphael or Leonardo da Vinci. I'd go." So we deliberately turned our backs on the madhouse treasures of Florence, went down to the Hotel Washington, and started on the electric bell again. Before this, however, James had made sketches of San Croce, the famous Bar of the Uffizi, and many other things of surpassing interest. These are reproduced in the journal referred to, along with the *Perseus*, by Benvenuto, and a truthful sketch of the mob of waters who stood with outstretched and itching palms whenever we took our departure from a hotel. These drawings are so beautifully done, making, in fact, it almost as good as the art of illustration in St. Louis, the conclusion is almost irresistible that in the comments upon the drawings in this number of the journal, the writer alluded to every scratch of the pen, every initial letter and tail piece of other articles, and finally avoided any mention of the best things in the book. It is surprising that the publisher should have permitted a slight so palpable. There is a reproduction of a drawing by Charles Hollaway, a Revolutionary war hero, who was shot at the Fair. He has been successful in giving the spirit of the work. There are also two others by him: one of a painting by Biddle, and the other taken from a sketch by the St. Louis Club, made in the city. The magazine also contains illustrations of paintings by Mevler, Marple, and Augusta S. Bryant.

gether with an initial by Matt. Hastings. The art aspect of the work are highly creditable, and give solid evidence of the growth of our artists in this medium. Our publishers are no longer obliged to send to the East for illustrations of their books, and we have artists among us who can furnish the things and drawings for such a journal, surely the only interested in art ought to sustain the enterprise with their subscriptions.

In the notes of *Art and Music*, the writer, speaking of an etching of De Neuville's famous picture of Borke's Drift, says, among other things: "In this pit the English troops, caught in a corner and smothered in by overwhelming numbers, performed wonders of valor. So proud was the British government of the action that they commissioned De Neuville, the famous French military painter, to go out to a scene of the fight and paint a memorial picture, to be placed in the National Collection. I do not remember the precise figure paid to the artist, but was something enormous—I think ten thousand francs. De Neuville was accompanied to Borke's Drift by officers and men who had been present and were participants in the battle, they being detailed for the purpose of giving the artist information as to details. The result, as shown in the etching, is a most spirited work—indeed, there is a suggestion of so much spiritiveness to it with the ordinary idea of British soldiers in action," etc. The facts in the case are as follows: The British government did not commission De Neuville to paint the fight at Borke's Drift. De Neuville did not go to Africa to paint a scene for the National Collection, and consequently was not accompanied by officers and men who had been present and active participants in the battle. While in London last Summer I saw the picture at the gallery of the Fine Art Society, 145, 60 Bond Street. I have before me a pamphlet issued by the Society, and extract therefrom a few sentences relating to the production of the picture. De Neuville was commissioned by the Fine Art Society to paint the Defence of Borke's Drift.

As the scene of action as represented in the picture is often misread, there was no necessity for a journey to Zululand to study the topography of the battleground, but "as to localities, he has had the benefit of all forms of topographical record: Official plans, Maj. Chord's sketches, the plans, drawings, and notes made on the spot by Col. Degraher the day after the action." He had sittings of all the principal actors in the scene. At the close of the description the Society makes use of the following language: "Accustomed to paint war as he has seen and known it, when he can make his studies and observations on the spot, it has been a hard task for Mr. De Neuville to build up from plans and sketches, the reports of officers, and the descriptions of actors in the scene, the picture of this remarkable Defence, which is now submitted with no less assurance of its substantial trustworthiness than of its artistic power." The task imposed upon De Neuville was successfully performed, difficult though it was. He has represented British, not French soldiers,—not only in uniform, but in physiognomy and bearing,—and there is no more "spiritiveness" manifested than one would naturally expect from a little company of men who were surrounded by at least four thousand blood-thirsty savages. Not only did their own lives depend upon the issue, but those of more than a hundred women and children, who were under a slender guard only seven or eight miles away, at Helmsburg. These, too, would have been sacrificed had the Defence of Borke's Drift not been successful. It is a noble work, and ought to have a place in the National Gallery; but it will never be placed there, as it would be too severe a commentary on the capabilities of living English artists, and it would be practically an acknowledgment of the truth that no British artist were capable of commemorating that heroic struggle in a worthy manner.

W. R. H.

Recently search was made in the public and private libraries for a set of Edward Everett's works and they could not be found in St. Louis. Has anybody a set?

AFTER DINNER

SOME NOVELTY.

"Five a nation."
And Neptune,
"To have a calm ocean."
And with a calm motive.
He stilled the tempest,
And made a calm ocean.
"I've a notion,"
And the whale,
"To have a conscience,"
And then with his tail
He broke the calm ocean
(Twas not a calm motive),
And made a tempest,
All through the calm ocean.

—Lost Post.

PUCK'S PATIENCE POETRY.

A C. C. N. Y. young man,
A rhetoric prize young man,
A wit in a class of nine,
T. H. C. Ashton,
Rise at the bar young man.
A bet on the desk young man,
A tip your chair back young man
A rather frivolous,
Austin Dolanman,
Rhymer on the spot young man.
A two-for-a-one young man,
A college shop young man,
Very eccentric,
A very first-night young man,
A lion's whelp—the one young man
A snowy dilettante,
Trinity dilettante,
Cocktail-st. more young man.
A polo field young man,
A motive and young man,
An Anglo-feminist,
Ultra oriental,
He's parts of gin young man.

—After DEAN.

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ST. LOUIS, NOVEMBER 12, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

Mapleson will come to Pope's this year. The agreement was concluded this week. It is a very black eye for Mr. Spaulding, of the Olympic. Mapleson comes in February.

"Won at Last" is to remain at Pope's another week, and the proceeds are to go to St. Luke's Hospital. The charity is a most worthy one, and one that the St. Louis public has long been fond of contributing to. Next week there will not only be an opportunity of helping St. Luke's Hospital, but many people will be enabled to see a most interesting play, who have been unable to get seats this week. "Won at Last" grows on the audience, and finally proves to be most absorbing. Some of the situations in it are exceedingly strong and leave a lasting impression. Hundreds of people who have seen the play this week will go back to see it again next week, and will enjoy it more the second time than the first. A fair and candid criticism of the company is given in the regular dramatic department of the *Spectator*. Mr. Mackaye is not a popular actor, but he is a study after all, for the very reason that we all know that he is a dramatic actor of the first order. The audiences that have seen "Won at Last" this week have been not only very large but very brilliant ones. The theatre has been full every evening, and there was even a small audience present at the Wednesday matinee, which is not generally well attended. The week's business has perhaps been the largest ever done at Pope's, and the week has been a gain one for society people. The advance sale of seats for next week is large, and it now looks as though the great rush would be kept up. If so the engagement will rank with the most successful ever played in St. Louis. For the sake of a really great play, set in the finest scenery ever constructed here, and for the sake, above all, of St. Luke's Hospital, may there be no falling off in next week's attendance.

Mr. Mackaye ought to pay a little more attention to the proprieties of dress. In the second act of "Won at Last" he appears in a Prison Albert coat and black and white checked pantaloons. The coat is not one of the fashionable cut, and the pantaloons look like bags. In this act he is supposed to be dressed in the style of a gentleman of leisure and taste. Mr. Mackaye ought to know that pantaloons with large legs are not tolerated by stylish gentlemen at this time. He ought to take a lesson in dress from Charles R. Thorpe.

The young lady who plays the part of the laughing girl in "Won at Last," Miss Mar, I believe, ought to either wear clean hair or longer dresses. To do the former would be altogether more attractive.

Another illustration of the fact that babies are becoming more conspicuous was furnished at the "Won at Last" matinee last Wednesday. It was in the middle of the third act, when Mr. Mackaye was talking about the baby clothes. He had just held up a little garment that would fit a ten-pounder, and had asked who it was for when an enterprising "brat" in the middle of the parquette gave a most worthy squall. The volunteers were too apparent to be withheld in silence, and both actors and audience gave way to convulsions of laughter.

In answer to an inquiry last week, I said "Won at Last" had never, before the present engagement, been given in St. Louis. It was an error, and one made under the authority of one of our theatrical managers. The play was given here two or three years ago by the Blanche Media Combination, with Conkling in the cast.

The parents of the average modern young girl who allows her heart to stray through paths of love, and finally to choose a fower of manhood for her mate, regardless of his interest in the financial legislation that is always going on in the country, or of his credit at the bank or among his fellow-citizens, are still the same inexorable and exacting guardians that the play-wards of old were tragedies and comedies stromed, and even to-day as anxious in the matter of preventing matrimony as other people are in promoting it. I have indulged in this reflection because it is timely. I have a story to tell that fits on the cogitative indigence like a ready-made suit fits a seven-year-old boy when he first gets it on. There is nothing harmful in the story, and there is no intention in writing it to do other than make manifest to the community at large one of the many queer romantic, and to some extent very funny occurrences that people are disposed to talk about forever, but never care to see in print. A broad hint was given concerning the affair in last week's *Spectator*, and as many persons have made known their desire to hear the story in full, in order that all may understand that there was nothing more in it than a parental freak, such as occasionally ruffles the surface of the smoothest-running currents of love, I here give what I have been able to learn about it: Miss Carrie Bradford was a belle of St. Louis society. She made her debut last Winter, just returning from boarding-school. She was young, pretty, and the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bradford, whose magnificent stone-front mansion, with its spacious lawns, massive stone steps, and stone wall, adorns the northwest corner of Twenty-fifth and Pine Streets. She is a brunette, with glossy jet hair that curls, and when parted on the side makes her look not very unlike Lord Byron. I believe she has been photographed in this Byronic way. Miss Bradford became acquainted with Mr. Alfred Ryan, son of Thomas Ryan, of 2710 Locust Street, fell in love with him, and accepted him as her intended husband. Mr. Ryan is a popular young man in the city. He has a host of friends, all of whom speak well of him; and beyond the fact that he was not a millionaire, and had no alarmingly regular occupation, there was no objection that the Bradfords could urge against him. He is gifted musically, and besides being able to help out in a quartet, or a concert when any vocal effort was called for, was also an accomplished and ravishing whistler. The fact is reverted to with pride by Mr. Ryan's friends, that when he sits down to a piano and whistles "The Mocking Bird" to an artistic harpichordist accompaniment, the combination of melody is sweet and soul-crushing enough to lift the listener out of the realm of earth, sorrow and gun-wound gaverments into an elysium where mocking-birds' songs mingle in soft and entrancing union with the rustling of leaves and the ecstatic patter of symphonies upon slithering carpets of flowers. Perhaps Mr. Ryan captured Miss Bradford with his melodious whistling. Who knows? He won her heart, at any rate, and her hand was following the cardinal tribute Act, when her parents objected—said the young man was not the husband of their choice, and their daughter should never wed with him. All right. The lovers of the higher, cruel decree, and they paid little heed to it. Miss Bradford continued to love and to be loved by Mr. Ryan, and both declared their intention of

living and dying only for each other. It was a new version of the old, old story of Pyramus and Thisbe that Troubridge tells so admirably in his jingling verses:

Pyramus' father and Thisbe's mother
Determined the young people's passion to smother;
Resolved to keep them from seeing each other.

The Bradfords said their daughter should wed Mr. Ryan no more. They didn't build a high brick wall as Thisbe's folks did, but they sent their daughter away from home, hoping that a change of scene might effect a change of heart in the young lady, and that by allowing her to brush her gilded wings with the other butterflies who flutter for a brief season around the watering-places, she might forget and forego Mr. Ryan. They chose White Sulphur Springs as the place of her sojourn, and the 21st of June last as the date of her departure. By no strange coincidence, the young couple chose the same date to seal themselves, one to the other forever, in wedlock. In this respect, too, they followed the illustrious example of Pyramus and Thisbe, who, when opposed in their desires by cruel parents, resolved to run off and get married in spite of the old folks. For—

Whoever heard of a marriage deterred,

On love deferred.

By any contrivance so very absurd

As smothering the boy and caging the bird?

Bright and early on the 24th of June Miss Bradford brought her friend, another society belle, Miss Rybil Rice, and proceeded to the residence of Rev. John A. Wilson, of the First United Presbyterian Church, at No. 811 North Twentieth Street. Mr. Ryan reached the same place about the same time, accompanied by a personal friend, Mr. Eli L. Beeding. In less than a jiffy the clergyman had his prayer-book out, and in the presence of Miss Rice and Mr. Beeding as witnesses, Mr. Alf. Ryan and Miss Carrie Bradford were solemnly and legally married. All right again. Not a word was said about the marriage to anybody. That night Miss Bradford left for White Sulphur Springs. She remained at the Virginia resort until October 23d, when she returned home. Mr. Ryan called at the Bradford residence to see his bride, who had been compelled to spend her honeymoon at home, as he was refused admittance. There was no sex plotting; the doors of the house had been ordered irrevocably barred against him. In a last desperate effort he demanded that he be allowed to see his wife. This was an astonisher for the Bradfords. If a hand grenade had been thrown into their midst and exploded at their feet, the affair could not have caused a wilder thrill of surprise than did Mr. Ryan's demand. They consulted together, the doors were opened, and their son-in-law was reluctantly but graciously received. After discussing the situation, it was agreed to have a second ceremony performed, and as a result, on Wednesday evening, November 2d, Mr. Ryan and Mrs. Ryan were re-married by Rev. Geo. A. Lottin, of the Second Baptist Church, at the residence of the bride's parents, in the presence of several of their friends. The newspapers had an account of the wedding next day, and the young couple immediately made their home, where it is still, in the Bradford mansion, at 530 Pine Street. They have received the hearty congratulations of all their friends, and if they meet with only one-half the good fortune that has been wished them through life, they will never lack happiness, and their lot will always be amid the sunshine and the flowers of this world. That is as sure as the stars are true. It is the ever-changing, but never-ending tale of a story and honest love outwitting the waverers that have dreamed, but not quenched its flame.

The performance of "The Mascotte," by the Epstein amateur company at the Grand Opera House last Sunday evening, was a highly successful affair. Miss Keller especially distinguished herself, and at the close of the performance Miss Stuehlinger were rewarded by handsome diamond crosses, the gifts of their ever generous and appreciating gentleman, Mr. M. A. Rosenblatt. The Epstein Brothers have reason to congratulate themselves on their very successful efforts at the production of this pretty opera by purely amateur home talent.

The election of Mr. Judson to the Presidency of the School Board was held a proper recognition of his valuable services and a rebuke to the political log-rolling scheme of Judge Dalry. Mr. Judson is an intelligent and industrious gentleman, against whom there has never been a suspicion of wrong doing in his official capacity, and he has taken an unusual interest in our public schools. He represents the sound and healthful element in the Board, and the very fact that he was elected by so large a majority proves that the *Spectator* has been right in maintaining that the School Board is not so bad a body after all as the newspapers would make it out to be.

Mr. Charles Green is getting himself to a great deal of trouble and expense to be re-elected President of the St. Louis Fair Association. He wants to be "vindicated." It is also a notion that he would like to draw \$1,000 a year salary for doing a great deal less than Mr. Green of Italy does for the same amount. Mr. Green will never be "vindicated" by being re-elected. That would be the worst fate that could befall both him and the Fair Association. It is just such a calamity that will do good people of this city wish to see avoided. If Mr. Green should, by some freak of providence, be allowed to continue in the office of his now holds, he would eventually ruin the Fair, and in so doing he might do himself a further injury. Hence, I say that the way for Mr. Green to be "vindicated" is not to be re-elected. For the first time in the history of our Fair do we behold a man desperately struggling to hold the Presidency. Therefore that officer has been bestowed as an honor and a free office and practically unnecessary gift. But now we have a man working for it after the style of a small politician seeking for a kingship. It is really humiliating, but it would be more humiliating still if Mr. Green should be successful. We is no way fit for the office. He has done the Fair a positive injury by alienating from it many of its warmest friends, and many more will fall away if he continues to hold the office he again aspires to. A man who takes as many people in as Mr. Green can, is not fit to be President of the Fair Association, or any other public institution. The St. Louis Fair should at least have a President who is possessed with the ordinary sense of a gentleman. Mr. Green is a civilized ruler of the most malignant type. The fact that he got as drunk as a paid-off deck-hand, during the last month, and tried to run his buggy over a well-known gentleman of this city, is pretty good evidence of his inherent disposition. That such a man should ask to be made President of the Fair Association is a piece of the most unblushing effrontery. This paper is not for Mr. Green.

It is to be hoped that the fight between Gov. Charles P. Johnson and the Police Board will result in a thorough ventilation of the much talked of gambling secrets. For years and years we have heard of the vast sums that the gamblers have paid to be let alone. Now, we would like to know how much money they have actually paid and who has got it. Let us have the cover taken off and the inside revealed. I do not for a moment believe that any legislating in any bribery scheme the members of the present Police Board will be discovered. Those gentlemen are all above even a suspicion of this kind. But let us ascertain where the trouble is. It is undoubtedly somewhere. The Johnsons and we are designed to suppress gambling. Its provisions are plain and simple. But gambling has not been suppressed. Somebody is to blame. Who is it? That is just what everybody

hopes to learn from the present imbrigo. On the one hand, the present Board can have no interest to subvert but those of law and order; and their past record warrants the assertion that they can run the Police Board business as well as any. On the other hand, the disreputable feature of Chief Bennett's part in the affair is the very bad character of some of the evidence he is seeking to bring to bear. An affidavit by either Jack or Roland against Gov. Johnson could hardly give the slightest of that gentleman, as the two are very much "under par," and the attempt to bring a most disreputable woman into the case is a very small piece of business.

The new paper, *The News*, presents a good appearance and seems to be meeting with great favor. Those numbers that have so far appeared have been highly creditable to St. Louis journalism. The look and features of the paper are especially to be praised. The news is well gathered and well arranged. The *Spectator* offers its congratulations.

Another new paper is a monthly called *The Legion*, published in the interest of the St. Louis Legion of Honor. It is beautifully printed, having been turned out from the press of G. I. James & Co., and is well edited. It has a lot of advertisements, and looks as though it were in good hands. The proprietors are Messrs. Jennings and Manson. The former has editorial charge, but he is well known as one of the brilliant young men of the *Post-Dispatch*.

I had the pleasure of making a visit, last Saturday, to the fishing and hunting camp of ex-Chief of Police McDonough, on Black River, Arkansas. It is near the Iron Mountain Railroad, and in the heart of a wide wilderness—as wild almost as when Ponce de Leon made his famous expedition through the Southwest. The "Chief" is accompanied by "Daddy" Long, of the Four Corners, Mr. Fred A. Clark, Hicks, a well-known Arkansas trapper and hunter, a colored man, and a large lot of black and white boys. The latter being in the capacity of the "Chief's" bodyguard. The camp is in a dense forest, immediately on the banks of the Black River, and consists of a number of tents, a log fire, and sundry barrels and boxes. It is highly primitive in character, and when a man goes there from the city he feels like he had fallen in with a modern David Boone. Black River is a beautiful stream, swift, clear, with picturesque banks. It is the finest fishing ground in the vicinity of St. Louis, and as the water comes directly from the Ozark Mountains, the fish caught there are of the best quality. The "Chief" has a large lot of black and white boys, and had secured one splendid deer, a fat turkey, and any number of squirrels. "Daddy" Long is the prince of fishermen. He is the luckiest man on the bank of the river. When he throws in his minnow there seems to be a competition immediately between the fish as to which will take it first. He drew out thirty-eight fish fellows in a single afternoon one spot. The fishing is all done in boats, and the "Chief" looked quite picturesque as he was rowed about by "Tip." We were dressed in blue flannel pantaloons, red shirts, and a cloth cap bedecked with a squirrel's tail. All this, hung on to three hundred pounds of human flesh, the amount the "Chief" carries, would be attractive anywhere. I am sorry to relate, however, that the "Chief" came very near having to be sent home on ice. One day, while fishing about a mile from camp, he was attempting to get out of one boat into another, near the middle of the stream, when he fell into the water head foremost, with a frightful splash. Mr. Mack, who was near him, was terrified at seeing him go clear out of sight, and was so relaxed the next moment that he caught an old gentleman about up in a rubber ball, and scurried unaided to the shore. But the water was steep, and it was with some difficulty that a landing was made. A very plucky rescue for a man sixty-four years old, and so well known as the "Chief" was. The only actual damage done was the severe fright given Mr. Mack and the others who saw it, and the wetting of the "Chief's" clothes.

Miss Sara Jewett did not escape from St. Louis without a number of unpleasant adventures and accidents. In a card to the *Republican* she poured out her grief at having been "interviewed" by a reporter of the *Post-Dispatch* without having been seen by the "interviewer." This self-same interview was published last Saturday, and was pronounced an exceedingly fine bit of reading. Miss Jewett ought to have been glad to be so brilliantly set forth to the intelligent public. It appears that the *Post-Dispatch* reporter's business was to see the fair actress, and that being unable to do so after a number of ineffectual efforts, concluded to take his revenge by "making up" the interview, and then to send it out under the name of the reporter. He was always "out," for in a minute not all to the taste of Miss Jewett. As she said, she ought to do her own talking. As a matter of fact, the *Spectator*, Miss Jewett is not only well read and accomplished, but she is aesthetic, and treats a wall that she procures in a good deal higher than that anybody else can get up to. The *Globe-Democrat* wanted to "interview" her, and sent a young man to the Southern restaurant for that purpose, but she was always "out," or something of that sort. On Saturday afternoon, before she left the city, the reporter accidentally learned she was the parlor, and rushed up to see her. Being "concerned," she declined to drop the remark that to be "interviewed" was a great deal more pleasant than being cheap variety actresses and such, and as for her part, she had naught to say. The reporter was left only to his imagination, which he drew on to the extent of half a column, and he said that Sara's affairs were as bad as the *Post-Dispatch* had said. The city editor indignantly rejected it, because the *Post-Dispatch* had that afternoon published a much longer and better interview with the lady. Really, this was very funny, and when the aesthetic and tearful Sara reads the account of it, she ought to relax her dignity enough to laugh quite heartily. When she comes back to St. Louis she must be a little tamer, and not fight so much with the newspaper editors. Sara bites only at a taste of the rarest quality.

The other day I received a small-sized box, with the name "Rochelle" written diagonally across it. Inside I found twenty-six big cigars, and this card:

Compliments
of
Frey Brothers,
Manufacturers, N. Y.

There were several recognizable signs of Rochelle, a lady of this city who has aspirations for the historic profession, on the inside and the outside of the box. I was very much pleased to receive the box from Frey Brothers. However that may be, the Town Talker extends his sincere thanks for the cigars, although he does not smoke, and will have to look to his friends for an appreciative opinion as to their quality.

In commenting on the new fields of labor opening up to women, the editor of *Paul's Star* mentions burglary as one of the occupations in which she might succeed admirably, and thus vindicate her ability to be more of a housewife and an ornament to society. Mr. Peck says if a man were to wake up in the night and find a female burglar going through his house he would not feel like accusing her without an introduction. "If he spoke to her familiarly she would be justified in being indignant," and saying, "Mr. I do not remember that we have ever met before," and very likely she would turn her back upon him, and say she was insulted. It places a man of gallantry in a very embarrassing situation, and a female burglar would be justified because she would be no gentleman if he did not offer to see her safe home. No true gentleman would like to see a female burglar go home alone at three or four o'clock in the morning; and while he might feel the loss of his property, he would be contrived to be glad to see her safe home, and help carry the sack. Take it all around, if the women become burglars there is going to be more or less annoyance."

The last number of the *London Truth* gives a most interesting account of the engagement and marriage of Dr. Daniel Wilson to Miss Alice Grey, daughter of the President of the French Republic. It appears that they had formed an attachment for each other several years ago, but Wilson was diffident, and was afraid to ask the hand of the distinguished young lady. She, with a true womanly reserve, did not desire intimate to the state of her feelings, and it was only by a letter conveyed to him by a friend that he was emboldened to make the proposal. The formal demand was made when M. Grey was walking on the lawn with M. Jules Ferry. Wilson was referred to the ladies. "I have," he replied, "disclosed my views to them, and they are desirous to accept me if you consent." Grey took up and said, "With all my heart, Daniel. In giving Alice to you I do not lose a child, I gain a son." On the morning of the wedding, when in her bridal paraphernalia she came down, he took her by the shoulders and kissed her round and round, and vowed that he was as happy as a man in all France. No doubt he thought of the most incomparable of Eve's daughters. In an respect she was—her simplicity. The greatness of her position and the happiness that had opened upon her had not intoxicated her well-organized little soul. She and Wilson sat together at the dinner which preceded the wedding. The bride, who was a little fearful, looked very well in the white satin and old English lace which partially veiled her head, and seemed down the high lights of the white satin robe. The fortunes of the bride and bridegroom are to be their common property. Madame Wilson will have a town house in London and arrange among other things to reside in the Yambourg St. Germain. It is an old-fashioned residence, standing between a leafy garden and an imposing court. She and her husband are also to have a set of rooms at the Elysée. The bridegroom which is being prepared for her will be placed by M. Wilson in telephonic communication with the Opera House and the Opera Comique. With her foot on the fender she will thus be able to listen to the singing in both theatres.

The following novel communication was lately received in London by a lady not altogether unknown in St. Louis:

London, October 12, 1881.
Madam: I have to let you will kindly consider whether you can make an attractive subscription to "The President Clerk's Society."

After talking the matter seriously over with a few fellow-clerks, we came to the conclusion that you ought to do so, on the ground that it is rather hard that you are so unable to walk a quarter of a mile in any direction in the city without being met by the photographic representations of your beautiful face. Consider, madam, juvenile feelings, and other by-gones in this matter your serene assistance to "The President Clerk's Society."

Yours sincerely,
Miss Margaret Beaumont,
Bury, Finsbury, Essex Street, London.

For the information of "A Junior Clerk," or anybody else who may be interested in Miss Beaumont, I take pleasure in stating that the lady is hardly in a condition to make subscriptions to "The President Clerk's Society," or any other organization, charitable or otherwise, in its nature. Her dear face is a small bit of humanity on this side of the water, in the shape of a girl who was left in the care of a kind-hearted gentleman who used a year ago lived in Italy. Beaumont is a weak-headed, weak-minded, scrawny little woman who happens to have a face that makes a suspiciously attractive photograph, and by that means she has gained a world-wide reputation. She is a fourth-rate landscape actress, has an attendant who goes under the name of husband, and lives on the side of her relatives.

Patti has arrived, and has already begun her concert tour. Her reception in New York was not of the enthusiastic and encouraging nature. In fact, America got a heavy dose of the foreign hippopotamus business just prior to Zerkow's, whose leading lady has been up before numerous juries for return to Europe in writing a book to show the world that Patti wants \$10 for the best seats at her concerts, and

she will not sing but twice a week. To carry Nihilist, her "lover," is awarded to her as a high privilege. The American people will be slow to warm up "over Patti. She is twenty-four, and is on the decline. She would never have ventured across the ocean if she did not believe she could make a great deal more money here than in Europe? Is it not drawing rather heavily upon us to ask us to go crazy over the fading stars of Europe? They all come this way when their fortunes begin to wane on the other side. Some of them come here in their youth and beauty, and to them we give our most hearty patronage. Americans like Gerster not only because she is a brilliant artist, but because she is giving them the best part of her life. Now Patti comes to us asking an exorbitant price for hearing her sing the songs she sang here twenty years ago, when her reputation was not so great. Her sister Carlotta tried the same scheme two or three years since, and made a miserable fiasco. While Adelina is unquestionably a very great artist, it may be that she has presumed too much, and that she will be received in a fashion somewhat similar to that extended to her sister. We shall know more about this subject by and by.

The *London Truth* says Patti had made, before she left London, a plush dress, the trimming of which consists of embroidered leather, and then remarks that we may, therefore, expect to see a new departure in ladies' dress, and to hear, before long, of its rise in London.

Just my luck! I got it, and the only one in the house. Got what? The hat.



See the last. It is a simple one, but, sister, it, just, quite after, Pope's "Shaving, Thanksgiving night. I could not see anything but the hat, and that was not what I wanted to do. I think there was a woman under it, as I saw it move now and then, everything after the fashion of a sea-particle. It was tall, wide, round, and long. That is, it possessed all these qualities because it was a big hat. I thought of calling it rather to come and take it out, but I was afraid it might make a disturbance. I could not look over it, around it, under it, or through it, and the consequence was I shut my eyes and had the pleasure of knowing how blind people feel at the theatre.

On Thanksgiving evening there is to be given at Mercantile Library Hall a concert for the benefit of the Memorial Home. Prof. John van Dierck, Messrs. Brown and Cline, and Messrs. Cady, Hart, and others, will take part. Tickets, one dollar. The Memorial Home is for indigent old men who have led respectable lives. The directors of the institution are Dr. Elliot, Mr. E. C. Simmons, Henry Hitchcock, and others of equal standing.

I have just seen a rich dress made at Gundersen's for the wife of an ex-governor of Tennessee, who will come to-night at the City and County theatre. It is of white extra-striped muslin and silk white satin. The petticoats and pelouses are both of the broad striped mode, the pelouses finished as a long, draped panier at the right side, but cut back length to the left, from below which issues a wide spreading, fan-shaped skirt of the striped fabric, nearly cover-

ing the left side of the space between the train and the tablier. A loosely folded scarf of the moire sweeps from below the panier on the right across the front and over the opening of the fan-shaped drape, leaving itself at the back under a broad Watteau fold of the moire which falls from the shoulders down to form the drapey above the rounded train. This train is entirely of plain white satin, quite without trimming except the full black-pleated collar of white satin which surmounts its edge above the bodice. The bodice is made V shape, overlaid with a passementerie of crystal-banded goose leaves, and above it rises a wide ditto collar of plain satin covered with Duchesse lace, which also fills the open corset. The waist is fitted up with a cluster of pearl garlands, suiting the costume, to be sure, and very pretty, since Americans will insist upon buttons as a feature of their bodies for full dress, although French modistes use buttons on such robes as concealed fastenings, not decorative objects. The sleeves of this stylish robe are entirely of Duchesse lace—what there is of them—being cut en V from the shoulder to the elbow, and the opening across the bare arm lined with crystal cords, tied with little tassels on the shoulder. A full paner of pearls is to be worn with this dress.

Owing to the increase in numbers, the Chautauque Literary and Scientific Circle has been obliged to secure a large, central place of meeting. For the present the Circle will take the comfort of the parlors of the Congregational Church, on Teut and Locust. The next meeting will be held on Monday evening, November 14th. The subject for discussion will be "Ornamental Architecture."

The Germania Club opens the season, 1881-2, to-night. A prologue will be spoken by Dr. Schmieschke, and an oratorio, by Max Bruch, "The Song of the Bell," a mastery composition, will be performed by a full chorus of fifty-two voices and an orchestra of twenty-four pieces. The solos are in the hands of Miss Emily A. Cune, soprano; Miss Ellen Fischer, alto; Mr. Ernst Weisker, tenor; and Mr. Joseph Salzer, baritone—an excellent selection. The words of the oratorio are those of T. V. Schiller's renowned poem, "Das Lied von der Glocke," and it is commemorative of the anniversary of the great poet's birthday, this work has been selected by the committee. Prof. Carl Richter, the musical director of the Germania, has conducted the rehearsals with great diligence and ability, and the concert promises to be a success in every respect. Since the musical department of the Germania has been organized, its distinguishing features have been careful selections, careful study, and meritorious realizations of the works of the best masters.

The action of the citizens of the Valley of the opening their handsome new building for night singing, cannot be too highly commended, as they thereby afford to the young people of our city a source of cheap and healthful amusement which cannot but prove beneficial to all who participate in it. I fancy it will be even a greater inducement to the young men, as the two sexes can here meet on common ground, and perform their graceful evolutions at it and hand.

The scene on Saturday night, at the opening of theatorium for dancing purposes, was as animated one. The hall was crowded with young gentlemen and ladies. There was much of the "fashionable" and graceful, easy, rhythmic motion, moved as one body. "Two souls with but a single thought," the pensive type, I observed, appearing around by themselves, with arms flying like wind-mills, and mingling the inevitable move more than the warning shade of mamma's finger. An occasional "expert" here and there, gave an exhibition of wonderful evolutions, but as a rule there was a good many of these evolutions stalling on the boards.

Parties suffering from excessive development of the web of wisdom would find a course of experimental exercise on skates at the Manhattan very

The programme of this entertainment is one of those *extra ones* in which every individual taking part seems to have had the "best place." In other words, the selections were so arranged as to set each other off to the best advantage. To displace any one would be to lessen its favorable surroundings; hence I am not wrong in saying that everybody had the "best place." It was executed by Prof. Bowman and his well-known choir (Peabody, Corzens, Cronin, Dierkes), assisted by Mrs. J. R. Scott in two admirable recitations: Mr. Dabney Carr, in an elaborate *deutsches*, and Louise Hammerstein, one of the most talented of our younger pianists.

The readers of the *Spectator* will deeply regret to learn that Mrs. Georgia Lee Cunningham, the popular soprano, is lying dangerously ill at her residence, No. 2122 Chestnut Street. The interest of her watchful and anxious friends is daily, almost hourly, vibrating between hope and fear, her case being pronounced by her physicians as extremely critical. The loss of Mrs. Cunningham from the social and musical circles which she has so much adorned would be to St. Louis a public calamity; and everybody will strongly hope for a speedily favorable termination of her present illness.

The Grain Review is the name of a weekly journal devoted to interests that its name indicates, recently started here by Messrs. McClelland, Winter & McClelland. It is the most attractive in appearance as well as the best in arrangement of all the grain journals yet seen in this country. It certainly ought to be well sustained, and the fact that such a paper is even attempted here proves that our grain trade is gaining great proportions.

A pretty thing in the windows of Newcomb Bros.' decorating establishment on Fifth Street, is a piece of hand painting that is to go in the vestibule of one of the fine residences recently erected on Vandeventer Place. It is about four feet long and eighteen inches wide, the ground of beaten silver and the painting representing a climbing cluster of wild roses. The leaves as well as the roses are represented with wonderful fidelity, and the piece is a triumph in decorative art.

To make assurance doubly sure, Prof. Woodward has been asked to go over Col. Flad's calculations on the gas compromise. A more competent man could not have been selected. Prof. Woodward has an excellent reputation for thoroughness and accuracy in all his work. His figures, too, will be above the suspicion of fraud. The man who could ruthlessly and in cold blood cut down our population to 120,000 below that of Chicago can be trusted to figure correctly on the gas question.

Would you have believed that there are grown-up people who go to parties—not once in awhile, but two or three times a week—who, as soon as the doors of the supper-room are opened, make such a rush for the champagne that they tear down and demolish the floral decorations that they may carry off for their homes the prettiest bouquets, the handsomest sugar statuettes, and the most delicious fruit? These fair barbarians, what else are they?—are sick women who can afford to buy such things, at a cost less than their politeness; but there are many rich women who like to keep their money and eat other people's bouquets.

There are two or three dames of high degree in "society," who are noted for their promptitude in securing all the treasures of the feast, making a regular swoop upon the elegant tables of their hosts; and before the other people are helped, or even see the beauty of the table intact, these elegant chaperones (?) have gathered in their trophies, and about their plates are heaped goodies enough to feast a luncheon party at home next day.

How these matrons in velvets and laces galore manage to carry off their spoils is a matter that only the ladies themselves understand; but then they are

chaperones, and rich, and the young men are willing to be lackeys to such; and some of them have winning ways — yes, very winning, indeed.

Ladies, Thanksgiving day approaches, and games, and gifts, and merry-making. I wonder who of you will get as a gift a pair of these beautiful new garters—no blushes! for we all know that *boni soit qui mal y pense* is twined about the knighted garter—that have just come from France.

These are painted with roses and forget-me-nots with pansies — "that's for thought" — and with buttercups, and violets, and padded under the golden clasps with velvet sacks, as fragrant as the natural flowers these painted blossoms copy.

A penny for your thoughts I'd give, fair dame, when
you have got those garters, and two pennies if you'd
sell

"Who's his name and who's his name?"
But that ye'll ne'er do,

Oh! girls, you needn't pucker up your mouths to whistle, nor furrow your pretty foreheads under your bangs with thought, nor pout with petulance and jealousy, for you will not get a gift of garters from your lovers. These are presents for married women only.

Bargain-hunters who like to be in style should see some of the superb plush and moiré sash ribbons in ombre styles that are displayed on Crawford's ribbon counters, which are sold for \$1.35 and \$1.50 a yard, that command the wide difference in price of \$3.50 and \$4.50 on Fourth Street.

I have found at Crawford's those stylish chamois-skin glove which the ladies, following the mania of the fair Bostonese, indorse as the most stylish shopping glove this season. St. Louis ladies have been sending to New York for these gloves, but their price at Crawford's is just as low, and then one can have the satisfaction of having them fitted to the hand.

The dirtier these gloves get the more intense their style; but then the wearer has the satisfaction of knowing that she can cleanse them with soap and water, just as she washes her hands in her wash-bowl.

SOCIETY.

I hear of a social club about forming that intends to introduce costumes—not uniform—as one of the features of its assemblies. The same costumes are not to be invariably worn at these meetings, but each occasion is to be signalled by a different set of dresses. I am sure that the members of the club will find that each meeting of the club will be easiest referred to as the night of the period of Queen Elizabeth, or the night of the period of Francis I., or Charles V., etc. Of course, for the success of these parties, historical lore, a study of the old painters, skill in the use of the needle, and a knowledge of the uses of those floral details of part and character which will reproduce the semblance of the personages of the periods they represent, will be necessary. But the high bent of the artistic taste of the present time will avail its worshippers little if it aid them not in an acquaintance with the costumes of the past. The success of the evening should be in keeping also with the date of the dresses worn, and this itself may lead to a variety most pleasing, one night supposed after the long monotony of dancing the same dances, and making and receiving your compliments in the same phraseology. It is by the variety of the society and the dances, games (that Mr. Knapp, with his erudition and skill as master of the polite art, can very gracefully bring about), some quaint games, some old-new music, and even some very old, and therefore very charming, Mandolinists and Violins, which a single night would prove sufficient; or a night

At Elizabethan state-festivals, to which the rich brocades and velvets of the present style could easily shew their fashion. How pretty the faces set off by the wide upright collars of silver lace, of the fashions of the ruffs, the ruffs of the neck, the ruffs of the sleeves, the ruffs of the skirt; and the short petticoat and long train which made not the slender legs enmeshed in silk stockings and high-heeled slippers. But, ladies fair, the men who tread the stately minuet should not be excused from the same. They must be as well dressed as the women, in stuffs of plush, of velvet-embossed satin, and flowered antique moiré, that the airiness of the loons have restored to us, seem really to demand construction into the stately toilettes of the epochs of which they were born. As it is their advantage to be so, let us not wonder how some women make such mistakes in their disposition of gaudy fabrics. One meets not a very easy day in a costly manner, who seem to have gone to the haberdashery to get a few gewgaws and trinkets, and have perceived, apparently, that the rich textiles now in vogue require the free treatment that nature falls in ample folds, or spreads itself with severe simplicity, and as drapery is best adjusted to graceful curves, and as the most beautiful and the most valuable of fabrics decline all frumpy trimming.

The beautiful dresses worn by Sara Jewett, during her recent engagement at Pope's, were revelations of the possibilities which lie in the fashionable fashions of the period, and were as *gratifying*, in their way, as the artistic sense as were her *costly* dresses. She wore as *Lois* was a study, harmonizing with the occasion, and like the strains of music from the orchestra, whose silvery threads of sympathy prosaged the outcome of each act, the color and fashion of her raiment was a tone in the grand diapason of the drama of *Lois's* life.

Who but felt the glow of hope, rosy as her glorious youth, flashing from rosy anticipation to the deeper, more ardent glow of love, when she saw the man she trusted, robed in that superb gown of rose-red and crimson velvet-spotted walls, its rich fabric sweeping out in undimmed beauty, no sham nor shimmer of mock jewels flicking its radiance; her bosom pulsating with exultantly purring amid drifts of lace wrought by the fingers of women whose smiles have cast delicate shadows of pleasure beneath of happy brides.

Purity maintained its spotless dignity, and was typified in the rich robe of white satin and brocade worn in the boardroom scene, where *Rachel* comes to tempt his wife to forgetfulness of her religious training. Such a robe for beauty was fatal! The loose tunic and the skirt of the same material, with the long, flowing sleeves and the perfect skirts of the Louis Fourteenth coat, made of rich plush-embossed satin; the open corsage outlined by loose-flying waves of soft creamy tulle, was held together at the bosom by a knot, and long, fluting ends of satin ribbon, the slender, nervous arms gleaming with the graceful, drooping shames from the shoulders, covering the elbows, but falling back with every motion of the slender wrists, and expressive, tender, eloquent hands. Every touch of this toilette added to its grace, and each touch had its meaning—a delicate infection in the rhythm of the white symphony of seductive purity.

Orest.

If report be true, Aefelia Pratt has no particular love for the land of her birth, as she is credited with saying that she would sooner be banished to Siberia than come to America. This fact will not be apt to increase the enthusiasm of her countrymen when she does really appear, and give us the benefit of her ducal

That is a pretty little story told of her by Mr. Mortier, about her dining in Madrid with the King and Queen of Spain. The young queen, it is declared, placed her babe in the arms of the prima donna, saying that when she grew up she might be able to say that she had had the honor of lying in Patti's arms.

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THE DRAMA.

"WON AT LAST."

The mere announcement that Steele Mackaye was to appear at Pope's in his play of "Won at Last," aroused unusual curiosity. This arose in part from the reputation which had preceded Mr. Mackaye as the author or adapter of "Honey Bee," and in part from the fact of the Madison Square Theatre, New York, with its remarkable improvements both in the stage and auditorium. "Won at Last" is an excellent play, replete with dramatic incidents, strong situations, and presenting that equal admixture of laughter and tears which belongs to the real *comédie humaine*. The story of the drama is interesting. A young man, already blind and shattered with the world's pleasures, marries. On his wedding-day he is overthrown, his confidant that he does not love her, but simply married her for her good qualities. She refuses to leave her home and accompany her husband, but is finally induced to consent. Husband and wife lead an estranged life under the same roof, he gradually learning to love her for her many noble attributes, and his heart is awakened to a better life. A misunderstanding is caused by a successful French adventuress with whom the husband was acquainted before his marriage, and a strong scene results, where the husband intercepts his wife as she is about to yield to the entreaties of her cousin, who adores her, and fly from her husband's roof. In the last act the wife has been back again in her own happy home; the cloud which separated her from her husband is finally and happily cleared up, and the curtain drops upon a scene of joy. Such, in brief, is an outline of the plot. It is a well-written play, and is taken by Mr. Steele Mackaye, and I must confess I was somewhat disappointed. Mr. Mackaye is an awkward, angular, and rigid actor, with many unpleasant mannerisms. He is devoid of both fire or magnetism, and the impression he produces is far from favorable. In the latter scenes of the piece he was seen to better advantage than in the earlier acts, where his acting was exceedingly unnatural. Mr. Mackaye evidently does not know how to play a clear comic *à l'aveu*, and that he is careless in his work is illustrated by the fact that he stops in his dialogue in the middle of the stage, and throws his lighted Havana with a lurch into the wings, thus completely destroying the illusion of the play. Mr. Mackaye's pronunciation is too rough. He neither polished nor finished, and lacks artistic completeness. Occasionally there were flashes of power, but very seldom. The tone and style he adopted in the first act seem a caricature. Such a man could never have gained *Graze's* love. The constant upturning of the eye which was, as it were, taking the audience into his confidence, and, so to speak, confidentially winking at them and telling them, "You see how I am overacting" is marvellous. It evinces a want of ability to express boredom and *blasé* weariness by manner and demeanor. No man would defy the ceiling so out-

rageously as Mackaye did. He offended against some of the cardinal canons of dramatic art. Mr. B. K. Graham, as *Will Treep*, was perhaps fair, but he was overweighed with the part. His actions were awkward and rapid; loud delivery was his substitute for force. The *Major Basler* Mr. Harry Constantine was an eccentric comely sketch, well drawn, of a most impossible personage. As *Count Yulio Mennin*, Mr. Herbert Archer was satisfactory, but without distinction. The same must be said of Mr. Donald Robertson, whose *Dr. Stilling* was a very mediocre personage. Mr. Robertson does not know how to hold his hat in his hand, and is somewhat constrained in his movements. The *Ten Troops* of Mr. Frank Desmond was simply a burlesque. The character of *Prof. Treep* fell to Mr. Frank F. Mackay, whose work was meritorious and conscientious, but who was nevertheless very far from giving full prominence to the part. Miss Belle Archer, who played the part of *Gene Fleming*, the heroine, is rude and unattractive. The *little-Me* with her husband in the boudoir was fairly interpreted. She then looked the picture of a happy bride, with no clouds overcasting the sunshine of her happiness. Miss Archer, however, has outdone. Miss Louisa Sylvester, as *Mrs. Basler*, the French adventuress, developed her knowledge of French, but played her part without shading or coloring. The facial expression, the continuous pocketing up of the face and closing of the eyes—a form of expression decidedly unindicated to Miss Sylvester's countenance—was the only evidence of mobility of expression she gave, and it was repeated so frequently that it was a tiresome monotony.

The real artistic touches which would make of such a character a magnificent personation, were wanting, and Miss Sylvester's *Mrs. Basler* can only rank as of mediocre value. Miss Helen *Mrs. Zora Flanagan* proved that the lady had acquired the conventional stage cadillacism. "Won at Last" is an interesting play. Not a single character, however, in the play is acted to the full extent of its possibilities. The performance is nevertheless up to the average merit of the travelling combinations, and that is all that can be said in its favor. The trouble is we had expected more from Steele Mackaye. One word here about the stage setting. The scenery was very fine, especially the first act. But the gem was the balcony scene. It was designed and painted by Mr. Ernest Albert, and equals any of Mailland's interiors which were seen during the Union Square engagement. It is a single truth without exaggeration to say that this is the finest scenic work ever done in St. Louis. Mr. Albert must be congratulated on his achievement. The exquisite harmony of the colors, no less than the delicate ornamental arrangement of the panel pieces, are evidence that Mr. Albert possesses the true artist's eye. Mr. Steele Mackaye will remain another play. Although my criticism is rather severe, "Won at Last" is a well-written play. The late Judge Mr. Mackaye by a high standard; but notwithstanding the manifold defects in the performance, "Won at Last" will gain many years.

MAGGIE MITCHELL.

Maggie Mitchell, the popular favorite, has been appearing in a round of her favorite characters at the Grand Opera House. Miss Mitchell's many admirers who love the piquant, peculiar flavor she imparts to all her interpretations, have patronized her liberally. The actress' peculiarities and excellencies are well known, and need no mention at this time.

"MY GERALDINE."

"My Geraldine," Bartley Campbell's first drama, now being produced at the Olympic, is a poor play. The truth is that Bartley Campbell has only written one really successful drama, viz., "My Partner." His other pieces, while containing many excellent touches, something or other which prevents their becoming popular or making an impression on the public. "My Geraldine" is no exception to this rule. It is performed at the Olympic by a very competent, but rather average ability. It has done a very poor business, but no worse than the play and company deserved.

CARADOC.

THE MAN IN THE PARQUETTE.

The Grimaldi Adams-Forreugh Humpty Dumpty Combination is announced for the People's, next week. George F. Adams, who takes the part of the clown, is the best in his line, and is the real Grimaldi. The company is backed by Forreugh, the wealthy showman, and is an excellent one.

What indubitable is true for theatrical managers to be liberal, or scenic artists to exert themselves in St. Louis? In the third act of "Won at Last," as given at Pope's, there is the most artistic interior ever painted in St. Louis—a scene which would do honor to any New York or London stage. What recognition does the scenic artist get for his work? Some applaud, but not enthusiastic enough to call him before the curtain. What does the prompter say about the stage-setting the next morning? Well, neither the *Globe*, *Democrat* or *Republican* had a word of appreciation for this genuinely artistic scene. Again is queried, what is the inducement to manager and artist?

Michael Strogo, or the *Craft's Courier*, is announced at Pope's for November 11th. This is a grand spectacular play founded upon Jules Verne's novel. It will be presented by Krall's Brothers Company. William Reginald, a brother of his of *Henry the 7th*, and White House fame, will take the part of the courier.

The Brothers Crofts are not happy. M. B. and Frank have made a bit with "Sam't of Foss." M. B. as the commercial drummer and Frank as the manager. The brothers, however, are now divided in their counsel, and the outcome of the quarrel and contemplated law proceedings may be a separation. Frank Crofts is joined with Charles A. Mendam as manager of Anna Dickinson during her starring season on the stage.

Catherine Lewis will be here next week, and the *jeunesse* boys will flock in to see her. Her *Odette* caught the popular eye more than anything else last season, and her reappearance will be hailed with delight.

Maggie Mitchell commenced starring when she was fourteen years old, and has starred continuously ever since. She at one time played *Jules*, *Parthian*, *Joe*, *Rufus*, and other leading lady roles, but finally limited herself to those characters which bring her special qualities. Maggie Mitchell holds a high place in the affections of the public, and she deserves it. She is an ornament to the stage, and as a woman her reputation has never been deflected by any scandal. She and her husband, Mr. Henry Paddock, are a truly happy couple.

The company for "Michael Strogo" includes Mrs. Reginald, George Edmonds, Allen Thomas, Miss Ellen Witton, Ade Nelson, and Mrs. J. L. Cartwright. Miss Razano is premier danseuse of the ballet, and Arnold Kiraly, grotesque dancer. The scenery was painted by Manzoni, of La Scala, Milan.

The Salisbury Troubadours will shortly appear at Pope's Theatre, and will present their new play, "The Pawn of the Lion."

Steele Mackaye is known as a Delartian actor. As caricatured by that clever comedian, Henry Dixie, the Delartian method is to suit the action to the word. Delarte formulated, in a certain degree, the laws of gesture and of dramatic expression, and his disciples pretend that his system has a grammar like that of a language. The Delartian method, when put into practice seems to be to produce a mechanical style of acting, and Mackaye himself is an example of this tendency. Mr. Mackaye, it is said, was a pupil of Delarte.

Delarte was a descendant from the old Italian painter, Desarte. Francois Desarte, the father of the Delartian system, was born in 1811, at Solesmes, in the

north of France. His father was a physician. When a boy Delacroix went to Paris, studied at the Conservatoire, appeared for a short time in opera, but soon retired to private life. In his retirement he discovered what is called the Delacroix system of dramatic expression. He began to teach his system, and had for pupils actors, orators, and singers, among them Gounod, Montg, Lacordaire, Lemennais, P. Moissonier, Vallier, and Rachel. He enjoyed the friendship and consideration of many great personages, among whom was Louis Philippe. Delacroix received the Star Cross of Honor that was given under the second empire, on the proposition of Maurice Richard, Ministre des Beaux Arts. He died July 20, 1871, leaving a wife, two daughters, and a son. His literary remains were only sketches and fragments of manuscript essays, among them a few chapters of a work called "Episode—revolution."

The following, from an interview with Adeline Patti, may prove interesting:

"I don't want to sing Wagner's music until the last year of my public career. It is severe on the voice when one sings it constantly, and I must save my voice. When I appear in Wagner's operas I shall enjoy doing so, because I like the music; but they will be my last public roles."

"Like those of the man who sings and dies?"

"Very much."

"It has been said, Mme. Patti, that in your concerts you will sing whole scenes from your operatic repertoire, and occasionally do so in costume, therefore your concerts have been called operatic."

"You may say that from me. They will simply be concerts as ordinarily conducted, and not in costume."

At her first concert at Steiway Hall, this week, Patti sang the cavatina from "La Traviata," and the "March" shadow song, besides taking part in a duet with Signor Nicolini. As a result Patti sang "Home, Sweet Home."

Belita Gerster will make her first appearance this season at a concert next Wednesday, in Boston.

Madame Ristori's London engagement, during which she will play in English, will begin at Drury Lane Theatre, in July next. It is probable that later in the season she will visit America.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

ART.

While the attendance at the Museum of the School of Art has not been all that could have been desired, there is very much to encourage the friends of art in this city in the history of the past few months. Since the formal opening of the Museum last Spring, an effort whatever has been made, by way of advertising, to increase the attendance. During the Summer very many of those who are to visit such institutions have been absent from the city. There has been no special attraction beyond the collection of casts, and the pictures left there by their owners, and what few belong to the Museum. Speaking with Prof. Ives in regard to it, the other day, he said the desire to see in person the works of art of a bold the Museum had on the people of the city.

Every one knew the Museum was there, and that it contained reproductions of a very large number of the finest pieces of sculpture in existence, besides a respectable collection of pictures; and if the people of St. Louis really cared for art they would go and see it. If they refused or neglected to do so, of course the inference would be that the Museum had come in disrepute of its time. But this was not the case. During the first few months from the time the Museum was opened, over ten thousand people visited the building and viewed the collections. It has always been closed on Sundays—very wisely, as the writer thinks—and an admission fee has always been required. This result must be gratifying to Prof. Ives and those who have cooperated with him, and more

than any one, to the venerable gentleman to whose munificence the people of St. Louis owe the existence of this beautiful home of art. Some of the rarest collections in Europe are housed in buildings humbly inferior to this. The Rijks Museum at Amsterdam—the best gallery in Holland—is an old, ramshackle sort of a building, badly lighted, and entirely unprotected against fire. In this is Rembrandt's masterpiece, the "Night Watch," his "Synagogue," besides a superb collection of Dutch pictures of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The Museum at Antwerp was built two hundred years ago by Prince John Maurice of Nassau, for another purpose, but has since been adapted to the uses of art. The one at Antwerp is in the church of an old Franciscan Monastery changed into a picture gallery. If they did but realize it, the people of St. Louis have reason to be proud of their beautiful Museum, and within its walls are casts of sculptures which require a tour of Europe to find the originals. That they are not unmindful of its value is evident from the number who go daily to study the masterpieces which have been preserved to us at such a period to the time of the decadence in art. In proof of this the extensive collection of photographs and sketches heretofore stored in the University building will be placed upon the walls of the Museum, so that reproductions of the best paintings may be seen, as well as works in plastic art. The latest addition to the picture collection is a work by Wertheimer, presented by Mr. C. B. Breyersaat. Mr. C. Breyersaat opened this Fall with the most encouraging prospects. No publication has been made through the daily press. A postal card was sent to former students giving the necessary particulars and copied into the columns of the *Spectator*, and this was done without solicitation. Beyond this nothing has been done to attract visitors. Nevertheless the attendance is larger than ever before, and in the classes will be found those from several States. Next week the evening classes will commence, and on Friday night next the life-class will be opened.

On the 17th of this month, I understand, the local artist—or more of them—will have a sale. Almost the only work that I have seen which will be included in the sale is Harney's "Weeping Girl," an etching of which appeared in the last number of *Art and Music*. As the work is not entirely finished, a criticism at this time would be unjust both to artist and critic; but from present indications the picture will find it is worth being commended. Talosel's anguished face, Harney has in this work something which will be a long way in advance of anything heretofore produced by him, and one of the best figure pieces painted in this city.

After reflection it was found that the time set for the inauguration reception at the French Club came on Thanksgiving night, as it has been postponed to its first Thursday in December. The *Isis* drew and jury costume portion of the programme has been abandoned. As no ladies would be present to admire the members in their gorgeous gowns, it was voted that the affair should be a decided intellectual battle, and the prize would be substituted, just to give an idea of what the Club will do when they give their first annual entertainment to the public in a few weeks.

The twenty-fourth number of the *American Art Review* has been received. It is unusually good, both as regards text and illustrations. The text is well written, and before a decided intellectual battle, and almost spoiled the enjoyment of the feast by the announcement that this was their last. It was with genuine regret that I learned of the determination to abandon the enterprise. If in a population of something over fifty millions there are not people enough in the United States to support a high and dignified art journal like the *Review*, the outlook is not altogether encouraging. It was a wonder to me when Appleton's *Art Journal* was transferred to other hands, and it would have been no surprise if it had been altogether discontinued, as I certainly thought the American people had longed the same thing. The *Review* is an English publication, with the old worn-out pictures of staid English pictures, with an American dressing attached, would be longer retained. The *Review* was distinctively an American journal, and occupied

a field certainly broad enough, and which would have given any genuine art approval, etchings accompanied each in which was worth more than the staff of writers included in the *Review* by the editors. Mr. Cook, Mr. Schuyler, Van Rensselaer, C. Angell, T. H. Bartlett, John Leonard, J. R. Tall, Prof. C. R. Norton, and a score of others of equal reputation, certainly ought to have made the journal a success without the least attraction. The *Review* has done much to stimulate that which was good in American art. It brought American artists before the world, and during the short two years of its existence it gave them a medium of communication with the public which would not have been otherwise possible, and the result is, the etchings of our countrymen will compare favorably with those of any nation. While the *Review*, as a journal, has ceased to exist, the talent which made it useful and attractive remains. Mr. Koehler, in his capacity of editor, has manifested such rare ability, such profound knowledge of art in all its relations, that there certainly will be a demand for his services in other connections, and so we shall not lose the benefit to be derived from his utterances. Of the other contributors the same may be said. He whose brain produces something of value, something worth preserving, has little trouble in finding an audience. The editor and publishers have made a brave effort to fill a place where the reader shows did not exist. Thousands of people talk glibly of art, and affect an interest they do not feel. They buy pictures in the same way they buy wall-paper, prompted by the same motive. The contributors of the *Art Review* deserve our thanks, not only for the noble attempt they have made to do a good work, but for demonstrating clearly and unambiguously how few there are who really care for art for its own sake. W. R. H.

LETTER-BOX.

TO "CHARLES AUGUSTUS."

Augustus lives a happy life.
Without that careless thing, a wife;
Free as the birds that soar above
Was his strong soul that knew not love:
But ah! one day a fair nymph came,
Two strangers of Rome's burning flame,
And Charles a heartless became.

GENIUS.

"CHARLES AUGUSTUS" AND "GENIUS."

Editor of the *Spectator*.

That is published article by which "Charles Augustus" attempts to escape the consequences of his rash attack upon women in the columns of your paper, and when next he favors the public with a communication of a facetious nature, please request him to label it "a joke," as his wit is of such a ponderous and serious nature, that it is impossible to "facetiously" attempt to distinguish it from ponderous statements.—I certainly smacked of that, Mr. Editor. But perhaps "Charles Augustus" is right, and it was owing to a deficiency in the quality and quality of the female brain that "Genius," "Jews," and myself failed to perceive the humorous irony underlying the gentleman's direct and unqualified language, and answered him seriously out of the fulness of ignorant hearts. He is an ingenious youth, this "Charles Augustus," and understands the art of "putting things"—for his own advantage. Witness how, in his own case, wrong language is only a "sporting device," while in that of "Jews" it is "a capability of billingsgate." He is scarcely a fair antagonist who thrusts with naked sword himself, and yet demands that his opponent should use the foil. If he will point out in my letter of last week any sentence which scores as much of the fish-market as that of his in which he denounces the spirit of an "old maid," I will retract all that I have said derogatory to the nobility of his nature, and pronounce him the paragon of his sex. He asks why we do not denounce the harsh things that have been said of us, and asks

peroration on attacking a pseudonym, etc. I say that we have sufficiently disproved the charges by proving the bad characters of our accusers, and by the accumulated pile of testimony in favor of the defendants. And as for that absolute charge of "hating the mass,"—the charge may be very true, but the logic is poor,—I presume "Charles Augustus" acknowledges a personality behind the masque which he has assumed. It is that personality, ally shadowed forth by himself, that attacks. It is a matter of no consequence by what name he may have been christened,—by "any other name he'd smell as sweet."

Besides, there is no possibility, my dear girls, of any of you being able to judge him into your rank, so what does it matter what his real name may be? He is too witty a fish for any of you insignificant anglers to catch—much too rare and superior an article to be sacrificed to you. What! that superior intellect, that gigantic brain, that optimum of the learning of the world, that walking encyclopedia of wisdom, to bend and sue to such miserably ignorant, inconstant creatures as you! Away with the preposterous idea! Do you not see "Charles Augustus" winks you off? He'll "none of you." Are you pretty? He's afraid of you. Your virtue won't stand the test of admiration. I shouldn't wonder if it wouldn't, with "Charles Augustus" as a mate; one must have something to anchor one's faith to, and with so poor a pretence of support as such a doubtful hawk would prove, the strongest virtue might not fail to go astray. Are you lonely? Away with you. You are a "disagreeable blunder." You offend the slightest young island. Of course I presuppose him an Adonis, else why should he cumber the earth? He could never be so unjust as to condemn the lovely girls to extermination, and permit an ugly man to deface God's earth. But upon my word I should not wonder if his philosophy took no cognizance of physical defect in man: a man is his own excuse for being—the world needs him. It would doubtless cease to move should "Charles Augustus" drop out of it. Alas! you poor girls, pretty, rich, and good, you cannot capture him. Does he not positively assure you that he'll not batter his "culture, refinement, and brains" for "your filthy lace"? Flout not your well-filled purses in his face—such braying young men are not to be bought; veil your lovely faces—his penetrating eye pierces the *beautiful mask* and gazes upon the weak soul beyond; make no further pretence of goodness—its all-powerful, far-sustaining gaze pierces the depths of your deceit and exposes your saintly frauds.—Said I am not hard to please," he says. This remark, doubtless, he intends for another "joke." It is so excessively funny, but still I can detect a slight trace of irony in it, and there cannot be possibility of doubt that the peculiar sort of humor which "Charles Augustus" displays throughout his correspondence is meant to find its highest expression in this original poetic effort!

Not too young, and not too old,
Not too tender, and not too tough,
But just young, and tender enough.

It certainly is rather a funny idea for a man to choose his wife as one selects a fowl for the Sunday dinner, in which the respective qualities of tenderness and toughness, and the delicate question of years, are the main considerations. From such high grounds of abjection to such a level of selection, "what a fall is there, my countrymen!"

"Benjamin" comes to the rescue of his friend and brother right usually, and I thank him for it. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," and "Charles Augustus" certainly stood in dire need of assistance. But in his enthusiastic zeal for the cause, he draws a very ill-considered conclusion in regard to the character of my Ransom. He forgets that the immediate family of a scoundrel are nearly the same as his for the last twenty years—or any one of my numerous brothers, or, at the terrible being to who my indignant pen (punctured in my letter of last week, and to which the zealous and

diffutful "Benjamin" takes such serious exception, I beg leave to inform the said "Benjamin" that I am ignorant of my relatives' moral laxity, and have ever been surrounded, from my youth up, by male portraits of the most unexceptionable probity and honor. So far as I know, my opinion of the *good house*, as set forth in my communication of last week, is mainly the well digested result of observation, history, literary reading, both biblical and secular, and well authenticated biographical sketches of all ages and climes, and fanned in every department of human skill and learning. Such an idea as slandering "Benjamin's" paternal ancestor never entered my head. That his father (a most honest, honest and upright gentleman) has not the slightest doubt; he must be to have so diffutful and upright a son. Diffutful sons now-a-days spring from no common stock. They are as rare as strawberries at Christmas-time. Neither "Benjamin" nor his worthy progenitor is included in the category of ruthless individuals whose unbridled passions have wrought ruin and devastation upon the fair face of mortal earth. They are a pair of those luminous exceptions which prove the rule.

JESTIA.

DON QUIXOTE'S SECOND LETTER.

Editor of the Spectator:

So "Charles Augustus" collated "the slanders on Don Quixote" less a joke,—not to ridicule me, but to show what foolish things men, from Homer to Oscar Wilde, have said about them."

'Twas a sorry joke.

He is a parasite of his mother's name,
And with an impious hand murders her name;
That smug the graces of women, that darts wide
Lies on satires, or with foul ink repulse
The sun's light and the moon's glow;
Here was the nobler birth.
For she from man was made—man but of earth—
The son of dust and death.

Every true man holds woman—

As a thing ethereal and sainted.

'Tis all well enough to talk about the realities of every-day life, and sneer at anything like devotion to woman. I defy any man who is not that foul outgrowth of sin and false sentiment, "a man of the world, whose heart is levity and contempt of woman," to lay his hand upon his heart and say that in the hardest lives there are not intervals of pure happiness and sweet content—the fruit of some good woman's presence and ministrations. Then talk not of me of maligning, even by proxy, woman.

It was—

Not she with traitorous kiss her brother's cheek;
Nor the devoted film with melting songs,
She, while aqueous cheeks, each roseate cheek—
East of his couch and east of his grave.

Alas, no! 'Twas man—proud, beautiful man; and naïf, instead of honoring and revering the being whom, without number, has proved her most faithful servant to death, he seeks to make of her a by-word and a jest.

Think less of self, O man, for 't is all the vices which degrade the human character, selfishness is the most odious and contemptible. An unselfish love of self leads to the most monstrous crimes, and occasions the greatest misfortunes." And most of all, it induces man to neglect marriage, and causes him to forego the amenities of domestic life.

Best is the man who is in a situation, to acknowledge that—

Woman is warm, that man be cold,
And the night will follow the day;
Till the heart, which at even was weary and old,
Can rise in the morning gay.

To us (work in the morning gay.
Prate not of woman's inconstancy. "History proves and experience testifies that her faithful heart is as proud of its wealth to the one beloved as though no other woman were ever known." "She is the right woman, unless joined out by some second conviction for which she is no wise to blame, but, alas! is

generally the one to suffer. In spirit, in devotion, in allegiance to the king of her affections, not knowing any creeds, nor conditions after her."

Nay, "Charles Augustus," I did not take you for a wind-mill, I took you for a wind-bag; and the empty nonsense you pour forth in your letters prove me not mistaken.

You "dispute" of me in a paragraph, by accusing me of "bad" and "showing me against the 'certain' foxes." Now, I'll be confid with you, Charles, and say, that were I disposed to compare the invertebrate bachelors to a quadruped, 'twould be to me the only difference between the four-legged animal and the biped being that the male cannot better his condition, while the bachelors, if he use the gifts God gave him, can.

You are evidently a young man, Charles, and even more conciliated than the ordinary youth, who you callow enough to imagine himself a lord of creation because he wears pantaloon, and can talk in a manly voice.

Ride a wren; you will know a little more a few years from now. A pleasant and profitable experience will teach you to exclaim:

O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had no brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, I look like you.
There's to you all that we believe of heaven—
Among brightness, purity, and truth,
And joy, and everlasting love.

And—

O woman, born first to deliver us,
Yes, she, first, from infancy and disease us,
Born first to bring us to the world,
Yet first to repeat and repeat,
Angels are painted fair, I look like you;
Let's first where the Naxos tread
O woman! O beautiful woman,
Be thou first to the kingdom of God.

Yes, Charles, with the poet Schiller, you will say:

Honored be woman! she beams on the night
Gleeful and fair, like a being of light;
Sisters around her bow, and bow to her,
Blessed of him who at her feet covered ways;
Blessed of Paradise, saint from above,
Be thou first to the kingdom of God.

And the sooner, my boy, you begin to acquire the necessary education, the better for you. But if you aspire to be a man, in all that the name implies,—

I warn you, in "side specifications."

DON QUIXOTE.

St. Louis, Mo., November 8, 1881.

A NEW METHODISM IN THE FIELD.

Editor of the Spectator:

With your permission, I will whisper a few remarks in the ear of "Charles Augustus."

I was your unwelcome man, and I do not agree with C. A. My plan is this: The Lord created the world, after which he made Adam, and then created Eve, thus securing for the last time most precious and perfect work, which he pronounced good.

If Eve had been any manner perfection, she would not have been a new woman, but an angel. Now for "Charles Augustus." Sinners ought not have changed his mind since Charles looked for his quotations; at least this looks as though he had no small opinion of the fair creature:

Take but possession of her body's beauty,
I dare show her to breathe upon my knee.

I remember aright, Ulysses said a few complimentary things of women. For instance:

She was a female life and love;
That woman, because a woman,
And rose, wherever I turned my eye,
The one great aim of my life.

By the way, Lord Lytton is supposed to say of a light character:

Our only great womanly beauty should be—
The important qualities of your life is love.

Now, here is a quotation from Colington (it seems that he is a Quaker too):

There had no holiness in it, but holiness was only
There had no holiness, of all holiness.

Now I have only one more thing to say, and then I will stop. "Charles Augustus," read this:

"A woman's heart that art bound to bless
The heart of reason, is, to choose his care,
And charm excitement by the loveliness;
Bright as the emerald, as the morning fair,
If but thy heart fall on a wilderness,
Flowers spring, and shed their rosate blossoms there,
Showering the theme that on the pathway rise,
And scattering over it a trace of Paradise."

And so on, of *inquiries*.

As for women, though we accept and find 'em,
We may live with, but cannot live without 'em.

Very truly yours,

ALGERNON.

ST. LOUIS, November 8, 1881.

TABLE GOSSIP.

Somebody writing of Voltaire's fondness for wild boar's ears, has told this story:

"A favorite dish on the tables of the wealthy a century ago was the ears of the wild boar, eaten with a highly spiced sauce called a *farçure*. La Harpe and Voltaire were both excessively fond of that delicacy, and to induce them to accept an invitation, it was sufficient to say that there would be wild boar's ears on the bill of fare. Voltaire's passion for the dish equaled that which he had for passion. The two writers were one day invited by Mme. de Saint-Julien to a literary *soirée*, after which they were to sup on wild boar's ears, without ceremony; and as an additional attraction to this party, Voltaire was to read his tragedy of 'Tancrède.' It was an event in Paris. fashionable circles, and Mme. de Saint-Julien was besieged with solicitations to be invited to it. Voltaire, on being presented by the mistress of the house, was received with great applause, and began to read his work. Mme. de Saint-Julien was seated behind the author, her maid absorbed by the supper that was to terminate the *soirée*, and appearing to pay more attention to the movements of her servants than to the tragedy. Presently a valet came in quietly, on tip-toe, to stir the fires, and as he stooped down the lady whispered to him: 'Have you got the boar's ears?' 'Yes, madame; the coachman from Auxerre which arrived this morning brought a boar's head from near Auxerre.' 'Ah,' replied the mistress, 'now my mind is at ease.' Then, on learning the origin of the game made by Voltaire, she added in a low tone, but loud enough to be heard, 'I don't forget to tell the cook to serve them in some *dröbe*, and not to place the mustard and *new wine* in the sauce.' Voltaire, on hearing these words, stopped short in his reading, and coming to Raskine de St. Julien, said, 'Madame, madame—indeed and not very? What indignity!'

'Yes, sir, she returned; they are delicate on some dishes with that sauce.' 'Not in my taste, madame,' exclaimed Voltaire, exaggeratedly, then, making a low bow to the lady of the house, and closing his manuscript, he walked majestically from the room without flashing his reading, and left the ladies all waiting for his carriage. When the moment of surprise caused by this outbreak had passed, every one asked what was the meaning of it. 'Only this,' said La Harpe; 'Voltaire like boar's ears with a sauce of his own, and so he has a horror of mustard.'

The cook of the middle class was a lovely creature, and his soup, a long wooden spoon, was also used as a centre of conversation. William Hazlitt said this story: "An Italian prince, who had a Sicilian cook of great excellence—the cook of Sicily more famous even in the days of ancient Rome—was once travelling to his provincial estates, taking with him his entire *familie* de cuisine and his Sicilian cook. At a point where the macron path along the precipice turned the angle of a peopling rock, the prince, at the head of his long *entourage*, passed a shriek and the splash of a body falling into the torrent far below. With a face white with terror, he pulled up, and looking back, exclaimed, 'The cook! the cook! Holy Virgin, the cook!' 'No, your excellency,' said the prince from the rear, 'it is Don Provedaloro!' The prince received a sigh of profound relief. 'Ah! only the *Chaplain*!' said he. 'Heaven be thanked!'

RULES OF FARE FOR THE WEEK.

Sunday.	
Baked soup.	Cannelloni potatoes.
Fillet of veal.	Tomato sauce.
French beans à la crème.	Scalloped oysters.
	Coffee and whipped cream.
Monday.	
Veal and oyster pie.	Sago soup.
Cold soup.	Boiled potatoes.
	Stewed celery.
	Desert of fruit and nuts.
Tuesday.	
Beefsteak.	Omelette with tomatoes.
Mashed potatoes.	French potatoes.
	London pudd.
	Boiled potatoes.
	Stewed celery.
Wednesday.	
Beef tea with noodles.	Saucy meat.
Smothered chickens.	Brussels sprouts.
Macaroni au gratin.	English tapioca pudding.
Thursday.	
Roast rabbit.	Cheese custards.
Stewed corn.	Lima beans.
Friday.	
Omelette pudding.	
Milk soup.	Canned green peas.
	Celery salad.
	Sponge gingerbread with chocolate.
Saturday.	
Family soup.	Boiled potatoes.
Killenny stew.	Stewed carrots.
Fried scotch potatoes.	Boiled pudding.

Killenny Stew.—Three pounds of lean mutton (that from the scrag is best, and you can use the bones for your soup), eight sliced potatoes, one sliced onion, salt, pepper, and chopped parsley. Put the mutton (cut into small pieces) with the sliced onion and enough cold water to cover, and stew very slowly two hours or until tender; strain the gravy into a bowl and set in cold water to throw up the fat. Put a layer of potatoes (sliced thin) in the bottom of a sauce-pan, cover with meat (peppered and salted), sprinkle with parsley, then more potatoes and more meat till all are in. Take all the fat from the top of the gravy and strain it over the meat. Cover closely and simmer until the potatoes are broken to pieces—half an hour after the boil begins should suffice.

Baked Tomatoes.—Drain the superfluous juice from a can of tomatoes into your boiling soup. Lay the tomatoes in a buttered pie dish, season with pepper, salt, butter and sugar, strew bread crumbs over the top, add a little gravy, cover and bake half an hour, then serve.

Fried Scotch Potatoes.—Boil, when cold scrape off the skins; slice lengthwise and fry to a light brown in butter or nice dripping; drain, wash, pepper, and serve hot.

Stewed Corn.—Scrape and boil (whole) forty-five minutes. Drain and cut into round slices a quarter of an inch thick. Put on a cupful of weak broth (a little of your soup will do) and cook gently half an hour, then add three or four tablespoonfuls of milk, a lump of butter rolled in flour, with seasoning to taste. Boil up and dish.

SUMMERMAN NOTES.

This is the best of the most delightful seasons of the year in this latitude. However much we may all long to be in the tropics, there is a terrible climate. It has better summers, colder winters, more streets with more mud to the square foot, than any city on the continent; and the dust—well we confess too much at once. To avoid all this one should flee to the country. There they have blue skies, fragrant lawns, marooned flowers, and at this time in autumn, the maple leaves are crimson and there is an after-glow in the woods, a hectic blush, like the burning color which creeps up the side of Mount Blanc after the snow has set, and all the surrounding Alps are in the cool shadow of snow-cloves of snow.

One can live in the suburbs and combine all of the comfort of an urban and country home. He can have his delightful cottage, with ample garden

where, in the joyous spring, he may plant the delicious pea, the succulent cabbage, the prolific potato, the juicy tomato, and the cooling cucumber, and day by day watch their growth from tender, springing seedlings to hardy plants. As the Summer days lengthen, and the bold chautauque heralds the rose-fingered dawn at three o'clock in the morning, he can rise and go into the dewy garden, brushing the crystal drops from the thrifty weeds, and fill in the time between that and breakfast by sowing potato-bugs or pinching the salmon-colored leaves from the under side of the leaves.

The country is the birthplace of hope, and the burial-place of realization. But if one thing above another makes life in the country a continual balm, it is children. And if you have children their existence is one Sahara, one dreary, boundless realm of desert, without a single green leaf of hope and promise, until they have a cat. I am now speaking from the experience of a friend, a good, pious man, patient as Job, sweet-tempered as Naomi, and one who never, under the most perplexing and trying circumstances, indulges in language stronger than that prescribed for the most elegant drawing-room. Where others might forget themselves, and even argue that there were times and occasions when the ordinary polite language of polite society were entirely inadequate to convey the faintest impression of one's feelings, my friend will bear all with heroic fortitude, uttering no more than a mildly phrased protest. Well, this friend lives in the country, and has much to be thankful for. His place is delightful. It is handy to the railway, he has a charming wife, sweet-tempered children, and he had once, but no longer possesses, a goat. My friend had a neighbor, a thrifty, provident man. Everything about his place was tidy. No weeds seemed to grow there. His lawns were neatly trimmed, his trees were barked each year with a bountiful fruitage, his children were the inheritors of their father's virtues. He was frugal and saving-minded, and his son, a boy of nine, was a model Sunday-school scholar. Following the virtuous footsteps of his father, he was inclined to trade among his fellows. First he had a jack-knife; this he exchanged with a school boy for a harmonium; this in turn was traded for a new bicycle, and so on until the summit of his ambition was reached, when out of the humble two-bladed jack-knife he beheld a coat, with new and shining hammer and brass-new wagon. How that boy's eyes glinted with pride and delight drove in the cool and deluging evenings of early summer he would derive to the station and meet the proud look of his happy father, as he would alight after a hard day's work in the hot and dusty city. He was the envy of all the boys in the neighborhood.

If there was one thing above another than each and every one of them hearkened after, as the last pantheist for the cool springs of Lebanon, it was for a goat, harness, and wagon. The owner of the goat was saving the number. He was a good, bright boy, full of the buoyancy of early youth, delighting in manly sports and athletic exercise. If there was any one thing in this lowly mundane state which he coveted, it was the thrifty, prudent man's son's goat, wagon, and harness. So obviously did he place his heart in the goat, that he suppressed enthusiasm did he picture the satisfaction, deep and solid, which he would experience in driving down to the evening train to meet his paternal progenitor behind that particular goat, that his father, in a burst of filial affection, bought the entire outfit. No jack-knife, harmonium, or accordion did he pay, but a goat and the necessary notes. Late in the night the treasure was secured, and at early dawn he was in the catch the train, he thought with pleasure of the happiness which so small an expenditure would bring to his little son. Often during the day he would turn to Webster, and in his imagination he could see his happy boy taking in the blue sky. Equally bright he beheld his beloved steed. At night, he would be at the station, there he waited in the twilight, the red velvet, with glistering eyes. His impatience could not brook the slow-crawling gate of his father, so, applying the last, away he went with the speed of the wind. In a single eye he was in a disarranged condition. Each was so object separate unto itself, and not

matter which superstitious and half-informed old writers have bequeathed to our generation. It is intended, as the author declares, as a help to the proper use of the numerous public libraries which lie open to the use of the ablest of our young people, and as such it is an invaluable book in every household. Such a book would do much to correct the aimless and desultory habit of reading such immense quantities of printed trash, which is having a very deleterious effect upon the minds of juvenile America.

Paris. By Edmundo de Amélie. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—There is, at the very outset of this entertaining volume of travel, such a fervor of enthusiasm on the part of the author, over the prospective delights of visiting new and varied scenes, that one involuntarily becomes imbued with the same spirit, and we find ourselves wandering through the streets of Barcelona, noting all things new and strange—the cafes, the cemetery, the churches—with the eager gladness of an emancipated school-boy out for a holiday. The *sautez* with which Signor de Amélie records every thrill of emotion evoked by picture, statue, or crypt, is amusing, but at the same time refreshing to the reader of innumerable books of travel. His eager delight, his rapturous admiration as he enters some magnificent cathedral or stands before some famous painting of the old masters, induces a glow of sympathetic pleasure into our own blood which no mere cold description could succeed in doing. His spirit of faith in which he records the wonderful miraculous powers of sandy saints, the forcing of awe which *salvo* upon him, in the presence of the marble effigies of the great Ferdinand and Isabella, and the delightful wonder with which he touches the cabinet of jewels passed for the purpose of promoting Calicut's expedition to America. All are characteristic of the impressionable nature of this most emotional of travellers. Nothing escape

his vigilant eye, or is it too little moment for his indiscretions pen. Here it is a bit of street scenery; now an anecdote of some singular travelling companion; again, a lengthy description of cathedral, bridge, or palace; and still again, some glowing rhapsody on the pink cheeks and black eyes which have fired the chivalrous heart of this second Don Quixote. He even chronicles such minute details as the fluting in the cigar shops of Spain a small plate containing a sponge dipped in water for the purpose of moistening postage stamps, so as to avoid the "everlasting licking," as he facetiously puts it. His powers of description and the amount of genuine emotion which he throws into them are exemplified in the following extract from his account of the Cathedral of Burgos: "The Cathedral of Burgos is one of the largest, handsomest, and richest monuments of Christianity. Ten times I wrote these words in my head, and ten times the courage to proceed failed me, so inadequate and miserable do the powers of my mind seem when compared with the difficulty of description. * * * Later. The first emotion that you experience is a sudden strengthening of your faith, if you have any, and a burst of your soul toward faith if it be lacking. It is sense impossible that that lambs-ple of stones should be a vain work of superstition accomplished by men; it seems as if it affirmed, proved, and commanded something; it has the effect upon you of a supernatural voice which says to you, 'I am!' and raises and crushes you at the same time, like a promise or a threat, like a ray of sunshine or a clap of thunder. Before beginning to look around, you feel the need of revivifying in your heart the dying sparks of divine love. The feeling that you are a stranger before that miracle of boldness, genius, and labor, humiliates you; the timid as which resonates in the depths of your soul, dies in a groan, and the formidable yet tender you on the head. First, you turn your eyes vaguely around about you, looking

for the limits of the edifice, which the enormous choir and piers lead from view. Then your glance falls upon the columns and high arches, descending, glowing, and runs rapidly over the unnumbered lines which follow each other, cross, converge, and are lost, like rockets which flash into space, up through the great vaults; and your heart takes pleasure in that breathless admiration, as if all those lines issued from your own brain, inspired in the act of looking at them with your own eyes. Then you are seized suddenly as if with great fright, by a feeling of sadness that there is not time enough in which to contemplate, that there is time to understand, and memory to retain the immense marvels half seen on all sides, crowded together, piled upon one another, and dancing, which one would say came rather from the hand of God than a second creation, than from the hand of man." The whole volume, which is quite large, is replete with such graphic and imaginative bits of description; and the intensely human interest which one unconsciously feels in the scenes described by this most enthusiastic of travellers increases instead of diminishes as one nears the end of his wanderings. And it is with a feeling of parting with a real friend, that one turns the book upon Spanish experiences of Signor Edmundo de Amélie.

The Men Jews. By John White Chadwick. Boston: Roberts Bros. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Co.)—The able, eloquent, and earnest manner in which Mr. Chadwick discourses of his theme—the nearly lost tribe of Christ—will win for his book many readers even among those who have given much time and thought to the numerous works of other authorities upon this same subject. Being a subject of such universal interest, it must needs, in case of any natural comment, and readers will find that those of Dr. Ch. Wick amply repay them for the closest consideration

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ST. LOUIS, NOVEMBER 19, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

WAZELL, INC.

Why will women persist in wearing these hats at the theatre? If they must go to the theatre, and have but one hat, and that a "Gainsboro" abomination, why we must suffer. But I am bound to say that a lady (I use that term in its real significance) will not wear one to a place of public amusement except through sheer

How abominable it is to see a girl slam herself

Capt. Paul Boyton is to arrive at the wharf at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon. He will then have made the longest journey of his life, having come down from the head waters of the Missouri, a distance

of over three thousand miles. It will not only be his longest swim on record, but it will be his last, having resolved to go to the water no more, except to make a special exhibition of his wonderful swimming apparatus. Capt. Boyton is one of the most remarkable men of his time. He has achieved an immortal fame as a daring and successful adventurer. His friends will extend to him a hearty and enthusiastic welcome to-morrow.

Miss Josie Bush, daughter of Mr. Isador Bush, well-known and respected citizen, will appear as *Pedestal*, in the play of "Ingramar," at the Pickwick Theatre, December 14th. She is to be supported by competent ladies and gentlemen. I hear many complimentary things about Miss Bush. She is said to be not only pretty but vivacious, and well adapted to the dramatic profession.

The funeral of Mrs. Joseph Brown, which occurred at Carrollton, Illinois, Tuesday, was largely attended by St. Louis people. Mrs. Brown once held an extended social influence here, and her death was sincerely mourned by a vast number of our citizens, hundreds of whom have partaken of her generous hospitality in days gone by. When the Grand Duke Alexis was here ten years ago he was entertained by Mrs. Brown (whose husband was then Mayor) in a style that would do credit to any lady in this or any other country.

In a long letter by "Olive Harper" in the *Globe-Democrat* of last Sunday, there is a great deal of complimentary stuff about Patti, but the most complimentary thing of all is the calling of Minnie Patti's "husband." "Her husband" did so-and-so and will do so-and-so. Well, now, this is too kind of "Olive." When did it come to be the proper thing to designate an husband and wife people who live in open defiance of every marital law and regulation? If we are to condone the sin at all, for Heaven's sake let us do so by saying nothing about it, and not insult the people who are married by mocking at their respectability.

Patti has made a disastrous failure in New York. There is no denying it. I read it between the lines of the puffing special telegrams sent to the *Epiphany* and *Globe-Democrat* the night of her recent appearance. Since that time the real facts have come out. The day that her advance sale opened there were just 8210 worth of seats sold, or thirty-one, at \$10 each! Bernhardt's first day's sale in New York last season amounted to over \$20,000. This looks like a failure of the high-priced, impetuous Patti and "her husband" (oh, save the mark). Her second concert was as badly attended as the first, and she and her manager are disheartened plainly at the way the noses on their faces. All right. There is nobody to weep except Patti, "her husband" and her manager. She came here presuming entirely too much. We came very near going crazy over Bernhardt, but the attack needs to have accomplished some good. If Bernhardt were to come back the American people would display a good deal more sense, and she would take away a good deal less money. Away with this leading to "foreign articles." It is interesting, distracting, humiliating, demoralizing. Let "foreign articles" be judged by the standard of merit alone, the same standard that we apply to home talent; and when they earn applause and patronage, let them have them both with a hearty good will. Patti put her prices at \$10 simply because she thought the American people would be foolish enough to pay that much. She did it as a pure speculation. It was a mistake, and one that will prove fatal so far as this country is concerned.

The General Ticket Department of the Wabash Railway has just issued a "Theatrical Guide for the season of 1881-2." It gives distances between the important towns along the 2,500 miles of the Wabash line, with the names and seating capacity of the theatres and opera houses of the several points. A useful

feature is blanks for memoranda in the form of diary. It is a very neat and useful publication.

The Lindell Hotel has opened a café where meals are given at popular prices. The service is excellent, and the noon lunch for fifty cents is undoubtedly the best provision in the city for that price.

The refurbishing of the Laclede Hotel has been completed, and the house is very greatly improved. The parlor floor is furnished very luxuriously. The carpets, chairs, sofas, curtains, and general decorations correspond nearly that to an air of homelike comfort to give it a seldom seen in a hotel. The coloring of the walls is especially to be praised.

I understand that the Southern Hotel is making money. Its business has improved very much of late. I was told the other day by a gentleman who knew what he was talking about, that when Major Warner went into the Southern he was not only "bucked" by Col. Ike Cook, but by John McCullough, the actor, as well. McCullough has long been a friend of Warner's, and he had confidence in the Southern.

Well, well, what shall we do if the proprietors of Ullrich's Cave have to break up their place. So more opera under the trees, if that should be the case. The gentleman who now have the Cave are not as popular as Chris. Nene was, and they can't get a majority of the householders in their flock to sign a petition for a license to sell here. Without the sale of beer, Ullrich's would not be Ullrich's. But whether Ullrich's continues or not, we shall have a Summer opera, even if another garden has to be built. There are some gentlemen ready to do that very thing, and they will do it when it is the very moment that it is decided that Ullrich's must close up. It was proposed to Mr. John Collins last Summer to build a new opera on one of the vacant lots near Olive Street, where the circus once, but the offer was not then accepted. The people who made it have an abundance of capital, and if they make a new garden they will have a special care to its operative accommodations.

As to whether Ullrich's Cave shall continue or not, that is a question for the people in the vicinity to decide. If a majority of them don't want it, the Spectator has the license asked for will not be granted.

A good many of the regular boarders of the Planters House have left there. Mr. Girard was too much for them.

There was a very sensible speech made by Mr. E. C. Smith, of St. Louis, at the Court House, when he introduced a resolution to refer the Johnson controversy to the grand jury, and the most sensible remark he made was to the effect that he emphatically condemned the bringing of a disreputable woman into the city. The facts about this woman, as I will come from the reports in the daily papers, are that she was dragged up to the Four Courts in the rain by police officers, put in the "back-up" where criminals are kept, detained there all day without an accusation being brought against her, and filled with questions as to her relations with Gov. Johnson twenty years ago. When Mr. Chief of Police Kennett was asked about the case by a reporter, he explained by saying that he had heard that the woman was trying to blackmail Gov. Johnson, and that he had been examined to see if there could be a case obtained against her. This explanation hardly satisfies those who are acquainted with the fight between Gov. Johnson and the Police Board. Mr. Chief of Police Kennett does not seem to be about that time looking up people who were trying to do Gov. Johnson an injury. His sweeping the affidavits from the two distinguished swearers, Roland Black, however, as though he was doing just the opposite thing. No, that explanation will not do. It satisfied nobody, and left a very black

Mr. E. C. Smith, of North Fifth Street, makes a specialty of bull-dog shoes. He has the largest stock of the most fashionable shoes. Some fitted with needles and dispo-

shadow over the promising young Chief. It has only been two weeks since this paper had a complimentary notice of him, and it would like to compliment him now, for it is a sad thing to see an official so suddenly overturn all the good expectations that have been formed of him. The part that Mr. Kennett played in the taking of that woman to the Four Courts in order to induce her to spit out a bit of scandal against a citizen of good standing was worthy only of a man who will take the meanest advantage of his fellows. Here was a degraded creature, sunk for years in the moral and physical filth of Almond Street, the very worst locality in the city, searched out by an officer, and finally brought before the eyes of a gentleman who happened, for the time being, to be somewhat distasteful to the Chief of Police. She refused to talk, and thereby acted more honorably than those who had her in charge. Whether the story sought to be extorted from her is true or not, makes not one whit of difference. It was a mean and cowardly act, and ought to stand before the man who instigated it as a rebuking spectacle. There is but one voice concerning it among the people of St. Louis, and that is a voice of solemn condemnation. If the police is to be employed in smirching everybody who happens to criticize the Police Board, or who happens to be disagreeable to the Chief of Police, there will be no more Chief of Police. How many there in St. Louis who could afford to have a police investigation of all the privacies of their past lives. It is not "fighting fair," and who indulges in it deserves contempt and a punishment. It is not a man, Gov. Johnson ought to have Mr. Chief of Police Kennett arrested for criminal conspiracy.

The following letter, written by the poet and philanthropist, John G. Whittier, to a child friend, is characteristic of the great simple-hearted Quaker whose talents were ever engaged in fighting the battles of the oppressed.

ANDOVER, MASS., 10th Mo, 7, 1881.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: I think at the age of which thy note implies I should advert to the situation in our old rural home, with the shifting panorama of the seasons, in reading the few books within my reach, and dreaming of something wonderful and grand somewhere in the future. Neither change nor loss had then made me realize the uncertainty of all earthly things. I felt secure in any mother's love and theme of being nothing and gaining much. Looking back now, my child satisfaction is that I loved and obeyed my parents, and tried to make them happy by trying to be good. I did not succeed in all respects, but I felt very close to my good intentions, and the quiet ease of secret. I had at that time a very strong sense of the value of the little things of life. The beauty of outward nature early impressed me; and the moral and spiritual beauty of the body from I read of the Bible, and the good things of the heart, expressed me with a sense of my own falling short and longing for a better state. With every good wish for thee, I am thy friend, J. W. WHITTIER.

The first concert of the Minster Union was last Thursday evening. It was in all respects a success, save one. The clerk of the weather belabored him with rain, thunder, and arranged to be the "best-kept" night we have endured this Fall. The attendance was very large, and the dampness outside in no way affected the heartiness of the reception accorded to the leader, the orchestra, and the individual performers. The orchestra, however, was not up to the performance. It is not now desired. It is enough to say that the work of the orchestra was done evenly and well. It lacked the precision and delicate shading which are required only by years of constant practice; yet it had precision and energy, enough to satisfy a critical audience. It was not a perfect performer, yet it was a good one, and a very good one, considering that it was the first. The programme was not an extraordinary brilliant one, yet it required courage and confidence in the staff of which the orchestra is composed to undertake to give the Yankhauser overture let the opening piece. It is a favorite piece of Thomas, and while not the most difficult of pieces, it is difficult enough to get a good orchestra to perform it. The programme justified the leader's expectations, however.

Miss Cranch's musical abilities are too well known here to require extended comment. She sang well, and her voice seemed to be at its best. As to her acting, of Miss Anton's playing too much cannot be said in praise. She is a master of the piano. She dillucy with clearness and firmness of touch is very rare. She seems to have grown wonderfully in her appreciation of music within the last year. I have always wondered at the almost perfection of her technique; but last year her playing seemed to me mechanical; now it is full of meaning.

A large number of the audience showed their interest in the Union by appearing in full dress. It is the wish of the managers that this should be the rule as far as practicable, and I know that they highly appreciate the action of those who braved Thursday night's storm. As has been frequently remarked in the *Spectator*, a well-dressed audience very greatly aids to the pleasure and success of public entertainments; and while the Musical Union's concerts give promise of being very satisfactory under any circumstances of clothes or weather, every one will derive much greater pleasure from them by acceding to the wishes of the managers.

I cannot refrain from again calling attention to the success which attends a little practical business management in musical affairs. Heretofore almost without exception, efforts to establish musical organizations have been spasmodic and irregular, and on what might be called a charity basis. The Tallman Club's series of subscription concerts last year was, so far as I know, the first really business-like attempt to run a department of music. The public responded at once, and confidence in the methods employed was the result. The Musical Union has sufficient financial backing, and all that is now required to make its success permanent is diligent rehearsal, a wise selection of music, and a care of not undertaking to do too much. We want good music well rendered; and if we hear the Tannhäuser Overture two or three times during the season we will not object, but, be delighted. Messrs. Carr and Waldman are "crack-brained" men (a rare quality in musical people), and I am confident their management will be wise.

Here is an extract from the *Past-Due's* account of the "dinner rehearsal" given at the Mercantile Library Hall, last Tuesday morning, by the St. Louis Musical Union:

The programme began with the Tannhäuser overture by the orchestra, which was rendered in an excellent manner and spirited style by Miss Emma Cranch, who is a splendid vocalist, followed with the *Pop's* aria in "Huguenots," and charmed everybody with the sweetness of her voice and an admirable manner in which she used it. The grand orchestra gave Beethoven's seventh symphony, and Miss Lina Anton followed in a soprano solo with orchestra accompaniment, selecting Chopin's "Romance and Rondo," in E minor, concert, which was well received. The overture gave the "William Tell" overture, by Mr. Theo. C. Boan, the tenor, sang "Farwell, if I Ever, Fondlest Prayer," St. Louis's famous "Musical House" was played by the orchestra in a manner that created the greatest delight; Miss Emma Cranch sang again, and the orchestra closed the concert with Meyerbeer's "Suller March." The Union concerts promise to prove the most gratifying musical season of recent years.

It would be interesting to know where the "critic" who wrote the above was during the performance. He got things slightly mixed, and he was possibly intoxicated by the music—or something else. Miss Emma Cranch did not arrive and did not sing; neither did Miss Anton sing a solo. Miss Cranch was in Cincinnati, and Miss Anton gave a very good piano recital. Miss Anton does not sing solos.

The *News*, in its short notice of the rehearsal, has this:

"Besides the orchestral numbers, an aria from the 'Huguenots' will be sung by Miss Emma Cranch. Miss Lina Anton will render a romance and rondo from 'Germ.' Mr. and Mrs. C. Boan will sing 'Farwell, if I Ever, Fondlest Prayer,' by D. C. Boan."

Mr. Tom Doan will be interested in knowing that

there is a Mrs. Doan, and he will be surprised to know that "Farwell, if I Ever, Fondlest Prayer," is a duet.

On Thursday evening, December 1st, there will be a tableau entertainment given at the Pickwick, for the benefit of Calvary Church. A number of society ladies and gentlemen will take part. The ladies having the entertainment in charge are Mrs. Alice Cochran, Miss Madeleine Sims, Mrs. Perry Bartholomew. These names are a sufficient guarantee of the character of the performance.

A very fine concert will be given in Mercantile Library Hall on the evening of Thanksgiving Day—Thursday of next week—under the direction of Mr. A. G. Rolyn, himself a host in whatever capacity he appears in the concert-room. Mr. Rolyn will have the assistance of Geo. Heerich with his soulful violin; and of those recognized favorites, the Bransons, Miss Clegh, and Mr. D. E. O'Connell, constituting a vocal *tour de force* of surpassing quality. Miss Branson's glorious voice was never more beautiful than it is now in its ripe affluence of melody and volume. Mr. Phil. Branson's tenor, fortunately for himself and this community, which delights itself so much with his singing, was sustained by his recent illness, and is as resonant and tuneful as ever. Miss Clegh is known as one of our sweet-voiced and most pleasing altos; and Mr. O'Connell, richly endowed, scholarly and painstaking, is among the few singers who, having acquired an undisputed prominent position in the musical annals of the city, collect the admiration of the audience as well as retrograde—the community confirming the validity of the contrast. The beneficiary of this entertainment is to be the Memorial Home, a most worthy charity, in whose aid some of the best people in St. Louis are freely giving time, energy and money. The public of St. Louis have thus two opportunities suitably and scrupulously to express their thanks on the Thanksgiving annual. After they have attended the concert they will be doubly thankful for the choicest opportunity of Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. George Lee Cunningham, who has been so very ill, is as much better as now to be pronounced by her physicians out of danger.

The presents to Gov. and Mrs. Crittenden at their silver wedding were unusually elegant, and of a beauty claiming admiration from all lovers of the artistic, the skill of the silversmith's art offering an opportunity for the finest display of taste in the articles that have so improved upon mere usefulness as to make beauty its most prized addition. I saw nothing so exquisite in all the art collections in the Excelsior Museum, save a vase whose square corners were rounded away into the jug-shaped mouth having a slight tinge, just sufficient for symmetry. The surface was all of the beautiful satin finish, and for all ornamentation there was a tall poppy and leaves, and a single solitary rose capsule, denoted of its petals applied in blue enamel. The poppy, just ready to drop its leaves, was a shimmer of white frosted silver, and its leaves were purple and gold, and golden-brown, rising from an earth-bank where grasses fell in a tangled maze, and all so perfect in their shape and tints that nature could have given them no higher grade.

Mr. Steele Mackaye closes his two weeks' engagement in "Won at Last" at Pop's Theatre this evening. The second week has not been nearly so successful as the first. This is to be accounted for by two reasons: first, because the gentlemen in charge of St. Luke's Hospital sold a great many tickets for the first week through private channels; and, second, because Mr. Mackaye disappointed the gentlemen who engaged him to come here, as well as the public at large. It was intention and desire of the gentlemen in charge of St. Luke's Hospital dramatic entertainments, that they should be of the very highest order. Last year "Hazel Kirke" with a superb company, was secured. The audiences were large and enthusiastic, and the theatre received over \$3,000 on a single week of performance. This year the audiences were large the first

week, but not enthusiastic, and the Hospital will not get half of what it did last year. In fact, it is doubtful if not little more than expenses will be realized by the enterprising managers. Mr. Mackaye brought to the good play with a bad company, and his kind of about the most disreputable feature of the cast. Poised he may be, intelligent he certainly is; but that he is pleasing, no competent judge will hardly dare to assert. As to his company, Mr. Mackaye may not be to blame, for there are many people in the world who rest under delusions about themselves, but he certainly ought to have known better than to bring out here such a herd of incompetents to support him. There is not a single member of the cast who answers the requirements of his role; and if Mr. Mackaye's company is to depend upon its merits and if it persists in trying to play "Won at Last," it will hardly get through the season. It may appear unkind to talk this way, but in doing so I am only giving voice to a sentiment that is almost universal. It is just as well to be plain about it now as to avoid a similar mistake next year. The *Spectator* is the warm and devoted friend of St. Luke's Hospital, as it is to every other charitable institution in St. Louis, and the raising of a fund every year by a dramatic engagement is an excellent plan; but it is really surprising that the entertainment afforded must be of the highest order, for it is the most cultured people of the city that the patronage is expected of.

I am surprised that the manager of the Olympic Theatre, who is a far-seeing and long-headed business man, should permit such an open and flagrant insult to the respectable patrons of his house as was outrageously thrust upon them Wednesday and Thursday evenings. On both occasions the theatre held large audiences, and the management was successful in disposing of the seats. It was nothing more or less than a gorgeous and superlatively tolled advertisement for a notoriously disreputable establishment of the town. On Wednesday night the stage-box on the left was occupied by two freshly dressed women, whose nude companions—a couple of jaded and dissipated aristocrats—sat in the coin of the realm—sat behind in the dark corners of the box, while they themselves, with extravagant hats and dresses of illuminated crimson and black velvet of the prevailing striped pattern that advertised their insatiable voracity as wisely and prominently as if they were arranged in circus posters with brightly colored letters running up and down through the mingling colors, sat prominently forward and devoted their attention to the male portion of the parquette in a more perceptible degree than they did to the proceedings on the stage. The women were supplied with opera-glasses, and it was not unusual to see them kept pointing their eyes out over them when they were not agitating with their bare optics. Everybody in the house saw and made note of them, and those who understood the situation gave the management the benefit of the hope that the disreputable parties would somehow be disposing of the selves through some mistake or oversight on the part of the people in the box-office. But on Thursday night the same women in the same identical gorgeousness as before were there again—in this time in the stage-box on the right—escorted by the same money-maddened laylards as before. There was a time when disreputable characters were entirely forbidden to mingle in the audiences at first-class theatres, but those days have long ago departed. Now they freely patronize the rustiness, and at midnight and kindred hours may be found in the boxes and in the boxes, in the field of clover, seldom, however, do they gain access to the boxes, or find opportunity to make themselves obnoxious to the audience as did the two venuses in illuminated velvet and extravagant millinery who displayed themselves on the occasions here designated. I hope Mackaye will be careful to make no mistake in this matter that he will be careful to guard against in future.

The Olympic Theatre has done a poor business as to this season. The receipts have been small, and Mr. Spaulding has made no money, except on two weeks, since the season opened. The Grand Opera House,

however, has done well, and, notwithstanding the slim houses that have ruled at the Olympic, the receipts of the pool (that is, the two theatres) are only \$1,000 less than they were this time last year. The Grand Opera House is carrying the burden, and it has proved an excellent thing for Mr. Spaulding that he secured an alliance with it. People are growing tired of the dingy, dirty old Olympic, and a great many will positively not go there, no matter how great the attraction, because they do not want to run the risk of being burned up. The house is to be torn down in April, and we shall all hold our breath till that time, for fear that it shall be taken away in a terrible disaster before that time. I hope Mr. Spaulding will understand that this is not said to injure his business. It is simply said because it is true, and because it is constantly in the minds of people who go to the Olympic theatre. We are all glad that Mr. Spaulding is going to build a new theatre, and remove what is a source of constant anxiety to the amusement public.

While on this subject I may as well say that the advertisements of the Olympic Theatre and Grand Opera House do not appear in the *Spectator*, and have not appeared there for months, for the very simple reason that Mr. Spaulding was not willing to pay the regular price for them, and the price that the People's Theatre and Pope's Theatre pay very willingly. After the fashion of most newspapers, the *Spectator* should have turned about and asked Mr. Spaulding the same as soon as he began his advertising, and written down all the plays that came to either of the houses he controls. Instead of that, however, the *Spectator* has treated Mr. Spaulding as it always did, not more kindly nor less so. The tenor of "Gardner's" criticisms of performances at the Grand Opera House and Olympic have not been changed one iota, and as much space has been given as has been allotted to the other two theatres. Whether Mr. Spaulding advertises in the *Spectator* or not makes not one particle of difference in the attitude of this paper towards his theatres. The *Spectator* started out to be an impartial and reliable dramatic critic, and it will continue to allow a few penny-dollars per week to secure it from that purpose. It is to-day doing more than all the other papers of St. Louis combined to build up a healthy dramatic taste among our people, and while it is to be regretted that Mr. Spaulding does not see this, the *Spectator* will still perform at his houses with exactly the same impartiality as it be did.

Mr. Joseph McKelvie, the new Coal Oil Inspector, is getting after the windmills in his line of business. Through his energetic attorney, Mr. Ben Davenport, he secured the conviction this week of two or three people who have not been doing a square business, and he has a sharp eye for anybody else who proposes an infraction of the law. I believe Mr. McKelvie is the first Coal Oil Inspector we have had for years who insisted that dealers should strictly comply with the statutes.

There was an auspicious opening of the Germania Club, last Saturday evening. There are to be many brilliant entertainments given by this organization this Winter.

The guests of the Larchmont Hotel have been amusing during the week over the extravagance of a comical young couple who have been decorating the caravansary with their presence and enriching the shopkeepers of the neighborhood by their lavish and almost laughable expenditures of money. The young folks arrived at the hotel early in the week from Hot Springs. They may be a bride and groom spending their honeymoon in the West, for all the Town Talk knows or could learn about them. They seem to be each other as hard as youthful dreamers in the first flush and joy of passion usually do. They go out and come in together, are in the parlor and at the dining-table together, and the sun seems to shine no more and the stars to come out no less for one than for the other. Their reciprocal devotion first attracted attention to them. Then it was noted that they daily made incur-

sions into the whole wide territory devoted to dry goods, gilliflowers and jewelry that this large city presents to dosing purchasers. The young lady returned to the hotel laden with new acquisitions, and a multitude of others followed her in delivery wagons. There was nothing too rich, nothing too costly for her, and the opinion was freely vented after she had been on the premises a few days that a peep into the room would disclose the place to be almost as brilliant as all sites and descriptions, and strewn with garments of the most recent patterns and extravagant values. The young man was of medium height, slim and sleek in appearance. He had a forehead that was high and round, and hung over the lower portion of his face like a well-defined canopy. The young lady was small, sprightly and pretty, with an inclination towards bowdlerism. Gorgeous diamonds glinted in her ears, and their free flashed freely from her necklace. Inquiry developed the fact that the young man is the heir of a prominent Eastern man who died lately. He evidently found himself in possession of a fortune that reaches five places of figures. While at Hot Springs he became acquainted with the young lady, and tumbled so madly in love with her that she now commands his pocket-book, and will probably continue to do while there is a dollar in his pocket. With such prospects plenty of money here, but still have plenty left to devote to his pleasures and amusements elsewhere. They travel in Pullman palace-cars, now, and nothing is too good or too expensive for them. With such a young man every lock with his money, he is safe to beat the new Custom House against a top bank that one of these days the last cent of his fortune will spread its wings and glide beautifully away, and probably when he comes here again he will be glad to try his hand on the cow-catcher of a locomotive or in an empty horse-car, if he has very extensive travelling to do. Money that is easily got easily goes. So says the old adage; and if the young man will not mind the old adage, paragraph, he may have time during the next few months to sit down, read it over, and feel sorry that there ever was occasion for writing it.

The house of Simon Cameron the veteran politician of Pennsylvania, is situated in the heart of Lancaster County, near what are called the *Forams Hills*. Here, surrounded by natural beauties of scenery unrivalled by anything in the Old World, with a host of rare wooded canons for friends, he lives a simple patriarchal life, where never a shadow of the strife and warfare of the political arena enter his solitary retreat, and where in his old age he can rest undisturbed upon the vanities of life.

It really seems as if the "smoking-est" monopoly recently organized by the Olive Branch line is not going to work. An inveterate smoker remarked the other day that he had never ridden on one yet in which there was not at least one female intruder. And an aboriginal little lady friend of mine bearded one not long since, with her head so full of sundry satins and velvets which she had to match, that she never observed that these few female travellers were nothing away at cigars opposite her, but she almost reached the end of her journey. Besides, there were four other ladies in the car, which circumstance probably helped to confirm her complacent ignorance of the fact that she was in the "wrong box."

From the day that Charles Dickens published his "American Notes" to the recent Bernhardt tour through the United States, foreigners have not ceased to traverse the length and breadth of our land, to accept hospitable and favors, and then go home and write unimpairedly things about our countrymen and social customs. Dickens lived long enough to perceive his mistake and return fairly laden with country which numbers as many, perhaps more, genuine and intelligent admirers of his wonderful writings among his sons and daughters than even his native England could count, but had I not seen any imaginable concentration of circumstances could lead the benevolent and satiric M.D., Marc Columbian to perceive any good in

a country which is so directly the antipodes of Paris as this Puritan-tainted land of ours. To the people of Parisienne, Paris is the world, and all outside is chaos, the barbarous. And if Americans do not wish to keep unfeeling things said of them, let them not insult these spoiled children of an entirely different world to visit our land, when their only object is to gather in a golden harvest from the semi-barbarians whom they expect to despise. Washington has taught us as much as any city of cold water in the name of Him who bath and "Whosoever offereth so much as a cup of water to the least of my little ones, he doeth it unto me." It means not that the woman is one of the world's Magdalen, she did the act of a brave and true woman, and should be humanely and tenderly cared for by Christian hands so long as her suffering life lingers.

It is a sad commentary on the "party of Christian charity under the sun" when a woman who has risked her life in a deed of kindness is left to suffer alone, without having received so much as an offer of a cup of cold water in the name of Him who bath and "Whosoever offereth so much as a cup of water to the least of my little ones, he doeth it unto me." It means not that the woman is one of the world's Magdalen, she did the act of a brave and true woman, and should be humanely and tenderly cared for by Christian hands so long as her suffering life lingers.

I noticed in the circulars announcing the lectures upon London by Prof. Ives and Snow, at Memorial Hall, an excellent note for ensuring popularity. The lectures are to be illustrated with lantern views, and the hall will be so arranged that the audience can see the pictures. To protect the audience and the lecturer from the same cause of late comers, the doors are to be closed at the minutes past eight. I hope this rule will be enforced, as this plan has before been employed to the detriment of the lecturer and the audience. The purpose of this protection against a form of desecration, and none can deny that it is strictly enforced.

Madame Subit's art works were put on exhibition in the galleries of Pettes & Leathe, this week, and have attracted much attention from casual visitors. I believe there was no formal announcement made of the exhibition of the exquisite and beautiful and very meritorious work. Madame Subit and her daughter are real artists, though their work is mostly outside the usual bounds of painting. In this collection are seen the best specimens of pencil work ever seen in St. Louis, and as good, perhaps, as have ever been shown in this country. It is a mistake to suppose for a moment that pastel work is easily done, or that amateur hands can do it. The finest piece in Madame Subit's collection at Pettes & Leathe is a life-size portrait of a young girl, with hood, cloak and fur on, and set in the snow. The face is wonderfully lifelike, and the representation of snow is almost perfect; notwithstanding an absence of its materialities, is the best stuff that covers the heads of the young lady. These pictures of Madame Subit are not for sale, but are simply put on exhibition so that fine people of St. Louis may see something of her peculiar work.

The Essex Gazette will give their third annual military and dress ball at Chicago's Cave, this evening.

A well-known old gentleman, a retired merchant, has subscribed \$800 to the fund for the Memorial Hall, but he did so with the distinctive understanding that his name was not to be given to the public. He is an old man who is generally supposed to be quite class-distant, but I have reason to know that he has a tender place in his heart, and that he often gives when the world at large knows nothing of it. Some years ago an aged Methodist preacher with whom he had long been acquainted called at his office one day, and was most unexpectedly presented with a check for \$100, and as the donor gave it he said, "You have worked hard and got out many a time for a poor old man, an honest and faithful man. You are now old and worn out. I have been more fortunate than you in the collection of wealthy goods, and I want you to come to my office and see every year one year as you can, and try to do for me." The old gentleman's still led him to give regularly for his pension. Now, this is a real charity.

real goodness of heart. No man except the giver himself knows how many other cases there are like this. We ought not to be too severe in our judgments upon men who do not appear to be charitable, for they may "give in secret."

"What is one man's meat is another man's poison," says a homely proverb, and verily it seems only too true when one reads that among the Seleutis, a tribe in Asia, asafetida is considered a great delicacy, and eaten with relish by the natives. The stalks of the plant are steeped in ashes, while the flowering umbels, which resemble somewhat a cauliflower, is boiled like other vegetables, but no amount of cooking destroys the peculiar flavor and odor of this most pungent plant. Imagine it, oh ye delicate-nosed people who grogum whenever the odoriferous sauerkraut is on the bill of fare for dinner,—imagine boiled asafetida!

The true art instinct as displayed in dress is inborn, and few there be who are so fortunate as to possess it. I know of one fair lady in this city, however, whose taste is so exquisite, whose perception of the harmony of colors is so accurate, that it would require only the emergency of dire necessity to convert her into a second Worth. All her own toiles are designed, and in large part executed by herself, and she is everywhere distinguished for the originality and elegance of her dress.

Speaking of dresses, the fashioners are royal this season. Unless papa has a pretty penny purse he must feel rather taken aback when his pretty daughter informs him that she must have a whole velvet suit this Winter; that all the girls are having them, and also, of course, doesn't want to look mean. When papa's vague idea of the experiences of velvet gowns is verified by the presentation of the bill, then will be one more emphatic anathema hurled at the reckless goddess who rules the world of fashion with a rod of iron, or rather of gold.

Christian Boscetti, one of the band of new aesthetic poets, has in her collection a amusing little poem, entitled "Freaks of Fashion," in which she represents the bean noddle of the leathery kingdom putting anxious queries as to the style of garment in which they shall appear. Robin Redbreast is for brilliant hues, while the Blackbird recommends more subdued tints.

"Nay gray birds will be a vagabond,
Quoth a jockiey, "Glossy gray,
Setting close, yet letting easy,
Nothing by a way;
Suet to our warty mornings,
At a wispiey."

That relic of Puritanism, Thanksgiving Day, is upon us, and I suppose we must all feel duly thankful for the good things that Mother Earth has provided us withal. But if the truth must be told, our Common Mother has not been munificent in her gifts this year. About the only one of her useful products that she did not grudge us was the succulent watermelon; these she provided bountifully, juicy and sweet, for which I am duly thankful. It might have been worse, however. We might not have had even the watermelons.

In lieu of the world-renowned pumpkin-pie and stereotyped turkey of our Boston brethren, our Western market contributes a more gamy fowl to the Thanksgiving board. Quail on toast, duck and venison, are delicacies they will scarcely be likely to enjoy, and so will seek to be duly thankful for that which the season and our respective localities afford.

Gerome, the artist in Paris, gives lessons to his student classes twice a week, Wednesdays and Saturdays. He arrives at the schools promptly at half-past eight, and he likes to see a full class, nodding at more or less absentees. He walks among the students, offering a word of advice to one, but very seldom praising any. It is a peculiarity of his that when he finds fault it is in a loud voice, so that the entire class can hear it; but

if his comment is favorable it is made in a very low tone of voice. Nevertheless he is the kindest of men, and he is a great favorite with all his students, exciting a regard which amounts to positive love. At his own home he is always ready to receive his students, and carefully inspect any drawings or studies they bring with them. His chief rule is to make the students depend upon themselves. It is a mistaken idea that Gerome teaches his own peculiar style of painting, to the exclusion of all others. He endeavors to bring out and foster individuality, and he reprimands any attempt of copying a style on the part of a student. Once a year Gerome gives a grand dinner to the students.

SOCIETY.

The leaves fall, the dust blows, and the clouds send before the Autumn winds; but Fashion has trimmed her sails, and wind or rain nor any other creature can stop her larvae in its soft Pleasure's seas. There is no drifting now—that was for the lazy-dozed Summer seasons—but it is a wild race with pleasure for the goal, and fun and frolic at the helm as the "captain and the boatswain all in one."

"The Season" has begun, and the gay world is "on the go" all the time. It's a breakfast at twelve, a lunch at three, a dinner-party at seven, with receptions and weddings marking themselves by more ceremony, and dances and theatre-parties thrown in *ad libitum*. The latter have become a very favorite way of observing the *connoisseurs* and yet escaping the restrictions of too much chaperonage—and chaperons are to be the fashion this Winter, you know, not that as of chaperons who, aged and weary of the frivolities of life, sit and hide their jaws behind their fans, and serve only as "stations to run the young ladies back to," looking all so much like the young ladies murmur to their escorts, who have confidently taken them to the wrong old lady: "Oh, no, this one is not my mamma!" No, no, the chaperons of our society are no alpha mothers, but dames superb of costume, with eyes as bright and manners more pleasing than those the crude misses they protect—dames on *grand tours*, who like pleasure themselves, if you please, and why should they not?

The chaperon "system" does not trouble as very much here in the West, where I think it exists in its best phase. The mothers and matrons of our Western society are young and vigorous; and they and their husbands have generally just arrived at a period of their lives where they may pass for pleasure at the very time when their sons and daughters are entering the gaieties of the easy life that the parents' labors and self-denials have opened for them; and the mothers and fathers go with natural happiness to witness and enjoy the pleasures of their grown-up children. The West has nothing to fear from this "chaperon" system of that vain Western society of the East. Our matrons, proud of their sons and daughters, and taking pleasure as they have breathed trials, in company with their husbands, find recreation in the same society.

This spirit of our social life was very sensibly apparent at the entertainment given at the Executive Mansion in Jefferson City, last week, on the occasion of the silver wedding of Governor and Mrs. Crittenden. All that wealth and high station could do to make elegance and pleasure abound, was there: the noble apartments, rich furnishings, brilliant lights, gay music and general festive features exerted their full influence; but the chief interest of that wondrous Western society and appreciativeness of the fact that these things were the reward of a strength of purpose and the noble energies of a race of men and women brave to dare eager to do and proud to have earned the prosperity of home and State, that allowed them a glad enjoyment in its fulfiling as taking rich expression in the hospitable reunion. Middle-aged men and women, and those standing in the very prime of their lives, in the broad noonday of manhood and womanhood, with their youthful daughters and many sons, made the

splendid assembly of Missouri's representative society. The hospitable Governor and his charming wife, the note of generous cordiality, and there was never a lagging of genuine enjoyment in the evening's entertainment.

In the grand hall, whose lofty proportions would mark it as one of superb beauty as the entrance to the proudest home on the continent, the young people danced to their heart's delight, while all about their seniors looked on, and sometimes joined in the dancing, but found more pleasure in greetings and converse with friends from all parts of the State.

Handsome women it would have been hard to find that those who trailed their velvet gowns, or rustled their stiff broadens up and down the broad stairway and through the beautiful salons and reception-rooms.

Mrs. Crittenden, a very youthful-looking and exceedingly pretty woman, received her guests in a trained robe of pearl-white moiré, richly trimmed with Duchesse lace and passementerie of pearls, and wearing as ornaments the full *parure* of pearls which were her bridal jewels twelve years before this.

A dress of exceeding richness was that worn by the wife of a prominent Fourth Street merchant, and it bore that general air and style which only an artistic modiste knows how to give even to such rich fabrics. The robe supreme was one of embossed velvet, in a small design of black velvet upon a ground of ruby-lined satin. This fabric formed the long narrow train and entire bodice, which was cut in real di Modie style, the small flaring collar of velvet entirely surrounding the V-shaped corsage, and overlaid with a rich lace of Duchesse and point d'Aiguille. The close-fitting sleeves were finished at the elbow with this lace, and it fell in great soft ripples all down the sides of the velvet overdress where it parted above the petticoat of ruby-lined satin, shirred and pushed, according to the fashion of the day. That there might be a perfect toning of the velvet and satin and its rich garniture, waves of real black Spanish lace swept from the waist to the edges of the bodice, on either side, overlying the white Duchesse, and taking away all harshness of outline. Roses of cloth-of-gold, their yellow petals shading to a pale sunset plink on the other edges, rested in a large cluster just on the corsage, and two or three others attached a plume of rose-pink shading to cream in the lady's black hair. Superb diamonds flashed a thousand mingled jewel-halts from their radiant prisms, and finished a courtly toilette.

A dress that might have been copied from one of Marie Antoinette's most cherished painted fashions, so full of Gothic prettiness was it, and so closely allied to that period, was worn by a young lady from Booneville, who had just returned to give it the proper style. It was composed of deeply tinted cream satin and ruby-lined velvet. Made quite short, and showing charmingly dressed feet, the cream satin skirt, quite scant, was notched all around the bottom in large semi-rotund points that showed well above a deep plating of ruby satin. The front of this skirt was "chaperoned" by a young lady herself, with a grandiose bouquet of many-colored flowers, their bright hues showing well on the cream-white satin, and a sweep of fern-floss as their base. A vest of the cream satin was also painted with bright blossoms, and above it was a polonaise of ruby-colored silk velvet, its wide train and draped skirt in three large pointed panniers, very bouffant, and fully carrying out the leaf and flower design of the dress. The sleeves corresponded, being of satin painted with small flowers, and with deep lace ruffles falling in Louis XIV. style over the wrists.

A contrast to the white, and quite as charming as a costume, was the dress worn by a sister from Fulton. Above a puffed satin petticoat of the purest sky-blue tint was worn a very bouffant overdress of the palest blue embossed velvet, whose satin ground shimmered with silver threads. The bodice was very long and pointed, and from below the points the velvet draperies were carried back in long, rich, and flowing folds, high with crimson roses. The V-shaped corsage was finished with a flaring collar, and the snowy laces within set off the delicacy of the wearer's pretty face to great advantage. Diamond powder in her fair hair,

(no) is not particularly excellent. It is too hard and enigmatical, the lines are spoken without shading, except unnecessary loudness, and the whole effect is very unsatisfactory. The other characters are fairly played. "Sam'l of Posen" seems destined to prolonged popularity.

CRANFORD.

THE MAN in the PARQUETTE.

The quarrel of the Curtis brothers has been expanded upon considerably in the daily press. Frank Curtis, the manager, owns the play, and his brother, M. B., the actor, is under contract to him. Frank Curtis found the money or backers—the same thing—necessary to put the piece upon the road. When prosperity came the brothers began to quarrel. Mr. B. deemed that as he had created the part, etc., he should be consulted more, etc., and in short grew restive under the contract. Whether it will end in a final rupture is not yet known. Mr. Frank Curtis left on Monday for the East.

Mr. Frank Curtis, who owns the play, did not seem to have the manuscript. M. B. Curtis claimed that he had mislaid it. To prevent all complications, and to be on the safe side, Mr. Sweet, who is the agent of the company and proprietor of one-fourth interest, which he purchased from Mr. Frank Curtis, decided to have the play reported telegraphically and written out. So last Monday night the private box to the right of the auditorium was occupied by two gentlemen. They were Mr. Wetherell, of the *Vandalia*, and Mr. Henry W. Moore, city editor of the *Post-Dispatch*. The curtains were not drawn back, and the audience must have marvelled what the inmates of the box were doing. The mystery, however, was easily unravelled. Mr. Moore was busy reporting the play *verbatim* as it was spoken, and thus the manuscript guarded against all possibilities of a lost manuscript.

At the People's Theatre the *Hoey & Hardie Combination* is announced in the powerful drama, "A Child of the State." This play was first produced in St. Louis last season at the Grand Opera House, and was favorably criticised. This year the company is much strengthened by the addition of several new artists, chief among them being Signora Majumet, who will be remembered for her graphic impersonation of the *Comtesse Zerk*, in "Diplomacy." "A Child of the State" is a most excellent drama and it should receive a liberal patronage, especially as it is presented by a thoroughly competent company. The company is said to be one of the very best that has taken the road this season. The People's Theatre is having special scenery poured for the production of the play, and it is to be put on in the very best style.

As business manager of the "World," which is produced under his management of Messrs. Brooks & DeLeon, Mr. James Mortenson will appear in "Jumpy" is known as the most successful of all theatrical agents. He it was who contemplated Emma Abbott's misadventures in the press, and such of her success is to be ascribed to his efforts. Mortenson is a most fascinating fellow, and few newspaper men are able to escape his wiles. He is a thoroughly conversant, bouleverable gentleman, however, with all his wiles. Emma Abbott, it is said, regrets already that she consented to be "Jumpy," whose irascible and "homely little Emma," when too late, is ready to recognize.

Miss Minnie Walsh, the *Comtesse de Combray* of the Combray-Barton Company, has appeared in this city in the "Graces of Penance" and "Billie Taylor." She is far better suited to that class of opera than those of the Olivette school.

Mr. Y. H. Fear has a host of friends in this city. He appeared two seasons ago at Thurg's Cave with the Mount Party. Afterwards he went with the Natcha Company, which collapsed at St. Paul. Fear was in hard straits for some time, but never com-

plained. He made quite a reputation with his *Coqueline* in New England and Canada. Mr. Fear deserves success in his profession, and if hard, conventional work goes for anything, will achieve it. His *Coqueline* is the best yet seen in St. Louis.

This (Saturday) evening the Combray-Barton Company will appear in the comic opera of "Madame Favart." This opera was given here a few weeks ago by the Melville Company, and it will be interesting to compare Catherine Lewis's *Madame Favart* with Emily Melville's. It will test Miss Lewis's ability. Mr. John Howson will make a splendid *Margie de Piquette*, and Mr. Fred Leslie ought to be an excellent *Charles Favart*.

At Pope's Theatre, "Won at Last" is to be succeeded by the great spectacular play of "Michael Strogoff," or the Conquer of the Czar's produced under the direction of the Kraly Brothers. The scenery and stage accessories are all furnished by the Kralys. Of course the ballet is a feature of the representation. Six horses are brought upon the stage at one time, as a spectacle, "Michael Strogoff" is said to be exceedingly successful. William Reginald takes the part of *Michael Strogoff*. The play is founded upon Jules Verne's novel.

"Won at Last" has not done such a good business during its second week of engagement. There was a decided falling off in patronage. Steele Mackaye and his company are only fair.

The People's Theatre is the only place of amusement in the city that provides a colored gentleman "in livery" to attend to the wants of patrons of the theatre. This able young man, who is a native son, and is often of great assistance to ladies who go to the matinees with little children. And then, too, he is wonderfully expert in leading a lady from a carriage or in putting her into one.

The Adams Humpty Dumpty Company has done an immense business at the People's Theatre this week. It is the best entertainment of its kind that has ever been seen. The tricks are not of the stale old regulation kind that we see in humpty dumpty shows, but they are new and interesting. George Adams is a fine clown, in fact, he is unsurpassed in this country. The specialty features of the entertainment are very good. The crowd last Sunday evening was the largest ever in the theatre, and there have been full houses all the week.

"The Child of the State" does not open at the People's till Monday evening, and the engagement closes with the performance Saturday night. This is one of the few dramatic companies that does not play on Sunday nights. Messrs. Hoey & Hardie, the proprietors, are to present not only a great play, but they aim to present it in the most artistic and unobjectionable manner. "The Child of the State" ought to draw full houses of the most intelligent people next week.

In the announcements of "Madame Favart" by the Combray-Barton Company it is stated that the opera will be done here in English for the first time at Saturday evening. This is not true, the Kraly Company having done it at Pope's some weeks since.

John Howson, of the Combray-Barton Company, is a loyal fellow in the character of *Al Mercutio*. He is very a great attraction, than Catherine Lewis, and the audience during this engagement of the Combray-Barton Company have so expressed themselves. Howson is an Englishman, and first came to St. Louis some six years since with Alice Davis. He was a member of that famous company who had here then Vol. J. C. Steele, and so spoke to her a number of complimentary sentences who presented the trail Alice with a beautiful coral necklace.

Marie Janney, who was such an attractive feature of the Combray-Barton Company last season, is not here this time. She is in New York, and is not in good health. I hope she will soon be well again, for she is one of the prettiest and most modest little women on the stage.

Catherine Lewis has not improved since she was here last year. — In fact, she is not so attractive as she was, for I detect a weariness that she but tries too hard to hide. In the famous farandole, at the close of the second act of "Olivette," she gets only two or three encores this year, whereas last year she got five or six. She perhaps cannot hear her heels a little higher than she did last year, but I do not know that this is to be particularly commended, as she threw them high enough before. Wednesday night she kicked out so vigorously in the farandole that she threw off one of her slippers, and sent it sailing out in the air, over the heads of the audience in the orchestra. The audience screamed and yelled, and Catherine really looked embarrassed as she stood there with her mouth open, and on one foot.

"Strogoff" will be followed at Pope's by the Salisbury Troubadours in their new play, which has taken the place of "The Brook" in their repertoire. Then Steele Mackaye and his company play a return engagement of one week, producing "The Fool's Errand," a dramatization of Judge Turgot's famous novel of the same name.

SMELFUNGUS.

THE LATEST FALIS WIT.

A young good-for-nothing has gone so far as to propose marriage to an heiress.

"The girl finds her suitor charming, but papa says he must make inquiries, before he can give his consent."

"In that case, I break off the affair," says the young man.

"But why?"

"Since you will certainly break it off afterwards, I prefer to do so before; it is more worthy of a man of honor!"

A Gascon, to whom some one has just said that he has a bag of the wind.

"—Oh, I don't mind it in the least; when I see the wind coming, I run away, and I am always kept well ahead of it."

Between two Maxwellites.

"Really, it's quite marvellous how quick they are about their work at our place. Fancy, the other day I go to pay a visit at my father's; the dinner is just beginning; two hours later, the wine is in the racks!"

"At our place," said the other, negligently, "the wine gets into the racks by itself."

At Bordoneau.

A party set at dinner at the house of M. R. Everybody has an excellent appetite. After the second course, a dish full of mushrooms is brought in, and everybody makes ready to attack them.

"You must not eat these mushrooms," cries the host, enthusiastically; "my mother-in-law said them toxic."

Naturally all forks are dropped, and the guests look each other in the face with an air of consternation.

A joke, perhaps not strictly new, but worth a second reading.

A lady Bohemian is asked by a friend:

"Come now, what do you do with your time?"

"First in the morning, when I wake up, I ring my bell."

"What do you look at next?"

"Oh, her, — but I have no bell!"

Somewhat asked a "modern" young man:

"What do you like best, your Uncle John or your Uncle Andrew?"

The young man, with a mournful shrug, replies:

"My Uncle Andrew, of course; he is much the older!"

THE SPECTATOR

PERMANENT BY
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ST. LOUIS.

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ART.

The lateness of the hour at which the collection of pictures to be sold at Thompson's gallery on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week, was opened, will prevent such a review as would be desirable; but the difference in character to former sales is so marked that at least a word must be spoken.

In the first place, the works include a much larger number of home artists than have heretofore been represented in a sale. As there is a greater diversity of talent, so there is more variety. While the landscape element predominates, yet there is a fair sprinkling of figure and animal pictures. Secondly, the average is higher, and there is a decided improvement noticeable, not only in the works of the older artists, but an element almost entirely new in such sales is very prominent, and in such a manner as will cause a pleasurable surprise to those who have not kept pace with art growth in this country. The association of a greater number seems to have put all upon their mettle, and the result is certainly gratifying.

The most important figure picture in the collection is Harney's "Weeping Old," to which reference was made last week. The subject is well chosen, the story is well told, and it shows to better advantage what the artist is capable of than anything of his which I have before seen. He has several smaller works, which do not impair the impression formed by the large picture. Mr. Tracy has a number of animal pictures, or rather animals with landscape accessories, which are highly creditable to him. The large canvas, entitled "On the Buff," is his most important work; the cattle are well grouped and painted. There is a smaller one—No. 72 in the catalogue—which impressed me very pleasantly. I am not so partial to the dogs, but the distant foliage is very tender and full of suggestions of nature. I am told by Mr. Tracy that this is his last appearance in a St. Louis sale, as he will shortly remove to New York. Mr. Marple is unusually strong in his landscapes. No. 15 in the catalogue, entitled "Near Arcadia," is one of the best in the collection. He worked with great industry during the Summer in that practically named region, and his work shows the good resulting therefrom. Mr. Meeker seems to be in a measure emancipating himself from the style of picture with which his name is so closely associated. There is a goodly range of subjects treated in the individual manner which has contributed so largely to his reputation as an artist.

Mr. Guthrie has rather an oddly named figure-piece which cannot but attract favorable comment. It is called "Poor Carlo." The dog for whom the picture was named is not in sight, but you know by the sympathetic expression of the young girl's face that he is not far away, and perhaps when she takes her hand from the basket where she is seeking something to divide, he will thrust his nose near enough so that we may inspect him as closely as we can the several which hangs above. Mr. G. W. Chambers has beautiful pictures in

the collection, and there is not a bad one among them. In fact, several are so good that the writer would be glad to own them. This is especially true of Nos. 60 and 36. The first is called "Goodnight." Two peasant girls are unconsciously breathing the sweet odor of the Spring woods, and possibly talking over that old, old story which is ever new in all countries and seasons. The other is an "October Afternoon." The scene is near Kirkwood, and although there is nothing particularly striking in the elements of landscape, yet is full of the feeling of out-of-doors, and illustrates forcibly how much there is in the least dramatic effect if we have but the eyes to see and appreciate it. Mr. Chambers has been in Paris for some time before this Fall, and it is his intention to return there next Summer. I am fairly of the belief that he will be a great success.

Harvey Young is not so strongly represented as in the sale of last Spring, but there are several works which sustain the high opinion already formed of him. Charles Holloway is one of the young men of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, and some of his pictures show a rich fruitage for the years of faithful study which he has devoted to art. His best work, and one which any of them ought to be glad to father, is hanging near the ten line, where it would have been overlooked had not my attention been called to it. It is No. 35, and is called "Twilight on Bloody Island."

J. M. Barnsley is well represented in both oil and water-colors, but the water-colors are to my liking much the best. Amongst them is the one which took the blue ribbon at the Fair, this Fall.

Augusta S. Bryant has manifested a much stronger individuality in this collection than I have seen before. Charles K. Moss was a greater Parisian canvas representing a little girl "Waiting for Supper." She is not excited daring of fortune, but fresh, rosy, and ruddy, with the eager appetite which comes from a thriving circulation of the blood and the accompanying buoyancy of health. There is a good honest work in the picture, and I hope some one will show the good judgment to pay a good price for it. Mr. Moss is a pupil in the school of Bonnat, in Paris, and had a picture in last Spring's sale.

Mr. Seidman has a corner all to himself, to the left of Cassidy Adam's flaming sunset, at the south end of the gallery.

There would not be the slightest trouble in criticising much of the work exhibited, but the advance is so marked that I am rather disposed to give credit for the spirit manifested than to criticise that which falls below the highest average.

Prof. Yves has a room at the Museum as two landscapes by Delone, totally different in manner, but both showing the extraordinary powers of the artist. Delone is the foremost man to-day among the younger landscape painters of France. He has won several medals, and his pictures are marked Hon. Concours in the Salon. The dealers in New York are beginning to bring his pictures to this side of the Atlantic, and he will soon gain the reputation in America which he has won by his great talents in Paris.

Professor Yves and Shaw will deliver a series of four lectures in Memorial Hall at the Museum of Fine Arts, entitled "An Hour in London." The first will be given by Professor Yves on next Monday evening, November 24. He will speak of the city in general, the parks, gardens, and places of resort; the works of art, sculptures and paintings in the museums and galleries; the portrait busts in the British Museum, noted works of architecture, the Crystal Palace, and many things of interest. The subject is a prolific one. Almost any one of the topics mentioned would furnish material for a delightful hour, and the thorough knowledge gained by repeated visits to the great metropolis will enable the lecturer to entertain his audience most delightfully. Those who have never visited this mammoth city, with a population of nearly four millions, should not allow this opportunity to pass. The lectures will take place at seven o'clock, to be obtained, while those who have been so fortunate as to see it with their own eyes will find a double interest in the pleasant memories which the lecture will recall.

W. R. II.

LETTER-BOX.

THE LAST FROM "CHARLES AUGUSTUS."

Editor of the Spectator:

It seems impossible for my antagonists of the quill to suspend their puerile badinage. But I shall not retaliate with those I presume your readers are of no interest to your readers, seeing that they entirely lose sight of the original controversy.

What relevancy to the issue would it be for me to point out the solecism of which "Don Quixote" is guilty in the "quixotic" style of the "quixotic" mother? I might retort upon "Algermon," who says he has an idea, that he steals the only idea in his article from Burns's lines—

"I remember hard he tried on oam,
And then he made the ladies, O."

I could remind "Gemini," who seems positive I shall yet marry, that I don't like her name. I may marry, but no greater for me, if you please. Nor shall I claim the valuable space of the Spectator for an answer, in kind, to the petulant revivings of "Nustalia." She should thank her stars she is not a sixteen century countess. If she were, her daily diversion would be a dip in the duck-stick, and her only recreation would be "common sense." She "has yet to learn that politeness is not sarcasm, and that insolence is not invective."

But recross a not unwise, and as I began this "stepped in to trouble" with quotations, I'll continue. Herbert Spencer says the less developed intelligences of women "are unable to decompose these more complex facts and assimilate their components; they have no appetite for them, but devour with avidity facts mostly valueless. Such concentrated diet as experiments of physicists, investigations of political economists and analyses of psychologists are intolerable to them. But they swallow with greediness the trivial details of table talk, personalities of fashionable life, the garbage of police and divorce courts; while their readings are of trashy novels and gossipy correspondence."

History of a woman has no adaptability for questions of great moment. She has been tried in statecraft. Hellogabals organized a female senate under the presidency of his mother, but Aulus Lampridius, who tells the tale, says the members chiefly occupied themselves with points of etiquette, regulations of dress and other like feminine mysteries of state. Her proper sphere is one of subservience to her lord and master, when men choose to hamper themselves with such encumbrances. Schiller succinctly expresses it thus:

Gehorsam ist des Weibes Pflicht vor Ehen.

She is not governed like man, by reason, but like the brute, by passion. The French philosopher says of the rabble is true of her: *ex verbis patet, ex aspectu patet, auditur*; and Plautus gives a cheerful picture of one of these angelic creatures. I translate him thus: "She has a lying tongue, a wit that is ripe for mischief, an undoubted assurance. She has at home within herself a maid fraught with false-words, false actions and false catches. For a woman, if she is bent on ill, never goes begging to the goddess for material; she has her own resources, and a stock of her own for all her unnumbered contrivances." Her words should be written in sand; her falsehood is proverbial. "All lover's vows they say fore laughs;" it's only so because there's a woman in the case. Men know how true are the lines of Catullus:

Mulier cupido quod dicit amat.

Invents et rapida ardere spiritus aqua.
We were, woe indeed, who would "build upon a foolish woman's promises."

For every dream of woman in the world—
"Any dream of woman's flesh is false."
"It's in a young man married is a man that's married."
"It's in a young man married is a man that's married."
As I have said:

Qu amare bene stat, malum
Pecunia.

And therefore came it that the man was mad
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

Machiavelli says it was recorded in the old histories of Florence that a certain devout person who was held in great veneration there for the sanctity of his life, being one day at prayers in his closet, had a vision, in which he saw numbers of souls descending into hell, the much greater part of whom complained that it was owing to their wives that they were sent thither. At hearing this the chief devils were much astonished; so they held a council before Pluto to consider its truth. It was concluded to send one of the devils to earth to survey, and thus test the matter. But a devil could be found in hell who would volunteer to undertake the venture, and the choice was made by lot and fell to Belphégor. He came to the earth, courted, married, repented, regretted, and then incontinently fell back to hell, choosing rather to dwell there for ease and comfort than endure the thralldom of matrimony, in which he had experienced such torment and so many heart-breaking sorrows.

As Rosalind says: "I thank God I am not a woman to be touched with so many giddy offences."

Marriage at best brings sorrow. There is truth as well as beauty in Edwin Arnold's lines:

Sweet it is to love, but lovelier, lovelier must be
The tears which follow and the love which cling.

And his other lines are equally applicable to this miserable condition of humanity:

Its threads are Love and Life, and Death and Pain
The shuttle of its loom.

Beaumont and Fletcher put fearful boathing in the mouth of Falstaff:

How loaves it in your eyes, but in your hearts
More hell than hell has hell; how your tongues, like scorpions,
Both lead and poison; how your thoughts are wovens
With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn to by you, how that foolish man
That reads the story of a woman's face,
And dares believe it, is so lost forever.

But enough! I might continue ad infinitum. I will conclude with the acknowledged aphorism of sociology: *Vita conjugalis alius est generosa spiritus agere et a magis expulsiōne ad hominibus detrahit.*

CHARLES AUGUSTUS.

KERETT'S WORKS.

Editor of the Spectator.
Sir: Your issue of the 5th Inst. contains the query, "Has anybody seen of Everett's works?"

Coupled with the fact that a peculiar demand was recently made upon the local libraries for the "works" of the great statesman, this question becomes all the more important, especially as the impression prevails that the demand could not be supplied. The reason is very simple. Such a thing as Edward Everett's "works" is not in existence. The only literary remains known are his orations, which embody every-thing upon which his fame as orator and scholar rests. Of these the Public School Library has two copies, as well as the largest portion of his miscellaneous productions, all of which appear on the subsequent list. The only volume we lack is one containing speeches, published in 1848. Our efforts to secure this were unsuccessful. It may be that the special information sought for could have been supplied by this volume.

I need only say that the list inclosed was sent to William Everett, Esq., of Quincy, Massachusetts, son of the author, for revision, and the missing volume of speeches above mentioned was the only one he recommended the library to obtain in order to be well supplied with his father's writings. Hoping that this may have a proper effect in correcting an erroneous idea, I have the honor to be,

Yours respectfully,

RICHARD SEAMER,

Read-Assistant Librarian.

COL. DONNAN IN MEXICO.

SOCORRO, MEXICO, Nov. 6, 1881.

I do not say New Mexico, because it is very essential both government and flag, Old and New Mexico are the same. What we now call New Mexico and Arizona was all a part of Old Mexico, until its cession to the United States in 1848; its country, climate, people,

products, manners, customs, and religion are still almost identical. It is all Mexico yet. Land of romance and adventure; land of the Toltecs and the Aztecs; land of the fabled Montezuma, with their magnificence and pride, with their silver-shod horses and gold-plated articles of human sacrifice. Cioay, which we now call Santa Fe, was their northern capital, as Terrochiltlan, now the City of Mexico, was their southern seat of empire. Land of Cortes and Alvarado, of heroism, cruelty, cruelty and fanaticism; land of guerrillas, revolutions, bandits, and bandages; land of dark-eyed senoritas and gay cavaliers of music and dancing, flirtation and assassination; land of earthquakes and volcanoes, of gold, silver and jewels, of moonshine, orange-groves, coffee-plantations and cochineal bugs; land of paradisaical beauty and fertility, of fabulous riches and wild extravagance; land of infinite falsehood, and misrepresentation, and humbug,—such is Mexico, new and old. And we thought United Statesians have been marvellously and inexcessively ignorant of it and its people.

Few, even of your most intelligent St. Louis people, have ever known, or cared to know, that separated from the hundreds of miles by water, that imaginary line of a grand federal republic, modeled after our own, comprising twenty-eight States and territories, with nearly a million square miles of domain and ten millions of people; that for seventy long years they have been struggling against all conceivable obstacles and bewilderments toward independence, right, and freedom; that they have had countless heroes and sages, soldiers, orators, historians and poets worthy of a place in the world's noblest annals; and that they, too, have had their Abraham Lincoln, and the great Hidalgo who in one blow struck the shackles from a million hereditary slaves. They have slowly but surely shaken off the bonds of despotism, ignorance and superstition, and waded through a half-century of blood and fire to liberty, peace and good order. They have one of the richest countries on the globe, teeming with every variety of agricultural, pastoral and mineral wealth, yielding in the very profusion of its natural gifts, all the products of every climate.

The lowlands are tropical, the high table-lands temperate; so that, with an inclined railroad, one could run in an hour's time from coffee, cotton and sugar haciendas, and orange, lemon, fig and magnolia groves in the valleys, through wheat, rye and cornfields, meadows of grass and clover, and orchards of apples, pears, cherries and plums, midway upon the mountain-sides, into everlasting ice and snow upon the triple peaks. And every hill and mountain-side is ribbed with gems and royal ore. All this grand realm, with its millions of people and its infinitude of resources, will soon be tributary to St. Louis. The great railways that are now pressing onward to the "Halls of the Montezumas" will, in less than two years, throw upon the doors of Mexico to your merchants, and it is about time they were studying Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and Mexican Central and Santa Fe, and learning both to walk and talk Spanish.

Socorro, where this letter is dated, is the centre of what, from all indications, is destined to be one of the most famous mining districts on the globe. It is not generally known, but note the less true, that in feeding that is now New Mexico and Arizona to the United States, the Mexicans yielded a vast area of rich extract mining territory. Here were scores, if not hundreds, of those far-famed old Aztec and Spanish mines which three centuries or so ago made Spain the envy of the world. The old shafts and dump-piles of hundreds of years ago are scattered all through these mountains, which everywhere rear their tall peaks above the clouds; and the ruins of ancient furnaces and the fragments of rude picks, and hammers, and drills tell tales of the avarice which, generations ago, filled these wild crags and valleys with the towers of Spanish industry. Here, in the center of all the wonders, the Magdalena, the Ladrones, the Socorro, the Minimes and Ocuera, are the very mines which the desperate Pueblos filled up, as they supposed never to be reopened, when the cruelty of their ruthless tack-

masters from over the sea drove them into the bloody and terrible insurrection of 1680. These mines are just being re-discovered and re-opened today, after their two hundred years of darkness and silence. In the Centiles (pronounced *Ser-penes*, with the accent on the second syllable) Montañas, about twenty-five miles from Santa Fe, the Tiffans of New York are opening up the once famous turquoise mine from which the magnificent turquoise in the Russian crown-jewel collection was taken nearly three hundred years ago. All around Socorro, these old mines of gold, silver, copper and gems abound. We have some of them in which the stone walls of the inclined shafts, where the hapless Pueblos toiled up with their wicker-baskets of ore on their shoulders centuries ago, still remain plainly visible.

Many chances have taken place in this old town since I was here in August. Hosts of mining men, speculators, capitalists, sharp and flat, have swarmed in from every region under the sun. Many new buildings in modern American style have gone up. Two big ore mills and smelters will soon be running, and the whole place begins to wear a look of life and activity. Happily, however, the turquoise-making has in almost daily of every direction, and some of the remarkable cases of instantaneous fortune-making have occurred.

Keon St. Charles, a Deadwood newspaper carrier, landed here without a nickel and almost starved. He went to the office of the Socorro Star, told his story, and appealed to that printer's friendliness which never goes back on a brother in distress. One of the boys gave him a quarter to get something to eat, and that afternoon he went to work at a case as a "sub." He stuck to it till he got five dollars ahead. He invested this in a pick and some crackers and bacon, and struck out into the mountains. In six weeks he had secured a claim, sold out for \$15,000, and was on his train bound for his old home in Kentucky, declaring he had all the money he wanted.

"Old John Kinloch," of the Black Hills, was a ragged, gray-haired Scotch prospector, who used to wear himself occasionally in the deadwood town of Deadwood winters ago. I advised him to come to this city, and he did so without a dollar in the world. Within the past month his partner, George A. Kimball, formerly a freight hauler on the plains of Dakota, has sold one of the old man's claims, in Chicago, for \$200,000, and he has refused \$300,000 cash from a New York company for another. These lie over the Arizona border.

One more case, and I am through. Jim Berry was a well-known Black Hills miner and prospector. He got "dirt broke" in Deadwood two or three years ago, and last winter kept a little restaurant in Chicago. Tired to drop in and take meals with him, and urged him to come down into this Mexican country. About the 15th of last August I went found with him in this place and introduced him to the miners and prominent citizens. He was then a stranger, and a living exemplification of the old doggerel of "the moneyless man." Last month he had less than a tenth of his interests for \$50,000 cash; so that, if he stops here, he may be set down as having made at least a half-million dollars, on nothing as a capital, between the middle of August and the middle of October. That would be doing pretty well even for the affluent and influential editor of a first-class "society" paper, would it not?

And that reminds me that I began this sacred melody to give you a sketch of the social and landwreck features of this strange region, but find myself scattered all over an entirely different track. I shall have to postpone any task to say this time, until next time; but I cannot give you an excited picture of a most without alluding to the marvellously, radiantly, dazzlingly transparent atmosphere which lends an added glory to every grand and beautiful scene. I might as well try to describe the rainbow to a blind man as to give you any very clear idea of the beauty and grandeur of all the universe. The air is more than crystal in its clearness. I can stand in the plaza of Socorro and distinguish the pion trees on the Magdalena Mountains, thirty-five miles away; and in the splendor

of the evening sunshine any good eye can see and distinguish the broad stripes of red, white, and brown that mark the various strata of stone in the face of the precipitous Gullinas, nearly seventy miles to the northeast. The stars come fully twice as large and luminous as in the Mississippi Valley, and Venus as the evening star looks like a grand globe of softened electric light. The nights are always exquisite, but, during the past week, with the moon at its full, they have been transcendently glorious.

The fall-colored moon-disk brightest stars;
The level rays, like golden hair,
Lie on the quartz cliffs' shores
With shadows brown between.
And silver-white the river gleams,
As if it danced, in her dreams,
Upon the starry river loar
Upon the fields below.

Air pure and clear as ever, starbursts glittered through. Skies unclouded as those whose blue arch bends in crystal purity above the enchanted waters of Naples. And moonlight that seems as if it had just poured through the sapphirine gates of heaven, bathing mountains and valley, crag, river, and cascade, quaint old city, rude miners' camp, desert and wild-wood in a flood of radiance, rich and silvery as ever illumined the romance-breathed courts and towers of the Alhambra or the stonier bowers of princely Andalus. Every ray seems reflected and multiplied a millionfold by the diamond-like translucence of the celestial vault through which it shines. The river is a winding line of molten glass studded with richly jeweled isles, and the grand anthem of its rolling waters ceaselessly swells in thunderous melody on the ear, while ghosts of ethereal rainbows glisten in its flashing spray. Every breeze that stirs the boughs of the ancient convent groves and gardens is heavy-laden with the perfume of many flowers, the seeming essence of all fragrance that ever bud or blossom hath exhaled.

The temptations to stroll around arm in arm with some friend of the opposite gender, star-gazing, whispering soft and tender assurances, humming gentle ditties, dealing in emotional flow and bottled moonshine, and making an egregious mummy of one's self in general, are almost overpowering. Stout, sturdiness, stolid is he who does not succumb. Bewail all the impious philosophy of your scoffing "Charles Augustus" get his knees half-broken, rebuke his Roman Montague and Juliet Capulet, Claude Melnotte, Tom Moore, and Mother Goose: by his incessant supply of such satirical ammunition as "horrid" candy-bits complete supply, and ally forth for a scene with somebody that shall lay Young Lochinvar, Lord Lovell and Lady Nancy, and Villikins and his Dinah, forever in the shade of a lunar eclipse.

None but the loving and beloved
Should be allowed in these sacred hours.

I would do all the moonstruck things I have catalogued, and scores of ill-fates besides, but for the fact that I would have to "sally" all the way to St. Louis, or some other two-thousand-mile-away island resort, to do all this. The "dickensy-memories" hereabouts are far from being all so fine a fancy painted. They are as ugly as Gormogon grins—as ugly as Puckabooes that would be turn somewhat for the amusement of Cap. Smith's red-garbed down on James River, "before the war." The beautiful Indian princesses and bewitching Mexican enchantresses are as hard to find as decorated patriots, or honest politicians. I have never seen one yet. Fast I do, shall remain, more wishfully than hopefully.

V. DONAS.

LITERARY NOTES.

Among the papers to appear in the December date is an article dealing with "Socialism in a German University," an essay on "The American Society," a review of some notable "British State Associations," by a Boston journalist; and a story of "New England Life."

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish this month "The Memoirs of Count Miot de Melito." It is said to be a work of extraordinary historical and biographical interest. Count Miot was a spectator of all the more stirring scenes of the French Revolution, and knew intimately Danton, Robespierre, Desmoulins and others, of whom he has left his impressions, giving most valuable details of their life and conversation, and a series of graphic pen portraits of each of them. This part of the work is of valuable for the new light it throws upon men and events as it is interesting and entertaining. The intimate and confidential relations in which the author stood to Napoleon, and the fresh and authentic information he was enabled to preserve for a later generation by his habit of writing down every evening all that he had learned or observed during the day, gives to this part of the memoirs an importance not second to the Talleyrand and Bonaparte memoirs, which it surpasses in general interest and literary value. Count Miot's life-long friendship with Joseph Bonaparte, whom he accompanied to Naples and about Spain, where he was with the king through Ferdinand's exile, and his intimate acquaintance with the political and personal history of the Bonapartes, render his memoirs exceptionally full and valuable. He takes up the history of the Empire at the point at which Madame de Bonaparte drops it, and reveals the true story of the Spanish fiasco as it has never hitherto been exposed. His presence at Blois when the news of the Emperor's abdication reached the Empress Marie Louise and the members of the imperial family, who had fled thither from Paris, enables him to describe in minute detail one of the suggestive episodes of a history which lacks nothing that the irony of fate could inflict in the way of contrast. The work supplements and completes the historical narrative for which we are indebted to the memoirs and letters of Prince Metternich and Madame de Rémusat.

"The House of a Merchant Prince" is the title of W. H. Bishop's new novel. It will appear in the *Atlantic*, as its novel "Delusion" did, beginning in January and continuing through the year. It is said to be a charming story of New York life.

Mr. Henry James, Jr., has just arrived in this country and will spend about six months here. His serial "A Portrait of a Lady" will be concluded in the next *Atlantic*. It will be published in book form immediately by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

An additional supplement to Baxter P. Smith's History of Dartmouth College, containing the reports of the committees of investigation, and printed to match the original work, has been issued.

A new edition of James T. Field's "Yesterdays with Authors" will be issued for Christmas. It will contain ten fine steel portraits, as follows: Dickens as a young man; Dickens later in life; Thackeray, Pope, Wordsworth, Miss Milford; Hawthorne as a young man; Hawthorne later in life; Harry Corning, and Leigh Hunt. Some of these were engraved from portraits in oil and crayon which hung in Mr. Field's library.

"Children's Magazine of America."

ST. NICHOLAS.

"The Best of its Kind."—*The Chronicle*.

St. Nicholas, the illustrated magazine for young folks, which has been published for nearly a quarter of a century, stands first among all other monthly magazines of its class, as shown in 1874, and early united with itself the leading children's magazines of that day,—"Our Young Folks," "The Little Corporal," "The School-Day Visitor," "St. Ann's," "The Young Men's Friend," etc. It was the first to begin and give the very best and most artistic illustrations that could be had, were serving the cause of "THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE OF AMERICA."

The greatest living writers of Europe and America are among its

DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles Dudley Warner, Henry W. Longfellow, John G. Whittier, K. H. Baynes, Kate Helen, Rev. Harriet, Gail Hamilton, Thomas Hughes, Louisa M. Alcott, Detroit G. Mitchell, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Elizabeth Easton, Mary Phelps, George MacDonald, Washington Irving, The Goodies, Harriet, Alfred Tennyson, John Jay, Clarence Cook, Rossetti, Francis, Susan Colletti, Edward Eggleston, Prof. A. R. Francis, Christiana G. Rossetti, Mrs. A. D. T. Wither, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Gail Thacker, Mrs. Caroline, T. W. Higginson, Lucy Larcom, Noah Brooks, author of "Alice in Wonderland," Mrs. Gifford, T. B. Aldrich, and hundreds of others.

WHAT ENGLAND SAYS OF IT.

The recognition of the great excellence of this superb periodical has been borne out more and more and unanimously from the press of England. The following are some of the English notices:

London Daily News: "We wish we could point out its equal in our own periodical literature."

The Spectator: "It is the best of all children's magazines."

John Bull: "It is not too much to say that it is the best of all children's magazines."

Court Circular: "There is a perpetual fund of interest in St. Nicholas."

European Mail: "We can recommend it for beauty of paper and sound moral teaching."

Literary World: "There is no magazine for the young that can be put in its equal."

Derby Mercury: "It is unequaled in every department."

Southampton Observer: "It is the King of all periodicals for the young people of the Atlantic, etc., etc., etc."

Brilliant Features of

The Coming Year.

The ninth volume, which begins with the November, 1881, number, will be remarkably rich in stories and illustrations. It will contain thirty or more pages with an average of fifty illustrations. There will be a new

BY MRS. MARY MARY DODGE, editor of St. NICHOLAS, author of "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates," etc., etc. A second serial story, "The Hooter School-Boy."

BY EDWARD EGLESTON, author of "The Hooter School-master," etc. A long article, "The Hooter School-master."

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A L CANY.

WHOLE OX TONGUE

Canned by the St. Louis Beef Canning Company.

The Spectator.

Vol. II. No. 63.]

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1881.

[PRICE 5 CENTS.]

THE LARGEST STOCK OF SILVERWARE IN THE SOUTH AND WEST.

A. S. MERMOD.
C. F. MATHIEY.

MERMOD, JACCARD & CO.

D. C. JACCARD.
GOODMAN KING.

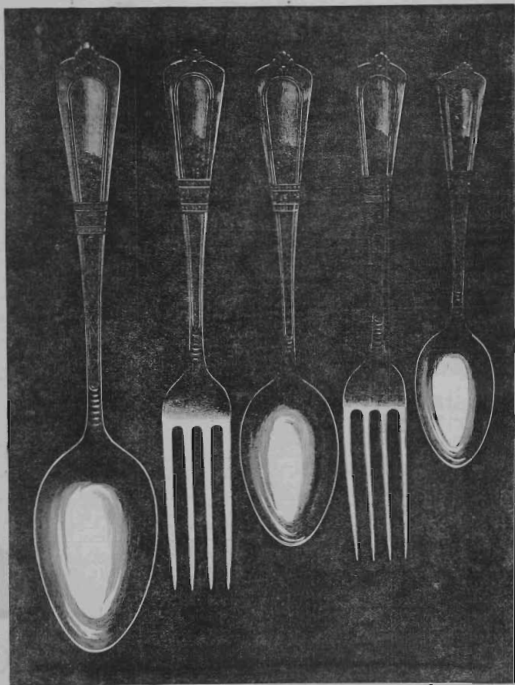
The GORHAM MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S Solid Silverware is the most elegant in design and finish, and the purest in quality made in the world. Our Silverware is almost exclusively of this celebrated make. We have a complete line of the most desirable styles and sell at factory prices, without adding freight.

Cases of Spoon, Fork Ware, and Tea Services, specially designed for

BRIDAL

PRESENTS.

To presentation services of Plate we devote the most careful attention, and committees will find that our stock, conditions and prices will be particularly attractive to them.



TEA SETS,
URNS,
TETE A TETE
SETS,
KETTLES,
DESSERT COFFEE
POTS,
SALT CELLARS,
PEPPER CRUETS,
BERRY BOWLS,
CAKE STANDS,
EPERGNES,
PITCHERS,
WAITERS,
GOBLETS,
CARD TRAYS,
SOAP BOXES,
TOBACCO
BOXES,
CARD CASES,
PURSES,
SNUFF BOXES,
PICKLESTANDS,
OLIVE FORKS,
ICE CREAM
CUTTERS,
CHEESE
SCOOPS,
CHILD'S SETS,
COFFEE
SPOONS,
OYSTER SETS,
BELLS,
VASES,
SPOONS, all styles
FORKS, "
KNIVES, "

All Goods marked in Plain Figures. But one Price, and that the Very Lowest.

Silks and Dress Goods Lower than Ever!

THE GREATEST

BARGAINS OF THE SEASON.

Late Importations in Silks and Dress Goods Bought at Auction. Largest Stock of SILKS, VELVETS, PLUSHES, SATINS and DRESS GOODS in the City.

PRICES AWAY BELOW ALL COMPETITION!

D. CRAWFORD & COMPANY'S

ALWAYS THE CROWDED STORE OF ST. LOUIS!

READ THE FOLLOWING:

The great demand for Black Rhadamens and Merceulines at D. CRAWFORD & CO.'s during the past few weeks has necessitated further purchases in every grade of these popular and much admired makes of Black Silks. They have just received two cases of Rhadamens, 20 inches wide, at 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90 and 95. Merceulines at 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80 and 85. Black Satins, all silks, at 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90 and 95. These goods will hold their world-wide reputation for wear and richness of color.

Bello's Black Silks at 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95. This silk has always held a high reputation, and is much admired by the patrons of D. C. & Co.

Black Cashmere Silks, "Vase, Vail, Veil," 45 inches wide, in a beauty, and meet with increasing sale. Prices in this beautiful silk run 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100, 105, 110, 115, 120, 125, 130, 135, 140, 145, 150, 155, 160, 165, 170, 175, 180, 185, 190, 195, 200, 205, 210, 215, 220, 225, 230, 235, 240, 245, 250, 255, 260, 265, 270, 275, 280, 285, 290, 295, 300, 305, 310, 315, 320, 325, 330, 335, 340, 345, 350, 355, 360, 365, 370, 375, 380, 385, 390, 395, 400, 405, 410, 415, 420, 425, 430, 435, 440, 445, 450, 455, 460, 465, 470, 475, 480, 485, 490, 495, 500, 505, 510, 515, 520, 525, 530, 535, 540, 545, 550, 555, 560, 565, 570, 575, 580, 585, 590, 595, 600, 605, 610, 615, 620, 625, 630, 635, 640, 645, 650, 655, 660, 665, 670, 675, 680, 685, 690, 695, 700, 705, 710, 715, 720, 725, 730, 735, 740, 745, 750, 755, 760, 765, 770, 775, 780, 785, 790, 795, 800, 805, 810, 815, 820, 825, 830, 835, 840, 845, 850, 855, 860, 865, 870, 875, 880, 885, 890, 895, 900, 905, 910, 915, 920, 925, 930, 935, 940, 945, 950, 955, 960, 965, 970, 975, 980, 985, 990, 995, 1000.

Just arrived, the balance of a large importation under the Black Moire Striped Silks. Prices run 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Black Satins at 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Colored Trimming Satins, in every conceivable shade, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100. These Satins, in every brown, wine, garnet, bronze, myrtle, green, olive, etc., etc., at 45.

22-inch colored Satin, rare value, at 75; importers' price on same, 85. 22-inch all-silk Satin, for dresses, at 50 per yard, worth 55. Children's, navy, brown, garnet, wine, etc., etc.

45 pieces colored Silks from 10 to 15 per yard, all first-class values, and embrace every hue of the rainbow, and are to-day worth fully as our cost more than prices asked by D. C. & Co.

Plain colored Plushes in great variety. Prices run from 75 to 85. In brown, garnet, wine, green, olive, myrtle, brown, etc., etc. Other plushes and striped, from 35 to 55.

Black Plushes, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100, 105, 110, 115, 120, 125, 130, 135, 140, 145, 150, 155, 160, 165, 170, 175, 180, 185, 190, 195, 200, 205, 210, 215, 220, 225, 230, 235, 240, 245, 250, 255, 260, 265, 270, 275, 280, 285, 290, 295, 300, 305, 310, 315, 320, 325, 330, 335, 340, 345, 350, 355, 360, 365, 370, 375, 380, 385, 390, 395, 400, 405, 410, 415, 420, 425, 430, 435, 440, 445, 450, 455, 460, 465, 470, 475, 480, 485, 490, 495, 500, 505, 510, 515, 520, 525, 530, 535, 540, 545, 550, 555, 560, 565, 570, 575, 580, 585, 590, 595, 600, 605, 610, 615, 620, 625, 630, 635, 640, 645, 650, 655, 660, 665, 670, 675, 680, 685, 690, 695, 700, 705, 710, 715, 720, 725, 730, 735, 740, 745, 750, 755, 760, 765, 770, 775, 780, 785, 790, 795, 800, 805, 810, 815, 820, 825, 830, 835, 840, 845, 850, 855, 860, 865, 870, 875, 880, 885, 890, 895, 900, 905, 910, 915, 920, 925, 930, 935, 940, 945, 950, 955, 960, 965, 970, 975, 980, 985, 990, 995, 1000.

BLACK VELVETS.

16-inch 50c
17-inch 55c
18-inch 60c
19-inch 65c
20-inch 70c
21-inch 75c
22-inch 80c
23-inch 85c
24-inch 90c
25-inch 95c
26-inch 100c
27-inch 105c
28-inch 110c
29-inch 115c
30-inch 120c
31-inch 125c
32-inch 130c
33-inch 135c
34-inch 140c
35-inch 145c
36-inch 150c
37-inch 155c
38-inch 160c
39-inch 165c
40-inch 170c
41-inch 175c
42-inch 180c
43-inch 185c
44-inch 190c
45-inch 195c
46-inch 200c
47-inch 205c
48-inch 210c
49-inch 215c
50-inch 220c
51-inch 225c
52-inch 230c
53-inch 235c
54-inch 240c
55-inch 245c
56-inch 250c
57-inch 255c
58-inch 260c
59-inch 265c
60-inch 270c
61-inch 275c
62-inch 280c
63-inch 285c
64-inch 290c
65-inch 295c
66-inch 300c
67-inch 305c
68-inch 310c
69-inch 315c
70-inch 320c
71-inch 325c
72-inch 330c
73-inch 335c
74-inch 340c
75-inch 345c
76-inch 350c
77-inch 355c
78-inch 360c
79-inch 365c
80-inch 370c
81-inch 375c
82-inch 380c
83-inch 385c
84-inch 390c
85-inch 395c
86-inch 400c
87-inch 405c
88-inch 410c
89-inch 415c
90-inch 420c
91-inch 425c
92-inch 430c
93-inch 435c
94-inch 440c
95-inch 445c
96-inch 450c
97-inch 455c
98-inch 460c
99-inch 465c
100-inch 470c

Cloaking and Skirting Velvets, ranging from 15 to 45.

Colored Velvets in brown, green, navy, garnet, myrtle, green, olive, etc., etc., at 45; all the best known grades.

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40 pieces heavy Serges, all-wool dressings, 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 elsewhere, 20c.

22 pieces Australian serges, 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 elsewhere for 20c.

45 pieces Cheviot Serges, 20c; regular price in other towns, 25c.

40 pieces English Saitie Brestals, 20c; cloth to import, 25 to 30c.

100 pieces French Crepe Cloth, all wool, 25c; sold at 20c.

40 pieces Zanora Basket Cogets, extra heavy, 30c; with worth 40c.

70 pieces Camlet Hair Serges, 15c; sold elsewhere for 20c.

45 pieces Steel-faced Melange Poplins, 20c; elsewhere, 25 to 30c.

60 pieces Cassock Flannel Serges, in all the prevailing shades, 40c; actually worth 45c.

75 pieces Augusta Dress Ties, 15c; sold everywhere at 20c.

20 pieces Cordelline Crepe Flannel, in finest effects, 20c; real value 25c.

50 pieces Cashmere Flannel Serges, 25c; would be cheap at 30c.

45 pieces Roman Silk Serges, 20c; would be a bargain at 25c.

75 pieces Alvaris Silk Checks, 35c; sold in this city at 50c.

40 pieces French Flannel and Matis, 35c; knippers' price, 45 to 50c.

35 pieces Lapin's 45-inch French Cashmere, 65c; regular price elsewhere, 80c.

40 pieces Lapin's 45-inch extra weight Babel Serges, 20c; worth 25.

30 pieces Sil and Wool Serges 25c Checks, in finest effects, for Hennessey, 35c; sold everywhere for 45.

30 pieces 45-inch all-wool Cheviot Brestals, 20c; 20c all values in 25.

45 of 45-inch all-wool Cashmere Cashmere Flannel, 25c; sold elsewhere for 30.

100 pieces off-wool Merino at 25c; worth 30c.

75 pieces all-wool Merino at 20c; worth 25c.

75 pieces 25-inch D. B. House at 20c; worth 25c.

75 pieces 25-inch Cheviot 45-inch cloth at 20c; sold elsewhere 25c.

25 pieces Diamond Cashmere at 40c; worth 45c.

25 pieces 40-inch all-wool Armures at 35c; worth 40c.

75 pieces 40-inch Cashmere, wool filling, at 45c; good value.

40 pieces 40-inch English Cashmere, wool filling, at 40c; would be a bargain.

50 pieces 40-inch French Cashmere, all wool, at 60c; worth 75c.

40 pieces Lapin's 45-inch all-wool Cashmere at 25c; worth 30c.

40 pieces 45-inch all-wool Cashmere at 30c; cheap at 35c.

50 pieces 40-inch French Cashmere, all wool, 45c; worth 55c.

50 pieces 40-inch Tarnis, all-wool, 45c; worth 55c.

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NO CHARGE FOR FREIGHT.

Bedroom, dining rooms, parlor, and all kinds of fancy furniture in shades, brass, mahogany, walnut, mahogany and ornate wood.

GUERNSEY, JONES & Co., 320 North Fourth Street.

\$25 \$25

For a Life-Size Crayon PORTRAIT at

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Would respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of the City of St. Louis that I have opened a Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boot and Shoe Store at

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Where I intend keeping constantly on hand one of the Finest and Largest Assortments in the City of St. Louis of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes of every description, which I will sell at the lowest prices. Also, a large assortment of Men's and Children's Boots and Shoes, together with a fine assortment of Boys' and Young Men's Boots and Shoes.

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Choirs are now in course of preparation.

Write for circular, EDWIN L. BOWEN, M. A.,

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Ernst Spiering's Orchestra

Re-organized for Season 1881-82.

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Lectures in Violin Playing by E. Spiering.

Apply at above.

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PERUKE MAKER of St. Louis,

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dresses, including the most elaborate part in

Water. Wafers, made of naturally curly hair, is

in constant supply at the very latest and most

choice styles in jet and steel, and without

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as ladies only care for when they are unique,

will be found at his store.

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Every patient gives a certificate of recovery.

Ladies, suffering from all kinds of irregularities

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Road-bed, Substantial Bridges, Elegant Equip-

ment, First-class Dining Rooms, and who

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TWO TRAINS Daily, from the Grand

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OUR PRESENT SALESROOMS

Being altogether too small for our largely growing business, we have taken a lease of the whole building, Nos. 113 to 123 Fifth and 608-510 Pine (we now occupy only the lower part) and after January 1 shall make extensive improvements, taking out entire West wall, remodeling Fifth Street front, putting in elevator, making Second Floor an elegant Boy's and Children's Department. In short, transforming the whole building into one of the most attractive in Clothing Houses in America. NOW, while making these improvements, we shall be cramped for space to show our goods. We propose to make room by

Closing out Large Lots at Once,

AND WE HAVE REDUCED

100 Cheviot Suits from \$15 to \$12

(These are made from the celebrated Moose Cheviot Cheviots, and are dirt cheap at \$16.00.)

THEN SOME BIG LOTS

Scotch Plaid Suits from	20 00 to	\$18 00
Fancy Cheviot Suits from	20 00 to	18 00
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ST. LOUIS, NOVEMBER 26, 1881.

THE TOWN TALKER.

The Post-Dispatch of last Saturday gave publicity to a social scandal of the gravest import, affecting a prominent family, whose apparently heartless treatment of one of its members has, as the facts have become known, awakened in no small degree the indignation of the community. Not many weeks previously the same bright newspaper published what was at first thought to be an exaggerated, but was afterwards shown to be, in the main, a truthful account of an episode in the career of a society young lady, the natural effect of which certainly was not to advance that young lady's position among right-thinking people. The question arises, "What limits, in respect to such matters, ought newspapers to observe?" There are not a few, mainly unreflecting persons, who denounce every such publication as a trespass upon private rights; but they often fail to discriminate between what is justly to be regarded as private and sacred, or public and open concern. No newspaper has anything to do with what affects the relations of the family or the home so long as those relations are confined to the family and the home. But when an amiable and lovely young girl is rudely thrust out from her father's house, the public has an interest in such an act, and the newspaper is justified in making the nearest revelation of all ascertained facts that relate thereto. When a young woman gets up a flirtation with a strolling actor, that is perhaps an indiscretion in which the newspaper has no office; but when the young woman's chosen champion puns the actor for consenting to such flirtation and telling his friends about it, the last thing in the world to be complained of is that the community is got in possession of such facts as enable it to correct its previous estimate of all the parties. This may not be the highest style of information, that can be conveyed or acquired, as the treatment of a cancer is not the most inspiring occupation of surgery. But one may be as healthful and necessary to the social as is the other to the physical body. A large part of social life is a masquerade—a good deal of it innocent, to be sure, with not a little that is venal and painful; and the newspaper that assists in the unmasking, where the circumstances call for it, is doing for the community a substantial benefit.

Miss Lina Anton, whose recent playing of one of Chopin's Concertos, in the Musical Union concert, was so much enjoyed, will play in a series of six concerts in New York, with the "Pulcherrima Quintette," of which she is the pianist.

A very general request has been made to Mr. Director Walman, that the quaint and beautiful "Humoresque" which was so brightly set in the programme of the Musical Union's last concert may be repeated in the next one for the pleasure of those who were detained at home by the storm on that first-falling night.

Rev. B. D. Gause, the eloquent pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, will lecture from his pulpit next Sunday evening upon the timely topic, "Gambling: its relations to private and public morality." Mr. Gause's well-known incisive and thorough method with whatever subject he touches will make his discourse upon this suggestive theme a matter of wide public interest.

I have lately noticed that a great many newspaper men are rushing into the theatrical business, going ahead of and along with shows. Mr. McCormick, city editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*; Mr. J. Frank Farrell, of the New Orleans *Times*; and others I might mention, have recently deserted one section of bright Bohemia for another whose ways are paved with glowing honors and whose toil is less exciting and more free-lance-like than the plodding and life-wasting business of hunting down news items. Theatrical managers are glad to get hold of a good newspaper man, and the manager who is fortunate enough to include a hard-earned journalist on his staff may almost rest assured of retaining at peace with the public, and getting the largest recognition for this attraction. Some of the young men of this city are talking of taking to the road, theatrically, and one or two have already had handsome offers, but they still stick to scribbling, which pays poorly. I would not be surprised, though, to hear of a journalistic vacancy or two in a short time, on this account.

Mr. Thos. L. Jones, a gentleman of this city of recognized mechanical genius, has invented a libretto to be used in theatres where plays or operas are to be given in a language with which the audience is wholly or in part ignorant. It is quite novel and interesting, though very simple in its construction. Its prominent feature is a movable transparency bearing the words or symbols in question, and illuminated by a light in the rear. The transparency moves past an opening which is between the audience and the light, the movement being timed to bring the words, as they are uttered, past the opening. Suitable motive mechanism is employed to move the transparency, and at any desired rate,—that is, the movement can be hastened, slowed, or arrested, according to the requirements of the occasion. The device can be a portable one or a fixture: in some theatres a very desirable place is at the sides of the proscenium, just under the proscenium boxes. It can, however, be arranged in front of the centre of the stage, just in the rear of the orchestra leader. In either case the light need not interfere with the action of the stage light. When arranged at the sides of the proscenium it can be utilized as a prompter. Two librettos can be used, one at each side of the stage, enabling persons in any part of the house to readily see the words. The words upon the transparency can in turn be grouped in columns, corresponding to the number of the principal characters appearing in the opera, and above the opening the names of the characters can appear. The names remain during the play as a fixture, and as the utterances of the various characters are made, the words appear beneath the respective names above, thus readily directing the attention of the spectators to the proper characters. These machines cost about \$100 each, and would be a valuable acquisition to any theatre where grand operas are given. They would also be of great service to foreign actors coming here, or American actors going to Germany and France. Mr. Johnson is the inventor of a number of valuable pieces of machinery, and has the highest commendations from Mr. Gerard B. Allen and other practical mechanicians of the city. It would be an interesting experiment to have one of them in Pope's Theatre during the approaching engagement of the Maple-rose Opera Company.

Miss Genevieve Ward, who made such an impression here last year in the play of "Forget-me-Not," will be here again in January, appearing this time at the Grand Opera House. She has a new play, called "The Soldier's Web," which she will probably give in her first season in America so far this year has been a great

success. Her audiences in New York, Boston, and other cities have been large and fashionable. She is a great actress and an accomplished lady.

It should be understood that the *Spectator* is not rilling at big hats in themselves, and I wish to qualify the expression "fashionable abominations," used last week. These hats are "abominations" only when worn at the theatres and some other places. I confess that I like the style for out-of-door wear, especially in the fall. As a frock has pointed out, they are unspectacularly artistic. At every period of history when art has been most flourishing, women have worn large hats something like the prevailing style. But I must repeat, in some places these hats are out of place, not adapted to the surroundings, and therefore unartistic. It is the few, and not the many who persist in wearing these hats at theatres, and I think the number is rapidly diminishing. I noticed but eight at Pope's on Tuesday night; and on the contrary, I noticed a great many very charming hats of such suitable dimensions that they do not spoil the pleasure of people sitting in the vicinity.

I had occasion, a few evenings since, to make a social call upon some old friends, when the young daughter of the house was requested to contribute her quota to the entertainment in the form of some music. Knowing that she had just "finished" at a fashionable boarding-school, and that fabulous sums had been expended upon her musical education, I naturally anticipated a rare treat, and settled myself back comfortably to enjoy the discourse of sweet sounds. Selecting a sheet from the top of a huge pile of music, Miss — seated herself gracefully at the piano and acquitted herself very creditably of a series of runs, trills and thunderous poundings which impressed me very much with a sense of her skill, but scarcely induced that soothing state of vague reverie which, to my mind, is the most delightful effect of music. With accompaniment or two on her proficiency and execution, I asked her if she would not please favor me with something simpler,—something with an air in it like "Home, Sweet Home," "Robin Adair," or anything of that kind? It had uttered very pretty arrangements of those old songs. But with a scornful little curl of her lip at my crude taste, she informed me that she never played that kind of music. Unwilling to urge her to lower her high standard of artistic excellence to suit my uneducated ear, I turned over her collection of pieces in hopes of finding something better suited to my taste and mood:—some tender "Lieder ohne Worte" or melodies "cradle song." But upon my producing one of Mendelssohn's sweetest compositions, she certainly could not contain that authority, I was informed that she had not practised that for "an age," and therefore could not play it.

There is, without doubt, more money absolutely thrown away on the musical instruction of girls in this country than would suffice to run half the first-class colleges in the land. Not that I would have them taught music less, but I would have it taught differently; have them so grounded in the rudiments that they could make some practical use of their alphabets. Music is an accomplishment whose primary object should be to brighten and enliven the home, and the first step toward this is to get rid of the absurd idea that if you cannot render beautifully the most complicated work of "classic" composers, it is not worth while to play at all. With the most beautiful sight I ever witnessed was that of an old, grey-headed man, seated in his special easy-chair in a luxuriously furnished parlor, while his daughter—

an accomplished musician, who rendered the best composers with ease and skill—played bright, lively music, the negro dances, the dances of the Indians, etc., until the swelling features of her old father composed themselves into the customary after-dinner nap. By hard labor in his young days had he earned the fortune which secured this ease and luxury for his children, and now he is reaping the reward of his industry. But this is the isolated case. I know of few others. And whenever I meet those two wretchedly accomplished musicians of private life, my mind reverts to this sweet and sensible girl and my father.

When Thackeray drew his famous picture of the immortal Becky Sharp, he had depicted a type of womanhood which has existed since the day of Eve, and will doubtless see the last of this complex world of ours. Tell it not in Gath, O courteous readers mine, but that same little arch-schemer, that brilliant, bewitching, unprincipled Becky is a resident of our city—she is here right in the midst of us. I know it to a fact, and society must look out for her immaculate skirts, lest they be contaminated by brushing against the intruder. Wouldn't you know how I found her out? By one of her tricks, in a word. She is a sort of poor relation—Becky was, you remember,—that is, connected by marriage with a high-toned family, and, like the rest of poor relations, is left out in the cold when cards of invitation to fashionable receptions are handed around. But our Becky is sharp, characteristically, if not conspicuously. She is not content with making a filial call upon mamma-in-law (who lives in a mansion and keeps her carriage) when Sunday cards of invitation arrive to the house of a wealthy society leader, she possesses upon the one intended for her elderly relative, whom she is bound to visit, as she is to be her own, and insists that it is intended for herself, notwithstanding the fact—that she and her relatives are well aware—that which she has not even a speaking acquaintance with the sender of the card. But go she will, and go she does, and gets the cold shoulder literally from her haughty hostess, who does not scruple to express her surprise about what any mistake could have arisen when Madame de Mere was so specially mentioned. But you know Becky was accustomed in the paid shoulder, and nevertheless such slighting little-silks-to interfere with her dignity.

It is one of the curses that dates in an undated way back to Cain, that people who have not conversations of their own are obliged to snoop in other people's. The street-car seems to have been thought out and fashioned after a plan that has suggested the propriety that this cheap-and-plebeian way of riding over the city dials with. A ride around in the street-cars a great deal, and have already had much to say about them, their discomfort and inconveniences, and I believe the readers of *The Spectator* have commended every word of commendation I have expressed concerning everything as a street railway train, from the stinging and brutal driver of the "ho-bell" up to the aristocratic conductor of the long car who punches ladies violently in the back to leave them on or off the vehicle, and who threatens to stop the car and eject a woman if she hands him a nickel with a hole in it. Recently while sitting on a conductor's position, on a "ho-bell" for a carful of ladies I was brutally abused for handing the driver a pushed silver quarter that one of the passengers had sent me. The driver called me a vulgar, swindler, high-toned one, and everything but an assassin, in front of the whole carful of people, and when I requested an explanation he received I understand, and said he had made a mistake that time, but would not be in a hurry to leave for home. I might try the same trick again. But I do not want to complain about the own crew. My complaint at present is against the men who cross their knees and throw their dirty boots across the passage and against the good class of passengers. I saw a lady's silk dress half-soiled in this way on Monday by a crew-jockey and bear-faced gentleman. I have seen the best of the ill-bred passenger extended as far across the car that ladies and families slied

to clamber over his limbs, and I have known the man sitting sideways in a corner with his legs planted to make a perfect diagram of the pantaloons of his fellow passengers. Something should be done to prevent this lavish and indiscriminate extension of dirty leather in the street-cars, and if it cannot be remedied in any other manner, it might be well to adopt the furniture car with its side-seats, and its passengers riding back to back, and all the ghastly atmosphere between earth and sky for the man with lofty heels to hang up his cobbler's sign in.

In the office of the President of the Board of Public Improvements I discovered, the other day, the author of the popular song, "Do They Miss me at Home?" Mr. Cameron, now a venerable gray-headed gentleman, who has been doing duty as Secretary of the Board, told me that he wrote the original verses about thirty-five years ago, just after he had come to this country. He was in New Orleans at the time. One day he received a letter from the sweetheart he had left behind him, and who wrote that she was homesick without him, and missed his presence everywhere he sat down, and in response wrote the touching and beautiful words that have since been sung all over the world. The song has three verses, but Mr. Cameron wrote seven or eight, some of which related to objects and incidents that were of value as memories to him in the young hours. The poem was first sung in the *New Orleans Bay*, and shortly afterwards three of the verses were put to music by somebody, and sung universally. The verses preserved in the song have lost a little of their sweetness in being Americanized, and the entire poem as the author—who has never sought nor asked credit for it—repeats it, is of a really charming and artistic character, and well worthy of preservation.

The Park Theatre, New York, now begins performance at half-past eight o'clock, in compliance with the dictates of fashion which is running to late dinners and late amusements. The managers of the Park made the change because the majority of the patrons kept on coming in late, and those who took the trouble to go to the young hours. The poem was first sung in the *New Orleans Bay*, and shortly afterwards three of the verses were put to music by somebody, and sung universally. The verses preserved in the song have lost a little of their sweetness in being Americanized, and the entire poem as the author—who has never sought nor asked credit for it—repeats it, is of a really charming and artistic character, and well worthy of preservation.

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Among other abnormalities which the present age of old things has developed is that of collecting old pewter. Pewter bowls, platters, etc., were much used in ante-Revolutionary times, but the stern necessity of war

converted the greater part of these wretched ornaments of our grandfathers' corner-cupboards into bullets for the uniforms of invading red-coats, so that the article is extremely scarce, and the more valuable, of course, because of its rarity. An old pewter sugar-bowl, which since I can remember has been relegated to the kitchen, would doubtless bring its weight in silver, if not in gold, were it indeed to part with it. But suddenly awakening to a sense of its æsthetic qualities, I intend to transport the blackened and battered relic to a velvet-lined cabinet which ornaments the parlor wall. I wish it distinctly understood that Boston does not monopolize the æsthetic culture of the Western Hemisphere.

A subject which has always interested me, as involving a nice psychological point, is why women will persist in the custom of kissing each other whenever and wherever they chance to meet. Prompted by curiosity, I have questioned many of the fair participants in this performance as to whether they derived any particular pleasure from this customary greeting, to which they invariably replied in the negative. But it prompted by sincere affection? Not in the least. Did it impress any flavor—cause any thrill of delight? None whatever. So far as I can make out, the average female kiss, as practised upon her own sex, is rapid, nervous, flaccid. Why, then, the nature of a mystery, past in kissing? It is there? The rule that is the point which is puzzling my powers of divination, and throws me into a semi-paralytic condition of open-mouthed wonderment every time I chance to be laid low of the pretty, pouring creature next, then the arms around each other and using two pairs of pointing lips into delicately expressing continuity.

I write in the *Atlantic*, speaking of American society, says: "Society in America is not an entity. It is rather the reflection of the mood of the individual who is contemplating it, the incarnation of certain tastes, and has neither locality nor measurement. For some it possesses elasticity, for others immobility; for their own it is a vast sea, for others an anathema of self-analysis, and when there, beyond that their circle is not society, which is ever broad and ever narrowing. But society—where is it? Everywhere."

I was standing in the rotunda of the Southern Hotel at noon, last Sunday, talking to M. F. Curtis, who had just finished telling me how he had won \$25 from John T. Bingham in a "nothing" bout, when an establishment young man, with a fast look as an interloper, pointed between a pair of poorly-fitted, and wearing a brown coat and vest under a gray overcoat, a pair of brogue-checked pantaloons, a small, stiff black hat, and small, stiff, nose and tight shoes, drawing up to me, and switching a light cane under his left arm, pointed his right hand into a pantaloons' pocket, and displaying an altitude that called for an answer, with two bright little gray eyes looked at *Somebody* from under two twinkling lids of lavender eyes, asked—

"Well, *John*, what do you say?"
"I'll go, *John*, what do you say?"
"All right," he said; "it's a go," and he ran his fingers into his coat pockets, searched the recesses of his pantaloons, made a dive into his overcoat, and finally held up a five-cent tobacco pipe. "Try that brook," he remarked, "he's satisfied by the *John* and continued, "but I suppose I'm good for \$10."
"Of course," answered Curtis. Then the stranger pulled out a well-worn Mexican dollar, and pinning it on the back of his left hand, held it there crossed at the right angle to the palm, and said, "I'll give you, saying as he rubbed them up, "it's a pretty darned young man should be possessed of a mad passion for gambling." As he turned to go he said to Curtis, "I'll give you a chance to see it back. What do you say?"

Beyond these are two superb bronzes mounted on marble pedestals—one, "The Tambourine Player," by Sansone, of Rome; the other, the "Paul and Virginie" of Madras. These form part of a detached exhibit of the most choice gems pulled from the rich treasures of this art collection, and one of the most prominent features of this little gallery is a superb vase of the *Choisi* in *Boi* porcelain, standing two and a half feet high above the handsome antique marble pedestal that supports it. The cream-ground and gold decorations which mark the distinctive character of this beautiful ware are most admirably set forth in this rich specimen. The vase is of the urn shape, and at the sides are two female figures whose hands cling in swinging fashion to the curved rim, while their sportive feet scathe toward the broad base. The hair and airy robes aiding in the swaying posture. Green and gold are their forms and robes, and gold leaves make the decorations of the vase, while bands of platinum etched with gold contrive the cap and base, the real metal being dissolved and burnt into the paste of the porcelain, and this, as well as the artistic skill that produces such beautiful results, make the cost of this ware whose proud name—*Choisi* in *Boi*—indicates its value. Three hundred and fifty dollars is the price asked for the vase just described.

A lady and gentleman of the West End are giving what they call their "Saturday evenings," social, musical and literary. Choosing thus an evening not counted in the society-event calendar, there is conversation, music and reading, and the night usually closes eleven o'clock. The invitations are written or verbal, according to convenience; and there is nothing of the conventional or stereotyped pattern to be seen or felt, from first to last. The absence of the formal, and the infusion of that which is spontaneous, and all the more delightful on this account, are made these among the pleasantest social occasions of the time.

The Pilgrim Church Concert attracted on Thursday evening a good audience, though fewer in numbers than the merit of the entertainment demanded. The enterprising managers were liberal and painstaking in their effort to provide a concert of the best quality, and were, in important particulars, entirely successful. Mr. Theodore Hovey, recent visitor, brought home from New York for this occasion, is superior to the average, and not equal to the best current soloists. Mrs. Lucy Cary Freidheimer, from Louisville, who was relied upon to give brilliancy to the vocal part of the programme, is not equal in voice or execution to numbers of sopranos whose we hear in some every week. Her first number was a duet, but she should never sing "The Last Rose of Summer," nor the "Industrious Man." Mrs. Poeschel sang an air by Gounod, full, rich, and true intonation, and to great acceptance. The most artistic singing in the programme was done by Mrs. Hardy, in Dudley Buck's descriptive song, "Storm and Sunshine." Mrs. Hardy has sustained no loss in the sweetness and sympathy of her voice as time and opportunity have given her breadth and refinement of tone and method. The concerted music would have been better received were clarifying, and the male quartette was obviously too big in the middle or too small at the ends. Those earnest, successful students, Misses Gloré and Schuler, soprano and alto of the Pilgrim choir, were heard chiefly in a duet, "Sweet Years," for which they obtained as they deserved, a warm encore. All blindfold and without concert, the Virginia Thanksgiving Concert was worthy to be placed among the most enjoyable of the musical entertainments of the season.

Is the church observance of Thanksgiving Day going out of fashion? The time was that choir boys with each other concerning the variety and excellence of their Thanksgiving music, but the programmes this year were very tame and tame.

An exception may justly be made concerning the Second Presbyterian Church, where there was as full a musical service of excellent quality as there was opportunity for. The selections were in good taste,

and were well rendered by the choir, notwithstanding the clapping benches of the organ, which frequently manifested a disposition to do its own registration and accompaniment versus the wish and effort of the organist.

This year Christmas falls on Sunday. This will give all the churches, choir, and Sunday-schools a chance. There is no sect or anti-Popish that it will refuse to accept of, and Christmas here on Sunday and Christmas are out.

Mr. W. R. Hedges, the art critic of the *Spectator*, begins in this week's issue a series of interesting articles, on the great painters of the present time. These articles will be well worth preservation.

The following quotation from a letter by Richard Wagner gives a glimpse of his character which will be fully appreciated by his admirers, as it indicates he is but mortal, after all: "I arrive from Boston at eight o'clock p. m. Let Franz be at the station with my carriage. My studio is well aired and warmed, and as well prepared as you can get it done. Spare no money; buy the best fagots to render it quite odorous (unhealthy). I am so happy to think how comfortable I shall be there with you! The pink pants (Bismarck) are, I hope, quite ready. Do not come to fetch me at the station; I would rather you received me in the warm rooms. You need not tell everybody of my arrival, but on Thursday morning at 5:30 I must have the barber, to be shaved and curled. Kind regards to Franz and Anne; let them prepare everything with great care. Many kisses to my treasure. Adieu."

R. WAGNER.

All communications to the *Spectator* this week had to be laid over on account of lack of room.

Col. John Cockerill, the brilliant editor of the *Post-Dispatch*, contributes a delightful story concerning John McCullough, the actor, to the *Spectator* this week.

"Germania Grille," a play in two acts, is to be given in German at the Germania Club, this evening. After the performance, dancing.

"THE SALTIN TULLER BRILLIANT," N. G. M., will give a reception ball and banquet at the World's Hotel, St. Joseph, Missouri, Friday night, December 31, to the "Craig Rifles," of St. Joseph, and the "Metropolitan Guards," of Leavenworth, Kansas. The cards of invitation are the handsomest we have seen this season.

The Police Reserves of this city were mustered into the National Guard of Missouri at the Merchants' Exchange Hall, last Monday evening, with appropriate ceremonies. There was a large crowd, and the members of the new third regiment were hailed with much enthusiasm. It was a great breach of military etiquette in Adjutant-General Wadell, of the Governor's staff, to appear without uniform.

Two weeks ago I spoke of what a good dresser Mr. George Elms, of the New York Union Square Dressing Company is. I have since learned that his clothes are made by Mr. Brownell, of this city. Please remember that this is not an advertisement for anybody, but a piece of news.

The managers of the Musical Union say, that they will make up the programme for the sixth concert of the series, in accordance with the wishes of the ladies who attend the concerts. Therefore, ladies are asked to preserve their programme and send to the management a list of such pieces as they wish repeated.

The Children's Prize Drawings will appear in the December *Wide-Awake*.

The Holiday *Wide-Awake* will be the January number this year, as usual. It will be very beautiful.

"Tender and True" is the title of a collection of love poems, compiled by the editor of "Quiet Hours," to be published shortly by George R. Ellis.

LITERARY NOTES.

[From the *London Herald*.]

N. C. Briggs & Co., Chicago, announce a series of "German Philosophical Classics for English Readers and Students," under the general editorial supervision of Prof. George S. Morris, of the University of Michigan, lecturer on Philosophy at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, with the cooperation of eminent scholars. Each volume will be devoted to the critical exposition of some one masterpiece of German philosophy.

Serlin & Welford's superb Christmas book, "Barnard England," which has been in preparation for the past year, will appear this month. It is a magnificent collection of two hundred and fifty engravings by the most eminent of modern artists, with descriptions by W. L. Segin, the author of "A Picturesque Tour in Pictorial Landscapes." The volume enables us to step over into Great Britain and "linger along the lanes, common-roads and the meadow-paths, and peep into the hilly, forest and cottage," enjoying the natural scenery and beauty of the land which has been the theme of the greatest poets and painters. The illustrations are engraved in the highest style of art, printed in proof on rich Chinese paper. The binding is richly ornamented volume. All details combine to make the work one of rare beauty and artistic value.

R. Worthington has just ready a handsome gift book, "Studies in Modern French Art," by Edward Strahan, a prominent art critic; a series of monographs on the best French artists of the present day. It will be profusely illustrated with reproductions of original drawings, and ten engravings on India paper by noted masters. Graceland borders add head and tail pieces add greatly to the beauty of its pages.

Macmillan & Co. announce a new edition of Charles Ruggles's "Water Babies," with illustrations by Lindsey Stoddard, and Mr. Macmillan's new book, "The Adventures of Herby Babo," which contains twelve full-page designs in Walter Crane's exquisite coloring. The companion volume to Mr. Freeman's "Historical and Architectural Sketches" will shortly appear. It is called "Subject and Neighbor Lands of Venice." The fact of Mr. Freeman's now being in this country lecturing will give it an added interest to the public.

Mr. K. Supanaka, a Japanese student in Cambridge, England, is engaged upon a translation into English of the "Genji Monogatari," the standard classic of the pure old Japanese language. It was written in 1000 A. D., by Murasaki Shikibu, a lady at Mikado's court in Kyoto. It is in fifty-four chapters, though the chapters are short. Many of the most popular Japanese pictures on screens, fans, etc., made in Tokio for American use, are from this classic literature, which is still a favorite with the Japanese.

G. F. Putnam's Sons, in their "New Pictorial Series," have just completed the first set, i. e., the first eight volumes, which are boxed by themselves. In the second set, "Victor Emanuel," "Richard," "Charlemagne," and "Alexander the Great" are in preparation. Their gift book, "King Minnie and other tales," B. Gates, has a long poem in a popular hymn in the first, and was a camp-meeting song as far back as the days of Lincoln, with which it was a great favorite. Each verse is illustrated.

Charles Scribner's Sons will issue, November 22d, a new edition of Dr. Richard D. Matthews' "The Muses," with illustrations by Mary Halleck, Misses and others. The "Chronicle of a Dream," by William M. Thackeray, in original design and beauty of which will take a front rank in illustrated gift books this season.

George R. Ellis has in preparation, and will publish December list, "Gems of the Orient," a volume of sayings, aphorisms, and choice extracts from Persian, Hindu, and other Eastern writings, collected by Charles D. B. Mills, of Syracuse, one of the few Americans who has achieved distinction in Oriental studies.

We have had "Ecco Homo" and "Ecco Deus," and now "Ecco Spiritus" is coming to complete the triad. *Spiritus* as to the authorship will soon be in order.



Just outside of the white and busy city of London-derry, Ireland — now known on the charts of the majestic steamship companies as *Merville* — with its tapering, steeple spires, and its background of hills covered with a verdure so vividly green that there is no that com-parable to it save that which covers the breast of the tropical parrot, John McCullough, the actor, was born just forty-four years ago. His father was a thrifty farmer, a tenant of Sir Harvey Bruce, the greatest land-lord in all that region. His farm-house was the largest, and whitest, and best within half a league of London-derry. One of John's earliest recollections, as I have heard him say, was the great white house, the pride of the neighbourhood. His next was the death of his mother, an event which took place when he was quite a child. The elder McCullough, a good-hearted, reli- cious man, beloved by all his neighbors, fell into loose ways after his heartstone was broken, and prosperity soon deserted him. The inevitable came, and it nearly always does in Ireland — the day of distress and eviction. The landlord had a warm side for the wretched farmer, but he performed a landlord's stern duty. With his eyes fixed at the recollection of his children's anguish, John tells of the day when the landlord came and took away his favorite horse, his pony, and even his dogs. That was the season of desolation — the era of boyish despair. Soon after the father died, and the youth was passed over to the care of an uncle. At the age of sixteen the unfortunate lad had heard of the great, free land across the sea. He had heard op-pressed Irishmen tell, perhaps, of a distant country where all men enjoyed an equal chance, and where every day brought forth a new promise. He had seen his big dancing from tall masts in the Foyle, and had seen the great ships going on the bosom of the ocean, spreading their white sails in their flight to the new world. He had a longing to go there and try his fortune, and one day his uncle bought him a passage, tied up his scanty effects in a bundle, and set him aboard a vessel bound for New York. He knew less of the land that lay before him than did Jason of far-off Colchis when he turned the prow of his vessel toward the magnetic toad-stone fleece. One day he landed in New York, utterly lonely and friendless. He had no re- spective in the New World; he did not even know the name of a single inhabitant of the continent. He was as destitute as the man who journeyed on the *Jericho Boat*, and like Volney saw his favorite ruins, he had no acquaintance save his own baggage. Then and there he began the struggle for existence. Through mental ways he drifted to Philadelphia, and while wheeling coal at the gas-works or working in a chair factory, a fancy for the theatre crept into his soul. The boy who had left Ireland without knowing that Shakespeare had lived or written was seized with a desire to be an actor. It is not worth while to speak here of the patient industry and the studious, sustained efforts which lifted him from a "superannuary" to the tutelage of "the Monarch of the American

stage," and eventually left him at the head of the Eng-lish-speaking interpreters of the classic drama.

Last Summer Mr. McCullough went to London to gratify the ambition, perhaps, that had long filled his bosom — to play in the world's metropolis, in a city which cradled our poets and which framed our drama. It was a natural and laudable ambition, you will allow. Quietly and unostentatiously he began his engagement at historic Drury Lane, even as the unknown genius, Edmund Kean, "layged upon the Koulbush-stone stage." As one of the London writers put it, he took down from a dusty shelf, where Macready had left it, a majestic, classic figure — the Roman Father — and breathed new life into it. His success was emphatic and pronounced. The grade and awkward actor who had left the British Isles twenty-eight years before had been moulded and polished in the land of progressive ideas, and had returned to instruct the elders. It must have been a proud moment for him. His feelings were buoyant akin to those which the great Prince Men- chikov experienced in looking back to the day when he sold pie and sang his plaintive ballads in the key streets of St. Petersburg; such as the tinkerer's boy, Mural, felt when swinging his *crucible* at the head of his hallooing squadrons; or such as Dick Whittington might have entertained sitting in the Lord Mayor's chair and looking back at his rustic entrance to Lon- don footstool and discouraged. As the reward of a lifetime he might have felt his hearting upon his banner, *First consent upon, and falling away*.

The morning after his first appearance, while London was reeling of his success, a letter was brought to his chambers bearing an illuminated crest. It was from Sir Henry Harvey Bruce, of Downshire County, Ireland, Lieutenant and Colonel of the County of London-derry, late Lieutenant of First Life Guards, formerly member of Parliament for Coltrane, eldest son of Sir James Robert Bruce, baronet. It was from the old landlord of the McCulloughs. The writer said that he remembered a son of his old tenant, McCullough, who had gone to America at an early age. He had been struck by the name of the American actor on the boards at Drury Lane Theatre, and he was anxious to know whether the emigrant and the irishman were one and the same person. He asked permission to call. It was readily granted, and next day Sir Harvey Bruce presented himself — a hale, gray man of seventy, looking for all the world like a hunting hound of forty-five. It only required a few minutes to identify the actor with the boy, who, as the son of the London-derry tenant, had often stood beside the roadway and deferentially doffed his cap as Sir Harvey and Lady Bruce rolled by in their carriage, young, happy, rich, and powerful. The old gentleman, who had extended an invitation to the actor to come and dine with him at his home in aristocratic Portland Square. He went. Doors were opened to the man of genius which would have been closed to a stranger from the New World. At that dinner there were lords, and viscounts, and dowager duchesses, and ladies whose plumes had waved at the Queen's levees, and the actor was the honored guest. The good impression that it gave led to an invitation to play the *Brutus* at Castle Dromed in Ireland. After his London engagement Mr. McCullough went over to Ireland to play the scenes of his childhood. The Bruce received him at the doors of their castle, and the bells of London-derry must have welcomed him, for several weeks he was to dwell with them through the ancient streets. The white farm-house, which had borne tint so majestically in his youth-ful eyes, had shrunk to humble dimensions; hedges seemed smaller and roadways narrower, but there were lessons there to welcome him that had only grown broader and deeper with the lapse of years. The fame of the actor had preceded him, and as he drove about from village to village with Lady Bruce, there were crowds to receive him, and hosts of well-to-do men to claim relationship and reward him. Episodes in his boyhood days. In telling the story of his visit, Mr. McCullough says: "Both Sir Harvey Bruce and his kind lady begged me to buy the old farm on which I was born, and, when down among them, I told them that I would not give up my life and my friends

in America for all of Ireland." Then, with pride and emotion, he added: "God bless this land of grand possibilities, where honest effort and merit bring all that are worth living for; where rural settlers and country-bred drivers can rise to the rank, and the sons of cobblers achieve riches! What has it not done for me? In every quiet season now I think of the destiny that might have been mine if I had settled among the downs of London-derry, and I never thanked the ship that first carried me across the sea, so ardently as in those days last Summer, when I looked into the hard, pinched faces of the kind-hearted peasantry whose lives were wearing away in the dreariness of rural homes where I first saw the light." JOHN A. COCKBELL.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

Consider the lilies that grow in the fields;
How spotless and pure are they;
They are clad in the kisses of the golden sun,
Yet hold not the lining day,
And God in His wisdom hath said unto us,
Take heed of the smallest weed,
For the slightest error is not arrayed
Like unto one of them.

Consider the lilies — oh, ye who are sad,
And ye who are weary of life;
For He who makes morning and evening, and the Fall
Takes heed of our daily strife.
Consider the lilies that gleam in the sun.
They sat not the sun, and they are not sickly now.
Yet God in His wisdom hath given them all
An infinite grace and a silent song.
Two of our dreams are like golden stars
That float in the ether of our life;
And our hopes drift back in the even tide
Like sails that the winds have set free.
Consider the lilies that gleam in the sun,
For the slightest error is not arrayed
Like unto one of them.

FANNIE DABIELL SHERBEE.

A. Williams & Co., have in press "Myths and Legends," a volume of Stories and Histories, by F. Rose and Verse, for Young Readers, by Eliza Winchell Smith. Mr. Eliza Vothler, the well-known American artist, lately returned from Rome, has been working since last Summer upon a permanent cover for the *Courtesy Magazine*. The new cover, which is just completed, is, in concept, not of one design, but really of five — four of them for the different seasons of the year. Surrounding each are appropriate emblems for every month in the year, and in each will appear an emblematic female type of great dramatic quality. The midwinter cover will, perhaps, to the most striking of all, as in the background is seen the Aurora Borealis. The general color of the paper of the present cover will be preserved, whilst the ink will be of a somewhat deeper tint, and the general arrangement of the letters will also be retained; otherwise, the design is entirely fresh and original.

Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, will soon publish Tennyson's "Idyll of Shalott," decorated by Howard Pyle. The art of color printing, which has heretofore been confined to books for children, is now for the first time applied to the illustration of a standard poem. The decoration is somewhat medieval in treatment, thus becoming harmoniously with the Arthurian legend of the lady who died for love of Lancelot. The conventionalized dragons and birds that form the gorgeous initials remind one of some quaint mistral of the middle ages, while the full-page designs in their rich colors are fairly dazzling. Few persons have any idea of the great increase of care and expense in printing in color over the well-understood. "The Idyll of Shalott" is printed in two colors, and each sheet consequently goes through the press twenty times, and the slight, and light in any case of these im-pressions spoil the sheet.

The new "Thackeray," published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston, from entirely new plates, has proved itself by the judgment of the art and the dra- matic thousand ears to be the most desirable large-type, medium-priced edition in the market.

THE SPECTATOR

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THE DRAMA.

"MICHAEL STROUFG.".

The Spectator has been seen for the first time this season at Pope's, and "Michael Stroufg," a dramatization of Jules Verne's well known novel, has furnished the vehicle for profuse display of female forms, ballet, numerous superlatives, "his horses," etc., which, together with supposedly beautiful scenery, so to make up what the public are pleased to call grand spectacle. "Michael Stroufg" was placed upon the stage this season in New York by two rival companies, one under the direction of the Kiralfy Brothers, the other under the direction of Samuel Colville. Both were produced with equal magnificence and the critics were divided as to the respective merits but a dispassionate scrutiny upbraided the pain to the Kiralfys for the ballet and spectacular efforts, but the laud to Colville for dramatic superiority. After the New York engagement closed, Colville's company disbanded, but the Kiralfys started on a tour, and it is their organization which is presenting "Michael Stroufg" at Pope's. This piece has one advantage over the majority of spectacular plays: it is very dramatic in interest, and thus the unfolding of the story interests the spectators, apart from mere scenic considerations. As follows, the chief claim of "Michael Stroufg" to prominence is based upon its spectacular effects, these must first be considered. The scenery, which it is asserted is all painted by European artists, was undoubtedly at one time very fine, but now, it must be confessed, is much worn and damaged. Scenery cannot be transported from one town to another, hauled from one theatre to another, without some showing signs of wear and tear, and this unfortunately is the case with the scenes of "Michael Stroufg." Artistically as the scenes are painted, they are now so indignant by flaws and blemishes that their charm is lost. The costumes play an important part in a spectacle, and those used in "Michael Stroufg" are very cheap and tawdry. The dresses do not fit the superlatives, and the effect is ludicrous and vulgar, instead of inspiring and grand. Real richness of costume was exhibited last Saturday in the opera of "Madame Fanny," performed by the Comley-Barton troupe. The dresses were superb and artistic, rich in color, picturesque in design, and the march of the nobles in the last act was a splendid spectacle. The fact is that it is impossible to produce a grand spectacle satisfactorily in St. Louis. The Kiralfys would present a far more enjoyable and artistic performance by discarding the thirty female superlatives, who looked hideous in the contrast cotton lights on limbs which were neither hot apple-cheeks, and naked arms of the thickness of a brown-bread throughout. There is nothing artistic in such a display. These poor girls, attired in scanty garments reveal sides too large or small, huddled together on the stage in a heterogeneous mass, which was further complicated by a gang of helpless male "supes," while half a

dozen horses added to the confusion of the scene. If this is "spectacular," leave out the mark. To drill and train the corbilles and "supes" requires immense rehearsal, and this is impossible with traveling companies which only remain a week in a city. The sooner this is acknowledged the better, and the sooner a transparent humbug will be done away with. If we want to see the "spectacular" we must go to New York, where such pieces have a lengthy run, and the receipts thus warrant a handsome preliminary outlay, and where trained "supes" are abundant. If the Kiralfys would discharge the forty superlatives when they appear, "Michael Stroufg" would be better.

The ballet, consisting of eighteen dancers, is the only part of the spectacle which is enjoyed, and these, of course, are an integral part of the company. The two ballets must be commended. They were picturesque, and the many intricacies of the figures were danced admirably. Not one of the figures, however, was so pretty as the "cigarette" dance which the ballet executed when the Kiralfys were last here. Mile. Bazzano, premiere danseuse, is a skilful terpsichorean artist, and she executed many difficult steps. Force, more than grace, seems her specialty. Mous. Arnold Kiralfy, the grotesque dancer, elicited tremendous applause by the wonderfully difficult and quaint pas which he executed. The dramatic part of the entertainment was very fair. William Reginald was *Michael Stroufg*. He has a splendid physique, and looked the part. His faults are a conventional comic consciousness and constrained posing. Otherwise he was, perhaps, satisfactory. *Ivan Gyroff* was well played by Mr. Charles Chapelle, with a tincture of staginess. The two war correspondents—the American and English—were personated by Mr. J. B. Johnson and Mr. Allen Thomas. They played the characters very fairly, but without any particular excellencies. Of the other male roles nothing need be said. None was above mediocrity. Miss Ella Wilson, as *Nadia*, the heroine, was fair. She was too hard in her execution of the last act. Miss Ada Schellman, as conventional *Suzanne*, neither had nor good. Miss J. L. Carhart displayed force as *Maria Stroufg*. The premier, Arnold Kiralfy, and the ballet, deserve the honors. The male "supes" were exceedingly bad, and the female "supes" were atrocious, both as dancers and performers. Some of the scenery was commonplace, some very good, but none of that excellence which should pertain to the spectacular. "Michael Stroufg" in a scenic sense, is far inferior to "Black-and-white" and also to "Arms the World," but on the whole it is better acted. The Kiralfy Brothers have travelled with about thirty trained ballet and corbilles, and twenty-five trained "supes," and then they might hope to present a good spectacle. With all their talk of a spectacular place, the Comley-Barton Company is numerically stronger than their ballet and corbilles, and this, too, is an organization which makes no pretensions to spectacle. There was more of the spectacular in "Madame Fanny" than in "Michael Stroufg."

"FRESH."

Mr. A. C. Genter's comedy of "Fresh," in which Mr. John T. Raymond plays the central character of *Frederick Novey*, is a flimsy, unsatisfactory play. The dramatic part is fairly interesting and interesting, but the plot is not particularly bright or brilliant, the humor in comparison by its absence, and there are only one or two flashes of wit throughout the four acts. But the worst fault is with the central figure, that of *Frederick*. Clearly he is the only disappointing trait of the Wall Street graduate. His other oddities and eccentricities, if he has any, are so faint that they leave no impress upon the audience. Even his pet phrase, "When I say I can do a thing, I can," falls in its object. The character is played less full of comicality. Although clearly a character, and an actor, *Frederick* is occasionally depicted in a very fearful frame of mind which is largely conjured up with the aid of the typical French to us far as he is sketched by the author. The idea of the stock broker giving his check for \$20,000 for diamonds and gold scattering his gold around profusely, and his tongue that is in an every-day

occurrence in America, is palpably absurd. *Fresh* is a false type of the American—his actions, false in his saying. As portrayed by Raymond he is similar to a New Yorker with superabundant cash, at times a hero, and at times a coward; and if these contradictions are sifted down, must be owned that *Fresh* after all is nothing but undiluted bragadoche, without any visible redeeming quality excepting his love for the girl in which, who, too, is only of the seasons mould. There are no elements in "Fresh" by which it can possibly catch the public eye like *Cut Sellers*. The whole plot and story are so highly improbable that the audience is unable to take any interest in the play. The character of the Russian, a man with two passions, one of which is to kill the slayer of his brother, as sketched, is artistically undisturbed. The *Marchese* is a misty, hay creature, without the requisite outlines. The author has failed in his play, and the actors only add to the failure. In brief, the plot is as follows: *Fresh* secretly wed the daughter of an officer of the Khedive of Egypt, at Nice. Jealousy on the part of another woman is the cause of the princess being shipped to Egypt, whence she returns after a short absence, in the train of her father, who has been expelled with the Khedive. His daughter is forced to marry a Turkish officer, but on the day of the wedding *Fresh* obtains entrance to the harem by stratagem, and finally succeeds in bearing off his Coptic wife. The manner in which this is carried out would do justice to the highest imagination. The play is by John T. Raymond the "man who can"—*Frederick Novey*. *Fresh*. Mr. Raymond is simply Raymond; that is, *Cut Sellers* revamped. There is the same remarkable facial expression, the same mechanical manner, so that it all, in brief, the *Sellers* we recognized a definite character, even if of an exaggerated type, we find in *Fresh* nothing so attractive, and therefore he fails to fascinate us. *Fresh* and *Sellers* are the same stage types,—bucant, over-singing, etc.—but the former, as we have seen, is more similar to the latter who would mean to the sun. The conviction grows upon us that Mr. Raymond, after all, is only a one-part actor. We are loth to believe this, as we have a strong affection for Raymond; but really it begins to look as if *Cut Sellers* had created *Frederick*, instead of Raymond's *Fresh*. *Fresh* adds no new letters to his fame. He merely walks in—replacates *Sellers*—in short, is as *Sellers*, Raymond himself. Of Mr. Raymond's support we cannot, unfortunately, speak in very high terms. Mr. Atkins Lawrence, as the *Baron* Alton, is satisfactory, but his part is so unsatisfactory that his opportunities are few. Mr. Harry Pearson, as *Mohamed Ali*, was fairly good. Mr. George F. De Vere, as *Admiral Pasha*, was weak. The *Baron* Baker, *Monsieur*, of Mr. Wm. Collings, was contradictory, almost a caricature. The catch of Mr. D. B. Chase was very limited. His original character is evidently very limited. Mr. Charles Alton, as the *Courier*, was fair, but too cautious. Miss Agnes Proctor, as *Emma Alton*, showed a least inability to comprehend her part. This character is poetic, active, ardent in its course, and in this one respect, *Frederick* has stretched it with ungodly outcries. But Mrs. Proctor merely declined in tones of monotonous homeliness her lines. The distinguishing traits of an Egyptian maiden, with her peculiar ideas of women and a superabundance of passion, were not shown. There is really no chance for any actor in this play. Miss Little Green was equally disappointing as *Flora*, *La Marchese*, *Idris*. It was a very mediocre effort. Miss Katie Baker, as the *Princess* maid, betrayed a useful lack of the attitudes of a French countess, even her dress being flat. Another fault, in addition to the evident incompetency, was even less excusable, and that was the constant laughing and smiling of both author and actresses in places where gravity and seriousness were required. The scenery was good, but the costumes were not so good. By Mrs. Halsey a *Nova*. The eruption of Vesuvius, however, in the last act, was farcical. "Fresh" will never be a success. Those energetic managers, Messrs. Brooks & Jackson, may want to give a brief opportunity to popularity, but they also scarcely do so.

"Fresh" will not last.

"HAZEL KIRKE."

The play of "Hazel Kirke," which has gained the reputation of having had the longest run of any piece ever produced on the American stage, was presented here for the second time by the New York Madison Square Theatre Company. This revival of "Hazel Kirke" is at the Olympic, where it is not near so handsomely mounted as at Pope's, last season. The company includes the leading members of the old cast, with the exception of Mr. Ferguson. The story of "Hazel Kirke" needs no repetition. Mr. Steele Mackaye claims to be the author of the play, but it seems tolerably well established that it is only the revamping of an old piece known as "The Green Lanes of Old England." This, however, does not detract from the merits of the piece. It was played in this country some years ago under the name of "The Iron Will," but failed to meet with a popular success. When produced at the Madison Square Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Mackaye and under his new name of "Hazel Kirke," it achieved the most phenomenal success record in this country. The character of the heroine, *Hazel Kirke*, is still taken by Edie Kilmer, and she plays it with the same admirable qualities. But while allowing all credit for Miss Kilmer's clever and artistic work, we hardly think she estimates the full capabilities of the part. Her shortcomings, however, do not prevent her *Hazel* from being a fine portrait, sketched with admirable art. Mr. Charles W. Coudock is *Danvers Kirke*, "the man with the iron will," and he is the real star of the troupe. As a performance, Coudock's portrayal of the stubborn miller is clear, pure, and in a dramatic genre of the finest fidelity. No actor on the stage could give such a splendid presentation of *Danvers Kirke*. When the old man's obduracy yields at the news of *Hazel's* rash act, and he pours forth the walling of his heart-pitied feelings, the audience and the poignant grief of the wailing parent absolutely thrill the audience. *Danvers Kirke* is a mosaic of such beauty and proportions that the uttering sound of a true artist is plainly visible. The *Daily Nation* of New York says that it was a fair performance. We think it superior to Miss Catherine Cavan's, who played the part last year. Its main defect was the entire absence of a rustic air in the personation. Mr. Sol Smith was a good *Mercy Kirke*, but Miss Flora Livingston, as *Leah Travers*, was inferior to last performance. Miss Cecile Rush, who *Leah* plays *Leah Travers* consistently, as of yore, his acting being somewhat marred by a stagey walk. Mr. Frank Westcott, as *John Dodge*, was very good, but we preferred Henry Aveling. Mr. Charles Bowen was a capital *Pittens Green*. Mr. Ferguson, however, was decidedly better in this part than in any other. He plays it very evenly, whereas the latter in his personation was the polished gentleman throughout. The *Barney O'Flynn* of Mr. W. B. Cahill was poor. It also became a burlesque. No English lord would for a moment keep such a vulgar as *Cahill's* Ferguson. *Cavan* was better last year in this part. Mr. E. H. Lee still plays "Ma" in this quality, characteristic, and is very good. The performance of "Hazel Kirke" is, however, a very fine one, even if somewhat inferior to last year's presentation. The Madison Square Company remain another week.

"A CHILD OF THE STATE."

The Hay & Hardie Combination was once more last year at the Grand Opera House, in "A Child of the State." The play then was general commendation on account of its dramatic strength and absorbing interest. It is strange that on its return visit to St. Louis the patronage bestowed upon it was so small. The merits are obvious, and the splendid drama has the advantage of receiving thoroughly competent treatment at the hands of a company of most excellent artists. This lack of recognition for a really meritorious play well performed, does not speak much for the dramatic culture of St. Louis. Our public, however, is peculiar. Sometimes a poor play indefinitely carried will draw crowded houses, while companies offered in every respect, and appearing in a strong play, perform slightly to attract empty benches. The Hay & Hardie Combination is particularly unfortunate in this respect of last season. The principal change is the

substitution of Signora Majeroni for Miss Ellen Cummings, in the part of *Gertrude*. Signora Majeroni is a conversationist, artistic actress, and her impersonation of *Gertrude* is worthy of praise. Her voice, however, is not strong, and the actress is excellent in that magnetism which thrills, pulsating and careful as is her work is evidently art, and loses in effect by the absence of those touches of nature which conceal art. The *Constance* of Miss Eva Ellen Barker was a bright, vivacious piece of acting of more than average excellence. Mrs. J. J. Prior was a forcible *Louise*, and Miss Emma Pierce was equal to all the requirements of *Mary*. Mr. James M. Hardie is a good emotional actor, easy and natural in his manner. His *Conceit Maurice de Longy* was puny, and *Emmanuel*, Mr. George Hoey, as *the Baron* ought also to be awarded praise. His fault is too distinct a phlegma favoring to the role. Mr. H. B. Davis, as *von Helmsch*, Mr. Mark M. Price, as *Widberg*, and Mr. R. J. Dillon, as *Christine*, were all eminently satisfactory. Throughout the play was excellently acted, every part being above mediocrity. As before stated, "A Child of the State" is an intensely strong drama, with the most thrilling and absorbing situations, and it is difficult to comprehend why it should not meet with the reception it deserved in St. Louis. A word must also be said here of the excellent manner in which the piece has been put upon the stage. The management of the People's Theatre is evidently bent upon doing its utmost to meet success. The scenery and accessories of "A Child of the State" were very fine, and the scenic artists did most excellent work. Catechism.

THE MAN IN THE PARQUETTE.

Mr. John Templeton, the father of the vivacious little Miss Fay Templeton who was here some time ago, used to play on the road through the West, with Coudock, who is now here with the "Hazel Kirke" Company. Mr. Templeton was in St. Paul last week, and he was followed by a number of people that he was as far back as 1857, as stage manager of the old St. Claire Troupe, of which Coudock was the star. St. Paul was then but a frontier village, and the company played in the market block. Since then, Mr. Templeton has grown to be a great and flourishing city, and Fay has become one of the most prominent theatrical managers in the country. He is a quiet, unobtrusive kind of man, but when the *good chance* he generally has a good sense to lay by as clear gain. His himself is an excellent comedian, his wife, who is still his wife, and his daughter, who goes by the name of Alice Vane, is a charming actress, while his daughter, Miss Fay—just now about seventeen years old—is the sprightliest little bit of humanity now on the comic opera stage in this country. The Templetons have a luxurious house on the Hudson, just above New York, where they spend their summers.

Miss Edie Wilton, who is the leading lady of the "Michael Strogoff" Company, was here last season with *Edwin*, and played *Edwina* in the *Edwin*. She hails from California, and has rather a pretty face.

The Steele Mackaye company had their photographs taken at Schiller's, before leaving the city. Mr. Mackaye did not wear his big-brig, spotted pants—Mr. Schiller would not allow it.

John T. Ryman was married at the opening of the grand opera season. His wife is a young lady, but Raymond himself looks old enough to have been married as often as the *Maryline*, in "Frank."

The husband of Signora Majeroni, who was with her when she appeared here two years ago in "Diplomacy," has lost his voice, and will go to Europe to act as manager for Ristori, to whom he is related.

Miss, whom Mr. Harry Stargess has brought over from Europe, has made an emphatic success in Broadway, where she appeared in "Catharine." She is singing, is remarkably handsome, and speaks English in a broken manner that is altogether fascinating.

Marie Prescott, who played an engagement at the Pickwick during Fair Week, has had bad luck, her company having gone to pieces, and she is now in New York looking out for something to do. Had management been the cause that effected here, an actress she certainly is of very rare power, and there is not a woman on the American stage of more majestic presence. Her last management was a young gentleman of this city who gave her the name of T. Weber Weston, and who has the habit of taking off a good deal more than he can chew. He represented to Miss Prescott that he had sufficient money to take her out on the road in good shape, but she now declares that he had no money whatever to speak of.

Minor's old *Boothey Combination* is billed for next week at the People's. At Pope's the *Salisbury Troubadours* follow "Michael Strogoff" on Monday next, in their new play, the "Pain of the Queen," written by Bronson Howard.

Miss Edie Kilmer is Mrs. Frank Weston. She was married to Mr. Weston in Chicago, last May. Her husband is now a member of the Madison Square Company, playing the part of *James Reddy*. Mr. Weston years ago was a member of the old Olympic stock company.

That type of the theatrical profession known as "lady-killers," "village beauties," and "stage beauties" represented here this week, to wit, in the persons of Miss Levis and Althea Lawrence.

Both these actors are vain of their personal appearance, that is evident. One similarity between them is their hair, which each wears "bangs." But Althea Lawrence's dark locks are only "banged" across the forehead. This is now rather odd style, but the latest fashion of the lady-killers is illustrated by Gas Lasker. His light brown bang is "banged" half way round his head, forming a sort of a wig, and a good upper layer to the lower bit of growth. This is the latest Gasoline masculine "bang."

Joseph Jefferson has played the part of *Big Ben* twelve over thirty-two hundred times, and the receipts of the receipts has averaged \$100 per performance, making his total receipts from this character over a million and a quarter. He shares in one season around the sum of \$115,000, and he six and a half months of one year he received \$70,000.

Edie Kilmer is starred on the programme as *Hazel Kirke*, while the name of the veteran, Coudock, appears in the ordinary small type. Coudock is a man who excels everything for the size of the type with his name as printed, and is content to be judged by his name. "Hazel Kirke" is not a star piece, but if the management desire to make it so, it should at least print Coudock's name as large as Miss Kilmer's—title with all due respect to that talented lady.

This reminds one that when the *Conley-Barney* company appeared at the Opera House on Monday night, the programme was given in the following. The reason was that by an oversight on the sign paper, Catherine Lewis' name appeared in the same kind of type as John Brown's. Now, Catherine is headed a programme behind the stage every one else, and if her name is not printed larger than any one else's, there is something wrong in the camp. On this Monday night the manager, to prevent further confusion, the programme which had been printed, to avoid any further, and the audience were not, without programme. The next morning the mistake was rectified, and Lewis' name was in large type. This time, however, "Lucky Starr" are great sticklers on these small matters.

The news comes all the way from London that Miss Genevieve Ward and Mr. William Farra, Jr., of her company, are shortly to play "La Plume et le Jeune Tempe," in French in St. Louis and New Orleans, there being, says the *Brooklyn* dramatic paper, "a great number of French residents in each city."

—Spectator.

ART.

MEMOIR.

Judged by the commercial standard of dollars and cents, Meissonier is the greatest painter of modern times. Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Leonardo, or any of the giants of those days, would have been amazed at an offer to be one of their most important works of a sum approximating what was paid for Meissonier's "1807." Three hundred thousand francs for a canvas not over seven feet in length is what the dominie in the play of "Meg Merrilies" would call "prodigious;" and that is no more in proportion than is paid for every picture which comes from his easel. He has been called "the great painter of the little." His works are all small, and finished to the highest point to which the most masterly manipulation can attain. He is, without question, a great painter, but in looking at any of his pictures I have some such feeling as one has in seeing a marvellous piece of Japanese ivory carving. You admire the consummate skill of the artist, but at the same time the strongest sensation in your mind is not wonder that he should have done it so beautifully, but that he should have been able to do it at all. I remember distinctly the feeling of impotence which came over me when I first saw Meissonier's "Napoleon III. at Salsburgh," in the exhibition, surrounded by the best works of modern French painting. On the opposite wall of the gallery was Couture's great picture, "The Descent of the Romans," "Prometheus," "Palm Post in Algeria," and "Arab Encampment," Constant's "Last of the Babels," while at the end of the room, on the right hand, was Grosse's "Cook Fight," these, with hundreds more in all conceived and painted in a large, generous way, while Meissonier's work was done entirely on the miniature scale, the figures, perhaps, half long. Meissonier certainly was inspired at the outset by the old Italian and Flemish masters, but he was not content with their work, but he was not always content with their work. Rembrandt painted "The Presentation of the Virgin" on the scale adopted exclusively by Meissonier, but it was seldom that he brought himself down to little pictures. Paul Potter painted mostly small canvases, but he did not rest content until he had painted a tall life-size, perhaps to show that he could do a large picture. He has painted small pictures, but more of his figures are above life-size than under it. Raphael painted a few small canvases, but he had executed no others I doubt if we would have ever heard of him. It would be as impossible to imagine Titian painting on a canvas six by nine inches as it would be to think of his modelling a statuette a foot high. I suppose Titian's was never so supremely happy as when he was assigned a space eight feet long by five wide in the French Palace at Venice on which to paint his "Paradise," and Paul Veronese covered a space forty feet in length in the church of San Giovanni Baptista with the picture which brought him before the Inquisition, but it was not the size that the inquisitors objected to, but because he painted a dog in the foreground, instead of the Holy Virgin.

The admiration one has for the works of Claude, Jan Steen, Teniers, Goudt Durr, and Terburg is altogether of a different character from that with which he regards those of Frans Hals, Hobbins, Rembrandt, Spuyter, and men of that class. They were all Dutch, but there is a strange difference in the degree of their first mentioned, as though they never thought of a man or a woman as being over three inches high, while there is a spontaneity about Frans Hals's people. They were made off-hand, large in features, strong in muscle, and solid in tone. Hobbins's portraits speak to you in broad, rugged Dutch, and with words of pigriety; and Rembrandt's sturdy old Hollanders, round of face, rotund of body and full in temperance, are built on a generous scale. It has been truly said that "every painting reveals in some manner the man who painted it"—tell me what he could be, what he preferred to seek, how he felt, or by design, he chose to think and feel at the time he worked. Each picture telling that of some moment

and of one mood, all a man's work, collectively judged, must give us in some sense his life's average in these things."

Looking at Meissonier's work in this manner I cannot but feel that his reputation has reached its apex during his life-time. His work is precise, labored and wonderful, without freedom or spontaneity.

Meissonier was born at Lyons in 1815. In 1836 he sent to the Salon his "Chose d'Yvres," and "The Little Messenger." He was made Cavalier of the Legion of Honor in 1846, Officer in 1856, Commander in 1867, and member of the Institute in 1861. He lives in a stately villa at Poissy which cost more than a million, and he has a house in Paris equally as princely.

He delights in fine horses, often attends the Theatre Francaise and the Gymnase, and Dumas says that "he is one of the three hundred men in Paris who has a right to express an opinion on a dramatic production." He married the daughter of Steinfeld the painter, and his son Charles has achieved a reputation as an artist, but so nearly does he follow in his father's footsteps that it is doubtful if his work would be widely known did he not possess that talismanic name, Meissonier.

The great painter is short, strong and stout, and no longer wears the closely cropped hair and beard with which he is represented in familiar photographs, but long grey hair and beard, with a sharp but kindly eye, completes the picture of a man who, however much we may differ in opinion as to his true greatness, has achieved the most marvellous success during his life-time of any painter of modern times.

LOCAL NOTES.

Mr. Henry Lewis, who for more than twenty years has been American Consul at Düsseldorf, Germany, is in the city on a visit to his old friends and relatives. He first came to St. Louis in 1837, and was the first landscape painter who located here, if not the first on the western side of the Mississippi River. Some years after he conceived the idea of painting a panorama of the great river, and to accomplish his purpose he went to the Falls of St. Anthony, and from there came down stream making studies. After several years' labor his panorama was finished, but meanwhile another artist heard of his plan, and painted the same subject in a hasty manner, in order to get before the public before Lewis had finished his. This innocent commercial war with his success, but after exhibiting his work here and at other places he went to Canada, and finally took it to Europe. After travelling through Holland he went to Düsseldorf, where was then the art centre of Germany. He became so delighted with the city and so impressed with the advantages for art study that he sold his panorama a Hallmark and settled there, where he has remained for thirty years. Mr. Lewis's home has long been known as the headquarters for Americans, and there was Winar, Pattison, Thomas Allen, Jr., W. H. Howe, and all American students who have studied at Düsseldorf during the last quarter of a century.

The Dutchman to whom Mr. Lewis sold his panorama took it to India, where it was exhibited at Calcutta and Bombay, and from thence to Java, where one of the native princes was so enamored with the mighty canvas that he bought it; and it forms his entire collection of art works, his gallery, his old master, and it is said that to this day when he wishes to offer a guest an unusual treat he has the Mississippian River unrolled from its roller while he explains its beauties.

After an absence of more than thirty years, Mr. Lewis found St. Louis grown beyond all recognition, and that most of his old friends had crossed another river where far shore lies in silent darkness beyond the range of mortal vision. On this (Saturday) evening he gave the East, and sails for Germany about the 1st of December.

On last Monday evening Memorial Hall was filled with an audience who were delighted for an hour with the lecture of Prof. Lee on London. With the aid of the beautiful pictures thrown upon the screen it was as if we were visiting the great metropolis. On next Tuesday evening Prof. Stone will take the place of one of the ancient "best eaters," and show visitors

through the Tower; and instead of the parrot-like glory shown of his bold in the peculiar sing-song style of those ancient fables, will in good understandable American talk explain the points of unsurpassable interest in the aid of pictures so real as to make a journey across the wide ocean almost needless.

W. R. H.

LITERATURE.

Gerardine: a Poem. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. The peculiar style of verse in which this poem is written has already become familiar as household words to the student of poetry through the pages of Owen Meredith's "Lancelot." The wonderful popularity of which that novel poem has attained is sufficient proof of the fascinating nature of the metre and the charm of its elegant and ingenious rhymes. The author of "Gerardine," whose name, by the way, is not made public, assures his readers in a preface that he had no knowledge of "Lancelot" when he planned his own poem, and that the coincidence of assuming the same style of verse in which to tell his story as that chosen by Owen Meredith, in one of those singular instances of mind running parallel, is the same chance of which the history of literature affords so many examples. Besides the similarity of metre, there is a striking resemblance in the plot of the story. In *Gerardine* Hope we see a creation very similar to Matilda,—both are pure, loving, simple maidens with a strong faith and religious fervor,—while Isabel, Lee corresponds, in her character of woman of the world, to Lancelot, Comtesse de Nevers. The hero part exordium of this little volume is Percival Trent, a poet, who falls in love with both women, and endures all the agonies of a would-be conscientious and anxious to know which of the two he really loves the most. Vacillating for some time between the two, he finally settles upon Gerardine, his first love, and Isabel Lee unites her broken heart with that of Major Melan, the sentimental man of the world, who unites the characteristics of the fiery Duke and the philosophic Count John, in Macdonald's story. Although this volume can not be said to bristle with neat little epigrammatic bits of satirical philosophy like that of its predecessor, nor are its descriptions so powerful or its sketches so dramatic, yet the book is full of really good things. The whole poem is admirably written, and the interest is well sustained throughout. Some of the figures are marked by great originality and beauty:

You have seen the white cattle

Lashed all to the tremors of gently snow.

As the morning breeze fell in the emptiness of snow!

From his low low land, where he lay, his head

From its bed in the dark. It would seem as if glow

More fervent he brightened, indeed, with his light,

And in day I have vision such as the night

Of this love that is mine.

Those who recall the famous lines upon "Gilding," in "Lancelot," will be interested in comparing them with the following verses upon the same theme in "Gerardine." It will be apparent to all, we think, that the lines of the latter poem lack all that spirit and brilliancy which have rendered the former immortal:

Man to man! There's nothing so noble

Of immortality, nothing so certain

The romance of love being, the romantic and spirit

Of life, as the hunger that feeds it. Man, feed it,

And die it, and yet in their faith they agree it,

And of the droopings and droppings. The good

Of the instant immortality over the time

Of the heart and the brain. And all sentiment

Upon paper, is happy or hurt as the feeling

Of the stomach desires. The man's measure is dinner.

Man loves his love, but he only like a dream,

Forgetting his heart, but his appetite dies,

And in the end, what will the capacity mean?

To be ignored.

We doubt if this volume will ever attain a title of the popularity which has followed its prototype. The very similarity of the two as to treatment will prove, doubtless, one of the chief drawbacks to the success of "Gerardine." In the case of the more original work, on the contrary, too many readers will see in it only a weak imitation of "Lancelot."

Damon's Ghost. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—In this story of "Damon's Ghost," we seem to discover a more ambitious effort than has hitherto distinguished any of the Round-Robin Series. There is more of a plot and a bolder attempt at character sketching than in the others. The opening chapters are less pleasing to us than the concluding ones, the author seeming to gain confidence and clearness as he or she proceeds upon the unfolding of the story. The conversation between the mother, Mrs. Gould, and her son, Noll, has a false ring in it as it our ear; there is an evident straining after effect, as if the writer were about that of the young man which is meant to be witty, but falls short of the point and is only important. The conversation is not the smooth, natural, perfect bit of work which betokens the hand of genius, and yet is sufficiently good to argue, that once having mastered the crudities common to inexperience, the writer will prove himself capable of better work. The "Rudgers" and their surroundings are well sketched, but we must question the propriety of making the less-well and uneducated Mrs. Rudger one of the prominent speakers in the cause of woman's rights in New York. The women who address large audiences in reality, are invariably women of education, who handle the vernacular according to the most approved rules of Lindley Murray. Mr. Perrette is a very odd specimen of the quack-scientist lawyer, who is outwitted by clients sharper than himself. Mrs. Gould, the mother of the hero, is the strongest character in the book—a noble, dignified self-reliant mother, who, though she does not disappoint her in his career is owing entirely to her influence over him, nevertheless there is little that is remarkable in his character after all. Helen Houghton is a very visionary young lady, whose flighty manner possesses a certain charm. Mr. Baum, the blind girl, is interesting because of her affliction, but her hidden love for her cousin, and her self-sacrifice; still there is something repellent in the thought of a blind wife—it spoils the sentiment somewhat. Looking at the book as a whole, it is a good one, and an artistic production as "The Georgians," nor yet as "Homocidic." The plot is more dramatic, perhaps, but the subject is not so interesting, nor is it so well handled as in the above-mentioned stories.

The Georgians of Virgil. Translated by Harvey W. Preston. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—Lovers of poetry who have neither sufficient knowledge of the Latin nor the leisure to pursue the study thereof, are indebted to this talented lady for the beautiful translation of "The Georgics" of Virgil which is here before us. The poetical nature of the subject and the more than rhythm of the translation are so delightful both the ear and sense of every true lover of nature and poetry. There is a double pleasure in reading these truthful and poetical descriptions of nature in her various moods, peasant customs, age, and yet so true and evident in the accurate way as they were in the time of old Virgil. The exquisite manner in which Messrs. Osgood have set this gem of poetry in an added charm, and a tribute alike to the value of both subject and translation. After so much of the modern stuff called poetry, it is positively refreshing to low-gain the self in the youthful thoughts of one of the old masters of the art.

THE DECEMBER MAGAZINE.

The Century comes with a fine article on its late editor, Dr. Holman, by Edward Eggleston. There are reminiscences in it that will make this number of the magazine sought after by many who have not been in the habit of reading it. In fact, we are much indebted to the December number of *The Century* is not much the most popular one ever issued. Not only is there a very interesting article on Dr. Holman, with a superb Thomas, but there is much about President Garfield that is entirely new. Dr. Ellis writes about the last days of the ill-fated patient, and what he says will be eagerly read by millions of people. He gives us nothing very new or startling, but it is a pleasure to have the truthful record of what actually happened

during those long days of suspense. Col. Rockwell contributes the most interesting bit of information in the magazine. He says President Garfield wrote with pen or pencil only four times during his illness. On Sunday, July 17th, he wrote on a slip with a pencil those remarkable words: "James A. Garfield, Strong Believer in Republicanism." This seems to be a new Latin phrase made by the President at the moment, and looks like a gift of inspiration. In plain English it is, *Simplified for the Republic*. An exact reproduction of the President's writing on this occasion accompanies the short letter of Col. Rockwell. Among the other interesting things in the December Century is an article, with portrait, on the early writings of Robert Browning; another, on "The Hieroglyphs of Central America"; and the first installment of a new story by W. D. Howells; and the second installment of Mrs. Burroughs' story, "Through our Administration." The illustrations of this number are excellent. They always are in *The Century*.

The *North American Review* ably sustains, this month, its reputation for profound and able opinions upon all subjects of a political or scientific significance. John A. Kasson, in a well-digested paper, gives an able discourse on "The Monroe Doctrine of 1823," among three eminent men, Rev. George B. Cheever, Samuel Hand and Wendell Phillips, give their united views on "The Death Penalty," a paper which will read with interest and attention. H. D. Arnold-Foster discusses the "Gibsonian Government and Ireland." But the paper which will probably attract the most attention, is that prepared by four eminent physicians, and treating solely of "The Surgical Treatment of the Prostate Gland." Of these four physicians one, Dr. John T. Holden, is well known in our own city, and gives a clear, straightforward and succinct summary of the case. David A. Wells gives his opinion upon "Reform in Federal Taxation," an able and entertaining paper.

The December number of *Lippincott's* contains a spicily written sketch by John C. Carpenter, on "Fishing in Virginia Waters," while Felix Oswald recounts his journeyings "Through the Ardennes," which is illustrated by profuse and excellent sketches. "Some Impressions of an Open Air People," by Anna Bowman Blake, is a spirited little sketch of one phase of Parisian life. William Hunt, M. D., in an article entitled "Popular Fallacies about Surgery," lays bare some very foolish popular beliefs, and contributes a great deal of interesting information. "The Procyonid" is a paper containing the views of Clarence Hickox upon the office of Chief Executive. The contributions to fiction are numerous and entertaining. Sherman Bonner concludes his thrilling story of "The Valsora," and Henry Baldwin has a very charming little one, called "Mother Carey's Chickens." "Crooked Ways," by Charles Dunning, and "The Wife," by Kate Upson Clark, are both very readable tales. "Colorado Round-up" is a realistic picture of life in the far West, by Alfred Terry Brown. E. W. Gattner has translated a thrilling story in verse, from the French, and entitled "The Sergeant." "Our Monthly Gospel," and "Literature of the Day" are interesting and readable as usual, and by no means the least entertaining feature of the month.

The Atlantic, besides giving out in a very satisfactory manner W. D. Howells' interesting story entitled "Dr. Brown's Practice," gives also the final number of Henry James' "Portrait of a Lady." An excellent paper on "The Origin of Color in Society," by Richard E. Prig-

dale, is followed by a singularly dramatic sketch of the great complot, Hector Berlioz, under the title of "Shakespeare and Berlioz," by Theodore Child. Edward Farnes contributes a readable historical sketch on "The Habitant of Lower Canada," while "British State Assurances and the Defence of Insanity," by James W. Clarke, will be read not more for its intrinsic merit than for its bearing upon an important national question of the day. Another very able article, probably the most able in the whole number, is written by William Brown, and treats of "Socialists in a German University." Harriet W. Preston introduces us to "The House of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury," and gives a graphic description of that ancient tower. A very excellent paper, which should be generally read, is that contributed by Kate Gannett Wells, on "Dance in American Society." The field of fiction is covered by two short tales, entitled "Hector's Dower," while that of poetry, equally limited this number, contains but two short contributions—one, "The Parting of the Ways," by W. C. L.; the other, "Pyrrhus' King," by Edith M. Thomas. Charles G. Leland has a very able literary review under the head of "East of the Jordan, and Other Books of Travel." "Buddha and Early Buddhism," and Mark Twain's "New Departure," are also very valuable articles. "The Contributor's Club," is perhaps a trifle more interesting than usual, and is followed by a lengthy review of "Books of the Month."

A SUPERB RESORT.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," said the proverb writer. There is no evidence that this aphorism has any direct reference to the Turkish Bath, but certain it is that the knowing men and women of to-day are aware of the fact that the only sure way to perfect physical cleanliness is through the delightful process of bathing taught to us by the wise men of the Orient. The medical profession, with its proneness to oppose all innovations on the old order of things, at one time pronounced against the Turkish bath, but even the strictest allopaths will now acknowledge the benefits to be derived from the hot-water room and the shampoo. At no place in the West have these little baths been brought to such perfection as at the splendid establishment of Dr. Geo. E. Adams, at 211 North Seventh Street. The Doctor has recently enlarged and beautified his place in the most elaborate and sumptuous manner, the reception rooms for ladies and gentlemen being superbly arranged and embellished, and many new features added to increase the comfort of customers. Dr. Adams' baths have long been especially popular among the most select class of ladies and gentlemen of the city, and the late improvements should add largely to this sort of patronage. Being accomplished in medical science, the baths at his rooms are administered in a way to insure the safety and comfort of the bather, giving both delight and benefit to the physical system.

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Hours closed at Five Minutes past Eight.

Monday, December 3, by Prof. H. C. Fox, THE ART MUSEUMS OF SOUTH KENSINGTON.

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St. LOUIS, DECEMBER 10, 1891.

THE TOWN TALKER.

This is a Christmas fairy story: Years and years ago, when St. Louis was a tiny bit of a town, and while primitive ways still prevailed in politics, science and art—long before architecture had flowered into the beauty, variety, symmetry and glory it now enjoys—Spaldingje, a giant whose riches were as boundless as the sunshine of Summer, but whose benevolence was so weak that a May squire, if given a fair shot at it, would sear it to the stars, built a playhouse here so small and so utterly uncomfortable that everybody in and around the town thought he had built it in a spirit of superstitious selfishness for himself. The average town-lark was a Southern Irish in comparison with it, and it had a single entrance so small that a man of one hundred and fifty pounds acrochrooid had to turn himself sideways and be dragged in by four men by the hair of the head, who were employed on the premises at pitiful wages for that particular purpose. For, strange though it seemed, Spaldingje had not built the theatre for himself, but for the public. He called his playhouse the Toothpick. He named it in this manner because he was fond of good living, and he looked to the theatre to fill his teeth and stomach with the best that the surrounding markets could provide. Stranger still than the theatre and the object for which he designed it, was the fact that the public patronized the entire satisfaction of the giant and the growing growth of his already Titanic bank-account. And more surprising than all else was the fact that extraordinary fact that Spaldingje himself, being an unusually large and singularly well-developed giant, could not get into the theatre even by turning his frame sideways, although he had frequently tried to do so with the two little squire juggling away at him on the inside and a dozen stout fellows pushing and wrenching him on the outside. Spaldingje was never seen in the neighbourhood of the Toothpick except on stage, and then—but I shall come to that by and by. Season after season the Toothpick was the fashionable amusement resort. Ladies and gentlemen of the highest and best society, the ladies and gentlemen of the middle class, and the ordinary-adorning gals, one by one, went sideways through the narrow entrance, leaving their hats and directions as to their dinner with smiling men in the box-office; for few expected to leave the place alive if any accident occurred. Season after season the same plays were played and the same scenery was used, until plays and scenery became almost tiprathore, and Spaldingje's "entire stage" was a sort of monkey of the name of theatre. The best of the people of the town protested. They asked for something new, but Spaldingje, whose purse was bursting with bank-notes, and whom they would have to accept what they said, or do without a theatre. They heard of small theatres with narrow doors, and the seats set together alone as matches in a box, burning down and burning a half-dozen of human lives, and they hesitated. Manager Spaldingje was losing the number of seats in the Toothpick and with the loss of the seats, but Spaldingje only smiled at his gratitude and acquiesced, and made every day folks who did not like the Toothpick good to go there. Still the people continued to patronize the Toothpick. At last there came a Christmas year, and with it a new attraction that got into the theatre under a disguise. Somebody told Spaldingje there was something new on his

stage. He would not believe it. No number of affidavits, and no quantity of affirmations on the part of those he loved most to credit—in a metaphorical manner—could make him believe that something new had found its way to the Toothpick's stage. The managers of the novelty were acquainted with Spaldingje's habits, and not into the theatre, and they felt quite secure in hoping that he would thus have no possible opportunity of ascertaining the deception that had been put upon him. Their hopes were built on sand, however. For Spaldingje was graced that such a report should get abroad as that which had reached his ears about the dramatic novelty on his stage, and he determined at once to see and judge for himself. He shut himself in his room for three days and two nights, during which time he took no food. On Christmas Eve he emerged, lean and limpid, and going to the Toothpick, caused himself to be squeezed through the narrow entrance into the auditorium. The house was jammed, and the best people in the city were among those present. There must have been over two thousand persons, including Spaldingje, who should count for a dozen, inside the walls. At eight o'clock up went the curtain and on went the play. It took Spaldingje but few minutes to satisfy himself that the attraction was new. He immediately became mad, began to rage, and otherwise demanded himself like a man whose sense of justice and decency had been outraged. He swelled so much with anger that he could not get out of the theatre again. He tried and tried, and tried to leave the place, but the door was too small. He made four dozen distinct and well-defined attempts to squeeze himself out, but Fate was against him. In the end of his wild effort to obtain freedom on stage of fire was given. Soon the stage was enveloped in flames, and the fierce destroyer's tongues were lapping the side walls and ceiling of the building. The scene that ensued was frightful, horrible, horrendous beyond description or suggestion. There was an awful rush for the small entrance, and men, women and children shrieking, wringing their hands, fainting and falling upon each other, were to be seen near the stage doorway. By some miracle the fire was held in check on the stage until the vast audience, one by one, had come in, had gained the safety of the street. Spaldingje alone was left in the structure, which was now at the mercy of the roaring flames. He pressed desperately against the door and vainly sought help. He proceeded to put up a half-million dollar opera house, to have a fair orchestra in it, palace orders, new and appropriate scenery, and an occasional novelty in the dramatic line. If he were rescued. Axes, hatchets, saws, etc., were brought, and an attempt was made to cut him out. But without avail. The burning turned to ashes, and when Spaldingje's remains were dug out of the smoking ruins on Christmas morning, they were found to be baked in a degree of benevolence and crispness that would have delighted a Philistine at a cannibalistic banquet. Such was the fate of Spaldingje and such the fate of the Toothpick on Christmas Eve years and years ago. They say good fairs are still to be had in the stage front and stayed the flames while the audience was getting out of the doomed structure.

♦ "Miraculous Travel" will be given at the Grand Opera Club, Saturday evening, and after that, dancing.

The Missouri Synagogue Society will give a public exhibition at their rooms, 318, Charles Street, on Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock. The programme is an unusually good one. Tickets may be had at the door.

I understand the hall to be given at the Merchants' Exchange on the 21st by the Boardman, is an assured success. Some of the tickets are expected to be out this week. They are of quite novel design, and will attract much attention. I fear most of the people who get them will have some trouble in interpreting the many queer figures on the principal card. They look as though they had just been brought up out of the Dark Ages, where it is understood the Boardman had their origin. A number of inquiries concerning the character of this hall have been sent in to the Spectator, and I have been at some pains to assure myself on this point. The old Charity Ball was a disgrace to the city, and its abolition was a timely measure upon the part of the Police Board. But there is no reason why we should not have a respectable charity ball, such as they have in New York. To give one of this kind is what the Boardman propose to do. The gentlemen appointed on the Reception Committee are from our best citizens, such as Miss Sells, Dr. Crawford, E. Simmons, Joseph Franklin, and men of that class. This alone ought to be a guarantee. It will be an eminently respectable affair, and you need not have any misgivings whatever about that score. The idea on the part of the Boardman seems to be to exhibit the best people of St. Louis in behalf of a charity ball, instead of the worst, and the Spectator sincerely hopes they will be warmly seconded in their efforts.

Full dress is not to be insisted on at the Charity Ball to be given by the Boardman, but it is announced that people will be expected to appear in their best clothes. There ought to be no difficulty in understanding that.

The indication of the average female character is never more aggressively prominent than when attempting to cross a street crowded with vehicles. That tri-ceraph of the sex are not run over is owing to the skill of the drivers and an ever-watchful Providence. She invariably waits hesitantly on the sidewalk until she sees a wagon leaving down at full speed, then starts across, gets the wheel in the middle of the street, and darts back just in time to run under the nose of the horse which has been turned to pass in behind her. The horse is jerked back on the launchers to avoid going over her, and she suddenly appears for five minutes again at the front, barely escaping alive from another driver's horse, before she pretends to expect any such movements. If the dose continues until near the curbs, "No foot, but drop," which are lacerated upon their devoted heads they might avoid their ways in this respect.

Modern journalism has certainly diminished the art of putting things off. These discontented mortals who are constantly reviling the newspapers, if they would but stop to consider would have to acknowledge that they see more character in their opinions and statements than private individuals. Observe for one moment the difference. I paid for a prominent daily journal something similar to this: "The decorations of the stiletto parlor were exquisite in their simplicity and quiet glow. The abanilloers and plectroes were festooned with curling but sinister green vines, and the acute triangle that allowed the light to be seen came to pass encircled by any miscellaneous ornamentation." A vigorous lady friend who has attended the "avant garde" of which the scene of action is described above, represents the matter in quite a different light. With a little feminine phrasing, she explains: "But the decorations were absolutely none. Not a flower to be seen—nothing but a little scum-string around. The room looked as bare as a barn—

It was perfectly novel!" Compare the two statements: the polished language of the courteous reporter and the unvarnished bluntness of the "friend of the family." Sometimes people ought to be very thankful to the newspapers.

And what a delightful impression of the beauty, grace and nobility of every young debutante they leave upon the unexpecting public mind. A certain one whose name I had become familiar with through some public public commentators, and of whose charms, owing to the same authority, I had a most exalted opinion, was being discussed in my hearing not long since, and to my utter astonishment one of the party said: "She was dressed elegantly, but she looked as homely as a hedge fence." Feeling sure there must be some mistake, I remarked, earnestly, "Oh, but Miss — is very lovely — she is beautiful. I have always read of her." "Beautiful? (with infinite disgust) there isn't a pretty feature on her face." Again deceived. Perfidious papers!

But what a comfort they are, after all, and consequently, these same public chroniclers. Here I sat all at home in my old gown and slippers, — dress coat and all the rest of that staid paraphernalia stored in camp, — and know just as much about the movements of all our belles and beaux as if I held familiar acquaintance with all the people concerned. One bewitching belle, I observe, is specially favored. I know precisely what she wore at that theatre on such an evening; when a certain Major dashed and wooed her (with proper champagne) at Forest Park; when she celebrated her birthday, and the very charming wedding which some devoted friend expresses upon the approaching occasion; what little trips she has in contemplation, and when returning from a Summer tour accompanied by her inseparable friend — the young man after whose brief engagement one involuntarily breathes, "Impertinent!" All this and more I know, thanks to the accumulating enterprise of a great contemporary.

There is a species of male syphilant not unknown to St. Louis society, whose existence reminds me somewhat of a similar institution peculiar to chickens and early Romans, and spoken of particularly by Rabelais in his "Last Days of Pompeii." The principal function of the classic parasite is to applaud the wit and wit and the praises of his master, in modern phraseology, "to blow his trumpet," for which he receives in return copious snuggles and an invitation to his table. Now, our modern syphilant does not attach himself to any one particular individual of wealth and position, but divides his favoring attentions among a select number, the object — personal recognition and a seat at the table of the rich man — being the same as that of his ancient prototype. The lady of the house being the usual dispenser of social favors, he becomes a smiling and obsequious dangle at her heels, and having obtained the esteem of her circle he is prepared to make the most of his advantages. The young ladies come in for a full share of his smiling blandishments, and his devotion to them in the way of sweet words and killing glances is something remarkable. It is a matter of common observation, however, among them, that their tongue, pipe and other common little favors never proceed from him. He dresses well, and evidently enjoys to the fullest extent the reputation of being a "society fellow." He ought to, for he has had to swallow enough "humble pie" in order to obtain the distinction.

An obliging body friend of the Town Talker wishes to know why it is that a man may belong to a club which keeps him out five nights in the week until the "wee wee" hours; may come rolling home in a carriage in the rainy days times out of wind; may join unmercenary stag parties, whose destination and object are unknown to his bride; and, lastly, may have only explanation is which is, that he is very fond of friends. "My, in short, gas when he pleases, come when he pleases and do exactly as he pleases without question, let or hindrance: and yet when his wife, just over his life, is

unavoidably detained all night at the house of a friend without means of giving him notice of her whereabouts, he must send the whole police force of the city in search of her, drive from one end of the city to the other himself, and then, exhausted out of all, when he discovers her safe and sound, and it was all educational and unavoidable, he charges all the expense of carriage and extras against her housekeeping account, and thus cuts off her usual little perquisite for extra pin-money?

The life and career of the late J. G. Holland is one of the most instructive histories on record for young men who are struggling for a foothold in this busy, pushing world. Let them read how he worked and studied, bare disappointments and failures immorally, yet with undimmed courage and wonderful patience still struggled on, until finally the highest success crowned his efforts. His own life is the best "Lesson in Life" which he has contributed to posterity, and many is the fainting heart, I fancy, that will find refreshment and encouragement in the story of his early struggles.

The first musical notice of the Beethoven Conservatory of Music for the season will be given at Memorial Hall, corner Nineteenth and Lucas Place, Friday evening of next week. These entertainments are always under the immediate direction of Prof. Waldner, and that alone is a sufficient pledge of their excellent character. They are given primarily for the purpose of showing the progress made by pupils in the Conservatory, but in many instances the performances would do credit to professionals.

All kinds of honors have been showered upon Mr. O. W. Buggles, upon the announcement of his resignation of the Assistant General Passenger Agency of the Grand South-west system of railroads to accept the position of General Passenger Agent of the Michigan Central. To Mr. Buggles, he was promoted with a splendid gold and platinum watch chain last Saturday evening by Messrs. Wesley Austin, Harry Willard, Amos Gillett, Clark D. Frost, James Kearns, Lewis Harper, A. C. Howard, J. H. Channing and Frank Conant, attaches of the Lindell Hotel, and Mr. C. B. Kincaid, of the passenger department of the Missouri Pacific Railroad. Mr. Buggles was taken by surprise in the back office of the Lindell Hotel, and a great presentation speech was made by Mr. Kincaid. On last Tuesday evening Mr. Buggles was banqueted at the Lindell Hotel by a number of his old associates on the Iron Mountain Railroad and some of his friends in business circles. The scene was a very excellent one. Mr. Joseph A. Robertson presided with his usual grace, and toasts were responded to by Messrs. Geo. Campbell, Mr. Joseph A. Robertson, Mr. F. Chandler, Judge Pike, Gen. Beckwith, Mr. W. L. Nove, Mr. Seth Fiske, Mr. J. Ames, Mr. C. B. Kincaid, Mr. W. A. Keefe and Mr. Charles M. Ellard. Mr. A. W. Soper being in New York, sent a congratulating telegram. On Thursday evening Mr. Buggles was again banqueted, this time at the Elks' Club, by the ever-generous Mr. Charles E. Ware and some of his oldest personal friends. There were forty guests. The table was prepared in a manner altogether peculiar to the Elks, there being a huge elk's head, horns, and all, at the centre. The menu was excellent, the toasts appropriate, and the responses unusually bright. Col. Norton, Col. Ben Devoport, Mr. George M. Doolittle, Mr. W. C. Young, Mr. F. Chandler, Mr. John W. Stuyvesant, Col. Buckenell, Col. Norville, all made speeches, and all brought the house down. I have not room or time to speak of the general appointments of the banquet, but I must not fail to say that the programmes were the most original and appropriate ever given out on an occasion of this kind in St. Louis.

The two suits recently brought by Messrs. E. J. Gay & Co. and Mr. Paine, to restrain telegraph companies from the erection of poles on the sidewalk, were both decided in favor of the plaintiffs. This is a legal victory that will meet with the hearty applause of the public,

and the gentlemen who had the courage to make a test of the law on the subject deserve the warmest encouragement. There is no objection in the world to the bringing of telegraph lines into St. Louis, but there is a very serious objection against the erection of poles on sidewalks to the detriment of the general public and the inconvenience of the general city. A telegraph company has no better right to obstruct a sidewalk than a peasant vendor or a patent soap peddler, so long as it is not a public necessity that it should be done. If there were no other way of having a telegraph line in St. Louis than by having poles on the sidewalk it would be quite a different thing; but fortunately there is another way, and the question of expense is to be considered solely by the telegraph lines themselves. They will surely have to put their wires under the ground, and they had just as well begin at once. If other people will follow the example of Messrs. E. J. Gay & Co. and Mr. Paine, the change can soon be brought about and the unsightly poles will be split up for kindling-wood.

Mr. Charles Green has loaned his report as President of the Fair Association, and copies of it have been sent out to all the stockholders for enlightening purposes. Mr. Green makes a very good showing, but he does not tell all the facts. He shows a handsome saving for the two years he has been in office, but he fails to tell that the Association, during that time, has spent very little money for improvements. It is not at all difficult to save money if you don't spend any. How many new houses has Mr. Green built? How many animals has he purchased for the zoological garden? How much average has he put down? The improvements to the grounds and the additions to the sailing-boat collection during Mr. Green's administration have been of the meagerest description, and the Fair Grounds would actually go into decay if such a policy were kept up. Mr. Green admits the receipts at the Fair this year were some thirty per cent. more than last year, but attributes the falling off to the rainy weather. He forgets that the gate receipts on Thursday, "the big day," though the weather was fine, were less than they were on Thursday of last year. The same is true of Friday and Saturday. The credit is due to the success of the Fair under Mr. Green's management, and if the weather had been ever so good there would have been a falling off in receipts just as there was a falling off in exhibits. The year before Mr. Green went into office there were fully fifteen steam engines displayed; this year there was not one. For years previous to his election one of the most attractive features of the Fair was the Machinery Hall; this year it was almost empty, and had to be filled up with reapers and mowers which belonged to the Agricultural Department. Mr. Green is very adept at making a report, but I repeat, he does not tell all the facts.

The Spectator has opposed Mr. Green's reelection to the Presidency of the Fair Association solely because it was far the good of that body. His reelection would be a disaster. Many of the best patrons of the Fair will absolutely desert if he is kept in office. I have the positive assurance that should Mr. Green be successful in his attempts to regain the office he now holds, there will be a movement put on foot at once to erect an exposition building down in the city. The men and the money stand ready to carry out such an enterprise.

It has always been taken for granted that the people of St. Louis will not turn out an audience of respectable citizens to hear a lecture. Now and then a man whose face all want to see, George of Beecher, perhaps, has filled Mercantile Library Hall. An audience of three hundred has always been considered a large one at Washington University, whether the subject were travel, history, literature or art. The crowd that has lately gathered at the lecture given there three Monday evenings to hear Prof. Ives and Snow talk about London here, seems to me, shown plainly that a good audience can be gathered even in this city to hear a lecture on an attractive subject in a suitable

place. The University in this work, as in all its attempts to benefit the public, has sought not merely to entertain but to instruct, and the people have accepted as gladly as they could that they wanted instruction. The Hall showed no vacant seats last Monday evening when the beautiful art treasures of South Kensington Museum were so finely set before them; and I am inclined to think that when Prof. Saxe talks about the Westminster Abbey, next Monday, it will not be necessary to wait thirty-five minutes after the hour before locking the doors. The camp-chairs will all be filled by that time. The Town Talker, for one, means to be in his seat early, and advises others to do likewise.

A rare treat was afforded the patrons of the Natarium Skating Rink on Thursday evening, in the new exhibition of roller skating by the professionals, Messrs. Goodall and Smith. A fashionable and interested audience occupied the chairs which line the sides of this noble hall, while a large number of spectators were obliged to seek the gallery, from which a most delightful view of the animated scene below could be obtained. The mighty roar of the hundreds of moving skates, the graceful figures and bright, animated faces of the many lady skaters, the great mass of dark forms gliding by like the scenes in a rapidly moving panorama, fairly set the sedate head of the old Town Talker into a whirl as he entered the building on the evening in question. Before I had half time of watching the pretty figures and swallow-like motions of the fair belles on skates a shrill blast on a trumpet sent them all scattering to the four points of the compass, and in a few seconds the broad level floor was bare and deserted. The band struck up a lively waltz, and in a moment two lithe, graceful, blue-clad forms were moving down the hall in broad, sweeping curves, and with such perfectly timed, rhythmic motion, that they seemed but one body animated by a single soul. To describe their various evolutions would be beyond the power of words—it was the very poetry of motion—a symphony in curves. 'Tis but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and one of these gentlemen made it when he started out to show us the "young man who has a high opinion of his own skating." The swaggering air, the labored effort to achieve droll fancy feats, the trembling limbs as he recovered a lost balance—all were true to the life, and excited considerable laughter; but the amusement was increased by his imitation of a young man's first appearance on skates, while a truthful and supremely ridiculous representation of a young lady receiving her first instruction in the art of skating, brought down the house. The supposedly impossible feat of two engines passing on the same track was then performed, and, as the opinion of the experts—I did not manage to distinguish them at all—swayed around the rink with a noise that wonderfully resembled an approaching train. Upon giving a shrill whistle through his fingers his partner glided out; they approached in a straight line, and, when within the feet of the one side apart and the other, with a low duck, slipped gracefully under him. The second part of the performance was an exhibition of the most absolutely graceful and dextrous movements conceivable. The way in which they could revolve on either heel or toe, on one foot or on the other, backward or forward, all the time keeping most perfect time with the music, was a never-ending charm and marvel to the spectators. The feat of skating on one foot while he was unstrapped and dropped the other skate, then made the circuit of the hall, without putting on or unstrapping the skate, without ever changing off this one foot, was performed by one of these gentlemen in a most successful manner, and a somewhat turned by the other, landing right side up on his rollers, closed that part of the entertainment, and convinced the audience that the possibilities of roller skating, as disclosed by Messrs. Goodall and Smith, were not to be exhausted in one season, but would necessitate a liberal patronage of the Natarium for many years to come.

The admirable manner in which the Skating Rink is conducted reflects the utmost credit on the management. Every possible comfort and convenience is

provided for those who desire to participate in the skating. Small boys in liveries are there to strap on the skates, with which, without any hand, skaters are sent round after the novices, ready to brush off any dust that may result from an unexpected collision with the floor. Precident skaters, distinguished by the garb of the Natarium, politely proffer their assistance to the inexperienced who are almost other instructors, and their words of advice when closely followed, are productive of excellent results. Nothing is omitted that will contribute to the enjoyment of the numerous patrons of the place.

The concert given in the parlors of Mrs. Joseph Dickson, 3513 Morgan Street, Thursday evening, for the benefit of the Ladies' Bethel Aid Society, was a splendid affair. A very select company was present and the programme was well carried out. The dining-room and two large portions of the large vestibule were thrown open, making quite an extensive salon. Piano recitals were given by the Epstons brothers, Prof. Waldner played a violin solo; Misses Nellie Chid and Ada Benson sang solos; Messrs. D. F. Colville and C. C. Allen sang solos, and these also sang in concerted pieces. Dr. Snyder gave two reading selections, and Mr. Dabney Carr played a fute solo. Everything on the programme was received by the most intelligent audience with enthusiastic applause; but I must be pardoned for making especial mention of Mrs. C. C. Allen's solo, "Eulalie's Lamentation." It was offered in a softness, delicacy and sweetness of manner that the gentleman's warmest admirers hardly thought him capable of. The arrangements provided for the concert by Mrs. Dickson were of the most admirable kind, and it was a success in every way.

Monday afternoon Mr. Leo Ehlich, Secretary of the Humane Society, demonstrated his eminent fitness for the position he holds, in the somewhat dangerous encounter he had on Fifth Street, near Time, with a half breed driver of a pair of broken-down horses. The man resisted arrest, and his Secretary a savage blow over the head with a heavy whip. There was a sharp struggle for fully five minutes, in which Ehlich would have been very seriously worsted by his powerful antagonist if there had not been prompt assistance from bystanders. One of the special officers of the Humane Society arrived in time to be of valuable assistance, but there did not seem to be a policeman anywhere in the neighborhood. An immense crowd gathered, and the whole affair created an excellent impression in behalf of the Humane Society, whose efforts to relieve the sufferings of working animals are meeting with a growing popular recognition and appreciation. Mr. Ehlich is a plucky man, and he evidently means business. The brutes who torture their horses and mules will soon have to have a wholesome respect for the law as he administers it.

The Kretschmar Publishing Company has issued three numbers of the *St. Louis Traveler's Guide*, a new monthly formed by the consolidation, under this title, of the *Route Guide* and the *Eastern Time Table*. The offices of the new company are: Fred. Kretschmar, President; Frank Giese, Secretary; and Russell N. Blossom, Treasurer, all popular young men of ability and energy. The new Guide has been designated by the railroad managers as the official directory of the movements of trains; and its typography is so handsome as to recommend all its pages to a careful perusal, even without any definite purpose thereunto concerning on the part of the reader. The book contains a good deal of information on other subjects than those which pertain to railroad matters, and it is the determination of the enterprising publishers to make the *Guide* worthy of St. Louis now a great railroad center of rapidly increasing importance.

Prof. Bowman, with the aid of the large musical resources of the Second Baptist congregation, older and younger, succeeded in making a bright, attractive and meritorious performance of Boot's cantata, "Under the Palms," last Tuesday evening. The whole work shows the results of the Professor's careful and

patient drill. The audience was large, and when and what it was, corresponded of course.

From now until Christmas the very full of entertainments of every kind is usual in holiday-time. A very considerable number of these have a charitable object at the base, which is all very well if the worthiness of the object be not made an excuse for some exceeding poverty of performance for which patronage is sought and obtained. It is by this neglect and in consequence that amateur entertainments fall into disrepute.

On Friday and Saturday evenings of next week Clara Louise Kellogg will appear before the public in this city, for the last time previous to her marriage and permanent retirement from the profession she has so long ornamented. Thus far her seasons have been one of great brilliancy, both artistically and financially. Wherever she appeared the capacity of opera houses and halls has been taxed to the utmost. She is supported by a company of unusual strength. Notably among these is Brignoli, who is always a favorite; Miss Clara Poole is young, with a voice of great purity and a bright, attractive melody; Sig. Tagliapietra has been called the best baritone in the country; Herr Adamowski is a splendid violinist, and Mr. S. Lebling is a pianist who has already reached the front rank in the East. Mr. Adolph Glöck, the accompanist and musical director, although a young man, is a thorough artist. The sale of seats will commence at Halmer & Weber's on Monday next, at ten o'clock a. m.

The Second concert of the St. Louis Musical Union will take place on Thursday evening, the 22d, at Mercantile Library Hall, and the dress rehearsal will be on Wednesday morning previous. The orchestra has been enlarged and improved, a number of stringed instruments having been added. There were fifty-one musicians at the rehearsal last Thursday morning.

People who attend the dress rehearsals of the Musical Union must bear in mind that it is nothing but a rehearsal, and that the perfection of a concert must not be expected. The director on these occasions qualifies the performance exactly as if there was an auditor present, repeating passages or giving instructions as he finds it necessary. Please remember the rehearsal is a rehearsal, and that it is not the concert.

The "full dress" ball given at the Armory, Thursday evening, under the auspices of the National Guard, was not what was expected either in the number or character of the people present. It was the first time that tickets for the evening had been sold, admissions heretofore having been complimentary, and the effect of making it a business affair was painfully visible. A pleasant feature was the presentation by Company K, to Miss Archer, of the Steele Machine Company, of a gold medal, in recognition of a kindness done some members of the company when they were travelling on a Southern railroad. Miss Archer, who is a very pretty lady, received the gift in the most gracious manner.

The friends of Miss Clara Gillies, the elocutionist, have tendered her a complimentary benefit at Mercantile Library Hall, Tuesday evening, December 20th. A programme of unusual excellence will be given, embracing Prof. F. R. Cook and Miss Gillies in recitations; Miss Ada Benson, Mrs. Kipax, Dr. F. H. Cronin, and others, in musical numbers, to be followed by the farce, "Sketches from India," with Mrs. Meade, Miss Fassel and Miss Gillies, Messrs. Baldwin, Cook, Dauber and Young in the cast.

In the Republics of Wednesday morning, Mr. W. D. Griswold had a card in favor of granting a liquor license to the saloon at Ulrich's Cave. The burden of his tale is the enormous injuriousness of the property-owners on the block bounded by Jefferson and Wash- ington Avenues, and Locust and Beaumont Streets, in

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refusing to petition for a saloon license for "the Cave" and its attachments. The absurdity of Mr. W. D. Griswold's attack on the liberal and public-spirited men—founders in the industrial enterprises of the city—who own most of the property on that block, is best shown by quoting a paragraph from his remarkable document:

If the establishment is shut up and abandoned, the neighborhood will be left to rot and darkness. It will be like Lucas Place, where no drainage can exist, and where property will hardly be taken as a gift.

It will be news to property-owners in residence neighborhoods that corner saloons enhance the value of their possessions for residence purposes. How many such places can Mr. Griswold find in Upper Fifth Avenue, New York; Broadway, Boston; Delaware Avenue, Buffalo; Euclid Avenue, Cleveland; Pacific Avenue, Chicago—or any other principal residence streets in principal cities where property is held at the very highest prices? Universally it is believed that saloons in residence neighborhoods are in the nature of nuisances; and the freedom with which these deleterious growths that Mr. W. D. Griswold deems so necessary to civilization are planted and flourish in all quarters of St. Louis has, fortunately for other urban communities, no parallel anywhere in the United States. That true men and good citizens like Dr. Elliot and George Partridge should weigh the weight of their influence in favor of sobriety and morality in a locality where their interest is so immediate and vital, would seem one of the most natural and commendable things in the world.

In the Past Concert, in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Nigro, gave the grand solo of the Part Song, which for his principal number the overture from "Tannhäuser" as a piano solo. The *St. Louis* critic of the performance has the following first-class notice:

The first part of the evening was made very interesting by the musical performance of the Part Song, with the overture from "Tannhäuser," in which effort the Nigro was decidedly warranted.

A change of names and things only is necessary to make this criticism pertinent to a recent performance in St. Louis.

Mr. H. Gordon Temple, formerly of St. Louis but now of Denver, is writing a series of articles for the *Denver Tribune*, entitled "Personal Reminiscences." The subject of the last one is Adelaide Neilson, and he knows more about her than any man in America. I take this extract from his article, which gives the true account of her origin:

The truth of her origin, which has never been publicly told, will not cost another a whit from her fame. Her real name was Mary Brown. She was born in an alley leading out of High Holborn, in London, and her father was a letter carrier in the postal service of that city. When she was three years old, her mother was taken by her mother-in-law to her grandparents in Yorkshire, where she remained for several years. It was there that Robert Collier came, and she spoke of her life as the "elegant woman on her death" and more than twenty years later, in riding along the Union Pacific road, she said to me: "I like these prairies; they remind me of my baby's night of the 'Yorkshire Woods.'" After a few years spent in the home of her grandparents, she came to London, and her parents being poor, had to earn their own living, and she became a barmaid in a fashionable saloon at the Victoria Palace. There she was found by a wealthy Englishman whose character is stainless as regards her, and whose name has now become historic. He saw the marvellous beauty and lustrous the keen intellect of this waif upon humanity, took her away from her place and the contaminating influence that surrounded her. He sent her to school at a large secondary near Harpenden, and later, discovering her abilities, he placed her under the tuition of Mr. Hyder, Charles Kew's old stage manager. Then they took her on a European tour. This was his last wife, and she was a woman of high spirit, will living, and it was while under her charge that I first met the subject of this article. Such are the incidents of the early life of a famous woman, for the first time told.

A very successful concert was given at Mercantile Library Hall, Thursday evening, by the Order of the Crowned Friends, for the benefit of the St. Louis Free Dispensary. This, I believe, was the first public at-

temptation of this Society, and it was certainly a very creditable one.

The entertainment given by the McCullough Club at the Pickwick, Tuesday, was the best of the season, and possibly the most enjoyable ever given. The opera of "Il Jacobi" was charming, the "godlike" duct of Mr. Allen and Miss Kriven being particularly good. "At His Wit's End," a comedy, was well performed.

The telegraph Friday morning brought the news of the burning of the Ring Theatre, in Vienna. It was a most frightful disaster, five hundred people losing their lives. The distance from home takes away some of the terror of the accident, but it was none the less terrible in fact. Picture to yourself three hundred dead bodies lying in a row—more people than have been killed on the railroads of the United States in a dozen years, and as many as were killed at some of the greatest battles of the war. People will after a while learn that it is a dangerous thing to put a human life in a theatre, and that built like a jug. Facts are facts, and dangers are dangers. If the Olympic Theatre of this city were to take fire with a full house, there would be no earthly chance for half the audience to escape, and that the community stands constantly menaced by such a calamity, is chargeable not only to the man who owns the house but to the city authorities, who do not compel him, as the law directs, to provide proper means of exit.

The Ladies' Musical Club, which had last Winter a career of signal success socially as well as musically, has been reorganized, with Mrs. E. H. Temple as president, and Miss Fannie Sticks, Secretary. Mrs. Richard W. Richardson, Miss Starnard, Miss Mary Blossom, Miss Richards and Miss Anne, are among the lovers of music and amateur performers who constitute the personnel of this delightful organization. The first meeting of the club will be on Friday afternoon at Mrs. Emma's, Washington Avenue.

A Baltimore contemporary, writing about flower-decorated decorations, says: "Made pieces of cut flowers are going fast. It is not consonant with the eternal fitness of things to load a table with such kinds of flowers that birds eat at the best. A new departure was seen at some recent entertainments. A pan of growing ferns, the plectranthus being entirely hidden in green, and more pleasantly suggested than one burdened with a yellow or red flower, was used with regularity in wicker baskets."

Here is an improvement on the old way of serving for a dinner party. It is a plan, if a plan, it is disposed to offer up a sacrifice to the decorative art. It is a thatched house full of birds, and is easily prepared: The bottom and sides of a deep pie-dish are lined with small pieces of vermilion laid in regularly as thatches are put on a roof. It is filled with birds, covered with puff-puff, and baked. When done it is turned out, the vermilion under-erust forming the roof and making a very good imitation of straw thatches if well browned. An artistic cook can improve it much by browning in windows and doors with the edge of a salamander or small iron.

Two years ago Dr. Rev. Dr. Gause, the eloquent pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, delivered from his pulpit a series of lectures upon the Law of the Sabbath, which treated the divine enactment less in its purely religious aspect than as a boon and blessing to all tellers, and especially to the laboring classes, whose toil is the most unrequited and exacting. The second part of his lecture was on the Sabbath as a social, as well as the social and moral requirements of mankind, and the uses of the Sabbath as a day of worship as well as of rest were insisted upon as only the consummate flower and crown of an institution that is as essential to State as to religion. It was a most detailed and full of things forbidden or permissible under this law was attempted by the learned doctor, or possibly some of

the saints might have had a sensation such as the sharp electric point of Truth is supposed to make when it touches the sensitive circle of Error. Recently from Connecticut a sermon was preached which oversteers the strongest continuation of the truths which were so clearly put by Dr. Gause as covering the chief considerations involved. While the abrogation of the Sabbath institution is claimed for by a sort of supercilious and contemptuous attitude, it is being insisted upon by the statesmen as well as the workmen of Europe, where its loss has been longest and most severely felt. The following reference to this subject is taken from the *Chicago Times* of last Sunday:

The movement in Germany, it appears, is very general, and it has enlisted the sympathies of very different classes of people. At Nuremberg the German government lately held a sort of conference, and among the questions discussed was that of Sunday labor. The quantity of sentiment was not excessive, and without a dissenting voice it was resolved to discontinue all work on Sunday at once. At Cassel the people have assembled and petitioned the post-office authorities that no papers or letters be delivered on Sunday, except such as are marked "express." In Lauenburg and Grödenwald a powerful Sabbath union has been formed, and its object is to agitate in favor of the cessation of labor as far as possible on Sunday, and other social and economic questions. The movement has taken root. The minister of worship and instruction has issued a decree forbidding public works on the Sabbath and holy days, and it is stated that Count Chavsky, of Salzburg, has issued large numbers of orders, and has issued similar orders to the workers under their control. In Switzerland and in France, too, the movement has been going on. In the case of Dr. Gause, all has closed up all dancing-houses on Saturday evenings and on Sundays. In the same case it used to be the case that the police used to go to the merchants, to keep their stores open on Sunday. Quite a change has set in, almost all the powerful stores and places of business throughout the country have been closed during the whole of that day. One of the principal railroad companies, that of Mrs. Brown-Lawrence, has granted to its employees at all the stations rest on every alternate Sunday. Similar privileges have been granted to their servants by the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranean Railway Company. Even the French Government has shown signs of yielding to the new movement. The minister at the head of the post-office and telegraph department has been making inquiries with a view to such a change as shall give rest to all his officials on every alternate Sunday. These facts are very suggestive. Apart altogether from the religious and political aspects of the matter, showing the revival of a proper appreciation of the day as a day of rest and veneration. Even on the lower ground of social and economic considerations, it is impossible to overestimate the importance of the Sabbath institution. It is a precious boon, and these only fully appreciate its value who have been robbed of its privileges.

HOLIDAY BRICA-BRAC.

If the displays made by the principal magazines that deal in objects of art and *en vogue* presage the character of the gifts that brides and other fortunate dames and demoiselles will receive as tokens of Christmas generosity, they will be very much surprised. In the light of the yule-log to make the coming holidays memorable. There is a feast for the eyes in the rare collection down in the Fine Art Department of the J. Jacoby Jewelry Company that holds a rare fascination for all lovers of the beautiful, and who shall say if an observer may note the same visitors returning to this attractive spot.

In Bremen this collection is rich, and each piece has artistic merit as well as high commercial value. A very charming ideal of a Christmas tree, "Bauer," represents a young girl whose Swiss straw hat rests lightly above her waving hair, in which she has carelessly fastened a cluster of fall-blossom roses. Her striped blouse is open at the throat, and she is adorned with a necklace of flowers by a knot of ribbon, and the whole treatment is as graceful and fine as any ex-

parts in a painting, but is delightfully surprised to find in bronze. The finish is rich with gold and devoid of polish, which adds much to the charm of the production. "The Diver" is a full-length female figure of classical beauty, clad only in a bathers' scant garment, her body bent forward and arms upraised, with the right hand pinning down the "just afloat" diver, who is depicted, to take "The Diver" piece, in a pediment of pure bronze, and where it rests upon a pedestal of Florence marble is front of an antique mirror framed in copper, attracts much attention. Another beautiful piece is "The Fleeter Girl," in silver-plated bronze. There is a happy freedom of drapery and ease of pose, which distinguishes the artist, who, slender, fishing-rod in hand, with bare feet, and a pair of goggles, which dangle from the waters of the rippling brook.

There are many exquisite paintings upon plaques that are really fine art gems. One of special beauty represents an early morning scene on the Normandy coast, a party of fishermen returning with their spoils fills the foreground, their picturesque costumes, brightly colored and true to the life, being most effectively depicted, and in happiest harmony with the exquisite coloring of the crisp sea under the early morning light. On the coast in the background lies a stranded schooner, and off to sea rise the snowy sails of several sloops. This is a fine painting as well as a charming picture; and so are two exquisite female heads painted in oil and finished without gloss, upon two false plaques, by Peters.

The potteries in this display at Jaccard's form one of its most extensive and attractive features, and embrace specimens from all the noted manufactures in the world. There is an admirable variety of the place of all kinds from the archaic and rude to the most refined, with the realistic applique flowers and leaves of the Barbotine faience, to the delicate faience porcelain so expertly painted that the most delicate enamelling is scarcely noticed. It is a fine collection, and includes a set of small vases—the centre one of bowl shape, and the side pieces straight jars,—all set in gold-finished bronze, with drooping handles of the antique style. The ground color of all this is a fine amber tint, and the decoration is all in blue, green, large and small, and white, and with a delicate gold leaf, which is gracefully touched to the base. The central leaf of each group is exquisitely painted with a little landscape scene, every one different, and each of the most artistic and beautiful. The work of the unknown French artist, and these are the work of the unknown French artist.

In Bohemian falcons, whose decoration is characterized by the mingling of scroll-work, large blossoms and leaves, and birds, there are some very handsome specimens in pitheas, pligrins' jars and covered vases. A covered jar, whose ground decoration is all of Japanese *sudif* in the richest oriental coloring, has a plentiful sprinkling of gold-dust over the upper part of the bulging jar, the top being thickly enristed, and a crouched lion which makes the handle is roughened with gold.

There are some very beautiful after-dinner coffee sets, of the finest French china, in the most delicately finished Russia leather cases lined with Surah satin, designed as presents to brides. One set of especial beauty has the top of each cup decorated with delicate vines and leaves in silver and gold; and the saucers are half-enclosed by sprays to correspond. The cups are supported on little feet also decorated with gold and silver. Another set in waved shapes, decorated by Vellene with rosebuds, and French pinks of the most delicate blue, are perfect gems; and still another set, painted by the same artist, is embellished with sprigs of pink blossoms and brown leaves veined with gold and brown and gold butterflies.

Gumersell's Christmas window has been one of the chief attractions on Fourth Street during the past week, the crowds that surround it impeding the progress of pedestrians at times. The musical Zulus are the chief attraction, their rich dresses and amusing movements, which seen more than the mere ingenious contrivance of mechanism, exciting the interest of all beholders. Their attendants are lions, and tigers and elephants from Zululand; and the dolls of many

kinds that fill the background as spectators are an interesting part of the exhibition, to the little folk at least, who find that window irresistibly attractive.

I have recently seen some beautiful specimens of art-needlework from the skilful fingers of Miss Davidson, of 2647 Olive Street, the well-known teacher of art embroidery, whose taste as a designer equals the cunning that lies in her needle's point. A mantel lamp-shade worked on crimson plush with Arasene wools shows a beautiful arrangement of pond-lilies and leaves in shades of cream-white, pink, gold, green, and brown, the flowers running in a garland towards the centre, which shows a panel worked with ferns standing tall and branching upward, while from under their shadow, floating on the marshy waters below, is another water-lily, the very queen of them all.

A beautiful narrow black satin panel, intended for a sleeve, is decorated with four tall sunflowers, and their ragged leaves are rendered perfectly in Araneae webs, whose coloring and fibre give a wonderfully realistic beauty to the embroidery. Another panel for a dress-sleeve, worked on black satin, is very handsome, the design being shaped smart poppies of several sizes, and long, drooping, sword-shaped leaves, conventionalized in this art-needlework with exceeding grace, and shaded in golden brown, green, and a flush of pink. The shaded petals are as old-fashioned as the leaves, and the work is shaded with delicate, irregularly rich effect on the satin ground. Sparse sprigs of chickweed worked in shaded green silk grow about the base of the grouped flowers and leaves which spring from a ground of old-gold plush which transversely crosses the black satin background at its base.

One of the quietest and neatest little stores in the city is that of Mr. James Hale, at 2740 Olive Street. Mr. Hale established this place for the express benefit of persons living in the West End, and they have found it a great convenience.

At the Mound City Printing Company's place, 209 North 4th St., is a very pretty collection of Christmas cards. Mr. Rankin, of this firm, has made a specialty of these cards for years, and he displays great taste in making up his collection.

Just now one of the most gorgeous displays in this city is that of Withmar, Gray & Kaminski, 408 North Fourth Street, whose china bazaar looks like a fairyland palace. Some of the richest table-ware ever seen in this country is now on exhibition there.

The Scarritt Furniture Company has lately turned out some exceedingly pretty parlor sets for some of the splendid mansions recently completed in the city. One of these was of an extremely delicate make and color, the covering being of sky blue and pink satin brocade, and the carvings in the ebony wood-work being of the lightest and lightest description. The set reminds one of the richly upholstered furniture in some of the old French palaces. The satin brocade used on some of the pieces made by the Scarritt Furniture Company cost, as high as \$100 per yard. I noticed a parlor set, consisting of a sofa, two chairs and a table, in sky blue and gold-colored satin brocade upholsterings. This was in striking contrast with the set just spoken of.

T. T.

NOVELTIES IN STATIONERY.

[From the *Art Interchange*.

The demand for novelties in all lines of decoration is insatiable and imperative, but perhaps in nothing is the ingenuity of designer and manufacturer more heavily taxed than in endeavoring to meet the fancies of purchasers of stationery, who are ever demanding of them the unique and the beautiful. While many people content themselves with a heavy quality of elaborately stamped paper, simply ornamented with monogram, initials or crest, a large number avail themselves of all opportunities to enliven their correspondence by the display of the latest grotesque design, or beauty if by the daintiest "last new thing," for the color and

[illegible]

A horse-car conductor who has just stepped heavily on a passenger's feet says affably:

"When I first began, I used to mind if I stepped on anybody's foot; but now I've got quite used to it!"

Caligo, with an obstinate cold, goes to his doctor:

"Your father was perhaps phthisical?"

Callino, with a reassuring gesture:
"Oh, yes, he was a photographer!"

"Oh, no; he was—a photographer!"

THE SPECTATOR

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All communications should be addressed to

THE SPECTATOR,

222 Pine Street, St. Louis.

The *Spectator* appears to-day in twenty-four-page form, or four pages larger than ever before. We have both more pages of advertising and reading matter to-day than we had altogether a little over one year ago. The advertising of this week came to us without any extraordinary effort, and is in the regular line of business. We are ourselves somewhat surprised when we think of the growth of this paper in the first fifteen months of its existence, and we can only account for it on the ground that the business community and general public of St. Louis warmly approve of an earnest effort in decent and independent journalism. The *Spectator's* recent increase in circulation has been no less marked than its increase in advertising patronage. Orders from many newspapers have been more than doubled during the past six weeks. There are now sold at the newsstands in the hotels and elsewhere in the city some eight hundred copies of the *Spectator* every Saturday, and one thousand copies on the street by the boys, to say nothing of our regular subscribers who receive their papers by mail and by carrier. These are all facts that speak for themselves, and we leave them for your contemplation.

THE DRAMA.

"THE WORLD."

"The World," which is named the great realistic play of the day, and which had been extensively advertised in advance, commenced a season of two weeks at the Grand Opera House last Sunday. The play is produced under the management of Messrs. Brooks & Dickson and the immediate supervision of Mr. James W. Morrissey, the prince of business agents. The main attraction of "The World" is its realism, which is entirely different from the spectacular. The great realistic scenic effects upon which the management relies, are: the departure of the steamer is the first tableau; the infernal machine and explosion on the steamer at sea, is the second tableau; the raft scene, in the third tableau; the aquatic scene, in the seventh, and the hotel elevator is the eighth and last tableau. While perfect realism is unattainable on the stage, and thus some disappointment is sure to be to those for the spectators, I am free to confess that "The World" surpasses anything we have lately seen in that direction. The scenery was excellent and artistic, the credit of which belongs mainly to Mr. Richard Hailey, who repainted most of the sets. The departure of the steamer is fairly realistic, but the effect is neither new nor novel. There were not sufficient superlatives on the stage, neither was there the bustle, noise and confusion always attending the departure of a steamer from its wharf. The view of the deck of the steamer at sea is good, although some

facts could easily be pointed out in the construction of the deck and also in the positions of the "cups." It answered its purpose, while the explosion of the infernal machine, which was the culmination of the tableau, was certainly exceedingly effective. The raft in mid-sea is considered the scene of the tableau; but although to a certain extent effective, the result is disappointing. The appearance of the vessel and its bearing down to the rescue of those on the raft with the firing of a minute gun, is the best part of this tableau. The scenic effect in the last act tableau is the walls, which revolve and thus present the exterior walls as the hero makes his escape in a boat. The elevator scene does not produce any effect. It is difficult to understand how "The World" could have produced such a failure in London and New York if the representation here and the effects be the same. Public curiosity had been stimulated, hence the really scarcely equalled anticipation. However, the effects are out of the ordinary run, and worth a visit. Not one scene, however, is as effective as the great railroad tableau in "Mother and Son," produced at the house two seasons ago. Now as to the play. The talent of these gentlemen is shown. Paul Merritt, Henry Pettit and Augustus Harris are concentrated on this dramatic effort. Literary merit it has none, and the incidents are of the most melodramatic kind. They are exciting, and hold the attention of the audience fast; and as this is all that is desired, the authors achieved their purpose. The story is of two brothers, one a wanderer who returns after years of absence only to find himself assailed by some scoundrel headed by his own brother, all working for the sake of destroying him, and the other to attain a position which belongs to the hero. Of course in the end virtue triumphs and villainy punished and thus all ends as it should do. The part of Sir Clement Thyngham, the hero, is taken by Mr. J. H. Barnes, an English actor, who gives a manly, forcible interpretation to the character. He is dignified, noble and brave in demeanor and speech, and robust in appearance, such as befits a hero. Mr. Barnes handled the part cleverly. Mr. J. H. Barnes, as Harry Thyngham, the wicked brother, rendered the role with natural, easy, yet strong manner, without any "staginess." Russell Bassett gave a conventional stage portrait of a Jewish usurer and rogue, made comic in the conventional style. It is one of the stereotyped stage personages. Chas. Krause was a good Martin Shadlock, another hardened, cowardly villain. Lemley, the lawyer, was taken by Mr. E. G. Wilson, and interpreted without consideration. It was a good picture of the London family solicitor.

Mrs. Laura Boscombe, as Edie, was a fine, the diamond scoundrel, and Dr. Whistler and Hocking, were respectively personated fairly by Messrs. H. A. Morry, Robert Browner and W. Richardson. Mrs. J. H. Barnes, as the heroine, was satisfactory, while Helen Sedgwick, as Mrs. Morry, was poor. Some of the acting was of any extraordinary degree of merit; but as the piece depends for success on its realism, this does not so much matter.

"A FOOL'S ERRAND."

Judge A. W. Torngue's novel, "A Fool's Errand," which it is acknowledged as one of the most successful literary efforts of late years, comes a great deal of bitter criticism, inasmuch as the author was alleged to have dealt unfairly with the South in his delineation of the Ku-Klux troubles. Now, however, the novel has been transferred to the stage, the work of dramatization being handled by Mr. Steele Mackaye, the eminent dramatist, assisted by Judge Torngue. The result is far from happy. While the play contains many scenes of thrilling and absorbing dramatic interest even to the most unprejudiced observer, it reflects discredibly upon Southern men and their actions. Thus the incidents of their section's feeling immediately succeeding the war should be portrayed behind the footlights is only to be deplored. Mr. Mackaye, with a worthy sagacity of the most abstract metaphysical, argues that the play will be as new as Southern legends, and that it is "written in the best spirit of good feeling toward the South." While such may have been the author's intention, it must be admitted

that the effect of the dramatic representation is the opposite, and I should advise Mr. Mackaye to ponder seriously before producing, as he says he will, "A Fool's Errand" in the South. A couple of brave Southern gentlemen are not a sufficient reason to the Southern while race is introduced, and the sentiments uttered are only such as most effectively strike a chord in the heart of every Southerner. The work of the dramatist, however, has been more than fairly well accomplished. Many of the dramatic incidents of Judge Torngue's book have been skillfully seized upon and the scenes cleverly depicted. If they could be robbed of their offensiveness to a large portion of the American people it might have a hope of success. Its only chance lies with the women and Dixon's line, and even there the offensiveness is not entirely obliterated. Mr. Mackaye, who, I presume, has done most of the dramatization, has introduced some characters which do not appear in the novel, the chief ones being *Maud Bradley*, a Yankee "nigger school-marm," *Archie* and *Emily Jerry's* daughter. The first of these, however, undoubtedly originated in the novel, as the Yankee school-teachers are frequently mentioned collectively, and that that Mackaye has done is to individualize them, and give without the play what the entire novel is not embraced in the scope of the play, and the dramatist has used a poet's license in dealing with the incidents, but only within praise-worthy limits. Having yielded Mr. Mackaye his due as a dramatist, however, it is time to inquire whether his company interpreted his work. I am compelled to say that his company is totally inadequate to give an artistic representation of the play. While there are one or two good artists in the troupe, many of them are average and unexceptional, and without any artistic training. Only one member gave a genuine artistic delineation, Mr. Harry Courtaine. Again, the costume of the men (except the K. K. K.'s) was exceedingly incorrect, and several were hardly to those who know the region and time within which the play is set. In this respect Mr. Mackaye was a chief offender, but all his company were more or less astray. Mr. Steele Mackaye himself undertook the role of John Barlow, a Southern school-teacher. It was a mistake. He was married by all those names which the actor displayed in "Won at Last." His optical glibness was the same, his attitudes somewhat similar, and his faults were glaring. He ranted and ranted considerably. In fact, I cannot commend Mr. Mackaye as an actor of any degree of merit. He certainly does not rise above, and in many cases is inferior to the average stock leading man. Mr. W. A. Sander, as Col. Comfort Sennett, the fond, doting father, but his personation was lacking in those peculiar characteristics of the man from the Michigan lumber regions. As *Mollie Sennett*, Mr. Daniel Robertson was painfully inadequate, and was cuttishly lacking in repose. Mr. Harry Courtaine, as "Aquila," was, in the nature of the play, *John Brown*, the Southern Unionist, and the distinctive creations of Judge Torngue, and Mr. Courtaine had thoroughly comprehended the author's idea and gave it a graphic realization. The lacking courage and timidity of "Aquila" were excellently sketched. Much of his language is the same as in the novel, and the incident of taking a drink gave Courtaine an opportunity to show that he had completely grasped the author's intention. The manner in which his finger was pressed upon the table, and the stirring of the article bit of business. Mr. Courtaine's effort was artistic and excellent, and the best bit of acting in the piece. Mr. Frank F. Mackaye is a good artist, but his performance did not rise to any great degree of excellence. It was, however, real and sincere. Mr. F. Oakes bore personated *Emily Jerry*, a face-simile of the character in the novel, and did it well. Mr. Herbert Archer's *Bill Sanders* was a clever piece of work, and was a good deal more soundly in the texture. Mrs. Emma Courtaine was a good Mrs. *Mollie Sennett*. Both Miss Belle Archibald and Miss Helen Mar were fairly good as *Lilly Sennett* and *Maud Bradley*, but both these ladies lack finish. They substitute force for grace, and are without the delicate spirit of want of stage training. "A Fool's Errand" will scarcely prove a popular success.

"KERRY GOV."

Fred. Marsden's comedy drama of "Kerry Gov" has been the attraction at the People's Theatre, with Joseph Murphy in the character of *Don O'Hara*. "Kerry Gov" is one of the best Irish pieces on the stage, and it has attained a prominent place in popular favor. In the role of the hero, Mr. Murphy has acquired a reputation. His assumption of the Irishman is unbroken throughout with the flavor of rich Irishman humor, while his tongue, it is unnecessary to add, is perfect. Mr. Murphy's company is a very good one. Miss Julia Stewart is a most interesting *Nova Devi*, and in the pathetic scenes her acting is admirable. Miss Libbie Naxon is a very good *Alice Doyle*. The other members of the troupe, especially Mr. Charles Abbott, Harry Harwood, John Murphy, Hugh Fuller and William Leary are all satisfactory in their respective parts. The dearest scene and the hitherto most still retain their charm, and are always greeted with enthusiastic applause. "Kerry Gov" in the hands of Mr. Murphy shows no sign of waning popularity.

CARDS.

THE MAN in the PARQUETTE.

"The World" remains for another week at the Grand Opera House. Thos. W. Keene, the tragedian, follows.

At the Olympic, next week, Nat Goodwin and Eliza Weatherly are announced in "Hobbes." Frank Mayo, in the lightest of roles. He will have to play against Keene, at the Grand.

Minnie Palmer and R. K. Graham will form the attraction at the People's, to-morrow. The company is under the management of Mr. J. Rogers, and the piece is "My Sweetheart."

John Sleeper Clarke, the eminent comedian, will appear in a series of his famous roles, at the People's, next week. His repertoire embraces *Major William D. Burt*, *Doctor Pennington*, *Bob Jones*, *Thaddeus*, etc. Mr. Clarke's reputation is known throughout the East and West, where he has played for thirty years. He has only been seen once in St. Louis, and that years ago. Mr. Clarke's engagement will prove a rich dramatic treat. It will be interesting to compare Clarke's *Bob Jones* to Joe Jefferson's.

The Boston Ideal Opera Company will succeed Clarke at the People's Theatre. Prices will be increased half a dollar during this engagement. The troupe embraces such well-known artists as Miss Adelaide Phillips, Miss Marie Trione, Miss Lizzie Burton, Miss Geraldine Elmer, Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Mr. W. H. Fessenden, Mr. Tim Kiet, Mr. M. C. Barnum, Mr. Geo. Frothingham and Mr. W. H. Macdonald. During the engagement the following operas are to be produced: "Belle of Cornubie," "La Scavotte," "Puritania," "Olivette," "Czar and Carpenter," "Pirates of Penzance," and "Pausanias."

Mah's Opera Company will appear at the Opera House at the same time, in Suppe's "Donna Juana."

Mr. J. H. Barnes, the leading artist in "The World" Combination, is an English actor. He formerly belonged to Henry Irving's famous company. Mr. Barnes believes Mr. Irving intends coming to this country in a year or two.

The Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West Mammoth Minstrel Troupe have done an excellent business at the Olympic. This aggregating troupe of colored artists is decidedly the best on the road, and is highly appreciated by all lovers of burnt-cork entertainments. The B. W. F. W.'s have many superlatives; their specialties are surprising; their music, both vocal and instrumental, is of a high character, while the comedies are very amusing.

The nearest thing I have seen for some time in a business way is the card sent out by Mr. Lombard, Clara Louise Kellogg's agent, announcing the opening of the sale of seats for her concert next week. They are about as handsome as the cards will be, which are to officially announce the wedding of the great songstress.

Mr. Joseph Brooks, one of the most enterprising theatrical managers of the day, who is in partnership with Mr. Dickson, recently married a Miss Cox, of Richmond. Mrs. Brooks is a cousin of Mrs. John W. Norton, and has been the guest of the latter lady during her stay in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks left on Wednesday morning for New York.

SKELETONS.

ART.

DE NEUVILLE.

It was one of the closing scenes of the gigantic tragedy of 1870-71. The illustrious bubble of Napoleon had vanished, and the Prussians were clanking at the gates of Paris. Stung to desperation by the overwhelming defeats which had crushed the armies of France, the defenders of the capital fought with heroic valor. It can hardly be said that they were driven from one position to another, for the ranks melted under the storm of death hurled upon them by the warning legions of Germany. The remnant of a command—a squad of twenty men and eight officers—were at bay in a village church. The enemy closed about them. Through the windows they could see the Prussian artillery wheel into position. Were it not for the roar of battle they could have heard the tramp of thousands, and every head covered with a spiked helmet. But two things remained to do, or surrender. There was but one purpose in the mind of every man, and it was not to surrender. Through the palated windows of the church the singing bullets came. Through the walls crashed shells. The fire of the besieged slackened and ceased. The broken fragments of the floor were there, and the remnant of the twenty-eight men were there. The only one who were yet alive were tenderly carried from the ruined building. This is the defense of "Le Bourget," a masterpiece by de Neuville, and typical of the pictures which have made for him a reputation second to no battle-painter of this or any age. The French painters of this generation have no *Austerlitz* or *Wagener* to rival, but there is no lack of heroic grandeur or sublime under continued defeat. The deeds which are the backbone of "Le Bourget" have been depicted in the Neuville's picture by an officer wounded mortally and borne through the church door by two men, while a crowd of the enemy stand by, as the painter has expressed it, "d'outrage and insolent at their triumph." Eight years had passed when the Universal Exposition came, and with these years at least an official recognition of the properties, so the Neuville's picture "Le Bourget" was excluded, as well as all others which would give offence to Germany's victory. But if the government was conforming, the artist has not forgotten. The bitter memory of the war is active to-day as ever. In the last Salon one of his pictures represented a French discomfited-beaver captured by the enemy. He, proud, calm and defiant, his belt, clung and exultant, and his eyes looking to battle, yet enemy, but we must remember the magnitude of the defeat: what a frightful fall from Austerlitz to Sedan for the memory of a Frenchman. With what bitterness must they look upon the heroic conquest of Verdun at Versailles, and remember that William of Prussia was crowned as Emperor there. Perhaps it is because there was no great event during the war which the French would care to perpetuate, that their painters were driven to portray scenes besides; but the result has been most beneficial to their art. Instead of the long imaginary lines of troops covering miles of territory, with the glorified general or Emperor on some commanding height directing the movements of his armies, we have all that is seen by one individual at one time, a small de-

tachment engaged in sanguinary conflict. The tendency of art to-day is toward realism. The pomp and classicism of past centuries is out of date. If Rubens were living he would paint in his old manner. How ridiculous would appear the pompousness of royalty which cover acres of canvases in the Louvre, if painted at this time. Equally absurd would be the historical battle-pieces at Versailles representing the victories of Napoleon. Only the Frenchmen of our day have caught the true spirit of battle. The Frenchmen have not learned it. They catch it. The Germans have not the past, and so do the Italians. The old conception of a battle-scene as represented on canvas was not so much the supreme trial of courage and manhood as it was the exhibition of the emperor, king or general. Verne's canvases glorify Napoleon. The German battle-pieces are largely occupied with King William and his staff; while the Italian painters who recorded the triumph of their countrymen over the Austrians give equal prominence to Victor Emmanuel. But in the war with Germany no French general so distinguished himself as to become the focus of their scenes of conflict, so the French painters were compelled to fall back upon the valor of the rank and file and as so interest attaches to the soldier himself, he must be a type of heroism, sublime in his action. De Neuville, to my mind, is without a peer in this respect. His competitor Detaille is more precise, and perhaps is a better draftsman than is over the finish of his master. Metcalf gives us the veridicality to his figures. Detaille had an immense canvas in the Salon last Spring which I am sure de Neuville would have refused to paint, even though it were a commission from the government. It was the distribution of flags to the army. The President of the republic and the chief officers of state were seated under a broad canopy, while the generals of the army were on horseback, facing them. However interesting the scene might have been in reality, it was incomparably stupid as a picture. It was devoid of action, and action is de Neuville's forte. The most important canvas of the Neuville's work in St. Louis, and one of the best I have seen by him, is in the possession of Mr. J. G. Chapman. Mr. H. L. Donnan has also a spirited picture by him, and other painters own single figures. He was at first a designer on wood, and achieved a wide reputation in that direction before the Franco-Prussian war. He was a pupil of the third class at the Salon in 1859. It must have been at an early age, for he is still a young man. He was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1875. Who knew the long and arduous career of this heroism of a character more soothing to the military ardor of his countrymen than heretofore has been his fortune? As he has put, according to the average life, many years before him, an opportunity may come.

HOUSE TURNS.

The opening of the new rooms of the Klatch Club last week was in every way a successful event. Just enough guests were present to fill the apartments comfortably. The contributing members surpassed themselves in the sketches exhibited. A happy thought provided frames, instead of hanging the work upon a line like a wretch, according to the old custom. Various friends of the Club contributed largely to the attractiveness of the rooms by means of well-chosen presents: *Potter & Leathe sent a fine rug*, Barrett, Constance, a *chair*, and a *table*. A friend on a long-plate, which I fear found little employment, was to show its beauty. The rich carpets were from *Kennard's*, and the decorations by *Newcomb Bros.*, and altogether the apartments were voted beautiful and appropriate.

Mr. F. L. Hildgely loaned three exquisite heads by *Thomson, Kniss and Aubert*. Mr. W. W. Harris sent his "Page," by Volz, and a landscape by *Corot*. Mr. Alex. Mills having just received a work by *Harry Chase*, named "The Captivity," Mr. Mayle sent a landscape, and Mr. Mander a beautiful plaque of *fruits and flowers*. By some unaccountable misunderstanding to attendants was provided for the rooms on Saturday, and many persons were disappointed, although the rooms were open during a portion of the

day. In consequence of this the sketches will remain on exhibition next Saturday at the apartments of the Club, 433 Chestnut Street. Some one will be there to receive visitors, and the public are invited to call.

At Petros & Leathe's gallery I saw, the other day, a good example of the work of Julien Dupré, called "The Gleaner." A peasant girl in the foreground, some bending figures in the distance, a moist, vapory sky, all painted to free and suggestive manner. It is the kind of art which one never tires of. One has to learn to like the best art as he does the best music, and when he reaches that point his enjoyment is intensified. In the same room was a charming work by Rodemüller, though slightly less than of the Munich school. A comely model of the old-time lotters by the way placing blossoms, while in the distance a youth is coming.

There was also a Corot-esque landscape with a mother and child in the foreground, painted with much care and tenderness. The little girl's dress impressed me as being out of harmony with the rest of the picture. The dainty water-color, by Linder, called "Spring," which was the best of its kind at the Fair last year, was also at this gallery. The friends of Harry Chase will be glad to know that he may be expected in the city for a visit sometime between now and Spring.

W. R. H.

LITERATURE.

Queen Titania. By Hjalmar H. Boyesen. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—All of Mr. Boyesen's contributions to the field of fiction are distinguished by a remarkable purity, simplicity, and touches of fancy which seem to be characteristic of the literature and people of that Norseland from which he sprang. The story of *Queen Titania* possesses in a high degree all of these qualities, and without being either deeply analytical or in the least dramatic, is nevertheless a very charming new tale, with here and there touches of humor and bits of character sketching which betray the artist hand. The story of the story is both natural and novel. A charming little girl only four years of age is left an orphan on an ocean steamer, and makes one of those sudden likings, so common to childhood, to a young man, Quares Bodli, who is on his way from Norway, to settle in the United States, being one soft-hearted to bear the slinging abuse of the frightened child from around his neck when strangers would take her away to some asylum for such little trifling matters, he takes her with him to his lodgings, and burdens himself with her bringing up. She develops into a beautiful, bewitching, ladylike creature, impulsive and loving, and all the trouble in the story is the result of a misunderstanding as to her relationship to her young and extremely handsome guardian. Miss Dimpleton, a daughter of the millionaire employer of Bodli, represents a type of woman directly opposite to Titia,—cold, intellect, self-reliance, and the assurance of reason rather than impulse; she misunderstands the lovely Titania, into "society," but finds it impossible to fathom her spirit of expanding worldliness into the true heart of Titia, who is, finally, bewitched by some words and called by Miss Dimpleton's sarcasms, rushes off in the middle of the night in ball costume to the home of her adopted protective but now devoted lover, who receives her with open arms, and a husband and wife they are happy ever after. *Queen Titania* is a charming, beautiful, affectionate, a lovely child-woman; her ready wit, and tact and small vanities seem but natural parts of the perfect whole. But we scarcely think Mr. Boyesen successful in some of his minor characters. The parents of Miss Dimpleton, for example, are entirely unrepresented, and it is to have a daughter so thoroughly cultivated and affable is represented to be. Miss Dimpleton herself is scarcely attractive—a learned woman need not necessarily possess a hard and selfish nature. We imagine Mr. Boyesen's readers would be glad to see too much intellect in the opposite sex, as he scarcely fails to them.

The Portrait of a Lady. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (For sale by the St. Louis News Company.)—Mr. James' cleverness and brilliancy as a writer of fiction have been so thoroughly acknowledged as to render repetition of the least absolutely needless. The reading of his books is an absolutely intellectual pleasure. Usually the reading of a novel excites antipathetic sentiments and emotions which have a more direct connection with the heart than the head. Not so, however, with Mr. James'. His character delineations are pure psychological studies. His course of proceeding is syllogistic rather than analytical. It seems to have constructed his characters for him; to have built them up, as it were, from certain abstract principles existing in his own mind. They are like nothing real; they are very elaborate bits of handiwork, perfect machines obeying every command of the master. But the most finely colored of his creations is this "lady," whose portrait he has painted for us. She is exquisitely fine and delicate mentally, morally and physically, a "perfect woman nobly planned," but she doesn't exist—she isn't flesh and blood. There is nothing real about her. One finds themselves wondering why all these men are continually falling in love with her, who less quick, so repressed, so always the reserved and dignified, one fancies he is chasing a ghost; and then all at once she vanishes from his sight like the wrath or spirit that she is. And then the hope which the author slightly holds out at the end in the disappointed character—"only to wait"—it is like that shadowy hope of Heaven which so illy compensates of earthly losses and sorrows. We rather prefer Ralph Trenchard to his lady cousin. There is something exceedingly noble, poetic and human about him. His death is almost an explicit thing in the book. Mr. James deserves thanks for so robbing death of his terrors. Mr. Osmond is a fine example of Mr. James' ability to sketch the clever but heartless gentleman. The same is true in the "Washington Square" was so recently done, but Mr. Osmond is an instance of superciliousness,—in him has been guided the eye and refined the nose. Harriet Stackpole is undoubtedly an original creation. No one ever ventured before to introduce the female reporter into the pages of fiction. And in the drawing of her the author has remained true to his ideal; she is the intellectual machine as he conceived her, not as she undoubtedly exists with a warm heart under independent and self-reliant manner. But for all we may take exception to Mr. James' ideas, we are none the less intensely interested in his books, and shall welcome as eagerly any new contributions from his pen as we have those with which he has already favored us.

The Legends of the Iroquois, and Other Legends. By Benjamin Hathaway. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—As time passes and the characteristics of America recede to less visible life, the greater the interest is felt in their legends and mythology. Mr. Hathaway has in his pleasant verse told of the Iroquois, who, as a writer has justly expressed it, "marked for themselves a more remarkable and original expansion, and acquired a higher degree of intellect than any other race in Indian history, except those of Mexico and Peru." Naturally the comparison arises between all such works and the "Iliad," by Longfellow. While there is not the flowing melody of America's favorite poet in the lines of this work, yet since we are in Indian history, except those of Mexico and Peru, it is natural, and will well repay the laborer.

Man's Origin and Destiny. By F. J. Lesley. Boston: George H. Ellis. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—This is the second edition of a work by Prof. Lesley, of the University of Pennsylvania, published some years ago in London. It has been revised and enlarged to meet the discoveries made by science in the interim. It is an epitome of the latest scientific research bearing upon the stupendous problem indicated by the title, together with such deductions as an original and profound reasoner has arrived at, with no apology to risk excepting a man's earnest desire to promulgate the truth as he finds it.

recorded in the enduring pages of the rocks, and in the relics found of pre-historic man. Not only does he show the inadequacy of the antiquity of the race, its unity, social life, the growth of language, architecture, the alphabet, types of religious worship, but he gives his views in a clear, terse and convincing manner on the possible destiny of man, physically and socially, closing with the intellectual and moral destiny of the human family. Surely the subject is so exceedingly comprehensive, but it is one of absorbing interest to every thoughtful person; and having followed the author to the end of his work, a desire springs up to place this among the precious books, to which one returns again and again.

American Men of Letters. Edited by Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (For sale by the St. Louis News Company.)—This is the first of a series of volumes to appear on this subject, and judging from the beginning we should predict that the whole work will be well done on the part of both editor and publisher. The subject of the first volume is "Washington Irving," of whom Mr. Warner says "he was the first to lift American literature into the popular respect of Europe." The volume is largely devoted to extracts from Irving's writings, though there is much interesting biographical and critical matter contributed by the editor. The arrangement is excellent and shows the literary judgment. Mr. Warner has an entertaining way about him that is well adapted to this kind of work. The publishers have hardly made up their minds as to the extent of the work, but it is very pretty both outside and in. The whole series of "American Men of Letters" ought to have a large sale; it will be the first minor edition of the kind yet issued.

Bitter-Sweet, Gold-Fall, and Timothy Titmouse's Letters. By Dr. J. G. Holland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. (For sale by the Hildreth.)—It has already been announced in the *Spectator* that the entire works of Dr. Holland were to be republished by the Scribners. The three volumes above named are the first to appear, and they appear simultaneously. They are all of a high style and high quality, and in every way, and will no doubt be largely sought for. No American author was so popular with the great masses of the people as Dr. Holland, and now since he is dead there will be a renewed demand for his writings. No author ever strove harder to make himself of practical service to his readers than he. He seemed to feel that every man was his brother, and when he wrote it was with an earnest purpose. His works are thoroughly recommended to young people, Southern as well as Northern, and can there be any plain, straightforward teaching as there is in "Timothy Titmouse's Letters," and when a boy reads them he gets a good basis for life. "Gold-Fall" is much the same sort of book. It is a striking coincidence that the publishers had just made the announcement of their intention to publish Dr. Holland's works in a uniform edition when the news came of the good man's death.

Ralph Waldo Emerson: His Life, Writings and Philosophy. By George Mills Cooke. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. (For sale by the St. Louis News Company.)—Viewed in the light of the author's avowed object, the study of Mr. Emerson's writings, the volume before us is entirely successful in its object. There is an attempt at criticism, but a plain statement of such biographical facts as shall serve to throw the necessary light upon many of the thought and opinions of the philosopher. The mere fact of the demand for such a book is sufficient proof that the most eminent thinker of America is not so sufficiently read and appreciated by his countrymen, and it is to open up the common understanding to a full appreciation of the profound and beautiful thought contained in this great philosopher's writings that this work has been prepared. We are indebted to Mr. Cooke for the able, liberal and sympathetic manner in which he has interpreted this noble author. The study of his writings will lead to a more full understanding of the doctrine, discrimination and excellence of judgment both as to what to reject and what to retain not only

in his biography, but in his selections for appropriate quotations. The opinion in which Emerson was held by some of the first minds in contemporary literature may be gathered from the following, which we have culled from a more extended quotation: "There is a remarkable man in the United States, she said [Harriet Martineau], without knowing whom it is not too much to say that the United States cannot be fully known. I mean by this that he has not only powers and worth which constitute him an element in the estimate to be formed of his country, but that his intellect and his character are the opposite of those which the influences of his country and his time are supposed almost necessarily to form out of Mr. Emerson." Frederick Bremer says of him: "He is in a high degree pure, noble and serene, demanding as much from himself as he demands from others. His words are severe, his judgments often keen and merciless, but his demeanor is serene noble and pleasing, and his voice beautiful. The writings of this seer of imperfection, of the mean and paltry, this bold exacter of perfection in man, have for me a fascination which amounts almost to magic." Hawthorne, Cough, Carlyle, all pay noble tribute to his work and nobility. Those chapters which treat of Emerson as poet, lecturer and thinker are especially interesting; but, indeed, the whole work is of so fascinating a nature throughout, as to lead the reader on and on until the last page is reached with a complete perusal of the works of the great man himself seems the only possible supplement to this entertaining book.

The Autobiography of Mark Bathurst. Edited by his friend Reuben Shapcott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—Despotic, pathetic, incessantly and in this picture of the struggles and weaknesses, the hopes and failures of this one over-sensitive soul, a soul which describes itself as being "ever commonplace," but which has, nevertheless, a wonderfully keen interest for all others, except in a similar struggle against the world's adversity. Mark Bathurst is a dissenting minister, retired in the right Calvinistic school, and suffering in every fibre of a sensitive soul from the severe repression and hypocritical cult of the disciples of this creed. Perceiving the ignorance, shallowness and bigotry of the principal exponents of the creed, he attempts a new departure, endeavors to infuse some human warmth into the divine message which he bears to his parishioners, and is coldly looked upon for his pains. Glowing doubts assail him, a cloud settles upon his soul, a sense of his own weakness and inefficiency bears him down, until life becomes to him an almost unbearable burden. Disappointed in vain for a sympathetic friend, disappointed in the line of woman, without faith to what is an anchor his soul, he seems in danger of becoming a hopeless wreck, when his autobiography suddenly ends, although his friend who is editing the work hints at a happier later life. The story has its moral, however, and while winning the pity, may at the same time prove a warning to hundreds of readers who have felt tempted to yield to the sense of personal inefficiency, and weakly surrender themselves to take the demon of self-distrust.

The Exploration of the World. By Jules Verne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—So famous and enthusiastic a traveler as Jules Verne must necessarily be thoroughly posted on the subject of the world's discoveries and explorations, and hence would seem eminently fitted to compile such a volume as this before us. The subject, however, is so comprehensive, that although the author confines his record to the discoveries of the nineteenth century, the bulk of the volume necessarily entails a great deal of pertinent interesting details. The reader from the beginning is thoroughly enjoyable—one finds oneself wishing there might be more particulars and anecdotes, but in spite of that deficiency the volume is interesting throughout. The heroism of these men who undertake a journey of discovery into a new and unexplored territory, sickness, persecution, and facing almost certain death

for the cause of pure science, must always command the admiration of the world, and the recital of their doings and dangers must always prove interesting reading to a large portion of the public. The author's narrative, simple in style, with a suppressed infusion of interested enthusiasm which is contagious and fires the reader to continue unto the end. The book is a valuable addition to the already gossamer array of volumes upon the subject, and, as a popular, readable, and truthful, give an additional value to the work.

The Gospel according to Mark. By Matthew B. Riddle, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—The immense size and cost of the valuable work prepared by the Rev. Dr. Schaaf, and entitled the "Illustrated Popular Commentary," naturally limits its circulation to such an extent that he has conceived the plan of editing a series of handy volumes which shall be merely an abridged edition of the larger and carefully prepared work. To distinguish it, however, from the "Popular Commentary," he has given this the title of the "International Commentary," which in truth it is, as the contributors are composed of both British and American scholars and revisers. The volume before us is "The Gospel according to Mark," explained by the Rev. Matthew B. Riddle. The contents of the work are based entirely upon the results of the Revision, and are the work of twelve years' careful study and investigation. The value of this little volume to any one who pursues the study of the Scriptures, under the direction of the most enlightened minds of the day cannot be over-estimated, and especially should teachers in our Sunday-schools and Bible classes make themselves familiar with its contents. It is an invaluable text-book which should never be off their table.

Knowledge Trifles. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—A series of light, airy, unconnected sketches, not especially witty or brilliant, and yet doubtless presenting a fair idea of the college life of an undergraduate at Cambridge, forms the contents of this little volume. The principal objection we have to it is that there is too much of it. The rattling, gaudy style which the author has adopted becomes somewhat tiresomely monotonous when strung out indefinitely. The contents of the book might be condensed into one-half the space without serious detriment to the sense, and with considerable advantage to the reader's time and patience.

The Human Figure. By Henry Warren, K. L. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—The series of Putnam's "Art Hand-books," edited by Susan S. Carter, practical artist and writer. Art School, Cooper Institute, doing a good work in the way of elevating the standard of art throughout the country, and this special treatise upon "The Human Figure" is from the pen of one who is eminently fitted to discuss the subject which he treats so ably. A careful reading of his remarks upon drawing, shading, the proportions of the human figure, etc., cannot fail to benefit every beginner in art studies, and should receive their immediate and earnest attention.

Martin Luther and His Work. By John H. Trevelyan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—A thoroughly detailed account of the life and times of this colossal historic figure, with all the theological controversy hatched and carried on by him, would necessitate a much larger work than the "New Putnam Series" has heretofore evolved, but as a comparatively brief compilation of the principal historical facts connected with this interesting subject, I know of no book more worthy of a honored place in each and every household. With a few slight exceptions, the facts seem to have been carefully culled from the best and most reliable sources, and are presented in a bold and entertaining manner. The author is evidently in rapport with his subject, and occasionally indulges in a flight of rhetoric which is absolutely eloquent. An appendix contains a number of Luther's best and most interesting portions of the book, and these already

familiar with the main points in the life of this great man will find refreshment and profound interest in a review of these pages.

The Count's Secret. By Emile Gabrier. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. (For sale by the St. Louis News Company.)—As a reviewer of complex plots is almost the guessing powers of the reader to the utmost, Monsieur Gabrier must be awarded the palm. Among modern writers of deft tales, none of them but the ingenious Wilkie Collins can equal him in this respect. Besides the attractiveness of an unsolvable mystery—or rather several mysteries—"The Count's Secret" abounds in thoroughly Parisian splendors, in which aristocratic household skeletons and grim in ghastly fellowship with the legends and crimes of the new chivalry. Domestic individuals, noble, baneful Villages and demi-monde life-pictures follow each other in quick succession, and what the appetite for such sensational tidbits as only the genuine French novel can afford. Scarcely a book to put into the hands of young people of either sex, this story of Gabriel's is nevertheless free from the broad vulgarity which distinguishes too many of the French novels of to-day, and possesses a degree of dramatic interest which holds the reader spell-bound until the last page is turned and the last mystery is solved.

Phantom Fingers. By Basil Johnson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—The fresh, healthy tone of this "novel of boy life" cannot fail to recommend it to parents who have a son. The story is a fine illustration of the influence of so much of this so-called boy's literature. This story of Phantom Fingers and his youthful companions is replete with adventure—the natural and thoroughly enjoyable adventures of every boy brought up in a sound, healthy, and vigorous state of active brain and an irrespressible vitality that leads him into all sorts of scrapes and thrilling situations. Without a single objectionable feature, this story of Mr. Johnson's is one which can be enjoyed by the father as well as the son. The father can see in the man who can fail to appreciate the joke of "a church firing a kitten," or feels no spark of enthusiasm in the boy's first run in a fire, has never been a boy himself, and deserves to be forever banished from that renewal of youth which can only be found in the society and pleasures of the young.

Solo Lectures of Arthur Schopenhauer. Translated by Gerrit Dreyer and C. A. P. Dached. Milwaukee: Sentinel Company. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—Five essays by the Danish philosopher, reprinted by a biographical sketch of his life, are the contents of this volume which is handsomely bound and neatly bound. The work of Schopenhauer's life is clear and succinct, and of much interest. The following illustrates the personal peculiarities of the pessimistic philosopher: "Schopenhauer was to some extent influenced Kant's mode of living. He was not an early riser, so he believed that a long sleep was necessary for a brain-worker. Summer and Winter he awoke between seven and eight o'clock. He prepared his own coffee. During the morning hours he wrote as he alone, often requiring his servant to keep out of the sight. In the latter part of his life, when his reputation was growing, he received visitors toward noon; he dined at one o'clock. His appetite was so hearty that he never felt in need of his wine, but considered himself with the fact that Kant and Goethe were no high fellows, and that he was the more moderate drinker. He liked to converse at meals, but for want of fit company he usually contemplated his neighbors. For a time he dilly-dallied with the idea of writing a book, but a short illness, repeated in the earlier part of the afternoon in reading light literature. Towards evening he went into the open air, and always chose the most secluded paths. His gait was rapid, and of powerful elasticity, and he was in his life, and he was the oceanic common to persons of sanguine temper.

permanence; as, for instance, etching the ground with his hand and attaining inordinate combs. His support, taken from sight and sense of clock, consisted of solid square and built a bottle of light. When easily excited him, so that he came lively after the second glass. To have he had a double vision. The essays contained in this volume, viz., "The Mystery of Life," "Metaphysics of Love," "Genius," "Rhetoric of Poetry," and "Education," are simple statements of the philosopher's writings. Schopenhauer's theory of music is the best known and most interesting part of his philosophy, and it is this which has excited the greatest influence upon contemporary life and thought. His ethical system rests upon the premise that the will is the effect of conscious volition, and the essence of the system is the desire, that the happiness of the individual is the only motive to which the will is susceptible. But is happiness attainable? This question Schopenhauer answers in the negative. Were the will to compass its end, it would be reduced to a state of absolute repose; volition, appetite, and desire would vanish, and the will as "will to live" would be annihilated. The impossibility of gratification must therefore intervene in the very nature of the will to live. Upon this doctrine is based Schopenhauer's doctrine of pessimism. Great in the will is the feeling of eternal rest of all existence, it follows that pain, misanthropy, misery are the universal lot of all individuals conscious or unconscious. The world is then absolutely bad, the worst possible. There is, however, a way out of this will through freedom from the dominion of external will, a freedom only achieved through the negation of all appetite, desire and volition, — in a word, the negation of the will to live. The first stage in the negation of the will to live is the feeling of pity and compassion for others. Altruistic sentiment is thus made the ground of justice and of all social morality. The second and highest stage of self-effacement is the extinction of all volition. In this all thoughts of individual or social well-being disappear, and the subject experiences the blissfulness of perfect repose. The highest morality is then, according to Schopenhauer, the most complete asceticism, the complete flight to a term of the ecstasy. It is a strange fact that the latest of the Buddhist systems which has impressed and thrilled the mind of Europe should be an attempt to reproduce the Buddhist doctrine of Nirvana.

English Philosophers. Boston: Dr. Thomas Fowler, B. A. F. R. S. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)

It goes along, thinking how dense clouds,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

It is from this famous couplet of Pope's that Mr. Fowler believes most Englishmen have been content to estimate Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam of Verulam, and Viscount St. Albans. Lord Bacon's memory has unjustly suffered from this brilliant epigram, according to our author, who believes Bacon's own apophthegm in his later years expresses the whole truth with regard to the corruption of which he was guilty as Chancellor. "I said then," "I was the greatest judge that was ever in England these fifty years. But it was the justice coroner in Parliament that was there two hundred years." The life of the illustrious Chancellor is related in the initial chapter, and the succeeding five chapters are devoted to his works, his survey of the sciences, reform of scientific method, philosophical and religious opinions, and his influence on philosophy and science. The object of the book as stated by the author, is to present the character of the revolution which Bacon endeavored to effect in scientific method, as well as the nature of the culture which he represented, in a form intelligible and interesting to readers who have no technical acquaintance with logic or philosophy. In this endeavor Mr. Fowler has succeeded admirably, and no one can close the volume without having attained a clearer insight of the great benefits which Lord Bacon has conferred upon the world of science and philosophy. No figure can well be more interesting than the disgraced Lord Chancellor's. His straits between the old and the new; he is the connecting link between the medieval scholasticism and learning when astrology and alchemy were regarded as

sciences, and the impetus of our modern ideas in science, philosophy and logic. He is the father of modern philosophy. Tossing as a man of intellect above his contemporaries, he nevertheless could not rise upon the close of his age, and his scepticism is defined by his own confusion of corruption and the degradation attendant thereon. But notwithstanding his weakness, his is a name which is comprehensively connected with the development of philosophical science, and his works have become the heritage of the world. His genius, if it has not effaced, has at least dimmed the record of his fall.

Illusions: A Psychological Study. By James Sully. New York: H. Appleton & Co. The International Scientific Series. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—This volume is one of the most interesting and absorbing of the International Series. It is a scientific and comprehensive survey of the field of error embracing not only the illusions of sense, but other errors familiarly known as illusions. After the introductory chapters on the study and classification of illusion, the author treats at length on the illusions of perception, dreams, illusions of introspection, other pseudo-perceptive illusions, illusions of memory and illusions of belief, concluding the work with a chapter assuming to under the title of truth. Every reader of the book is absorbing from beginning to end, and although the subject is exhaustively treated in a scientific manner, there is less technicality in the work than would be imagined, so that a man of average intellect can readily comprehend even the more abstruse passages. Instead of Mr. Sully's style being not only interesting and instructive, but enlightens our minds to an astonishing degree upon many psychological points which have heretofore been wrapped in obscurity or enveloped in mystery. One of the most fascinating and instructive sections is the treatment of dreams, which are exhaustively explained and analyzed. In this connection there is also a sublimation, on the hypnotic condition, in which the difference between the two states is lucidly stated and the latter trance-like condition rationally explained. For a vast amount of useful information, commend us to Mr. Sully's "Illusions."

Young Folks' History of America. By HENRIETTA BULLWORTH. Boston: Bates & Loring. (For sale by the Hildreth Book and News Company.)—This concise, picturesque and interesting little volume covers the whole field of American history from the discovery of the continent by Christopher Columbus to the beginning of the administration of the late James A. Garfield. The illustrations are numerous, representing not only important events in the historical narrative, but are giving excellent portraits of the religious, scientific, European, and men of importance who were in any way connected with the history of the country. One excellent feature of the work is, that while unnecessary detail is avoided, sufficient anecdote and episode are retained to give the work a human interest without which history is apt to be a dry and distasteful subject for the delicate intellectual digestion of children. The style of the narrative is clear and easy of comprehension; so few data as possible are introduced, so that the mind of the student is not overburdened and his memory is not taxed with facts which are of slight importance. It is a book that will beguile the young student into going further and further into its pages, unconscious of the fact that he is really studying that highest of the childish imagination—a dry and dusty old history.

Mr. Wyle and Mr. Wyle's Sister. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—The "No Name Series" has included many of the most entertaining novels of recent publication, and the one before us is well calculated to sustain the reputation which this class has won for its anonymous contributors. As a rule the autobiographical style is not followed, but as the material of the story comes upon another than the narrator, the difficulty of being just without being egotistic is avoided. The story is French, and deals with that period made brilliant by the genius of the first Bonaparte. The principal personage is a gallery slave or forlorn, whose

brilliant qualities and singular adventures constitute a tale of great romantic interest that the reader is loath to give up the volume until he sees how it all ends. Like to Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," some sympathy is felt with the criminal, although the young Pierre Guigard is a less worthy subject than Jean Valjean. The story is interesting throughout, and has a bright side as a pleasant introduction to the French Revolution. *Willed to Kiss.* By Martha Finley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—A very sweet little love tale, where misunderstanding and hope deferred make the heart sick, but where goodness and patience have the heart in the end for the troubled lovers.

Wilton's Romance. By R. P. Wyle. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—A new book by the Rev. Mr. Wyle will receive a hearty welcome from the numerous admirers of "Barriers Burnt Away" and "Opening a Chestnut Burr." No one more thoroughly understands the art of combining religious instruction with the deliciousness of a pure and lofty, but thoroughly human love. Mr. Wyle possesses, too, an appreciative eye for the beauties of nature, and a power and truthfulness of description which constitute one of the chief charms of his writings. "Wilton's Romance" is not for all called a nature is so interesting as his other works; directed against the terrible habit of morphine eating, he follows out the details of the dreadful career in a most realistic manner. Like all his stories, it is written with a moral object, and as such will doubtless be conclusive to much good.

Country Pictures. By George Milner. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—An enthusiastic lover of nature is Mr. Milner, and he possesses the happy faculty of interpreting his various moods and pen pictures so that his readers can enjoy the beauties he delights in almost as much as himself. With pleasant and instructive chat about flowers and birds, and apt quotations from the great high priests of nature, Wordsworth, Spenser, the "Ettrick Shepherd," and others, he begins the series of nature pictures. The first picture is taken from the green hills of England to the glens of Scotland, and from there into Wales, all the while conveying the various phases of nature in the different countries. It is undoubtedly one of the most outstanding books on country life that we have ever read.

My First Holiday. By Caroline H. Seal. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—The author of this series of letters is, we know, as one of the most able writers among the women journalists of the day, and she is able to fully sustain her reputation, interesting from the very first—indeed, we do not know that that is not the most interesting of all—this lady seems to possess in a high degree the power of observation, and to know how to put down the results of these observations in most excellent and instructive language. Nothing escapes her, from the simple flowers which clasp the plain and mountain crevices past which her train glides, to the minutest scrap of conversation which falls upon the ear from the Landville loungers and their many prototypes in the various salons which she passes through on her way to California. While giving this much-praised State credit for many things, our traveler by no means goes into ecstasies over the "glorious climate of California." Indeed, a careful reader of her book will correct many errors which the eager enthusiasm and want of exactness in other travelers have left upon his mind. Brimming with facts and wise observation, bright, chatty and vivacious, these letters of a brilliant woman's "First Holiday" form a most enjoyable treat to the thousands who are unable to travel and see for themselves the wonders of which she writes.

Massachusetts in the Woman Suffrage Movement. By HARRIET H. ROBINSON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—The woman suffrage movement is one in which so many of our most brilliant men and women are interested, and Massachusetts, ever the foremost State in all

advanced thought, has held so important a part in the movement that this little volume, containing a full and complete history of woman suffrage in that State, will be welcomed as a valuable acquisition to the chronicles of the world's advancement in this nineteenth century America. The account of its general history, of the machinery of conventions and the summing up of the results of thirty years' agitation, are all facts of an interesting nature which would especially be known to every intelligent woman in the land. The book has been carefully prepared without partisan prejudice, and with a keen regard to truthfulness and authenticity.

A Selection of Spiritual Songs for the Sunday-School. Selectors and arrangers, Mrs. Charles S. Deane, D.D., New York. The Century Company. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company.)—This little volume, containing a number of old favorites and many new and unfamiliar hymns, has been carefully arranged, and presents a goodly array of sacred songs eminently fitted for the juvenile worship of the Sunday-school.

The Man Jesus. By John White Chadwick. Roberts Brothers. Boston 1881. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Chadwick's writings, whether in prose or verse, will need no recommendation of this book. The theme is the theme of preachers; but there is no preaching of the ordinary sort here. The book on every page shows to what length religious and reverent thought has gone in dropping out of use and endorsing the common traditions of theology. It lays no claim to originality, but seeks to gather up and reflect the conclusions of a large body of eminent scholars whose works are as yet inaccessible, from one side or to the average reader. The chapters on "The Birth, Youth, and Training," on "The Resurrection," and on "The Deification," are especially clear, full, and characteristic. There is frankness and freedom which will be sometimes found startling, but there is a reverence for truth, and a poetic conception of real greatness, that will recommend it to all open and earnest minds.

The Bridal Eve. By Mrs. D. E. W. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Mrs. Southworth has been so long known to the readers of sensational literature that to attempt a review of one of her stories at this late date may be but wasted time and effort, particularly as we fail to discover the slightest change in style, plot, or literary execution between this and the first story of hers we ever remember reading. The same liberal sprinkling of titles, startling social revelations, and villainous denouements, distinguish "The Bridal Eve" as embellished as its numerous predecessors, yet it will doubtless that many readers under the large sign who submit upon this want intellectual diet.

A Prince of Bruff. By Thomas F. May. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.—How any one, capable of writing any sort of book, can possess a better judgment than to follow weekly in the footsteps of such a master of his art as Charles Lever, and to attempt to revive at this late date a style of novel which was totally extinct a quarter of a century ago, is beyond our comprehension. Should we not rather, like O'Malley will be read no longer on the English language is spoken, because it is brimful of adventure and genuine Celtic wit, sketched by the hand of genius; but when a writer of to-day endeavors to interest us in a long-winded narrative of the adventures of a half-savage Irish king, who leaves his ancestral castle among the bogs to become a soldier of fortune in Spain, and betrays his utter ignorance of the Irish character at every step by leaving out every vestige of Irish humor, we fear he has attempted more than he can accomplish, and have no hesitation in pronouncing his book flat and uninteresting. "A Prince of Bruff" is weak in conception, poor in execution—mediocre in the highest degree.

Hand-Books for Bible Classes. By Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D., and Rev. Alexander MacLaren, D.D., Edinburgh: S. & C. Clark. This very ably prepared collection of essays for Bible classes, which receives the approving sanction of some of the eminent divines of Scotland, England, and Ireland, has been imported in the form

of a special edition, at the cheap rate of eighty cents per volume, by Messrs. Scribner & Welford, who take pleasure in offering such valuable religious works to the general public at such a low figure. The counsel of the eminent men who have contributed their labor to this work will be sufficient guarantee of efficiency of execution.

The Candle of the Lord, and other Sermons. By Phillips Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company).—Few of the popular divines of the day have sprung into fame with the rapidity of the Rev. Phillips Brooks; nor can it be said of him, as it has been of too many famous preachers, that he won his place in the public favor by unwearily pondering to the vulgar taste for more sensational speaking. Honest, straightforward, eloquent, impassioned, he spoke as one convinced of the truth of the words he uttered, and in deed as well as in word has ever proved himself a true disciple of Christ, who felt an inward call to his holy office. Knowing his words have ever come with a double weight of conviction upon the ears of his attentive listeners, who have fully appreciated the advantages of sitting under his able, eloquent, and instructive teachings. Those, therefore, who have been debarred from listening to his eloquent sermons will find intellectual enjoyment as well as religious consolation in the perusal of this volume, composed of some of the choicest of this eminent preacher's pulpit utterances.

The Fate of Madame La Tour. By Mrs. A. G. Fadden. New York: Fords, Howard & Lobbert. (For sale by the Hildreth Printing Company).—The Mormon question is one which excites no little interest in a large portion of our Christian community, and the testimony against its hideous customs, as detailed in this little volume, comes with additional force from the pen of a lady who has spent eight years of her life in the very midst of this polygamous community, and from actual observation has gathered the terrible facts which she so graphically weaves into this thrilling and entertaining narrative. Her subject is not a pleasant one, but it is too often passed over without heed by those who should make it their duty to examine into its nature, and lift up their voices against practices which are a blot upon the face of civilization. The object of the author is to rouse the community to a sense of the enormities of these Mormon teachings, and if correctness of purpose, clearness of style, and lively narration can accomplish her purpose, the book will not have been written in vain.

THE RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS OF CITIZENS.

THE one thunders subject of conversation and newspaper talk in St. Louis is the city's right to clean streets. Various schemes have been devised to remedy the evil, but none appear to be practicable—at least none are adopted. The same old process of carting on loads of soft limestone and carting off the same after it has been crushed to powder and mixed with the natural accumulations of filth, is continued, and its likely to be until a change is made in the organic law of the city whereby a sufficient tax may be levied to gradually pave the streets directly. If the accumulations were carted off entirely we should have comparatively little to complain of, but they are not. The appropriations for street cleaning are entirely inadequate for the purpose. I am told that one man with a hoe will give five cars going hauling away dirt from the gutters and paved streets in the central portion of the city. Say one hundred workers—and that is not a large number in the area covered by the business portion of the city—will keep five hundred cars going. Suppose the scrapers get \$1.75 per day, one hundred of them would be \$175, and cars say at \$2.50 each, five hundred would make the cost of hauling away that one hundred men could scrape together, the respectable sum of \$1,250. I have heard it stated on good authority that it costs the city \$1 for every cubic yard of scrapings carted off from the streets. That is paying pretty dear for a worthless product. It is like a man whose credit is impaired, and who has to borrow money at exorbitant rates of interest to keep his business going.

The remedy is hard to suggest. Under the Scheme and Charter the rate of taxation cannot be increased, and all attempts to amend it have failed through the apathy of those interested in the question. The danger of its being a good investment if property-owners would take the thing in their own hands and reconstruct the down-town streets. In fact I am told that such a plan is under consideration for Fourth Street, from Franklin Avenue to Walnut Street. Something must be done, or in a few years we will all be buried under the accumulated filth, and some future Seltienman will be making excavations to discover the lost city. This is an evil of such overwhelming magnitude that the case seems almost hopeless, and our people seem to have settled into a chronic state of despair, as though no further effort were of any use; but there are minor evils which can be remedied, and the purpose of this article is to point them out.

Next to the millions of streets all-day in mud is that of muddy sidewalks. So used have we become to the greater evil that we submit to the lesser one as patiently as though there were no possible remedy for it. Whenever it rains, the multitude carry the mud from the street-crossings to the sidewalks, and stamp off a portion of it on the corners, and shed the rest gradually between there and the next corner. As a consequence, in a short time the sidewalks next the crossings are piled with mud, and the sticky trail which is formed in the gutter runs down the centre, and in many cases it makes but little difference whether it runs in the street or on the pavement prepared for pedestrians. There is no excuse for this. It is contrary to decency and good policy, and a violation of the law. Give now section 1 of article 17 of Chapter XIII. of Revised Ordinances, which reads:

"SEC. 1. The owners or agents, or occupiers of tenements and vacant lots owned by them, under their charge or occupied by them, shall keep the sidewalk and gutters in front of and adjoining their property, clean and free from all obstructions, and from depositing or adjoining the property owned by them, clutn to the centre of such alley; and after any fall of snow to cause the snow to be immediately removed from the sidewalk fronting their respective lots, save the carriage-way of the street, and to cause the same to be kept with the requirements of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof to be fined not less than ten nor more than twenty dollars."

Here is a good chance to create a street-cleaning fund. The police could be kept regularly steady, imposing fines of five dollars and upwards for the next five years for past offences. Why do not the police see to it that people are notified to keep their sidewalks in a possible condition? This section is entirely inoperative. Some of the most respectable citizens are almost impossible during a rainy spell. No law ought to be necessary. People should have pride enough to keep their sidewalks decently clean; and if they will not do it it is wrongly the law should be invoked, and they should be compelled to do so by a just law. The city has entered this state of things long enough, and a step should be put to it.

Another crying evil calls for a remedy. When a new building is to be erected, the contractor takes possession of that portion of the walk fronting on the property, and practically warps the public use. If he has to excavate where the sidewalk is or should be, he does the worst for the public. He digs his hole, runs his old dirt-wagons out, and any one who may chance to have business on that side of the street is nearly ruined by the blockade. People cannot pass on that side, so they cross to the other, greatly to their own inconvenience and to the detriment of the stores in the immediate neighborhood. The public interest and convenience is not thought of for a moment, and people go up and down the sidewalks as there were no law against it. Section 15 of Chapter XII., Revised Ordinances, provides as follows:

"SECTION 15. Whenever any person shall excavate the sidewalk of any street a strong and substantial foot-bridge over such excavation in the line of the sidewalk; said bridge shall be at least five feet broad, and securely raised on each side, so that foot passen-

gers may pass over it safely and conveniently at all times."

The penalty for a violation of this section is a fine of not less than ten nor more than five hundred dollars. Did anyone ever know of this ordinance being complied with? I can call to mind instances where half a block on one of the principal streets has been made impassable for months at a time, and not a word of protest offered except, perchance, when on a dark night some luckless pedestrian happened to step off into the mud-hole left as a trap. He then would probably thank his stars that he did not break his neck, and say nothing more about it. It is not so in other cities. In New York they have a similar law, and it is enforced. Such bridges will be found on Broadway and all other streets where excavations for building purposes are made.

Another intolerable nuisance in the condition in which sidewalks are left in front of new buildings. Generally for months the sidewalks in front of such premises are next to impassable. There is a conglomerate of mud, broken bricks, loose boards, and such other debris as the builders choose to leave scattered about. There are sidewalk inspectors appointed to look after the public interest, and it is their duty to report all such cases to their knowledge. Section 3 of Chapter XV. of Revised Ordinances provides as follows:

"SECTION 3. The street commissioner shall, whenever a sidewalk is out of repair, notify the owner or owners (or their agents) of the property fronting thereon, through the mail, to have the same repaired within five days; and if such owner or owners (or their agents) fail to comply with said notice within the time specified, then the street commissioner shall cause such work to be done, and the cost thereof shall be assessed as an special tax on the property fronting such sidewalk."

There are evils incident to all large cities which seem to be almost without remedy. There are crimes which apparently cannot be suppressed by law, such as gambling and prostitution, but the evils which I have pointed out are of a different class. The law is habitually violated by well-meaning and otherwise law-abiding citizens, simply because in the first two instances mentioned no effort is made to enforce it.

These are no slight matters. They seriously affect the public convenience, and in some cases the lives of citizens.

With a curb-directed effort on the part of those whose duty it is to see the laws enforced, we may have clean sidewalks, excavations will be bridged; and we may, if this is done, have the other evils with greater cognominity and with less wear and tear of temper.

W. R. H.

Mr. John Payne, who privately printed in London, some time ago, his translations of the poems of Francis Villon, has just brought out a cheaper edition for public sale. Three of the ballads and a few passages in the body of the Testament have been omitted. This is a concession to what Mr. Payne calls the "illogical eccentricities of the day." So in place of some very plain-spoken verses we are given Dutch asterisks. For the general reader this may be well enough, but to students of the early French poets the original volume is more useful. Mr. Payne has left enough of his translation to give one a very fair idea of the best of Villon's mind, and there are many persons who will think that the asterisks might have been used more freely. In a lengthy introduction, Mr. Payne dwells, with a relish only to be expected of the author of "Lustre," on the looseknots parts of Villon's life. This sketch is, however, extremely interesting, as it presents in the English reader many facts regarding this strange poet that could not otherwise be easily got at. Mr. Payne announces in a footnote some particulars of M. Auguste Vin's long-expected edition of Villon's poems. It will form four volumes, the first of which will consist wholly of notions of Villon and his contemporaries, completing and correcting all that has hitherto been published on the subject. The second volume will comprise the com-

plete text of Villon, augmented by several authentic poems heretofore unknown, and a valuable appendix. The third will contain the "Jargons," with the edition of five unpublished ballads, besides a philological interpretation and a history of the work; and in the fourth there will be a glossary.

A WEDDING PRESENT.

The following lines accompanied a bridal present (a handsome set with a beautiful letter, polished on each cup, for a handle), sent by a gentleman in St. Louis to a friend in Nashville:

"Shoo fly," quoth Cull to "Beezy fly"
Aught upon thy breast's no fly
"Shoo fly, shoo fly," say I to you,
Who takes up now each other's woe:
"Tis but a fly," said Dinah Lark,
Unto her Culler in delight
"Tis better fly, that peeps into
The little cup, I send to night.
The cup is empty; may it stand
Cuddled with aught save harmless tea,
Or chocolate, or coffee, which
Is sipping, look close at me.
May you but peep into my cup,
And never ill is to the brew.
Make better fly, be happy, Cull.
For foolish things were made for me,
May be, like Culler, who the fly
Would haughty light upon thy nose.
May be, a fly on, about the nose
Would tramp upon thy brother's nose.
May be, like Culler, take delight,
All well promote thy love and life.
And would it be, and say in truth,
"Wary Lark, indeed 'tis but a fly."

C. P. C.

RAYMOND'S LAST JOKE.

HIS REMARK ABOUT CLOPATRA'S NEEDLE AT THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH PERFORMANCE OF "FRESH, THE AMERICAN."

John T. Raymond departed a little from the text of his play on Thursday evening, when the Grand Opera House was filled with a fashionable audience and the two hundred and fiftieth performance of "Fresh, the American," was given. The departure surprised and pleased everybody, as will be seen when the full story is told. In the second act, when Fresh is explaining his early love exploits to the young Russian edition, he remarks that in his wild endeavor to shake off the feeling, he has visited Egypt, where he found Clopatra's needle a gigantic mistake. "What!" the Russian edition exclaims; "Clopatra's Needle a mistake? How is that?" "No eye in it," returns Fresh, "you can't thread it. The Corticelli Silk Co. wouldn't give a nickel for a hushel of 'em."

The allusion to the Corticelli Silk Company was readily understood and fully appreciated by all present. For the beautiful satin souvenir programmes that the ladies held in their hands, and that gentlemen bravely contented for, had been presented, as was noted at the bottom of each, "with the compliments of 'Fresh, the American,' and 'Corticelli,' the Peerless Spool Silk of the world." "Corticelli" had furnished the programmes, and the comedians returned the favor by mentioning it in the proper place in the play.

The souvenirs were beauties and real works of art. Each programme was printed in delicate blue inks upon a long and wide ribbon of pearl or silvered satin, and the combination of colors, shades and printing was such as to strike the eye pleasantly and impress it as a lovely and artistic souvenir of the occasion.

The programmes will be preserved by those who obtained them as pleasant reminders of the two hundred and fiftieth performance of "Fresh, the American," as well as of the enterprise of Mr. C. H. Sampson, agent for "Corticelli" and the famous Florence Knitting Silk.

RENDER UNTO CESAR THE THINGS THAT ARE CESAR'S.

In the Spectator of October 29th the Town Talker, after taking a Turkish Bath somewhere on Olive Street, says: "St. Louis has been looking in such accommodation-houses, and the ladies especially have had little to be grateful for, to the proprietors of public bath establishments, until the completion of this new bath-house on Olive Street." Of the truthfulness of the above statement I have nothing to say, but admit it to the ladies of St. Louis just as it stands; and I have the charity to say, I believe the Town Talker was purposely deceived by a malicious, revengeful attendant. Indeed, I know it to be so. Now, for the truth: For twelve years and more the ladies of St. Louis have had first-class Turkish Bath accommodations, superior to any other city in the Union. This is a well-known fact to all St. Louisians who have visited Eastern cities and baths for the last twelve years. Not only this. We have had accommodations for twenty times the number of ladies that have ever availed themselves of this inestimable luxury and remedial agent. We do not trust our patrons in illiterate and careless servants, but give all our own time and professional skill to those who visit our establishment. Every comfort, every luxury appertaining to a properly conducted Turkish Bath has been provided for the ladies' department, and yet, taking one year with another, the ladies' department has cost us two dollars for every one dollar received from the lady patrons. And the ladies are to-day indebted to the generous patronage of the gentlemen of St. Louis have given us, as it has enabled us, thus far, to keep the bath open a few days in the week for ladies. I hope the Town Talker will make a note of the above facts, and not listen to the gossip of malicious servants, but make us a visit and see how it is himself. I will add, for the benefit of the readers of the Spectator, that we have within the last two weeks fitted up in the most elegant style large and beautifully decorated reception-rooms, retiring-rooms, for ladies, unequalled in any other city, making it the largest and most desirable Turkish Bath in this country.

GEORGE F. ADAMS, M.D.

A DELICACY!

WHOLE Ox TONGUE

Canned by the St. Louis Beef Canning Company.

The Spectator.

VOL. I, NO. [11.]

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1880.

[PRICE 5 CENTS]

THE TOWN TALKER.

Mr. Steve Cornish gave a dinner to some of his theatrical and newspaper friends last Sunday. Among those present were Mr. Richard Halley, the well-known scenic artist, Mr. Henry W. Moore, the dramatic critic of the *Puck-Dispatch*, Mr. Harold Forsberg, who plays the part of *Balthazar* in "The Banker's Daughter," Mr. H. B. Norman, of the Mary Anderson company, and Mr. McDonald. It was a very enjoyable affair. Mr. Cornish is an Englishman, and knows how to have a dinner prepared in thorough English style. The company sat down at half-past five, and did not rise till half-past seven. This time, however, was not all taken up in eating. There were many rich stories told, and many exercises related. Forsberg is a rare being for such an occasion.

Among the questions discussed was that of giving Sunday-night performances in the theatres. Both the actors present agreed that the working members of the profession were almost unanimously opposed to the practice, not only because actors, like other people, ought to have one day's rest out of seven, but because the practice is a violation of the sentiment of a very large and respectable portion of every community.

Forsberg told an interesting story about Carlotta Le Cerey, who was once a well-known and popular actress in this country. He had seen her often while she was here, and being quite young, had fallen much in love with her. She was then single, and very pretty. Five years afterwards he was in London, and saw her at a common drinking-resort known as "The Dearly." She had grown very stout from drinking beer, and had a large, red nose. She was in company with an actor named Nelson, who was in a very much used-up condition, but who had, but a few years before, been a great favorite as Romeo.

A "musical," as in the *Spectator* formula, was held in the fashionable quarter of the "West End" last Friday evening. The programme was contributed by those ever-delighting artists, Miss Ada Branson, and Messrs. Phil. Branson, D. P. Colville, A. G. Helen, and Dabney Carr.

Mr. M. A. Rosenblatt has entirely recovered from the effects of the campaign, and is devoting himself industriously to the business of collecting taxes, at which business he is the champion of the country. I believe he is not much of a lover, after all, by his campaign, since he is understood to have been lucky to the extent of \$5,000 over the general election.

Mr. Johnny Jennings said, in the dramatic column of the masterful *Gladiolus-Damocles*, last Sunday, that Mary Anderson was going to play "Ion" here this week, for the first time in this city. This is slightly erroneous, for she played it at the Grand Opera House during her engagement two years ago.

"The portrait of Phelps is realistically incisive." [Tom Garrett in Sunday's *Register*.] How the praising, praising Phelps could have been "realistically incisive" is more than a *Spectator* can understand. Oh, critic! Words, words! life words!

"Phelps is the good American abroad." [Tom Garrett again.] Good heavens! what an idea! The foreigners must have of Americans, when an intelligent American calls Phelps the type of his countrymen abroad.

One of the most accommodating men in the world is Mr. John N. Iyer, the librarian of the Mercantile Library. If anybody ever failed to be well treated by him, it was not Mr. Iyer's fault.

The Thanksgiving concert of the "Pilgrims," on Thursday evening, contained very necessary features of a successful entertainment. The *audience* was there; the audience was there, more than filling the full seating-capacity of the church; the concert began on time; there were no tedious waits; there was evidence of equality and vigor in the management throughout. The programme was excellent—an extremely good affair, containing ballads and arias worth theatricals, but having already done too frequent duty, but one offering a full equivalent of concerted music, upon which intelligent labor and care had been bestowed. The representative singers of St. Louis were secured for its illustration. As was to be expected, the talented Bransons carried off the chief honors of the evening, everything in which they appeared being rapidly accepted. The audience was especially responsive to the delightful work of Mr. Phil. Branson, in every part of which the superb qualities of his voice and his happy delivery showed to signal advantage.

The *Spectator* congratulates Prof. A. J. Phillips, the musical director of this concert, upon the success of his first public effort in St. Louis. To Mr. J. C. Birge, also, who was entrusted with the many minor details which such an entertainment calls for, a large allotment of credit is unquestionably due.

For the "Ladies' Quartet" in the Thanksgiving concert, Miss Cora Stansard played the piano accompaniment so tastefully and sympathetically as to justify special mention. Miss Stansard is evidently a worthy pupil of the inimitable accompanist, Prof. Alfred Rios.

Mrs. Mary Anderson arrived from Kansas City last Sunday evening, and she as well as most of the members of her company attended the performance of "The Banker's Daughter," at the Grand Opera House. Miss Anderson came into the theatre through the private office of Mr. Norton, the manager, and was accompanied by her mother and Dr. Hamilton Griffin, her step-father. She wore a seal skin wrap that came almost to her feet, and a plain black Derby hat, looking very modest indeed. She slipped in quietly, and took one of the back seats, and I suppose very few of the audience knew she was present.

Miss Anderson off the stage is quite disappointing in appearance. She does not seem so tall and commanding, and her face looks rather more contracted than one would expect.

Miss Anderson will not play on Sunday nights, and in this respect sets a good example to the remainder of the profession. I do not know that she possesses any religious scruples on the subject; but she was raised in Louisville, where it was no doubt strongly impressed

on her mind, in childhood, that such a thing would be very much out of place in a lady who attempts to occupy a first-class position. I doubt if Sunday-night performances are profitable in the long run, aside from all moral aspects of the case; for the theatre that allows these makes itself unpopular with a large class of church people, who would otherwise be good patrons.

I am reminded here that our sister *Theresa* Mayer is a regular patron of the Sunday-night performances at Pope's. The plays are always in German, and it is a kind of gala reunion night for the first-class people of that nationality. The Germans, you know, as a class, hold Sunday as a day of recreation and pleasure rather than as one of religious observance. The Mayer is always accompanied by his handsome wife, to whom he seems to be devotedly attached.

A lady who frequently attends the German Sunday-night performances at Pope's is Mrs. Moses Friley. She is always richly dressed, and always attracts much attention.

The *Spectator* attended Thanksgiving services where Back's "Festival To Doan" was included in the musical programme, and occupied not a second less than thirteen and a half minutes in its delivery. The composer says it might be done in eight minutes. If much more time than this is used, the vigor and grace of the allegorical movement, "Peregrin," are gone, and one of the most bright and beautiful compositions ever written for the church is transformed into comparative dullness and ineptitude.

The Thanksgiving services in the beautiful Baptist temple were a sort of *harvest*. Dr. Boyd was thankful for Dr. Goodell, and Dr. Goodell was thankful for Dr. Boyd. Dr. Goodell praised Dr. Boyd, and counted him one of his chief joys; and Dr. Boyd praised Dr. Goodell, and advised everybody to cut their throats and then go to the Pilgrims' Thanksgiving concert. The lesson of the morning was the great epistle on "Charity," and good feeling abounded in all the talk of the hour.

The decorations of the Second Baptist Church, appropriate to Thanksgiving, were very fine. The floral and agricultural representations of a bountiful harvest were generous in amount, and tastefully and suggestively arranged.

Mrs. Mary Anderson, in the early part of the week, purchased from Mr. Barney Spier a \$5,000 diamond necklace and pendant. She wore the necklace at her Wednesday and Thursday evening performances. The pendant is not yet complete. The necklace is composed of sixteen very large stones of first quality, and are beautifully set. The pendant is of exquisite workmanship, and looks like a solid mass of diamonds. In the center is a large solitaire of five carats, and this is surrounded by seventy-seven smaller stones, which are put together in such a manner as to make the whole look like an immense solitaire. Mrs. Anderson has purchased most of her fine collection of diamonds from Spier, but this is the largest single purchase she has ever made.

It seems settled, by a unanimous verdict, that Sara Bernhardt is a far better sculptor than painter.

The receipts of the first week of the Bernhardt engagement were over \$27,000. So Mr. Charles Spalding, who had access to Mr. Abbey's books, writes Mr. John Norton.

When a man hears the Executive Quartet—Branson, Phillips, Raker, and Froehlich—he wonders how it can possibly be that they do not go on to complete, with the superlative excellence of which they are capable, a repertoire equal to any demand. An observation, East and West, of many years convinces this *Spectator* that no similar organization in this country contains the material for a greater success. It is a simple pleasure to hear in combination voices so melodious, ample, ringing, well-balanced, and above all so perfectly accurate in intonation. Go on, gentlemen, "from glory unto glory."

Mr. Hamilton Griffin is reported as having said to a Kansas City *Times* man, "Norton is a terrible rander." Admitting this to be true, which a *Spectator* is far from doing, it was certainly the basest ingratitude on the part of Dr. Griffin to say so. Surely Mr. Norton has done as much for Miss Anderson as any one; and now it shows, to say the very least, that Dr. Griffin wants the fine instincts of a gentleman if he made such an impertinent, uncalled-for remark.

I saw Mrs. John W. Norton at the theatre with Miss Anderson during a performance of "The Banker's Daughter." The latter looked fatigued and careworn. Mrs. Norton looked charming in an elegant bonnet, seal-skin shoes, and handsome black dress, with splendid diamond ornaments. She is not a charming belle, an excellent conversationalist, with a dash of piquancy and *savante* which renders her doubly fascinating. It is a great pity that Mrs. Norton, or Miss Stockman, as she is professionally known, cannot be seen on the stage again. She is an exquisitely polished artist, and everything she does is almost perfect. But Mr. Norton, I suppose, enjoys the pleasures of domestic happiness too well to wish his wife to go upon the stage again.

Next week at the Grand Opera House, the Beauty with the Flowers, Maudie Granger, is announced. Miss Granger is said to have the handsomest arm of any actress in America. She is also a great "dresser."

Whenever Dr. Goodell's enthusiastic people undertake to do, they do heartily; which is the equivalent of saying that they do it with all their might. The great audience at their Thanksgiving concert was not the first, nor the farthest proof of this that the *Spectator* has seen.

The "Ladies' Quartet," Mrs. Cunningham, Miss Fitch, Miss Ebb, Mrs. Hardy, their organization ought to have a more distinctive name than that, whose debt was made in the Thanksgiving concert, Thursday evening, showed most excellent individual culture and the careful training of their director, Prof. Phillips. While the not artistic flavor of their staging was not appreciated and responded to by the audience as it should have been, it was there all the same; and in this respect nothing there has been heard in St. Louis concert-room in many a day.

Approval of the above, the *Spectator* commends Miss Fitch, whose voice has naturally a fine quality, and whose methods are in many respects good, to suppress by any means and all means the excessive tremors which shew to such disadvantage in contrast with the steady and pure tone of Mrs. Cunningham. Approval, also, of the above, a young lady listening eagerly to the quartet with both her little ears, asked this unknown *Spectator*, in expressive school-girl vernacular, "Now, isn't Mrs. Cunningham just too sweet?"

Mrs. Montgomery, daughter of Gov. Phelps, and mistress of the Executive Mansion, was at the Grand Opera House Monday night to see Mary Anderson. She was escorted by that distinguished ex-United States Senator and present Public Commissioner, Col. David H. Armstrong.

Mr. Yost, the Governor's private secretary, was also present. He was formerly a newspaper man, and I believe he is going to return to the same business when his term of office expires. He wrote a play for Mrs. Bowers two or three years ago, but I never heard what became of it.

The Governor's private secretary gets a salary of only \$1,000 a year, so that it is not a very desirable office; not nearly so remunerative as many of the clerkships in our municipal departments, but it is a desirable position nevertheless, for it gives one opportunities for other and better things. Besides, it is honorable, and comparatively easy. Nearly all those who have held the post of private secretary to the Governors for the past ten years have done well. Mr. Judson, who was with Gov. Grate Brown, is a prominent lawyer in this city, and is president of the School Board. Dr. Shannon, who was with Gov. Woodson, has for some time been State Superintendent of Public Schools; and Mr. Edwin Silver, who was with Gov. Hardin, is successfully practicing law at Jefferson City.

I would not have you fail to hear Berry Mitchell lecture on "American Statesmen," at the Grand Opera House, on the evening of December 12. It will be the oratorical episode of the season.

Mr. R. J. T. White, now with the Messink choir, has been engaged as tenor of the Union Methodist choir for next year, the other parts being constituted as before.

Whatever fault there is to be found with Mary Anderson as an actress, she is certainly to be commended for the candid character she has made as a woman. She is one against whom the breath of suspicion has never dared to blow, and one, therefore, who sets a worthy example to the other members of her profession. If there were more people of her kind on the stage, the dramatic business would be both more profitable and more honorable.

The *Spectator* was wrong in saying, last week, that Mr. Tom Doan had retired permanently from all choir positions. The high C is available still for the benefit of any acceptable applicant.

Miss Helen Mar White appeared at the Pickwick last Tuesday evening, in a well-selected programme of dramatic readings. The occasion was a testimonial benefit tendered her by Council No. 6, Legion of Honor. A large audience was present, and the entertainment was in every way a success. Miss White recited nine different pieces, in all of which she appeared to great advantage, and in some showed talent of a high order. She was assisted by Mr. Tabory Carr, Butler, and Mr. D. E. Colville, baritone, both of whom were honored with a vocal Mr. Colville's fine color and the distinguished style were well shown in Horner's beautiful song, "Speed On," as well as in "My Streetcar When a Boy," which he gave as an encore.

The *Spectator* wishes to reform a paragraph that appeared in the last number concerning a well-known organizer, for whom the writer seldom has anything but good words, and of whom it was then said that he "has had good teaching, is a devoted student, and intelligent." It would be more strictly correct to say, in less concise and simple phrase, "he has studied with the masters of mental science in Europe and America, has improved his exceptional abilities, and is learned and logical." Now, if the professor's "nearest friend" will make his best bow to the *Spectator*, "all will be forgiven."

I hear that a "Kitchen garden" has been conducted during the past week at the chapel on Ninth and Wash Streets. Some twenty-five ladies connected with the Church of the Messiah have received instruction in the all-important but much-neglected art of housekeeping, with the object of teaching it to the girls connected with the Mission Sunday-School. Certainly this is a step in the direction of doing *practical* good; and the

more fact that the movement is inaugurated by the ladies of Dr. Snyder's church insures for it a thorough trial, and, the *Spectator* believes, a successful result. A well-conducted school for practical housekeeping would be indeed a noble charity.

There have been some very pretty displays all week in the windows of Mermel, Jaccard & Co. Really, a jewelry house like this is now-a-days a regular museum of art.

It is generally conceded, on the highest authority, that long hair is the glory of woman, but I fail to recall any mention, scriptural or otherwise, of the same hair in connection with the male portion of humanity. Yet it is noticeable that among a certain class of literary—perhaps I should say scholarly—men, the fashion prevails of keeping their locks innocent of the untoward shaven. This peculiarity was brought to my notice most forcibly at a recent lecture, where were gathered together many of the deepest thinkers and much of the finest intellect of this city. There was about the largest portion of the audience a general air of softness and after disregard of the appearance of the water man, which spoke volumes for the condition of the cerebral lining of the lower. For to such an extent does this flowing-back style exist, that immediately one sees such an individual, the quiet earnest in one's mind, "Who is he?" There he is, scarcely of consequence, is settled beyond a doubt. He carries the sign-manual of genius upon his head. Should not one call this the affectation of genius?

Some few months ago, I remember frequently meeting a most remarkable figure upon the streets. It was that of an old man, quite tall, and which would have been unimpaired but for a slight inclination to stoop—the mark of time upon his once stalwart form. His face was noble and intellectual, and a mass of silvery curls half surrounded a well-defined forehead and a large, well-brimmed, soft white felt hat formed the vanguard of this striking-looking person. There was something decidedly Transylvanian in his appearance, and inquiry revealed that he was a brother artist, though not so great, as we found a singer as the postmaster. "Tweak Walt Whitman—a new name, never applied, perhaps, on the other side of the Atlantic than in this country, but none the less admitted to all to be a true poet."

Henri Gréville's novels are becoming very popular in this country, especially since Emerson has taken to publishing Mrs. Sherwood's translation in cheap form. Henri Gréville, or rather Mme. Emile Zola, has lately achieved an almost universal reputation. One of her slightest efforts has recently been crowned by the academy, and one or more of her tales has been translated into all the tongues of Europe, including Dutch and Spanish. The Derrains, who are childless, reside in a little pavilion in Paris, or house with garden beside the main structure, which is the style, the set, the very best of modernism. Henri Gréville is a comfortable-looking lady of thirty-five, with the air of forty, and is a most agreeable talker. In her varied experience she has seen a good deal of the ups and downs of life, but has few settled down, as she once observed, "is making her time slowly a poet." Her husband is the Paris correspondent of a St. Petersburg paper, and incidentally a painter. I hardly think she will ever again reach the level of the "Expédition Saccée," which was originally published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and for which she received only \$150. I am inclined to think "L'Expédition Saccée," so far, her masterpiece, and it will ever be considered a most perfect work of art.

Griffith's valuations "is the latest childhoof of the Irish Land Leagues." They want rents and rates fixed on the basis of Griffith's valuations. Well, who is Griffith? The conundrum is solved by saying that Sir Richard Griffith was at the head of some board in Ireland, and in 1852 commenced a valuation of Irish property for rating purposes. The valuation was begun in 1852, and not finished before 1852.

A Monsieur Lollet has been recently dredging in the Sea of Galilee. It has a depth of 250 metres, and contains twelve species of fish. The majority of these species have the singular habit of hatching their eggs and sheltering their young in their mouths.

Henry Laboulaudie, speaking of Irving in the "Gosselin Brothers," says: "I have more than once complained of Mr. Irving's extraordinary elevation. I am not, however, certain but that he is wise in his generation in not amending it. Our best actors have generally been our worst elocutionists. No bad, indeed, have they been, that it is impossible to suppose that their mode of speaking the Queen's English is due to nature, and is not the result of careful study. Every one knows the story of Dr. Johnson proving to Garrick that he did not know how to repeat the Lord's Prayer with proper emphasis. Charles Keen, who has been so successful upon the stage, has a most outrageous mannerism, and he once uttered two words on it without violating the ordinary rules of pronunciation. Mr. Irving has followed in his steps, with the like result."

Edwin Booth, who is now playing at the Princess Theatre, London, has not appeared in St. Louis for several years. It would be an excellent thing if he could be induced to play the opening engagement at the new opera-house, which is to be constructed next season. Booth's terms when he last gave some of his celebrated renditions here were fifty per cent up to \$1,000, after which seventy per cent of the gross receipts. That was in the days of the stock companies, when the "star" had no expense but himself. Truly, a famous tragedian is a mine of gold.

It was my pleasant duty to assist the other day in the selection of a bangle to be given by a gentleman to his fiancée as a *pays d'amour*, and so many uniquely beautiful designs were shown us at the J. Jacobel jewelry store, that I cannot refrain from mention of a few. The first was a lovely bracelet of white enamel flowers, which, by removing a tiny padlock that hangs as a pendant, can be pushed aside, and reveals a receptacle for a miniature or photo. A little plaque has a perfect representation of a light-house, with a diamond dash-light rays from its lantern-tower. Another bangle is made of white enamel, with a row of pearls, each flanked above and below by a tiny diamond. It is a very attractive simple necklace and pearly, that enclose an exquisite little enameled picture of a cupid with cymbals, chasing a butterfly. Those that copy the gems of the Egyptian collection, at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, show the heads of zans, lions, tigers, griffins, etc., and are set with diamonds. One of the finest of Roman gold ear-rings—copied from that collection—represents a dolphin with ruby eyes; the tapering body rounded into a circle, that makes a very odd and beautiful design. An exquisite set, consisting of earrings, pin, and watch-pin, brought out recently for sale, consists of a pair of pearls, each surrounded by four rubies, each set in its leaves. It is all formed of silver and tinted gold, except one two diamond eon-earrings resting on the leaves. A set of white cut-glass is of the same style. This flower-jewelry is beautiful. A pair of hair ornaments attached to long tortoise-shell combs, and set with pearls and diamonds, and a pearl-settled marginette with golden hair. In fact gold ornaments there are some pretty jewelled designs, as shamrocks formed of an emerald, a ruby, and a sapphire embedded in the gold, after the gyser style. A little set accepted-style of ring for gentlemen. There are also a number of necklaces, such as a string of pearls, a scarf-pin shows his Statue's mythical's head, exquisitely carved from a fine piece of Labrador soap, the graceful and mysterious openness of the soap having a superfluous glaze about the thin, pointed ears and mouth. These are suggested rather than precisely copied. A large oval flow in the center of the stone no characteristic of the original is omitted in the little pointed wings. An end of darkly colored glass, with one eye hemispherical and the other gleaming with ruby radiance, looks so demoralized, and so suggestive of a face, that it is almost impossible to describe how he looks what. The head is a scintillating beam, like a look.

[illegible]

SARA HEINTHAUOT

Sara Bernhardt's extraction is doubtful. Her father, according to the commonly received version, was a French advocate of Havre; her mother certainly was a Dutchwoman, the daughter of an officer at Amsterdam. Her mother was a Jewess, and her father Catholic, and educated at a school in Versailles. Her name was Bernard; the insertion of an "h" and the addition of a "t" was her own work. As to her childhood there are numerous stories, more or less interesting and inaccurate, in existence, with which I should not care to quarrel. The story which I have just so gravely informed that she ran away at the age of fourteen to Paris, with a Dutch friend—female—of her own age, and that, after leaving a trunk, ballasted with cordwood with a confiding *hôte*ler, the two girls got into a scuffle through not having been paid for the cordwood, and that they were taken to the Police, and were taken to the police station, where Sara's composition increased the population of Paris by one babe. Also, that she was expelled from the convent four times, and was often whipped back again. All of these stories are, I think, untrue. The fact is, that the girl was destined to become a light of the church, or, at least to create some of sound in the world; and that she herself wavered constantly between, taking to the road and going on the stage. Also, there is an interesting story of how Aubert, when she recited in Fougère's theatre, "Are you a Jewess?" and when she recited, "with great, flashing eyes," "Yes," said to his audience, "Admit her," and made the usual prediction of her success, which, if we are to believe the story, some of our readers will have seen, and about every actress has done, to the advantage of the actress. All this, or some of it, may be true. I prefer to reject everything on the subject. Anywise, she studied under Prevost and Stancos, and was graduated at the Conservatoire in 1862. The commonly received story is that she was married to a Jew, and that she was not for this. The best version is that she took a prize at some sort, but not the highest, which, I fancy, must have been awarded to Miss. Lippich. Anyhow, she appeared at the *Fondle* Theatre, August 11, 1862, as *Isabelle* in *Georgette's* *Isabelle* in *Isabelle*, and on the 12th, as *Isabelle* in *Isabelle*. Her name was Bernhardt. Her bearing was bad, and her ornamentation faulty. Her friends say that the then director, M. Thierry, advised her against remaining in a theatre where there was little opportunity for her, and she would have been a great success, but she was so much of a tale as to, she said, and was troubled by playing a small

could Philip, and made a decided failure. The critics very justly attacked her for overdoing the part, and making it vulgar and noisy and Mlle. Bernhardt then into a passion, and left Paris, writing that she had been forced to play when she was not really, having had only eight rehearsals; that it had been her first failure, and would be her last, and that her associates had treacherously abandoned her at a critical moment. M. Perla, in a very effective letter, showed that there had been eighteen rehearsals instead of eight, and that she had declared her readiness to play when it was pointed out that she had been positive in preparing for the first performance, while Emile Augier notified that after the performance he found her radiant over her success, and resolved to appear again on the Tuesday. She did not find out till after the Sunday papers had appeared that she was ill, and then been forced to play on short notice. I mention these facts to show that the charming Sara does not reason right outside of statements among her accomplices. The Comédie Française used her for the forfeiture of her share of the account profits, which a shareholder only receives after twenty years' service in the company, and for \$90,000 changes. The court awarded \$20,000 and costs; besides which Mlle. Bernhardt lost the \$9,000 of accumulated profits. I may add that, at the trial, it was contended that she had acted more frequently than her comrades of the Comédie Française, and that therefore the contract was in a measure inequitable and unjust; but this contention was disproved by an official statement showing that between 1873 and 1880 she had only appeared 919 times, while her associates had played 11,000 times. Mlle. Bernhardt 1,019, M. Gauthier 1,571, and M. Got 1,479. Mlle. Arnold-Philip, the creator of the part of Cleopatra, it may be said, ran away from the Comédie to St. Petersburg, but she returned to it after several years, and was afterwards the leading damages awarded against her by the courts. After leaving the Comédie Mlle. Bernhardt made a visit to England and a tour through provincial France, also going northward to set all Denmark right. The king gave her the order of the Dannebrog, which she conferred on two artists, Trebbach and Nilsson, and she secured an immense advertisement by inducing the fascinated German minister, Baron von Magnus, to propose the toast, "France has set to her most brilliant daughter!" and then saying, with a most bewitching smile, "We drink to all France, do we not?" A bit at the German occupation of Alsace and Lorraine which provoked an overwhelming anti-German demonstration. The legation here did not fail to have it reported that the ambassador had been so grateful to her for her benignity, and that Bismarck had been so well pleased, that there was likely to be a war with Denmark over the incident, etc. She sailed from Harre on the 15th instant, having been engaged by Mr. Henry E. Abbey. The terms, as announced in Paris, were not particularly heavy—one-third of the gross receipts up to 1,500 francs, and half the surplus above that sum, with 1,000 francs a week for expenses.

Mlle. Bernhardt, though surrounded by the mother of four children, did make de graciosa take a paternal interest in the eldest boy, a youth of fifteen or sixteen, who is intended for the bar and politics. She is an excellent and loving mother, also. I do not know if I can better conclude this letter than with the opinion of Matthew Arnold as to her acting. It was Henry James, I believe, who said in London, Mlle. Bernhardt had been very successful, but it was so a celebrity and not an artist, and that she had in a separate degree the advertising genius. Said Mr. Arnold: "One takes vagueness of genius, but I had never till now comprehended the vagueness of Rachel's superiority. It was purely an intellectual power, how eminently this power counts in the actor's art as in all art, how just is the instinct which led the Greeks to mark with a high and severe stamp the Muses. Temperament and quick intelligence, muscular strength, noble grace, smile, voice, charm, poetry—Sara Bernhardt has them all; one watches her with pleasure, with admiration, and yet without a secret discomfiture. Something is wanting, or at least not present in sufficient force, something which should give to her her full representation of all the charming gifts which she has, and

alone keep them fresh, keep them sincere, save them from partly by coquetry, partly by stammering. That something is high intellectual power. It was here that Rachel was so great; she began, one says to one's self, as one recalls her ways and dwells upon it—she began almost where Mlle. Sara Bernhardt ends.

CRATYCH.

ART.

THE "TILE CLUB."

PART II.

The "Tile Club" articles in *Scribner's*, which have been more widely read than the famous "Dodge Club" series which appeared in *Harper's* twenty years ago, are the collaboration of W. McKay Laffan and Earl Shinn; the chief name of the former being "Polypheuses," while the latter is known by his literary nom de plume, "Edward Strahan." Mr. Laffan, like the "Owl," is a business man, deeply interested in railroads and real estate, who, by some sneaky turn of fate, has been divorced from his natural love of art and literature. Those who have read the "Tile Club" articles need not be told of the sparkling humor running through them, like a pebbly brook among sweet-smelling garden lands. The doings and sayings of the Tilers are recounted in a genial, graceful manner. Whether accounting for an order at Cadillac Cooks, or mowing up the Hudson in a comb-out launch with such a wealth of artistic *belongings* as never was set off outside of the lagoons of Venice, the Tile Club is always represented as a set of pickpocketing fellows, overworking him, but who, in their evildest, never for a moment lose sight of the proprieties incumbent upon gentlemen. In his article on "The Materials for American Landscapes," published in the *American Art Review*, Mr. Laffan has given the artists of America such wholesome advice, expressed in so delightful a manner, that it might well be recommended by all who practice that department of painting. Totally different in character and style is his collaboration, "Edward Strahan." Here is the house of a polished man of letters. It is easy to discover where the positions of Laffan and Shinn are welded together. You see at once a change in manner of expression, from the sparkling, easy, conversational style of "Polypheuses" to the poetical and stately measures of "Strahan." Like the Venetians, of which he is the art-critic, he has a sense of late rather hypercritical, and inclined often to a tortuous style and painfully involved expression, evidently believing with Talford that language was given to man to conceal his thoughts. As a rule, however, his writings are pervaded by a rich poetic language, a just and impartial judgment. I think his monograph on the works of Claude, in the description of the Gibson collection of pictures which appeared in *Littell's* some years ago, was equal to the finest work of painting of Theophile Gautier. "Strahan" is a contributor to many of the best art journals, and author of the American edition of the "*Chief of Onions of the last Paris Exposition*," and a new serial work called the "Art Collections of America." In both of these collections the author has done ample justice to his high reputation; but the illustrations are so inferior, as suggested that he should have consulted his name with them.

The next member of the club of whom I will speak was formerly well known in St. Louis, although I doubt if his most intimate acquaintances would recognize in the bearded face, with long moustache, curling up like those of the cavaliers painted by Velasquez, hair cropped short and standing erect, keen gray eyes and quick nervous movements, the well-known figure who left here for Munich in 1872. It is W. M. Chase, president of the Society of American Artists, and not a forgotten leader of the new school of painting. The Franco-Prussian war was a God-send to the City of the Little Mon. The art-schools of Paris were closed, Düsseldorf had gone into disrepute, and King Ludwig of Bavaria was no longer a patron of the art-world in the title of American students in the direction of his capital. Knauth was director of the Academy;

Philip had returned from Paris a short time before the war, and was connected with the school. Then there was Diez, Lindenschmidt, Wagner, and others of influential fame, ready to convert Munich into a Mecca of art. In 1872 there was a famous colony of Americans, among whom were W. M. Chase and Harry Chase, Dreyer, Shurtz, Fisher, Dehnen, Rosenthal, and many others who have since become famous. The next year Harvey and Kretschmar joined the colony from St. Louis, and the sleepy German city opened its eyes at the astonishing progress made by the bearded Americans, who were experts in more directions than one.

Chase remained in Munich until 1877, which, accompanied by his friend Dreyer, he went to Venice. Before leaving Munich, he was commissioned by Philip to paint portraits of his children, which showed the estimations to which he was held by the great master. The following year, he was induced by the Art Students' League to come to New York and accept the professorship of portrait-painting and drawing in the vigorous young school. The following spring he was elected president of the Society of American Artists, a position which he still retains. Chase took a position already at the head of his profession immediately on his return to America. He has studios in the Tenth Street studio building, surpassing everything of like nature in this country. There are two rooms, one forty feet square and the other forty by twenty-five, with a door opening from one to the other. They are fitted with bric-a-brac of every conceivable kind: old armor, tapestry, rich velvets, so old that the secret of their manufacture is lost; and many other things and palaces of Venice; corners in which burned the incense which pervaded some finely lighted sanctuary, likely the home of priceless pictures by Titian or Tintoretto; tiger-skins, bronze jars, antique pottery, and an endless number of objects of art, and a great deal of the sort of an artist. He holds Saturday afternoon receptions, and the city of New York are on the quiet for invitations. Although Chase was several years a pupil of Philip, his style bears no resemblance to that of the old master. He is a student of the school of Velasquez. The antagonism toward the new school on the part of the National Academy, and the adherents to the Academy methods, has had a tendency to cause Chase and the followers to turn to the other extreme of ultra-impressionism. Very little composition has hitherto been found in the pictures of the younger painters. The Academy men and their admirers call them "studios." Perhaps the torrent of adverse criticism launched upon their works by the friends of the Academy was the chief reason why the young men have turned to the study of Velasquez to such a degree that they have gone too far in the direction of "technique" and color, and placed too little value upon those elements which while they are far from constituting the most important factors in art, cannot be successfully ignored.

Since his return to America, Chase has been occupied upon portraits that he has had little time to give to a class of works which would be the crowning test of his genius. Those whose standard of artistic excellence consists in the Raphaelian finish and general pretentious will find little to commend in the works of Chase, or, in fact, few of the young school of painters; but those who have recognized the utter worth of anything approaching strength, breadth, and, I might say, feeling, will find in the pictures of Chase, after ten years, will gladly welcome the infusion of young blood into American art as the promise of a school of the future work that shall be admired and respected the world over.

What pleasant memories are associated with Abbey's name. Stately dames in powdered hair and flowered gowns, courtly grandies in periwigs and knee-breeches, sweet-tempered maidens in the fashions of a century ago, and—today—came trooping in at the Museum from all the corners of the globe, and the department of art which has been wrested from the hands of miniature and stuffy academics, Abbey secretly has a peer. I have never seen anything not above mediocrity from his hand, while some of his drawings are so difficult to get the impression of that they are temporary art. Take, for example, his illustrations in

Harper's for December. The one entitled, "You ain't a fool, Parson Roberts," is worthy of Vibert or Boldini; while the figure of the deacon when he pops the question to the astonished widow, in the same story, is a masterpiece of drawing, delicate humor, and characterization.

The graceful movement, happy expression, and delightful shades of the figures illustrating the lines, —

Let's now take our time,
And old are in our prime,
While old, old age is far off.

is something new, strange, and delightful in book-illustrations. In the *Time* they call him the "Cheerful" and he is as full of life and energy as any of pure fancy and creative genius as the toothsome fruitage he is named for.

Then there is *Diogenes, Weir, and Truchman*, and all Menck men — strong, talented, and worthy of highest commendation.

Of the artist members, they represent the advanced thought, thorough training, and best impulses of American art. They must, and enjoy the rest which comes from congenial companionship.

Of the musical members, — Baird is one of the best baritone in New York, Mr. Ward is a pianist of unusual excellence, and "Cato" — I have forgotten his other name — comes extruding music from that kind of instruments, the old-fashioned fiddle. Taken all in all, the writer treasures not a few of the most pleasant of the delightful evenings spent with the New York *Time* Club.

W. R. H.

ART IN THE SOUTH.

I have been asked for a contribution on art in the South, the growth of art and artistic taste in the Southern States of our American Union. There is little to be said on the subject, for there is little of the subject. The South, by her kept herself too poor to lay claim in any but the most rudimentary cultivation of the arts. Her tastes are crude and primitive. It takes money to purchase masterpieces of painting or sculpture, or to furnish the leisure for their profitable contemplation. All the public and private art galleries of the country are in the North. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, and San Francisco, with Belmonts, Stewarts, Vanderbilts, Chaffers, Shaptons, and Crothers, have almost a monopoly of the art displays and artistic admiration of the republic. The South is poverty-stricken, and, under the influence of that poverty, is falling far behind in everything pertaining to intellectual and artistic culture. Nearly every Southern girl who goes off to a fashionable boarding-school for a year or two, to get the finishing touches to her education, at course learns to sneer, glare, and yell, and brick-dust-eyed squints over little squares of cheap canvas and those goddamly minstrelsy are planted over the parlor walls of nearly every mansion of the more pretentious type, from where "the big Patagonian's billowy drape" commingles with the Porcupine's majestic rail, to where the Rio Grande glides under golden sands uncared for by the sea. But of real art there is none.

Fern is Richmond, which has long set herself up as pre-eminently the metropolitan city of the South, and the highest municipal exponent of Southern culture, the artistic taste is little better than barbaric. One of the most pretentious examples of a domestic art in all the South is in the famous Monumental Church of this city. The church was built, you remember, as a monument upon the site of the theatre whose congregation, with the destruction of nearly a hundred lives, included the governor and many distinguished citizens of the Commonwealth, whose war-crimes had excited the sentiment and the wrath with horror. It is a building around which cluster legends and had sacred mysteries, and so stranger has fully won the late capital of the South. Comfortable, much as he has paid a visit to it. The architecture of the space is almost always a travesty of it, and it is still a *temple*. *Angus L. Penning* was filling this position, some four or five years ago.

that the hollow structure underwent an elaborate course of frescoing and decoration; and it is in their religion that a people's art always has found its noblest and liveliest expression. For many long and anxious months the doors of the Old Dominion's most notable were closed, while a Virginia company of Anglo and Spanish taught his artist-work for grand designs, and plied his industrious brush to bless posterity and immortalize himself.

At last the glad tidings went forth that the great work was completed. The opening Sunday came, and such a rush and crash of aristocratic worshippers had seldom been witnessed in the famed "city of the James." Hundreds flocked, on curiosity's tip-toes, to behold the triumph of Southern art. Alleged connoisseurs, who had sneered and sneered to gaze, it was unanimously pronounced grand, beautiful, exquisite, the perfection of consummate genius, and I really think that any individual who would have dared imagine a doubt of the appropriateness of all these enthusiastic exclamations would have been in danger of lynching. Such eminent journalistic authorities as the *Richmond Examiner*, *Dispatch*, and *Whig* declared it a magnificent achievement, and basely avowed that nothing like it had ever before been seen in the South. Nobody was hardly in Richmond till he had said it. I happened to be there, and went, and I give you, from notes taken at the time, exactly what I saw, nothing extenuated, and taught set naïve. If it seems irreverent, and almost blasphemous, blame the artist and Southern art, and not me. I simply took down, carefully and accurately, the salient points of this representative masterpiece of Southern art.

On the north end of the ceiling, just over the chancel, St. John Zebedee, with a pair of tooth-pilkins in his right hand and a badly scored saddle-bag in his left arm, is riding a gaily-tinted American eagle, and trying to stick his left foot in a square-proved wooden shoe that dangles provocatively out of reach. John parts his hair in the middle, has had his throat varnished with indigo, and is evidently suffering from a severe attack of neuritis in his left eye. His effort to swallow his nose can but be painful to the sympathetic beholder, and yet, in view of the quality and appearance of that feature, are certainly excusable.

On the east side, St. Matthew, with three feet, all of olive-brown skin, as we would have to tip a boy of doubtful lineage to get a fit, is perched a-straddle of the largest wing of an angel, whose eyes are pop-corn-out of his head with fear of the saint's mashing him. Nobody can carry a load like this, so the idea of making "our good old flag, our dear old flag" — which I heard a mustang hair scruple over his left arm and a bogus snake in his right hand. Viewed abstractly, the two seem to have broken up with a sudden and violent change of type of haggard set-back. The angel has only one leg, borrowed for the occasion from a various *gaby*.

On the west side, St. Luke, with a betan-talking expression of countenance, is riding a sheep that is trying to sit firm as a stump on the head of an intense diagonal. Luke is whittled down, by tight holding, to a point at the waist, and driven into the class, so that one of his feet projects below the angel. He blows the tail of the sheep up in a full circle as it is evidently a partnership agreement. Luke carries a full-length mirror, on which he seems to be gazing, and his face shows that he is in a half-courting state of mind at having forgotten his gratification-table. Luke has a loose hairbrush fluting from his back, and his sheep has its throat done up in a loop for clearest hair-tying. St. Mark, with his hair done in an *en-ferme*, and mounted on a striped Newfoundland dog with a snail's tail and one alligator-foot, comes galloping in on the south end of the ceiling, as if giving a lift against St. John and his pony. The dog has his and his teeth bared, and is shamelessly exhibiting a *laugh* to take the lead. Mark's legs are of rippled length, and the left one is tied together at the knee-joint with cotton strings. He is a terrible sufferer from dropsy in the feet and ankles. Mark's right eye was so sympathetic, and was packed in, after his agonized, with Nephthys's pyramidal gaze.

Under each of the quadrants exultations, a couple

of hellish little Capids are fighting savagely with their tail-but wings.

The Holy Trinity is represented in the centre, about the sky-light, by a fearfully and wonderfully painted Studebaker wagon-wheel with alternate red and yellow spokes, studded with a Virginia company of crimsoned cherubs engaged in an unusual game of impaled frog. These little creatures are a study for high souls sent to lighted with wisdom from on him. Angels with heads and wings, but no rudiments, with body legs growing out of their necks and ears, with red noses, with purple robes, and green and crimson sashes. All tumbling over each other, swinging by their chins and toes, kicking up their plinths with reckless disregard for the sanctities of their apparel. On their angel, whose crimson robes glow with a purple glow, comes flying on the footstool some with a phallosage, in his left hand, to be awarded to the victor in the simple screw-sawing games, and a screw-saw or a set of false teeth in his right. A wild-goose, with its brothers full of literary advice, is flitting from the revolutions of the sacred wagon-wheel, with a spray of tobacco-puff in its bill.

The miscellaneous kissing on the noses, which prevails in an epidemic form among these precious young serpents, illustrates the sublime lesson of Christian love. The moral to be drawn from a contemplation of St. John is: Young man, do not part your hair in the middle — at least, do not part it too wide. St. Luke is a sad warning against tight-lacing. St. Matthew teaches, by friction, the value of a good head-dress, even with an angel. And St. Mark is a lesson in illustration of remarkable resignation under disease, emaciation, and promiscuous adventures.

The sexton, who seemed to take great and paralytic pride in his position, and in the message of ever apocalyptic messengers, informed me that the artist had been dangerously sick before he closed his labors. I rejoiced to hear that he had not died, for I thought he certainly would never for penitence.

F. DICKS.

MINNEAPOLIS, SEVEN, NOVEMBER 22.

THE WEALTH OF FRENCH ACTRESSES.

Although much is said concerning the wealth of the French actresses, there are very few who in reality are possessed of great fortunes. In Paris, for instance, Patti and Nilsson have each a large fortune. Julie crosses 200,000 francs a year, either at the Varieties or in Berlin, where she is a great favorite, and she crosses over into the *Grand Opéra* and the *Opéra-Comique* in a very retired style, is exceedingly opulent. Mlle. Marsset has become rich by a recent marriage. Mlle. Labarre possesses a comfortable fortune, including paintings, elegant dresses, etc. — Caroline has accumulated large wealth and definitively retired. Edith, who is very rich, has inherited largely in costly furniture and jewels. Juliet is said to be worth a round million of francs. Her Valtesse is also credited with a large fortune. The above are the pluckiest among the Parisian artists, of course including such Bernhardt. The following actresses have no income averaging from 7,500 to 15,000 francs, viz.: Mlle. Krauss, who lives simply, without ostentation or luxury, in apartments at the corner of the Rue de la Chapelle; the beautiful, Daria, whose labors are exceedingly scarce; and who lives in a very retired manner; Eugénie Block, whose fortune is growing with her charms; Sangalli, who has a splendid income; Mmes. Vassal and Deshayes, both of whom have handsome incomes; Pierrot, who first in the most simple manner; Nelly, Amélie, Calmar, Clara Pons, Bonnet, and Marie Carlin. There are other actresses who, while living in elegant style, have had by small sums sufficient to provide a comfortable life. This class includes — Léontine, who is married to the *Opéra*; Reichenberg, Bartel, Dorel, and Henry, at the *Théâtre Français*; Agnès and Louise Montaland, at the *Odéon*; Gervilly, Gaudier, and Marie Meslier, at the *Gymnase*; Thénard and Marie Cassin, at the *Variétés*. There are other actresses who are on the high road to accumulate a fortune, such as Yvonne, Samary, Delmont-Vincent, and Lape.

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THE SPECTATOR,

312 PINE STREET.

The *Spectator* makes its appearance this week with an increase of four pages. For a journalistic bantling that is but a little over two months old, this is a pretty good showing. In its present form, the *Spectator* has more than twice as much readable matter as the *Globe-Democrat*, *Republic*, or *Post-Dispatch*, and in appearance it is enough to make them all ashamed of themselves. We believe it is an exaggeration to say that we issue to-day the handsomest and most interesting weekly ever published in the Mississippi Valley. We are enabled to do this on account of three reasons: First, we know how to do it; second, the increase of our subscriptions shows that our efforts are appreciated; and third, but not least important, we are well remembered by the advertising community. This is a successful triad.

Now is the time for the South to make "a new departure" in politics. Now is the time for some other leaders to come to the front and suggest a new policy. The old regime has failed. The old leaders will never take their people into the promised land. They are of the past,—the dead and ought-to-be-forgotten past,—and as long as they are put forward as representative men, so long will the South be beaten and humiliated. There is no room in the politics of this nation for the Ben Hills, the Lammers, the Wade Hampton, and others of that school. It matters not how much glory they may have achieved in the past as politicians or as soldiers, they are not the men for the times, and the quicker the South flings this out the better for it and the nation. Something must be done to eliminate the everlasting bloody-shirt from our politics, for so long as it holds its place there, so long will the South be on the side of the vanquished. We want to see capital go to Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, and other Southern States, and we want to see railroads built through them; and their inhabitants made happy and prosperous; but these changes will never take place as long as those States are solid for the Democratic party. Whether Democracy, in the abstract, is right or wrong, is not the question; the question is one

of practical aspects, and one that must be solved in a practical manner. The truth is, that there is very little difference between the professions of the two leading parties of the country. For the last few years, Democracy, as we have seen it, meant anything to win. If to win is the thing, then some better vehicle had better be used. The South has suffered much and has suffered long; it has certainly almost atoned for the sin of slavery. It is time now for its disenthralment and redemption. How shall it be accomplished is a question that the people of that section should now take home to themselves, instead of intrusting its solution to the antiquated statesmen who sat for them in the Confederate Congress, and the prime and the flower of whose lives was spent in an unsuccessful revolution. The occasion is opportune for some Moses of a new school to rise up and lead the people out of the wilderness.

THE GLOBE-DEMOCRAT ON BERNHARDT.

The *Globe-Democrat* of last Sunday had an editorial on "Art and Morals," which was evidently suggested by one on Sara Bernhardt in the *Spectator* of Saturday before, and was, moreover, evidently intended as a reply thereto. We reproduce a portion of it in the *Spectator* of this week, so that our readers may see about the best argument that can be made against the position which we have taken on this subject. We have nothing to say in reply to the insinuations thrown out by the *Globe-Democrat* touching the sincerity of people who object to Sara Bernhardt. While a man may not be strictly moral himself, he certainly has a right to object to excessive immorality in somebody else. We are bound to have restrictions somewhere, or see the fabric of society crumble into the dust. As a rule, the general public does not care to bother itself about the personal standing or peculiarities of actors or actresses, but patronize, or not, just as the merits of the case demand. In this way professional men alone is the gauge of success, and this is the right way. But in Bernhardt we have an exception to the rule, and it should be remembered that all rules have exceptions. She comes to America with the prestige of a great name in Paris and a great success in London. In the latter city she had been received into society of a certain sort, but not of the sort that can be properly called good. True, the Prince of Wales recognized her, and gave her his personal attention; but the Prince of Wales has bestowed his personal attentions upon women of much less standing even than Bernhardt. True, she was nightly applauded by Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Cornwallis West, and other reigning favorites; and true, she took wine with them, and dined with them, and received them at her apartments; but it is doubtful if American can afford to accept a recommendation from those ladies who have poor husbands and royal admirers. It was quite natural that if a woman, who had been denied the entire into respectable society in Paris, was so overwhelmed by the attentions of the Prince of Wales and his harem in England, she should conclude that democratic America could do nothing but fall at her feet and yield its object ap-

plause. She comes here, flustered not so much with victories in art as victories over decency and public virtue. To say the assertion that she flatters her infancy in the face of the public is a lie, is to exhibit nothing but ignorance and bad temper. She does do so by bringing with her to this country one of the children who call her mother and maidservant at the same time. Will the *Globe-Democrat*, or anybody who agrees with it, please tell us what greater public exhibition she could make of her infancy than this? The assertion that she is the greatest living actress is denied by the best critics, and denied by the fact that her business in New York has declined since her opening night. She is the greatest living actress only on the generous advertising-bills sent out by her managers, and in the minds of a lot of newspaper hucksters. We believe that she will be a failure in America, and we do not know of a greater compliment that could be afforded to the starchy virtue of her people.

We will close by quoting an extract from an article on this subject by Prof. David Swing, of Chicago, and which was reprinted in the *Globe-Democrat* of yesterday morning. It embodies almost exactly the same idea already expressed in these columns:

Great and varied as may be the intellectual powers of Sara Bernhardt, she comes in the name of such an immense scandal for society that her art cannot purify or counteract her evil example. If an artist excels the character is her case, but art should be of unqualified excellence, that it might accomplish the big task of purifying; but her power as an actress is so common, so easily seen upon other stages, that it cannot serve as an apology for the sin against the public good. Her genius is not large enough to pardon her exorbitance of the world.

HONESTY IN DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

We have frequently called attention to the utter unreliability of the dramatic criticisms given by the daily papers of this city; and we are fully justified in doing so by the plain, undeniable facts. There is not a daily paper in St. Louis that can possibly lay the slightest claim to honesty in this important branch of journalism. Their notices are always favorable to the particular company or performance noticed, and the disingenuous reader is led to believe that there is nothing in the dramatic business that is not good, or that all the critics are fools. Criticism, to be useful to the reader or the thing criticised, must be true, or as near true as the writer can make it. We believe, if the daily papers would observe this well-known fundamental law, that they would give more satisfaction to a large class of their subscribers, and at the same time be of more real service to the theatre. The *Spectator* announced when it started that it would deal independently with the theatres, and make its criticisms reliable. In making such an announcement, we did not mean that we were starting on a war against the theatres for the purpose of injuring their business. We have no desire to do anything of the kind; but, on the other hand, wish to see them prosper and afford the people worthy and interesting entertainments. It is only the frauds and the shams in the profession that we propose to attack. These we shall not spare. As an evidence of the soundness of our dramatic notices, we want to refer to the fact that, of the

combinations that have come along here this season, four have gone to pieces slowly, and that all those were condemned by the *Spectator* and printed by the daily papers. The four referred to are Mackay and Sylvester's "Our Filtrations," Alice Oates's "Fun at Long Branch," Agnes Robertson, and Gulick & Blaisdell's "Hop-Scotch Company." For the purpose of illustrating the subject, we will quote from the notices we made of these combinations while they were here, and quote from the notices made of them by some of the daily papers. This is what our critic said of "Our Filtrations":

Frank F. Mackay and Miss Louise Sylvester, at the Olympic, have been endeavoring to attract the patrons of the theatre with what they term "an original comedy." "Our Filtrations." Its originality is dubious, seeing that in the first act they have to fall back upon a palace-car for their specialties, in "The Tourists." And in the second, a picnic scene, in "The Truismers." This is certainly audacious originality. "Our Filtrations" is simply honest criticism. As a play it is unutterably bad, and the sooner Mr. Mackay rid himself of it the better for his finances. It is a conglomeration of baldness from beginning to end—witless, pointless, and tedious. We are sorry for Mr. Mackay and Miss Sylvester, who really cultivated artists, but some one's judgment must be radically wrong. If they persist in playing "Our Filtrations" through the season, it can only mean bankruptcy. Get rid of it at once; that is our advice.

This is what the *Globe-Democrat* said about it on Tuesday, after the company had appeared at the Olympic:

The play is a good one, however, and the company present it in an artistic and meritorious manner. * * * The other members of the company furnish excellent support, and when these goers find out that "Our Filtrations" is a good thing, they will go to see it.

The truth is, that those people who did go to see it found not that it was a very bad thing, and the very thing happened that our critic predicted: the company had to dissolve.

Of Alice Oates we made no mention at all, believing her to be unworthy of criticism. In speaking of her and her play, the *Globe-Democrat* of October 10 said:

* * * an extravagantly funny creation, in which she has made a hit this season.

Of poor, misguided Agnes Robertson we had the following:

The real truth about Agnes Robertson is, that she has made a great mistake in returning to the stage, she has done a constantly losing business ever since she started on her American tour, and her engagement here has been the worst, in a financial sense, of the season.

Among many other things, in a half-column of "gossip," the state ad. *Republican* said:

Time has slid kindly with Agnes Robertson, so if he could not wait to lay his fattening fingers heavily upon such brilliant graces of youth and beauty as made her girlhood's bloom. True, she is still in the prime of life, but few of her ripe age show the traces of years so little as she. She also retains her well-regulated judgment and briskness, and pliancy of speech and presence, in a very remarkable degree. These qualities distinguish her as public work in various ways, and give her strong in her yet. The Agnes Robertson of exact memory is still here. * * * Her acting of the part was never better than now, and her more chastity was never more charming.

Of that frightful theatrical nightmare, "Hop-Scotch," the *Spectator's* critic said:

The troupe, evidently, was formed to play in small towns, and is not up to the demands of a metropolitan city like St. Louis. There is not a tune, song, dance, joke, or pun in "Hop-Scotch" that has the faintest trace of originality. Fortunately, the patronage bestowed upon this "guaranteed" attraction has been thick, and it is to be hoped that Messrs. Gulick & Blaisdell guarantee the members their salary as well as the attraction.

Contrast this with the following delightful notice in the *Globe-Democrat*:

"Hop-Scotch" opened at this theatre (Pope's) last night, and made a hit. A. J. Irvine, Mason and Sally, and Louise Manfred are the great cards of the combination; and the entertainment is one of the best of the mixed musical and comedy kind now before the public.

God help the public, if the above were true. We have those who read this article to judge of the relative value of our dramatic criticisms and those of the daily papers.

"ART AND MORALS."

[From an editorial in the *Globe-Democrat* of November 27.]

When a certain overnice lady reproached Dr. Johnson with having put all the indecent words in the language in his dictionary, the gruff old novelist answered, "I see you have been looking for them." A great many people, men as well as women, are very fond of looking up indecency not only in dictionaries but in other places, and are always very much shocked when they find it. These people, in their over-anxiety for the cause of morality, are very so as to accuse serious sinners for indecency where the rest of us would not expect it, and by bringing it to the surface and calling attention to it they generally succeed in excusing the evil they propose to extirpate. These are the people who are making a row in the newspapers over the moral character of Sara Bernhardt, who object to her playing in virtuous America, who distort the criticism on her art by insisting on the indisposition of rebellious on her conduct, and who even go so far as to impugn the character and motives of people who will not at once accept their view of the case, and abstain from going to see a great actress who is the mother of four illegitimate children.

The question is not a pleasant one to discuss, but it is one which has been thrust under the noses of the world to an extent that renders discussion of it unavoidable. Let us frankly say, then, that just as Dr. Johnson's Dictionary was not a vile book because it had bad words in it, we ought not to make Bernhardt a British because of her offences. It is not our duty to defend her conduct; she has never asked any one to do that, and has never undertaken any apology for herself. But if the world would only be aside its cant and hypocrisy if it would dare to face the truth,—a truth verified by the experience of every physician at present, or by the current gossip of society,—it would say that Bernhardt showed a higher morality in leaving her children than has been shown by thousands of her richess assistants. A country such as the United States, with the records of our dramatic stage scenes in the face, with prostitution established as a regular institution in every village in the land, with the prevalent evidence of the prevalence of abortion and infanticide, cannot afford to show women at a woman whose great offence is that she refuses to assume a virtue that she does not possess. As to the charge of her "falsifying her immorality in the face of the world," and advertising it, etc., it is a fair one she has never done anything of the kind.

But if she were worse than she is, the people who choose to study her conditions of dramatic art would still be entitled in child the protection of their own good character against any rebuke cast upon them for doing so. No matter what now be the terrible publicity of her personal character, she is to be far the first of all living actresses, by common consent of the own woman out of the thousands of millions of

the earth who has in the highest degree the gift of dramatic genius; and to ask that any lover of the drama, any one who desires to see the highest excellence which human achievement may attain to, should refuse to see Bernhardt on account of her character, is not to promote the cause of virtue; it is simply to encourage hypocrisy.

SOCIETY.

There could be no complaint of a dull Thanksgiving in the social circles of the city, for the festivities of the past week made a bright inaugural of the day, which was as near the ideal Thanksgiving as this semi-Seaside city can make of a holiday festival. It is observable that the regular church festal-days established for hundreds of years have none of the true ring of genuine holidays than those ordained by the President of these United States, and all others in authority.

From Thanksgiving Day to Christmas is only a brief month, and this reckoning lends more liveness to the holiday than any special claim of its own. In this connection, I am reminded of a certain canon on Christmas eve that they have gotten up at the stationary department of the E. Jacquet establishment, which gives amusement to scores of people every day. The ingenuity of designers seems to have found the most deliciously quaint and humorous vein to express itself in this season. Some of these cards are gems in their way. One design, very artistic in style, shows a polar bear howling with much harshness grace, three penguins whose drab-colored backs, sleek heads, and flawless flippers suggest all the conventional property of austerity, virtuous sobriety and pragmatic singularity. The bear doesn't look at all inclined to eat them up, and no wonder, although there's nothing else in sight. The wish "that good digestion may wait on appetite" is very strongly emphasized by a turtle who is seized a la carte off a plate by a bear, and, as his ability threatens out his tail, while a big Shagbush lobster is wagging for him with great gusto. The rooster is excellent, the turtle is tender, and the poor duck evidently has the worst of the Christmas season; but in each picture a cat and a parrot are conducting over a tilt-hill upon a plate between them, when the duck actually puts in his bill and drags off the morsel between the feet of the lake feline. "On the homestead" is amusingly illustrated by two urticaria on skates huffing off a plate by a bear, and his evidently taken an unimpaired seat upon the ice. They red comforter, hooked over the runners of the veteran's skates, the boys are drawing him along, while the crusty stovepipe and general helplessness of the actual snorer are suggestive of his north-Christmas cheer and afterlife. There is no end to the comicalities expressed in these cards, not to the graceful, pretty sentiments conveyed by other designs, all suggestive of the fast-appreciated Christmas-tide and its loved traditions.

Which disappointment is expressed over Prince's prize Christmas cards, however, which are also shown in this large collection at E. Jacquet's, that which carried off the thousand-dollar prize is a very true portrait of children, with an picture of a boy and girl, who seem of the smart, the shapely, and their books, not even treated in a fresh way. The second prize card is better, showing a richly illustrated child's figure, which after the style is a somewhat unusual; has the third one is exquisite. The designer seems to have taken the portraits of a row of ragged school children, and on the margin he has drawn distorted views of Raphael's cherubs; the faces look like those of rubber eraser-boys. Yet people will doubtless admire and love these, because of their novelty, through advertising,—and because they are the most expensive. The postcard as well as the most curious cards of the collection are formed of silver leaves from South Africa, painted with the most sumptuous oils, having a little space left for the name. These are attached by little silk cords and tassels to finger rings of the same color as the cards. Requested

those cards covered with tinted satins and hand-painted, showing a small white scroll-leaf in the centre, to be inscribed. These are not so much intended for Christmas-cards as to accompany wedding-presents, and it was in this way that I saw them used on many of the handsome cases of silver and bronzes sent from E. Racord Jewelry Company in the brides of the past week.

One hour of weddings in all quarters of the city just now, and so week passes without one or more marriages among white-collar society people. The marriage of Miss Lillie Curtis and Mr. Peter Tiernan, last Wednesday morning, was one of the most notable weddings of the current week.

The ceremony was performed at St. Vincent's Church, and witnessed by several hundred people. A reception at the house of the bride's mother, and an elegant breakfast followed, at which only the relatives and most intimate friends assisted; but these swelled the company to at least two hundred. The bride's dress was of cream-white satin imperial, made in the princess style, with very long train, and richly trimmed with duchesse lace of most graceful design. The corsage was cut in a Roman style, and finished with the lovely lace. Pure white curtains formed the front decorations and fastened the veil. The only jewels worn were a superb pair of solitaire diamond ear-rings, the gift of the groom. The attendants were Miss Isabel Chouteau and Mr. Joseph Tiernan, Miss Corinne Bonnet and Mr. Ashley Cabell, and Miss Marie Farnham with Mr. Albert Walters, the latter of Kansas City.

The bridesmaids were dresses of white Paris muslin trimmed with lace, and the draperies bound with lace scarfs; their head attire, NORMALLY composed of white satin wreaths with white, curling ostrich feathers, and furnished with long white scarfs that flowed behind. Each carried a basket of flowers, every basket showing a different color-scheme, and the bouquets at corsage and girdle corresponded with the flowers of each lady's corsage.

The bouquets of the lady guests were composed for their richness, and the entertainment was marked throughout by elegance. The presents were very handsome and valuable, the youthful bride being a great favorite with both friends and relatives.

Another wedding, where the bride was also a popular member of a large circle of friends, was that of Miss Susie Lewis, daughter of the Rev. J. W. Lewis, pastor of the Century Methodist Church, and Mr. Samuel T. Jamison. This was an interesting ceremony, Dr. Lewis reading the marriage service that wedded his daughter to the man of her choice. The bride is a very handsome woman, and never appeared to greater advantage than on this important occasion. Her dress was of cream-colored brocade satin, over a petticoat and train of plain satin of the same tint, softened by a full veil of tulle, and garnished with orange-blossoms and lilies of the valley. Miss Cyprien, Miss Russell, and Miss Carter, of Chicago, were the bridesmaids, and Messrs. Lewis, Kennedy, and Jamison the groomsmen. The bridesmaids were dressed in white Paris muslin skirts, and bodices of white satin. The presents of this bride were unusually numerous and very tasteful.

The wedding season seems to have begun in earnest, and next month will be notable in the records of that one of hymen's clerks deputized to inscribe the names of high contracting parties in St. Louis. He had better get some fresh Wednesday pages in his memorandum book, for there will be a wedding on that day every week in December, beginning with Miss Clara Bell's marriage to Mr. Charles Treney, at the residence of Hon. Erasmus Wells. This will be followed by the marriage of Miss Ruth O'Fallon, eldest daughter of Col. Ben. O'Fallon, and Mr. Randolph, of Virginia, on the second Wednesday of December. On the 13th, Miss Annie Day, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Day, will be married to Mr. J. R. Friedland, of Pittsburg, and the next day Miss Maggie Wilson, the intimate friend and neighbor of Miss Day, will marry Mr. Herbert of Pittsburg. These five unions, as brides, will reside in the same hotel in the city where they go to make their new home.

Miss Sydney Brother and Judge Thayer will be married at Judge Boyle's on the 24th of December, and on

the 26th Miss Hattie Johnson, daughter of Dr. Johnson, will be married to Mr. Clarence O'Fallon, son of Col. Ben. O'Fallon.

Some St. Louis gentlemen are very kindly going to do their best to fill the vacancies caused by the brides who follow their brides to other cities, and with this good intention Mr. Tangier's social list will bring home a bride from Mississippi, and Mr. William P. Scott will wed Miss Moonhead, of Louisville, both of those marriages occurring in December. It is well that the brides come to the front almost as thickly as the brides sweep their trains out of the way.

And Mr. William Bradford has issued cards for a large party next Friday, in honor of the debut of their eldest daughter.

Miss Ann, daughter of Mrs. Edgar Ames, made her debut Thanksgiving eve, at a brilliant ball, and there are a score of other *debutantes* this season. I always rather pity the *debutantes*, unless they are unanimously enterprising, for the opinion of those young ladies who have been "out" a season or two best pleases the beaux, who prefer dancing with girls that know how to manage their trains, and flirting with those who do not regard *garçons en sereno*.

That was a very brilliant reception which Mr. and Mrs. Martin Collins gave the bride, Mrs. John B. Collins, last Wednesday evening. The house, a very handsome one, was lavishly decorated with choice flowers, and an elegant supper served from six still life tables, trimmed.

The brides, very richly attired in black satin, trimmed with lace, and glittering with jets, stood just behind the door of the salon to receive her guests and present them to the bride, who stood at her right hand. The bride wore her wedding-dress of white satin brocade, in the princess style, with long train, and a square corsage made square, and fitted with lace, softening the throat and neck, and falling in full ruffles about the rounded elbows. Her blonde hair was simply arranged in curls, most becoming to the girlish loveliness of this youthful bride. Most of the married ladies who paid their compliments were full reception courted, and the young ladies, of whom there were a great many, were generally attired in full ball-dresses.

Miss Hazlett's costume was remarked by every one for its taste and elegance, and she never looked more beautiful than on this occasion. Her robe was of pale-blue satin and brocade of the same tint, covered with large marguerites and hydrangea blossoms, glimpses of gold in the hearts of the marguerites, and little odalisques of old gold relieving the white blossoms on the blue ground. The dress was made with an immensely long train, that swept out in full, sublimed folds, the brocade showing down the center and the plain blue satin at the sides. The petticoat was of the plain satin, short paniers finished with deep folds of rose-patterned Maclean lace parting above the plaited panels that formed the front, and large white silk cord-draw-overs from the right to the left side, so to confine the plaited and redundant laces that garnished the petticoat. The brocade bodice was cut as a short waister, and draped into large leaf-like points below the waist, all curving towards the front, which was buttoned up with shell-embossed jet in cat-o'-nine-tails. A distinguished feature of this beautiful bodice was the small Valais collar, rolling over and parting wide to show the snowy throat; and the corsage was cut quite round, but fitted in by a chemise blouse that came together in the center under a bar of diamante. The sleeves were long, being slashed, edged with lace, and coming together in large points on the top of the arm as far as the elbow, but leaving the rounded shoulders quite bare under the highest bodice. Bands of the most exquisite pale and deep pink tulle and rich cross valises were arranged in large clusters high on the wrist, where the paniers joined the back of the skirt, and one large bunch lay in the folds of the train. Small bouquets were fastened at the right of the corsage and in the lady's hair. It was an exquisite toilet, and one that made a sensation even where there was so many elegant dresses.

Miss Sallie McPherson, who is beautiful and always well-dressed, wore a white satin, made en train, and richly trimmed with duchesse lace. The bodice, cut

low in the corsage, and with elbow-sleeves, was garnished with lace, and her soft ornaments became her brilliant brunette style. Miss Lela Scott's dress was a combination of pink satin and pink brocade. The satin petticoat was quilted in small diamonds, a large pearl stocking the centre of each. The basque and train were of the brocade, trimmed with lace. Miss Estelle Dickson wore a short dress of rose-colored satin, embellished in Persian colors. Her hair was pulled and powdered, a style most becoming to her arch face.

Miss Annie Wickham, Miss Lucie Goldberger, Miss Van Stedford, Miss Annie Johnson, Miss Annie Day, Miss Maggie Wilson, Miss Farnham, Miss Shapley, and Miss Mattie Barrett were among other ladies who appeared in full dress costume.

OF THE

THE DRAMA.

"QUARTZ VALLEY."

MR. E. A. Lach's American drama, of the order "Dantes" and "My Partner," which was produced for the first time at Pope's Theatre last Monday, is a play of powerful situations and thrilling incidents, with an intense melodramatic ring throughout. The central idea of the play is a bold and novel one, and is handled with such consummate skill by the author. The language is generally poor and feeble, and the dialogue lacks either brilliancy, pungency, or humor. There is also a too constant repetition of the same words; which, however, may be easily corrected. Perhaps the worst fault of the play is that the "stage" incident is drawn with a hand which, if not expulsive, at least does not attract sympathy to that individual. The story runs thusly: *Major Joel Shadlock* (Mr. B. Monahan), a captain of "Quartz Valley," Colorado, is a good-for-nothing drunkard, greatly interested in politics, and specially so with the affairs of the State. He is a candidate for Governor. *Shadlock* has a daughter, *Mopsy*, who runs the saloons and lulls, a girl of feeble intellect. She is loved by *Carl Wilder*, a young German miner. *Mopsy* suddenly and unexpectedly becomes a mother. *Wilder* is suspected of being the father, and the attack is made the more dangerous by the machinations of a half-breed desperado, *Bill Hale*, who is personally inimical to *Wilder*. The latter, by artifice, extracts from the latter's words, tips of *Mopsy* the name of the baby's father. *Hale*, by father's friend, who now while has been elected, is the base betrayer. *Wilder* confronts the Governor-elect, charges him with his villainy, and demands that he make reparation. *Hale* cunningly induces *Hale* to assassinate *Wilder*, but the attempt is frustrated by the timely arrival of some of the others of the frontier element. *Shadlock* instantly meets *Mopsy*, and in a colloquy with her, begs at the while she carries, in memory of her babe, now dead, down the shaft and drags *Mopsy* from the stage. A shot is heard; *Hale* staggers on, mortally wounded; *Mopsy* rushes to his aid, and plunges in. *Wilder* appears on the scene, demands that she stand, and reappears, bearing *Mopsy* safely in his arms. Meanwhile *Quartz Valley* had been by the *Blond* sister to leave "Quartz Valley," but, conscious of his inhumanity, refuses. 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A KNICKERBOCKER THANKSGIVING.

That most genial and kindly of writers, one even Washington Irving, has made the world acquainted, in his own quaintly humorous style of recital, with the peculiar customs of those pleasant, familiar villages, having their aboriginal semi-submerged hearthstones, called one fine day into the beautiful bay of New York, and established their tents and pavilions, pipes and schampans, upon the green and wooded island of Manhattan—then but a thick park, whose open or barren fields, in the open book of nature, but seem to be written o'er and o'er, blackened and defiled by the sorrows and crimes, riots and shame, of a great metropolitan city.

While the passage of the years was bringing about this wonderful growth,—this black and smoky exorcism upon the beautiful face of God's earth, known as the city of New York,—the manners and customs of these same early Dutch settlers were gradually passing through the various processes of change consequent upon new climate, new associations, increase of wealth, and the irresistible influence of modern customs and letters. For these and other reasons, therefore, it is not in the metropolis, among the descendants of old Peter Stuyvesant and his linge-bellied band of valiant smokers and eaters, that one must look to find any remaining vestige of those national traits and habits, which, in the quiet village of old Holland, had almost passed into mere tradition in many-skied America.

In the rural districts, however, laid away among the hills of Western and Southern New York and Northern "Jersey," may occasionally be found some lined descendants of the Van Tromps, who by reason of their inaccessibility and natural inertia of character, continue to follow in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessors, and present to the wondering gaze of the astounded traveler a picture of quiet simplicity and antiquated eating capacities absolutely appalling. It is a matter of history that the Hollander is the most enormous eater and drinker among civilized mankind. In this respect the Dutchman is made but slight advance from the condition of prehistoric man, who always gorges himself into a state of semi-satiety emulosity. With all the force and vigor of the body thus concentrated upon the digestive organs, 'tis no wonder that the action of the brain is dulled and slow.

Not many years ago, the writer of this article chanced to be sojourning in one of the localities above referred to, and had the good fortune, or misfortune, as the case may be, viewed by gourmand or dispothe, to be invited to partake of a Thanksgiving dinner with a family of genuine Dutch extraction. A solid family were they, and their mode of life was that of the world's goods; sold in the avoirdupois of their sons and daughters; sold—terribly, painfully sold—were the multifarious virtues spread for their and my delectation upon the table of entertainment, might have been which we sat. No delicate course, artistically illuminated, and bearing unapproachable French names for ordinary house-fishes; no hot-house ornamentation—dainty rowdies or fragrant viands resting against background of sunny meadows—lent an air of delicate refinement to the mere carnal pleasure of eating. Nor was the china remarkable as the latest thing in art decoration; plain old blue delft, displaying the most wondrous landscapes, Venetian scenes, grand dames assisted by gallant cavaliers into picturesque gossamers, and so forth—dishes that had been in the family for generations, and would make rare *brûlé*-à-la-mode for modern Boston drawing-rooms, that of these we dined, and so end of entertainment might have been afforded studying these curious pictures upon one's plate, between the courses, had there been any "courses" to break the long and endless monotony of eating. But, alas! there was none, and the next sight presented by that table was enough to satisfy the appetite of any ordinarily hungry man, and could only be fully appreciated by a Dutchman. Pigs, tender sucklings, fragrantly feeding upon gibbets' livers, stretched the legs of the roasted chickens upon huge platters at either end of the board; hams,

garished with parsley, and plentifully tattooed with pepper, flanked their swinish kin—fish of their flesh. Fowls of every description—largest turkeys, noble Bantams, ducks, and geese—hens, all of the most delicate breeds, and emitting the most savory odors—were ranged along the sides. Great roasts of beef and mutton stood upon a table, ready for the carver's knife to dispense their juicy slices; while around and between these various meats were placed dishes containing every vegetable product of the temperate zone, all succulent herbs, and, in ready relief, to simply taste of each would have satisfied the worst cravings of hunger. Pickles of every description, from the tiny nasturtium to the hugest cucumber, with every fruit or berry that it ever entered into the mind of man to saturate with combined sugar and vinegar, formed sides of the table; and for foremost among the delicacies of the board was a prodigious turkey filled with sweet-sour, upon which mine host vast occasional leaning cautions. To decide upon what to take, among such a multiplicity of viands, was no easy task for an amateur at this sort of feasting, like myself, but difficulties of a choice were spared me, as my two generous host forced a portion of each dish thickly upon me. No sooner would I make a pike but it was on a slight, in the huge mountains of food that filled my plate, "like Orest on Pelion piled," than it immediately was filled from some other source, until, after the most laborious efforts, I found myself, after accomplishing the hygienic task of emptying my plate. With heaved brow and apoplectic countenance, I was finally compelled, from sheer inability to eat more, to lay down my knife and fork thinking my troubles had ended; but, alas! they had only begun, for to my astonishment I saw the board being rapidly cleared of the *odious* before us, only to be refilled again with an array of pies and puddings, jams, tarts, preserves, and so forth, until I could no longer think to the bottom of my stomach, had it been possible, so that origin to move one inch toward the already over-laden gastronomic regions. In vain did I reiterate that 'twas absolutely impossible for me to swallow another morsel. In the confusion of my mind, I said, "I had eaten nothing; and if I did not wish to offend their hospitable hearts, let I must. With burning fervor, therefore, I watched their range around the plate after plate containing certain sections of every variety of that wonder of the pastry-cook's art, generally denominated "pie"—mince, pumpkin, potatoe, apple, peach, plum, lemon, and a host of others of which the mind of man hath never conceived. Not content with inundating me upon the altar of dyspepsia, "pie," I must be made the recipient of sweeter sweets than that made by Hybla's classic bees, "Preserves" of all kinds, in small dishes, formed an outer circle; and, in the center, stood a dish of one of your new-fangled canned fruits, with plenty of half-green fruit and a sprinkling of sugar,—but real, *bona fide* preserves, pound for pound, and warranted to keep,—was the third and fourth generation." As for the sweet cakes, their names and number will forever remain a sealed book to me, for ere third of their cloying sweetness had been sampled, I had reached a stage of torpid stupidity that made me totally oblivious of all surroundings for the rest of the day; and when I did recover somewhat from my comatose condition, I found my jolly host calmly sitting in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, as serenely happy and innocent-looking as one of Raphael's cherubs.

The next glance at certain dishes is sufficient to bring on an attack of indigestion, even at this late date, and each returning November recalls to memory dear Mr. Knickerbocker Thanksgiving.

The display of fish and game at Tony Fanny's Fifth Avenue Market is certainly very tempting. If a man likes to eat good things, and has the money to buy them, this is a good place for him to go. One of the new owners of the Northern Hotel has been expressly fitted up for the business, and it is crammed full of the finest fish, rarest game, and most delicious potted articles and imported knife-knives that have ever been seen in this city.

LITERATURE.

A Private Chapter of the War. By Geo. W. Bailey. (St. Louis: G. I. Jones & Company.)—At this late day, when time, the leader, has so often many of the day's prejudices and heart-burnings consequent upon a great sectional strife like that which devastated our land twenty years ago, every reminiscence of the struggle is fraught with interest to the people, both of the North and the South—to those who were, by reason of circumstances, brought into direct contact with the actual, living war, and to those who, after all, could only hear its distant mutterings through the medium of the daily journals. The author of the little work before us had a long, painful experience in the army, which would doubtless require volumes to lay before the public; but he has presented only a brief episode of that period of his life—an episode, though, replete with adventures, hardships, and battle-hardened escapes, that reads like a novel, and is thrillingly interesting from beginning to end. The book is written in the form of a diary, each day's doing being jotted down with a brevity and crispness necessary to that style of writing, but fresh and bracing of original humor. The book is readable in the extreme, when viewed only as a narrative of facts; but when one remembers that it is written by a native-born St. Louisian, who therein makes a tale of his own life story, there is an added charm and interest which should enable it to find its way into the little of every inhabitant of the Prairie State.

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GUESTS.

Sunflowers tall and hollyhock, that wave in the wind
together,
Cornflower, poppy and marigold, blossoming fair and
blue,
Delicate sweet-peas, glowing bright in the quiet autumn
weather,
While over the fence, on tree with blossoms, climbs the
mastication vine,
Quaint little wilderness of flowers, struggling hither and
thither—
Morning glories tangled about the larkspurs gone to
seed,
Scarlet-runners that burst all bounds, and wander heaven
knows whither,
And lilac spikes of bergamot, as thick as any weed,
And Oh! the bees and the butterflies, the humming-birds
and sparrows,
That over the garden waver and chirp, and flatter the
bees—
Humming-birds that dart in the sun, like green and golden
arrows,
Butterflies like luscious flowers blown off by the wind
in play.

Look at the red nasturtium flower, drooping, lending, sway-
ing;
Out the gold banded humble bee breaks and goes bounding
away!
Hark what the sweet-voiced fledgling sparrows, low to them-
selves are saying,
Pecking my golden oats, where the corn-flowers gleam
so blue.

Welcome, a thousand times welcome! you dear and deli-
cate neighbors—
Bird and bee and butterfly, and humming-bird fairy fine!
Proud I am to offer you a field for your graceful labors;
All the honey and all the seeds are yours in this garden of
mine.

I sit on the doorstep and watch you; beyond lies the infinite
ocean,
Sparkling, shimmering, whispering, rocking itself to rest;
And the world is full of perfume and color and beautiful
music,
And each new hour of this sweet day, the happiest and
best.

THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL.

Old Father Time one morning rose
And, as he rubbed his ancient nose,
Revered once more his hour glass
And from his lips these words let pass:
"I must create a new breed of man,
From out the old make new;
I'll take the best of all that live
To make one staunch and true."
So he mixed and mingled the types of man
Until a new being stepped forth,
A creature built on the patch-work plan,
Money making and knowing its worth.
He sent this creature a house to find
In a country across the sea;
The creature prospered and his home he called
"The land of the brave and the free."
This creature was of such curious make
That no artist his picture could take,
So quickly did his features change
They never could their plans arrange.
The name of this being who never was calm
Is known to the world as Uncle Sam.

The Great American Novel must clearly portray
the typical American. Every nation, except America,
has a typical novel. Every other country can point
to some name known to the world of letters as repre-

sending the national character and idea. The French novel is too well known to need any extended mention; it has a cast as decided and unmistakable as the French opera. To mention either is to name a distinct variety of production; they are the embodiment and expression of the French characteristics; a clear and definite meaning is conveyed to us by their use.

The typical English novel is familiar to us all. It is true that it may present phases or only one phase of English life, but it portrays it as essentially and decidedly English; it may deal with the aristocracy or it may be a sketch of life among the lower classes as "Far From the Mad'ning Crowd," but in it the essence of all is John Bull and the glory of the great English nation.

Germany has her type well defined. The progress and triumph of the German idea and the philosophic nature of the German people have found form and expression in what may be termed national works of fiction.

America is the only great nation which cannot say that she is fitly represented in this field. I do not mean to say that there have not been American novels which have attempted to portray American life and character, but I am borne out by fact when I say that as yet no great American novel, which can be properly so called, has made its appearance. What is the cause of this? A partial answer may be found in seeing in what respects we differ from those nations which have produced such works.

In the first place they are older than we. Age is essential to the maturity and consolidation of national character. There must be time for the national idea to develop, around which national thought may gather as a nucleus. This idea may be the result of a single force or of a variety of forces. Have a people existed for centuries as a distinct stock, or have conquered or been conquered by another stock? In either case there is an effect upon the original people, in the one case negative and in the other positive. The conqueror and conquered unite and after the lapse of ages we find a new unity and a different national idea, which is the result of the union of the separate parts. In France we know what to expect as the national idea; it has had time to form itself. The notable features of the people, the *ancien régime* they had, their social customs, are all distinct enough to be recognized without difficulty. The French woman really lives her life and has her lovers after marriage. The French novel is largely the novel of *amour* and *intrigue*. There is another essential element which the French people have that we have not, that is homogeneity, the entire union of thought and feeling necessary to national unity and a distinct national idea. If the value of fiction could be topographically represented, we could mark off a portion and label it France.

In England we find the same general facts, all true,

e. g., that there has been a sufficient length of time to form such a national character as could be portrayed in a distinctly national novel, a national thought which had sufficient permanency to be distinctly English. The *ancien régime* of English felicity, as gathered from their novels, is to have an estate in the country, a house in London during the season, and a seat in parliament. English fiction rests upon these things, and if they do not appear, it is a departure from "good form." Throughout it all may be heard the Pindaric strain, "it is greatly to his credit that he is an Englishman." These things are found in Blackmore, Dickens and Bulwer, and are varied in Disraeli by the introduction of a blasé aristocracy. Even Marryat, the typical naval novelist, leads his heroes as comfortable country gentlemen, keeping kennels and riding after hounds. Jack Easy comes home to have a fight with his father's footman and to lead the life of a jolly English squire, who falls asleep over his bottle after dinner and becomes grosser as he grows older.

The German nation has its national novel embodying its national idea. German unity, German philosophy, German love of freedom and German poetry, all contribute to fix the German idea, and afford the basis for a German novel.

America has no such work; the chief cause of which is a lack of the elements which these other nations possess. In point of fact, America is but a child, a precocious child if you will, but still a child. She has not even the advantage of a language peculiarly her own; her mother tongue is spoken by another people. She has no traditions centuries old, which belong to the people I have mentioned, and more than all, her people are not classified and labelled as are those of England, France and Germany. It is true that there have been attempts at American aristocracy and the establishment of American first families, but these attempts have been short lived. Some one has truly said, that in England there is a constant friction between the different social orders. Among the aristocracy there are customs which are regarded as particularly fitted for them, and particularly unfitted for any other class. There is a line distinctly drawn between the nobility and the middle class, and another no less well defined between the middle class and the lower orders. The law and gospel of English fiction, as I have said, consists in an estate in the country, a London residence and a seat in parliament. The aristocrats hold the law by hereditary tenure. The commoner may, and without it is his ambition to buy the first peer; he may be elected to the lower house of parliament, or may be elected to a seat in the higher branch. This is orthodox in English fiction, as it is orthodox in English religion, to belong to the church of England, is a not a stick figure of the English novel to have

the young lord of the manor, upon his return from his travels upon his twenty-first birthday, to be welcomed by a crowd of his enthusiastic tenants and dependants, who eat "the roast beef of old England" at his expense, and drink his health in bumpers of the young lord's own providing? When he returns from his wedding tour, do not the same enthusiastic tenantry unhitch the horses from the carriage containing the happy pair, and with their own hands draw them to the door of the manor house? This is but another form of saying that the typical English gentleman is a landed proprietor, who plays squire to his tenants, while his wife does the part of "Lady Bountiful."

The lavish expenditure of the aristocracy is a constant thorn in the side of the prosperous middle classes, and there arises, consequently, an attempt at imitation. The only common ground on which they can meet is lavish outlay. The members of one class are constantly striving to reach a higher point in the social scale, in a country where the degrees of the social scale have been fixed for centuries. This gives great scope to writers of fiction.

The American people have, or rather are supposed to have, no such social distinctions. The fact that one man is as good as another is a cardinal point in every American's political, if not his social faith. Jones has as much right to become President as ever Ulysses Grant had, and Mrs. Jones feels perfectly confident of acquitting herself creditably as the lady of the White House. If everybody is as good as everybody else, and no one has a privilege particularly his own, where is the writer to obtain the coloring necessary for the typical American novel? No man is above another, save in so far as his native worth makes him so, and consequently he throws no shadow upon any one else. We have not the class conditions which tend to crystallize and solidify us into different social grades, and thus give greater opportunity for clash and contrast. It is true, we have had attempts at aristocracy and first families, but these attempts have never been national. Of these attempts it may be said:

"Where is there a greater anomaly
Than a so-called American first family?
Which, reeling back but a few short years,
Subjected its members to vulgar jeers
As to what might be the manner of man
Who first lunched out on the nobility plan?
Mayhap the family's primal root
Worked in a troglodyte or civilized hood;
Perhaps he put his wife to use
In pressing suits with a tailor's goose,
Or jostling in (it makes one shiver)
He was an ignominious stagecoach driver!
Whatever he was, the safest way
Is to keep out of him and have nothing to say."

America is a grand piece of patchwork; it is a political and social web woven of threads from all nations. Our population, composed as it is of contributions from all peoples and their descendants, has

not been in existence long enough to work these diverse elements into a harmonious whole which can be called distinctively American. The German in America has still his thoughts of Fatherland, the Frenchman still sighs for gay Paris, and the English think we are only a lesser part of themselves. Even pigeon English is demanding recognition, and John Chinaman endeavors every day to become more like a "Melican man." We have not the national unity which could be typically represented by a novel. We are as yet a medley, not a harmony.

If at the present time anyone were daring enough to attempt the writing of a great American novel he would find that he had produced not a national but an international and cosmopolitan work, typical of us one people, but partly representing all.

Is it possible that a special plea might be entered here to the effect that America is the great centre of political freedom, and that the typical American represents the great apostle of the rights of man. But such a type would not truly represent us. It would simply be holding up to ridicule a principle which is the common right of humanity and does not find complete expression in any one nation. The legality of our claim to a monopoly of political freedom may be doubted.

Again, America has geographical distinctions which are a bar to typical representation. We have our North, our South, our East, and our West. The typical Southerner is not the typical Northerner; nor is the New Englander identical with the pioneer, anymore than a Frenchman is identical with an Englishman. Each of these phases of American life may be represented by a novel particularly depicting a special section, but can they be individualized and consolidated into what may properly be called "The Great American Novel?" Each of these sections has had its special exponent. Sumner, Kennedy and Cooke have written of Southern life; New England is represented by Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe, and Howells. The Pacific coast has been ably portrayed by Bret Harte, while Cabell writes of Oracle life in Louisiana. Their works are undoubtedly representative of a part, but are they typical of us as a whole? These sections have each their peculiar provincialisms, which are capable of graphic representation, but they cannot be portrayed as a unit. Even Henry James, Jr., promising as he is, has not given us a completely American novel in his "Americans." The hero is a restless, ubiquitous character, who has made and lost several fortunes by the time he is twenty-five, has had all sorts of adventures, and is tranquil in the most trying situations. In the "Europeans" he has shown a wonderful comprehension of one phase of American character, the Bostonese. Mr. James may in time produce the typical American novel; he has not yet done so; he is too classically incomplete.

The writer of the great American novel must be in the world of fiction what Shakespeare is to the dramatic world—a man of Protean accomplishment; he must, like Shakespeare, be a portrayal of universal human nature.

J. C. H. STEVENSON, '73.

[We print below the history of Wm. Donaldson, of '90. Owing to some carelessness in the mails we failed to receive the facts necessary to make it up in time. We regret very much to have him separated in even so unimportant a way, as he was one of the favorites of the class.]

Wm. R. Donaldson entered from the Lafayette School and graduated in 1860.

He received the first of the scholarships to Washington University, where he entered the sophomore class.

He graduated there in 1863, and then studied law in the offices of Sharp & Broadhead and Grove & Sharp, and was admitted to practice in 1865.

He stayed in this city until 1865, when he went to Cambridge and graduated at the Harvard Law School in one year, having been previously licensed and attending lectures before that time.

He then returned to St. Louis and engaged in the general practice of the law, until 1870, when he was appointed assistant attorney of the St. L., I. M. & S. R'y Co., and has been attorney of that road ever since. He was married in 1869 to Elizabeth L. Allen, daughter of Hon. Thos. Allen, and has three children, two girls and one boy.

CLASS HISTORY, 1861.

This class was the unfortunate one which lost six weeks of its course by the sudden closing of the school that length of time before the end of the scholastic year. It consisted of the following boys and girls: Louisa A. Hoelze, Sophie T. Martin, Mary J. McGowan, Sarah E. Trotter, Kate Severson, Emma Shackelford, Mary E. Whitney, and William E. Barber, Charles R. Black, Henry G. Blake, Ebenzer C. Bowworth, Marion F. Cassell, John N. Conn, Alexander M. Darley, George W. Fichtenkamp, William D. Fitzgerald, Charles E. Hilday, Edward G. Mottis, Robert Niggenmann, Asa W. Smith, George Strodtmann, James A. Walsh, and Eugene W. Weigelt—16; total, 23. Those in italics pursued the classical course, the rest the general course.

William E. Barber, after leaving school, devoted several years in experimenting in various employments before settling to his apparently final occupation of farming; an occupation somewhat necessitated by the state of his health, which at the best is very unsatisfactory, rendering any long continued sedentary employment or confinement within doors impossible. His present home is ninety miles up the Mississippi, near Hamburg, where he is gradually establishing a home, that is fairly dug out of the wilds. He married, in the fall of 1870, Miss Sallie Temple, of St. Louis county. They have four children, three boys and the youngest a girl. The second boy, Eugene, has left the little home circle and is wait-

ing in the next world. Mr. Barber's interest in life, education and his fellow men remains unabated, and grows in spite of many depressing hours consequent on his health; and, after all, this is the good word we want of all old friends.

John Conn is married, and farming in Jefferson Co., Mo. Before marrying he was at one time living at Truckee Meadows, Cal., and we find him put down in a former catalogue as a merchant. His address when last heard from was Rush Tower. We think he must be taking a very sober view of life after his perfectly irrepressible boyhood, as no amount of coaxing has been able to elicit a word from him. We are informed, however, that he still maintains his former flow of joviality, and that his hand has not lost its cunning in the art of caricature, which gained him quite a reputation in the High School days. He resided for some time in Jefferson county, Mo., being dignified while there by the title of "Squire" Conn.

Darley, who had been elected valedictorian, but was prevented from acting in that capacity by the abrupt closing of the school, for the next four years taught school and was an insurance agent at Nebraska City. In 1865 he went to Washington and Jefferson College at Cannonsburg, Pa., entering the Sophomore class. He graduated tenth out of a class of fifty, three years later. He then continued his studies at the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of the Northwest at Chicago, where he graduated in 1872. He had previously preached two vacations, in 1869 and 1870, in Northwest and Southwest Iowa. He was licensed in 1870, and ordained an evangelist in 1872. From then till 1874 he lived at Cherokee, Ia., and in 1874-5 at Missouri Valley Junction, preaching all the time in Northwest Iowa. Thence, till the present time in the San Juan country, in Southwest Colorado. His work was that of a pioneer missionary always, seldom preaching in a church, unless he built it, nor to a congregation unless he organized it, and riding five thousand miles last year. He preached in English and in Spanish, having mastered the latter language in sixty days. He is now under appointment by the Presbytery of Colorado to the charge of fifteen thousand Mexicans, with prospective headquarters at Trinidad, Col. He was married in 1872 to Miss Anna M. How, whom he met while at college at Cannonsburg. They have two boys and two girls.

Fichtenkamp graduated at Harvard Law School, after having taken the regular course at the Washington University and receiving his degree there. We are told he lived awhile in San Francisco and also practiced law here. He and Walsh seem to have kept up their school friendship, as they were at the University together, and also spent a year together on a farm. He has recently located permanently in Hillsboro, Ill., where he is getting into a good practice.

Fitzgerald has figured somewhat in politics, or rather official life, being at one time a Deputy City Marshal, and being elected Clerk of the Court of Criminal Correction. At present he is a Deputy Clerk of the same Court. We are informed that he is married, but have not been able to ascertain any further facts concerning him.

Hills received the distinction of the Washington University free scholarship, graduating there in 1864. He then took a year's practice in the City Engineer's department, after which he went to the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, New York, where he was graduated in 1867. He next taught two years at Washington University, after which he was appointed as an assistant under the City Engineer, until removed by a change in the administration. A brief experience of railroad engineering was terminated by the panic of 1873, which paralyzed railroad building for a long time, since when he has followed his present profession of architect. He was married to Miss Sara E. Goddove, in 1877, and they have two children. His wife is also a graduate of the High School.

Niggemann was married in 1872 to Miss Mary A. Gartside, and they have two boys and one girl. He is a member of the firm of D. I. Bushnell & Co., seed merchants, in this city, and is doing well. Hunting and fishing are his "manias," as of old, which fact we merely refer to so as to introduce his cordial invitation to all of his classmates who desire to be initiated into the mysteries of said sports. Though it is trenching on untrod ground, we feel impelled to add that he seems devoted to his home.

Stroudmann, after a course at a commercial college, to fit himself for business, was, in 1862, detailed to assist in enrolling the Thirteenth Regiment, E. M. M., in North St. Louis, which occupied his time during the summer and fall of that year. In January, 1863, he entered the employ of A. Krickhaus & Co., with whom he has remained ever since, as bookkeeper. He was a candidate for School Director in 1877, in the Sixth Ward. He was married in 1868 to Miss Sarah J. Myers. They have one boy and three girls, having lost a boy in 1873.

James Walsh, after leaving the High School, attended the St. Louis University, together with his old friend and fellow graduate, George W. Fichtenkamp, receiving his degree after a regular course at the University. He then drifted into mercantile life and has been more or less actively engaged since, except two years, part of which time was spent in visiting South, and a year spent in farming, or rather moonlighting on a farm in Jefferson County. Some business affairs to be attended to here compelled him reluctantly to break up his pleasant country life and to remove back to St. Louis. He married a sister of John Conn, and is engaged in scientific pursuits.

Weigel, soon after graduating, enlisted in the Third Missouri Infantry, Reserve Corps, which, in the winter of 1861-2, became the Fourth Missouri Volunteer Infantry. In July, 1862, he was promoted to First Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Eighty-second Illinois Volunteer Infantry, to which regiment he belonged till the close of the war. In 1864 he was promoted to a Captaincy, and in 1865 he was breveted a Major for services in Sherman's "March to the Sea." He was appointed Auditor of the Board of Water Commissioners of St. Louis in 1867, elected Secretary of State of Missouri in 1870, re-elected in 1872, and has been Park Commissioner of St. Louis since September, 1877. He is still a bachelor forlorn, and desires his fate, for the fault is all his own.

Miss Louisa A. Hoelzle, after graduating, taught school for a number of years in the city, but has at present given it up, owing to the pressure of family cares at home. Her father died some years ago, and the mother is a confirmed invalid, and Miss Hoelzle being the oldest of three girls and several brothers, has had to take the patient Martha's place as head of the household, as so often the older sister must; not always the pleasantest and most desirable place when there is so much outside to see and do and grow by; but always the most responsible and worthy of praise when well filled. The years do not seem to weigh her down at all, and her interest seems to have still survived, though for some time she has met but few of the old schoolmates. Her home is at 1872 Buel street.

Miss Mary J. McGowan, "Little Miss McGowan," as all the boys still call her, is now Mrs. Harrison. Miss McGowan's ambition at school was in the inverse ratio to her size, as she had a passion for standing "head," and graduated four months short of the standard age. Judging from the "tip-tilted" little nose we saw last winter she still likes to stand "head." After graduating she attended the Normal a year, and began teaching in the fall of '62. She remained eight years in the same school, being promoted from room to room.

She was married December 224, 1870, to W. D. Harrison, a teller in the Commercial Bank, of this city, and resides on the Bellefontaine road. They have three children, a boy and two girls, and have achieved the highest success in life—a happy home.

Emma Shackelford, now Mrs. Hewett, was married in 1861, being one of the few graduates who has not taught school. Her husband has been for a number of years clerk in the Gas Works, and is one of the most prominent members of the S. A. A. Club that has lately had the pleasure and honor of helping on the cause of the female clerks through the pages of the *Globe-Democrat*. Mrs. Hewett is the mother of five children, one in heaven. The youngest, only,

is a girl, and the oldest is fourteen years old. She has kept her pleasant, girl's face, through it all, though for a number of years suffering from bad health.

Sarah E. Trotter is now Mrs. Hildreth, and resides at last accounts in Leadville. She was married some twelve or thirteen years ago (her husband being at that time a printer in this city) and had three children. During their residence in Carondelet, she in one week lost two of them from scarlet fever. The shock seemed for a while more than she could bear, and she sought relief by devoting herself to children through the kindergarten system, and has ever since been a devoted partizan of that institution. She has also been much interested in art, having even tried her hand at sculpture, doubtless with success, as she is most enthusiastic in everything. Her warm friendships are well remembered by all.

Mary E. Whitney is now living with her father and mother on a farm in Hennette, Jefferson county, Mo. She taught school a number of years in this city, until failing health obliged her to quit, and shortly after the family settled in their present home. She is one of those who seem to have dropped away from her old associates, though probably more from pressure of circumstances than lack of interest. After graduating at the High School Miss Whitney entered the Normal and graduated there also, being elected class poet. Her compositions were considered unusually good.

The following meagre items are all that we have been able to gather concerning the parties named:

Bosworth's address is Baltimore, Md.

Black is supposed to reside in St. Louis county, his address Price P. O., Mo.

Blake was and perhaps still is farming near Minneapolis, Minn. We are however informed that his address is P. O. Box 2174, St. Paul, Minn.

Martins was killed during the early part of the late war, while attempting to get through the lines to join the Confederate forces. He was a "good boy."

Cassell's address we find in an old catalogue to have been San Francisco, Cal.

Smith, poor, chivalrous, whole-souled man, was drowned at Bluffford Pool, Mo., in the summer of 1874, while watering there. He had been a butcher and broker here for a number of years, and looked that he was teller for some bank. He was not married, we believe.

After unceasing efforts we are obliged to give up the hope of completing this history this month, but shall endeavor to succeed in the next number. Even the meagre accounts we have been able to obtain represent in many cases miles of driving, and a great many square feet of writing and questioning—the latter very unsatisfactory.

THE HIGH SCHOOL IN LITERATURE.

I.

When an institution has attained the age, which the St. Louis High School has reached, it may be fully asked, "What influence has it exerted? How have those reared under its charge fulfilled the obligations which the world has imposed upon them? Who and how many have distinguished themselves in literature and kindred high pursuits?"

Let us here seek to answer that question.

In order to appreciate fully the influence exerted by the High School, we must consider the subject in a two-fold light; we must measure the work done, (1) by the teachers, and (2) by the scholars.

Very naturally the "literature of knowledge" is better represented than the "literature of power," but among the goodly number of productions emanating directly or indirectly from the High School, there are a few recognized and appreciated beyond the narrow circle of fellow-teachers and of scholars.

Let us first examine the work done by the teachers, because they exert a direct influence upon that of the scholars. All those having literary inclinations early recognized the necessity of becoming, for a time at least, specialists. But through the constant laboring in a common cause, and the frequent interchange of ideas consequent thereon, they have fortunately escaped the danger incident to specialists, of cramped and one-sided judgment. It is seldom that any one has overscaped himself. They brought only such results of their special investigation into the classroom as were of direct benefit to those under their charge, wisely leaving the rest where it belonged—outside of the school.

The Waters represents the general literary tendency evinced by teachers of the High School, and is the embodiment of their ideas. At first a purely educational journal, edited by the head of the school, it has gradually, under his management, extended its scope. It is now no longer the organ of the High School, but has, since the demise of the *Oberlin Monthly*, attained the place of the representative literary magazine of the West. It is still, however, a High School institution, edited by its principal, and published by a former teacher of the school.

Mr. Morgan, aside from the editorship of *The Waters*, has made a place for himself in the literary world by three books on his favorite subject, English literature. "Representative Names in English Literature" was at no server to the various national questions which might be asked about an author: "When did he live? Who were his contemporaries? What was his standpoint? What are his representative works? For what and how far can we trust him? Who verified his reliability, and what did he do to further the progress of literature?" All this is done

in as brief a way as possible, and with what success may be judged from the fact, that after passing through two editions in the East, a third revised edition has just left the press of G. I. Jones & Co., of St. Louis. "Topical Shakespearian," the next of Mr. Morgan's works, is a compilation of all books, pamphlets, magazine articles, etc., published in the English language, relating to Shakespeare and his works, the whole arranged by subjects. The value of such a work as a reference book will be appreciated by every one that has ever followed out a line of special investigation. "Literary Studies from the Great British Authors" seeks to present such selections from them as are characteristic of each, together with brief notices of their life, style of writing and relative work in literature.

Mr. Morgan's favorite field is English literature and it only needs a glance at the volumes of *The Western* to be assured of it. There is one article on a different subject, however, that merits notice: "The Grounds of American Patriotism" will, now that the quadrennial excitement is again agitating the country, be of benefit and interest to every one for whom the politics of our country is a "live issue."

Mr. Snider is somewhat kludged in the selection of his themes, although often widely different in ideas and treatment. Both are pre-eminently critics, but their methods vary. Mr. Morgan finds in literature certain well-defined tendencies and fixed laws, and ranks literary works according as they are more or less completely in conformance to accepted standards. Mr. Snider is "impressionist," though possessing some of the peculiarities of the other school (System of Shakespeare's Dramas). He is fond of looking at subjects from the "world-historical" point of view, whether they be literature, politics (The American State), or poetry (Delphic Days). The idea is elaborated in "The American State," a concise exposition of the principal characteristics and advantages of the American form of government, together with the principles underlying them. Of the chief features of his poetry we have spoken in a former number of the *Mirror* (June, 1886).

Mr. Rosenstengel, until lately one of the teachers of the High School, has published two books, the German Grammar, which takes a high place among the numerous text books on that subject, and is understood to be at work on two similar works. But besides these he is the author of a history of German literature, which, though not bearing his name on the title page, yet owes its origin to him, and has been adopted in numerous schools and colleges.

Literature in general seems to be the favorite subject chosen by the High School teachers. Several, however, have devoted their attention to text books, strictly speaking, and embodied in them the result of long and successful experience in teaching.

Mr. Jameson, now publisher of *The Western*, has just issued his "Selections for Reading," and his "Rhetoric" is the success of the St. Louis book market, having been adopted by over eighty schools and colleges, while Mr. Seymour has just published the first of a forthcoming series of arithmetics.

One other teacher has shown literary inclinations, and the indications are that the result of his labors will be something entirely out of the ordinary run.

It will be seen that the High School is already well represented in the literary world, and when we add the large number of scattered articles in educational and other periodicals outside of St. Louis, and think of the recognition which the authors mentioned have already received in the East and elsewhere, we have reason to be proud. We may therefore be justified in believing that the work done by the scholars of the High School will bear the best traces of these influences.

A. C. S.

ALUMNITIES.

—Miss Addie Rex goes east this week.

—George Blair, of '77, is with Dodd, Brown & Co.

—Wm. H. Harding, of '72, is living in Mexico, Mo.

—M. Rosenblatt, '78, is with Rosenheim, Davis & Co.

—Miss Lillian Stewart, June class, 1880, is summering in Illinois.

—Harry Berry is perfecting himself in archery if in nothing else.

—Geo. Barron, '78, is now with the St. Louis Smelting and Refining Co.

—Mary A. Moyle, of '76, resides on Pine St., between 15th and 16th.

—Miss Sophia McElvaine, of '73, is spending the summer at Ironton, Mo.

—Frank K. Gause, '79, is with the wholesale drug house of Richardson & Co.

—Miss Minnie Noble returns home from her visit to her friends, on the 29th.

—Mrs. Anna Laughlin is spending her summer with relatives in Lexington, Ky.

—Miss Anita Jones, '79, has moved to New York. Address, 150 West 128th St.

—Miss Luella Cunningham, '79, has moved about four miles out in the suburbs.

—Wm. Bartlett has had him a house in DeSoto, and moved there with his wife.

—Eliot C. Jewett, '67, is practicing his profession as a mining engineer, in Leadville.

—Miss Fannie Warren, of '58, is married to Mr. Bruce; residence 2069 Sidney St.

—The "Post-Dispatch," of June 19th, reproduced Miss Lillian Stewart's essay, "Xantippe" in full.

—Sam A. Barron, of '72, is engaged as a mining engineer with the Cheltenham Smelting works.

—We are informed that a number of last June's class will enter the Washington University this fall.

—James G. Miller, the artist, of '77, is up in Minnesota enjoying the scenery as only a connoisseur can.

—Miss Fannie Flad, of '75, resides at 1119 Yale Ave. She is at present away for the summer in Minnesota.

—Lowry Biggers, class '78, has followed the good example of several other alumni and gone to his cousin's.

—Miss Ulaa Hare, of '95, was married April 29, '79 to Mr. John Roseborough. They live at 2250 Carr St.

—Miss Katie B. Arner has been spending a portion of her vacation in the country, where, we are not informed.

—Wm. E. Fisse, '74, has lately returned from Harvard where he has been taking a post graduate course in law.

—Miss Nellie Dozier and Miss Emma Kieselhart, of June '89, have promised their assistance in collecting alumnities.

—Miss Hattie Marthing, '79, is visiting Mrs. Manny, on Papin street. She goes back to Grinnell in about three weeks.

—Leland Shady, of '68, is at home, Anacosti, D. C., employed during the day in the United States Coast Survey office.

—Miss Sallie Gould, of '76 lives at 2827 Buol St. After graduating at the Normal she taught one year at Webster, but at present is at home.

—L. D. Friedenstein, of '78, is engaged in store keeping at 2832 Manchester road. Mary A. Gallagher lives on Market, between 26th and 27th streets.

—Mr. Oliver Herbert Green, and wife, nee Rachel Lehner, have gone summering amidst the beauties of Minnesota, and particularly around Lake Minnetonka.

—Wilson, of '79, and present President of the W. U. Ugly Club, has taken his traps and himself to the wilds of Minnesota, we believe to spend the summer camping out.

—Prof. Wm. H. Rosenstengel, of the University of Wis., and for many years teacher at the High School, has received the degree of A. M. at Williams College, Mass.

—Miss Isabella Noyes, '74, is resting at Geneva Lake, Wis., "that is, as much as can be done of resting,

where there are so many of us together; that there is something new to do every minute."

—Miss Georgie Green, '65, is visiting the city from Little Falls, and will be glad to receive any of her old schoolmates at the residence of her sister Mrs. James C. Broadwell, No. 3419 Henrietta St., Compton Hill.

—Miss Rosalind Fritch has left for Chicago, Lake Geneva and surrounding places. We wish her a pleasant trip, for which her school work has doubtless prepared her. Miss Letitia Fritch leaves soon for New York.

—Our business manager has spent the last month in New York, and will spend the next North, so of course there will be no mistakes in those two numbers. If there are, we tremble for the printers, for great reputations are at stake.

—Miss Mamie Fairchild starts in a short time for the north with a party of friends, to have a good sensible time "keeping cool," and taking solid comfort "living in wrappers." They are to visit Still Water, Minn., Oscoda Mills, Taylor's Falls, etc., and will doubtless prove most successful pleasure hunters.

—Felix Hanicke is away on a cruise, having been disappointed in his expected trip to St. Louis. There are conjectures that he was one of the unfortunate sufferers on the Narragansett, as he has written home a very mysterious letter of terrible danger and escape from death, to be explained on his return.

—Henry Carrier and Miss Lucy M. Packard were married June 29th, at Greeley, Colorado. Miss P. is a daughter of Rev. A. K. Packard, of the First Congregational Church, of Greeley. Mr. Carrier was a member of '74 but left for Colorado while in the 3d, and is now the owner of Meadows Park Sheep Ranch. They are expected here in September or October on a visit.

—Miss Sarah Hunter, whom many of the teachers of the city will remember, is now a practicing physician in Philadelphia. Like many other teachers she almost wore herself out in fiducial service in our schools, but stopped finally and devoted herself to the study of medicine. She will start in October for a year's travel in Europe, but will visit her friends in this city previous to the trip.

—Miss Bittman and Laugher whose weddings were announced in the last No. of the Mirror, had only one. They married each other. (Well, we shan't catch our breath for no worse mistake than that. If we escape jumbling the whole affair up so inextricably that individuals will each and all be in a worse plight than the "little old woman" whose dog even didn't know her, then we shall think ourselves fortunate.—Eds.)

—Miss Jennie Shidy sends a delightful little letter declaring the interest she and her brother still hold in the old school days, and mates, classing those days "as all legal offspring of our Alma Mater should, among 'the happiest days of our lives,' and hoping the paper may become the link uniting all in one grand fraternity of common interest."

Her oldest brother has become Dr. H. Shidy and resides in Milwaukee, Wis., No. 464 Marshall St. He has two children, one a fine boy nine years old.

—The following addresses we think are correct. They ought to be, as our hair has grown two shades grayer in the effort to collect them. We shall be delighted to correct any mistakes that are pointed out:

Of '74, Miss Maggie Tiernan resides at 2903 Dickson street, and Miss Eleanor Whitaker, 1204 Chambers street.

✓ Of '76, Miss Amelia Frank lives at 2825 Washington avenue, and Miss N. E. Lynch, 2126 Biddle st.

Of '78, Mary W. Clark, 2116 Pine street, Mary G. Day 3569 Lindell Ave.

✓ The address of Mary Frazier, of '75, is 1209 Grignon street.

Clara Taussig, of '74, is at 1219 Dolman street, Miss L. G. Wilson, '74, is at 27 15th street.

—Miss Annie Dudley, '76, has left for the North to spend the summer.

—Miss Ida Nixon, '73, is spending a few weeks in Taylorville, Ill.

—Mr. Seeman will leave shortly for the North to recuperate for a few weeks.

—Wm. C. Hudson, of '77, lives on the corner of Grand and Shaw.

—We have had a flying visit from Alexander Darley, who has been taking almost his first vacation after many years of such labor, such riding of miles and establishing of churches as fairly makes our brains whiz to hear of. Mr. Darley is original by nature and the life he has led for so many years has intensified this in a great degree, and as originality is the salt that is needed to save so many of our dull lives, his relations of times, places, incidents, are second only to actual participation. He has hunted up old school-mates and places during his short stay with a devotion that revives sinking faith; but in spite of the pleasure his visit gave, and all we saw to admire, we are going to print, *sub rosa*, a little reminiscence a black-eyed class-mate confided to us to-day, because its only the little boy Darley we are writing about. Its very short, and no one need mind skipping it, but— Alexander, the young, would throw kisses to the girls in school, under Mr. Pennell's very nose. We don't acknowledge that we put this in, because

Mr. Darley, being a born and bred phrenologist, said uncomplimentary things of the "Two Mags" to their faces, but dignity must be preserved, and the younger classes taught instinctively to look up to the older; and we never had any such nonsense in our class—that is—well, hardly ever, and that young gentleman was expelled and has never recovered.

EDITORIALS.

Owing to some mistake which we regret seriously, and can fasten upon no one, Miss Minnie Russell's share in the Alumni programme for June was omitted. The omission was doubly unfortunate, as all were so pleased both with her recitations, and with the fact that one of the later classes had come to the front to lend their aid in helping to make our entertainments desirable. We should be glad to specify the special excellence of her recitations, though it is unnecessary, as Miss Russell's ability is already known, but unfortunately we were obliged to be absent from the literary half of the evening.

We take a good deal of pleasure and credit to ourselves from the frequent expressions we have from recent members of reviving interest in the Alumni Association. A little effort now would bring in a number of desirable persons. It would be a good idea to look over the old lists before next meeting, and select two or three from each class of those who have dropped out, and are still available, and send them complimentary for that one evening; so that this reviving interest may be stimulated. If this is to be a whole-souled fraternity every effort should be made to bring in all. Something might be done also to include in some little way those who are outside the city, so that they may at least think of us on the evenings of our meetings, and know that we think of them.

Our reunions are very good, and growing better; but it is not wise to flatter that there is no further need to work for improvement. One thing that we intend to keep insisting on until next December so that our point be gained, even if it is solely to get rid of our importunity. That is: Some effort must be made to facilitate to the meeting of old members and the introduction of new. The constant, unvarying complaint is, "We go down there; there is no one present that we know; no one introduces us or notices us, and so we get disgusted." Can't it be somebody's business to look after these people and make them have a pleasant time?

Then, classmates come who have not met for some time. Faces change; they have't the remotest idea who, if any, of their class is present, and no definite way of finding out; the hall is crowded, and in the

whole evening they may constantly miss meeting some one they know; perhaps they are nearsighted, (you needn't laugh, Mr. President; every body can't see across Germania Hall; we can't, a quarter of the way, though we can see straight through the millstone when it's close enough, and so they go away disappointed. How simple a thing it would be to have a systematic directory of those present at hand, for the inspection of all, so at least one would know whom they wanted to hunt up, and not have to waste one of the few short minutes we have for social enjoyment. Then, plenty of ushers and the whole is arranged. (Please) Try it, whenever business it is.

The blood thirsty mosquito is now abroad, and those who fondly thought that possibly he had taken a summer tour and would not be back until cold weather, and in consequence neglected to provide protection in the shape of bars, have found out their mistake, and no mistake. Some of our suburban friends in particular we have noticed looking as if convalescent from a season of small pox. The mosquito is emphatically a bird of prey, and at certain seasons of the year commands more respect than the American eagle. Don't you forget it.

We would say that if any lady now married should receive a paper directed to her maiden name, or be spoken of by that name in the alumnities, she must be lenient, and send in the correction. The effort to straighten out the names and addresses that we have received, so many of which are wrong, and both necessarily and unnecessarily imperfect cannot be understood. We hope after awhile to have it correct, and console most heartily with the corresponding secretary, who finds himself in the same mass, and as far as we can ascertain, has gone into permanent and dignified retirement in consequence.

EDW. W. BETHSWINE.

We want to call attention to the advertisement of Mr. E. W. Bethswine, which has from the inauguration of our Alumni literary venture stand on the first page of Our Mirror.

As a tailor he is unexcelled, either in quality of goods or in the fit. In fact he won't allow a misfit to go out of his establishment, for his motto is that satisfaction must be given to all his customers.

Prices are as low as the lowest, and as to courtesy it would be hard to find a superior either to the proprietor or his assistants, Messrs. Stephen Reinhold or William Bethswine. Mr. Yose, who formerly conducted an establishment on Olive Street, is one of his cutters.

AN EASTERN STEAMBOAT.

We copy the following description from a friend's letter for the benefit of folks whose imaginations are strong enough to enable them to do their summerings at home, instead of being so blindly subject to material circumstances as to have to actually come in contact with things to appreciate them:

"The boat we are in is just magnificent. No other word will fit. After the manner of landmen it might be described as five stories high; berths and coal room first; then berths and dining saloon floor, floor No. 2 being what corresponds to our western boiler deck, and has no berths or state rooms, but offices, saloons for ladies and gentlemen, and freight and baggage rooms.

Next comes the 4th story, where we are writing, which contains double rows of state rooms the whole length of the boat, which is the grand saloon. No. 5 also contains state rooms for two-thirds the length of the boat, the other third being covered its entire width by a floor, which is occupied during the evening by a band of fourteen pieces, which discourses most excellent music to the one hundred and fifty listeners who occupy this same floor and constitute probably not more than one-fourth of the passengers.

The boat is beautifully ornamented with frescoes, painting, gilding, carving, and handsome mirrors in every direction you may look, and as a grand whole gives an idea of exquisite taste and elegance. It is lighted entirely by gas, and electric bells run to all the state rooms.

There is still the hurricane or upper deck, but the rain has prevented my exploring that. Great care is taken in running these boats; watchmen are all over it, and a lookout stands on the bow the entire night.

HAPPY HOMES.

Few homes I think are what, under God's blessing, they should be. It requires but little effort to make home cheerful and happy. There should be deep and abiding love between husband and wife, parents and children, and a tender forbearance toward each other's faults. When these exist they can't not but be fountains of love; but, alas! how often do we read otherwise. The husband who has taken a solemn vow to love and cherish, and the wife to love and honor, are drifting slowly but surely apart. They do not understand each other, though it may be years they have been one for years. They have different conceptions of each other's duties and can not act in concert. Instead of having a quiet, loving talk, and trying to draw near together, there are, perhaps, sharp or cruel words and the breach widens. Unhappiness follows and each lays the burdens of faults on the other's shoulders. O, erring judges! do ye not know that "He who knoweth the thoughts and intents of every

heart" will not thus judge? "First cast the beam out of thine own eye and then shalt thou see clearly to pull the mote out of thy brother's eye."

The heart of woman is a fragile thing and few men understand it. It lives and flourishes in the sunlight of love, but withers like the mimosa at the touch of an angry frown or a cruel word. It cannot even thrive in the atmosphere of indifference. How many hearts are now struggling for existence in this stifling atmosphere! Only a few kind words would admit the sunshine. An approving look or smile, a simple "Thank you" for any service done would amply repay the toil.

Husband! be ever courteous and respectful to your wife; grant her little requests, sometimes, though at your own inconvenience, and yourself sacrifice will be rewarded. Remember it is your prerogative to throw around her the bulwark of your love, and it should be so deep and strong that no careless or cruel missile should ever enter its hallowed precincts; but how often do you trample upon this right, how often a harsh or impatient word or tone which is remembered by you no longer than it takes you to utter it, is a winged shaft that strikes and quivers in a loving heart. Husbands, whose wives are not what you think they should be, who appear to be fault-finding and capricious, try a different plan from that which you are now pursuing. Give them deeds of kindness and words of love, and see if your "desert will not soon rejoice and blossom as the rose."—*A Woman in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

PARTIES AND THEIR PRINCIPLES.

The two national parties having met and promulgated what they, in their wisdom are pleased to call their principles, and nominated their candidates, it must be of interest to every citizen to endeavor to ascertain what are the questions involved in this contest upon which the respective leaders would have us believe depends the weal or woe of the government. We are constantly reminded that on the success of this or that party depends the stability of the country. Is this so? Does the permanency of self-government depend upon the success or defeat of either one of the parties now soliciting the votes of the American people? Are there any principles involved in this contest the determination of which are of any interest to the people as distinguished from politicians?

Let us examine the platforms as laid down by the two parties and see if we can determine. Taking the Republican platform and carefully examining it, omitting the party praise bestowed, and the vituperation cast at our opponents, and what remains?

1st. They are in favor of popular education, but in effect admit, as is known to all, that this is only a recommendation and cannot be made a national issue,

and even if it were, the Democratic party is equally as earnest on the subject.

2d. A clause against the union of church and state. What possible interest this can have for the people of a country which settled the matter a century ago, we cannot see.

3d. A guarded and weak plank in regard to the tariff.

4th. An anti-Chinese clause directed against Mongolian immigration, which is equally as strongly put by the Democracy.

Now this in effect is the whole of the platform and contains the sum and substance of the principles enunciated by the dominant party.

The Democratic platform contains less than that of their opponents, because every thing is expressed in fewer words. Of course the prosperity of the country is credited to another source and our ills are charged to the Republicans. They admit that "we are a nation" and that "the constitution is the supreme law of the land." The financial doctrine is the same. The one matter in which they are opposed to the Republicans is the tariff question, but it is apparent to all that with the parties divided as they are geographically, this cannot be made an issue in the campaign.

What then is the position of the two parties? In what do they differ? Search as you will, and as carefully as you may, and you must inevitably come to the conclusion that this is to be simply a battle of the "outs" against the "ins." One says we are here and want to remain; the other, we are out; put out of our own and want to get in. The Democratic party seems to have recognized that there was no national principle at issue and consequently have devoted their chief strength and power to the "Fraud of 1877." They have not only devoted to this the major strength of their platform, but in order to emphasize it they gave the nomination to a man, who, while he robs the opposition of their chance to raise the hitherto prominent "war cry" or other issues so potent to their success, holds a military commission under the alleged fraudulent administration, and one who holding the same office in 1877 was bold enough to define his position when the alleged fraud was being perpetrated.

As far as the Democratic party is concerned then, the only question of importance is the one of whether or not the right man at present occupies the Presidential chair. Too much has already been said pro and con on this subject to attempt to add anything of interest, but of one thing we are certain, the present incumbent is there legally and it is too late to argue the matter.

This being the position of the two parties the inquiry recurs, "what are the questions involved in the contest?" Clearly only the determination as to which

party shall control the executive patronage of the government for the next four years. That the fate of the country is to be affected, or our prosperity to be aided or injured by the success of one or the other, not one man in a hundred believes.

The fact is these parties have long outlived their usefulness, and the sooner they pass out of existence the better. Political parties must exist probably as long as our officers are elected as they now are, but is there any reason why a party should be kept alive after its objects are accomplished or its necessity has passed away?

"LOS ANGELES."

From the San Francisco Bulletin.

The holy touch of twilight fell
Upon thy brow, San Gabriel
From thy retreats, reluctant Day
Turned softly to the west away,
When the Cathedral, quaint and old,
Rang forth its bells; and as they tolled
Their vesper hymn, they seemed to say,
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

The Duarte post, a winged train
Of vapors fleeth to the plain.
They veil the wrinkled spire and gray,
Above whose crags the eagles play;
They veil the symoniacs, bear and odd,
In safety drapery, fold on fold.
Still roll the bells, and seem to say,
In ecstasy of blessedness,
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

O who be these, that at the gate
Of the Cathedral stand and wait?
The worshippers have gone away;
It is the Bishop's want to stay.
The bishop he is quaint and odd,
And fingereth all his prayers he told:
The answering music seems to say,
In ecstasy of blessedness,
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

The forms are from the gateway gone,
But in their arms another one
That came not with them, through the gray
Hosts of the Mist, they bear away.
And 'neath the altar, quaint and old,
The Bishop lieth pale and cold,
And still strange music seems to say,
In ecstasy of blessedness,
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

A meteor from heaven upon
The heights of the Sierra shone,
As if it were a beam astray,
Shed forth from the eternal day;
And on the mountains weird and old,
Night, sword, her starry robes told,
And swelled a song that seemed to say,
In ecstasy of blessedness,
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

A voice of benediction fell
As from thy crest, San Gabriel:
"I pass, my children, to the day;
My benison I leave away.
Thou, dear Cathedral, quaint and old,
Still to thy breast my lambs unfold!"
Still rose the voice, and seemed to say,
In ecstasy of blessedness,
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

—James A. Mortling.

"The Anaple,
San Gabriel Mission, August 10th, 1878.

As we have sent out a number of papers to new addresses this month, and shall do the same next, we feel impelled to reinvent our former caution. Do not imagine the paper is being forced upon you, and grow correspondingly indignant. We simply desire to give each graduate an opportunity to accept or refuse this monthly, as they see fit. Of course each acceptance means that much less risk in sunning it, and we are not at all averse to having it pay for itself in the minutest details; but we should be very sorry to have any one imagine there was any attempt being made to exercise compulsion.

We are asked so often about different members of classes, who attended the school for a longer or shorter time, but did not graduate, that we have come to the conclusion that it would be advisable to have a supplement to each Class History, including all such, of whom information can be gained. If anyone can tell us anything about them, please do so.

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No. 411 Franklin Ave.,

St. Louis, Mo.

Our Mirror.

Humani Nihil Alienum.

Vol. II.

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No. 4.

OUR MIRROR.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

IN THE INTERESTS OF THE

HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

EDITORS:

W. H. POMMER, - - - - - Mrs. C. H. STONE.
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THE CHARGE OF THE WINGED BRIGADE.

KAY CONQUEST.

I.

Half a mile, half a mile,
Half a mile onward,
All into the chambers of sleep
Flew the Six Hundred.
"Forward the Winged Brigade!"
"Charge for the face!" they said;
Into the chambers of sleep
Flew the Six Hundred.

II.

"Forward the Winged Brigade!"
Was a mosquito 'fraid?
Not though each skeeter knew
They all had blundered;
Their not to heave a sigh,
Their not to reason why,
Their but to bite and die,
So into the lair of death
Flew the Six Hundred.

III.

Screens to the right of them,
Towels to the left of them,
Red hands in front of them,
Waved wildly and thundered.
Stormed at by towel and hand,
Till they could hardly stand,
Bobbly they flew and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouths of—well,
Flew the Six hundred.

IV.

Flashed all their bills so bare,
Flashed, as they turned in air,
Waking the sleepers there,
Charged like an army, while
Every one wondered,
Plunged in the candle smoke
Right through the net they broke;
Strong wire and netting
Stretched by their valiant stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they flew back again,
But not the Six Hundred.

V.

Fans to the right of them,
Towels to the left of them,
Pennyroyal behind them
Threatened and plundered,
Stormed at with towel and hand
Till they could hardly stand,
Hordes of mosquitoes fell.
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of death,
Through pennyroyal smell
All that was left of them,
Left of Six Hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade?
O! what a charge they made!
Every one wondered
Honor the charge they made
Honor the Winged Brigade
Bold billed Six Hundred.

THE HIGH SCHOOL IN LITERATURE.

II.

Good and successful teachers are usually possessed of strong individualities, at least such are the ones best remembered by their pupils. They impress their ideas upon the minds of the young, and mould their thoughts to a large extent. A number of such persons in a school give it a certain character, and this character appears in their works and is also reflected in the scholars of the school.

Coming as they do under the pale of this influence, the literary work of the scholars of the High School bears evidences of it. To be sure, it is more apparent in the methods of work and in the treatment, than in the choice of subjects or the ideas. These are so intimately connected with the individuality of the writer and his natural inclinations, that outside influences cannot materially alter them. Some thoughts expressed by teachers have borne fruit, however, in a way utterly unknown to them, but none the less happy.

The muse of poetry is particularly partial to High Schools and Colleges. Each class has its poet or poets (in the St. Louis High School usually of the fairer sex). Each bids a tearful good-bye to its *Alma Mater* in a Class Hymn. Aside from the Class Hymn, but little remains of these effusions after their authors leave the hallowed halls of the school. They are treasured up along with the diploma and the photograph of the happy graduate in the most sacred niche of the paternal household. And well it is that such is the case. Only the better ones will now and then keep on and attempt in the course of time to do something worthy of more serious notice. It is of these we wish to speak here.

Miss Fannie I. Sherrick has for some years been feverishly known as the author of quite a number of poetry little poems published in the *Missouri Republican* and various other papers. Recently these and several more ambitious productions have been published in book form and been well received. (*Love and Fame*, St. Louis: W. S. Bryan). Their prevailing tendency is lyrical and the form in which they are clad is correct and well chosen. The contemplative character of several gives a pleasing variety to the volumes.

Mr. Lyman Whitney Allen is known as one of "Princeton's" poets and the versatility of his talent is considerable. He has variously contributed to the *Western*, *The Minnow* and several College papers. A volume of his poems has been published in the East. They are chiefly lyrical, but not a few are very descriptive and several are in bottom strongly dramatic. Mr. Allen has mastered the technicalities of versification and it is seldom that he fails here.

The number of those who are authors of one or

more poems, but who have not yet attained to the distinction of having them printed in book form is great. Of the many we can only mention two as specially prominent. Miss Katie A. Jones, class '77 has at various times contributed to *The Minnow* and to several other papers. Miss Minnie K. Davis' poems were mostly published in one or the other of the St. Louis dailies, while others have found a place in the columns of *The Minnow*.

Passing from the consideration of poetry to prose, we find that there is one High School novel. "Conquered" is its title and Miss Bessie Strong is the author. It is one of that class of novels referred to in "The New Republic," written by the authors, with the "aim of pouring out their own feelings for themselves to contemplate, or explaining to themselves and others their own histories." There are some very sensible ideas in the book. A few "strike so near home" that it would perhaps be worth while to investigate. The work was published in the East a few years ago and was one of the successes of the season at the time.

Miss Gertrude Garrigues has written much for *The Western* and has on one or two occasions lent the aid of her facile pen to the then struggling *Minnow*. She has translated a good deal from the French and published several very interesting original articles.

Mr. W. J. S. Bryan, our President, has, when the arduous duties of that office allowed him leisure, now and then penned an article for the *Western*, generally a criticism.

Mr. F. M. Crunden, Librarian of the Public School Library, has published a series of articles on Shakespeare, numerous critical reviews in the *Western* and occasional articles in the *Library Journal*.

If the literary activity of the teachers of the High School finds expression in the *Western*, the scholars, after a long time, have also found a medium for conveying their thoughts. *The Minnow* occupies this place. Its first number appeared in May, 1879, and notwithstanding many struggles, it has fought its way through, and is now firmly established. Its articles are all at least readable. Here, as in every periodical, there are grades of merit, but none and then an article appears that is worthy of a place anywhere. One of these was "The Great American Novel," by Mr. John C. H. Stevenson, class '75.

The Minnow has brought on just such hearty talent and utilized it, by amassing an increase which had laid dormant for years. Teachers and scholars all have spread their wings and shown themselves capable of doing something. Poetry and novels; criticism and literary history; scientific and political treatises, all these various literary forms are represented in the aggregate of High School literature. With such a nucleus there is every reason for supposing that the future will bring still better developments.

and it is to be hoped that the next class poet will not fail to realize our expectations.

A. C. S.

ADDENDA.—In the article in the last No. of THE MIRROR, Mr. Seymour was casually mentioned. His "Arithmetical Series" had at that time been partially published, and consequently no farther mention was made of it. Since then these books have attracted considerable attention. Mr. Seymour believes that arithmetical science may be summed up in a few brief, concisely written books; that the theory of arithmetic must be taught; that all else is merely disciplinary, and that the idea of using a separate book for mental arithmetic must once for all be discarded. It will be seen, therefore, that he gives us a series of arithmetics, which, like Appleton's readers in another branch, are in accordance with the latest and best views of prominent educators. Like several other High School authors, he believes in "boiling it down."

Mr. Jas. A. Martling, formerly teacher at the High School, is the author of a well rendered hexameter translation of the "Iliad," and of several poems, which were published in New Orleans and San Francisco papers.

A CARNIVAL OF VENICE.

We can't have Venice, and moonlight rides on her canals, floating in gayly decorated gondolas to the soft music of guitars; but sometimes even in our own prosaic (?) country, we may happen upon scenes that, with the help of a little imagination, will excite as pleasurable sensations as those the multitude feel bound to rave over.

It was once the good fortune of a party of us to pass through the canal above Keokuk, between five and eight o'clock, on a lovely moonlight evening. The sky was still crimson with an unusually brilliant sunset; in the east the moon was just rising; in front was the second pair of gates towards which we were gliding with a scarcely perceptible motion; through the closed gates behind, the pent up waters were rushing in many mimic waterfalls; it was hard to decide which way to look. In the third and last lock, the many beauties culminated. The banks on the right, at this point rise to a considerable height and are in many places surmounted by dwellings and lofty forest trees. In the softening twilight, aided by the moonbeams, and the convenient imagination, they bear so small resemblance to the storied parapets and battlements of reason. At the base of these hills ran a railroad track; and the constantly passing trains, in daytime the most practical, unworldly things in existence, also succumbed to the lunar hallucination, and rumbled along like fabled dragons with their glancing eyes of flame.

We reached at last the third lock, the motion of the boat growing ever slower, more lingering, the twilight ever more suggestive. The bridge beyond,

the small engine rooms on each side the three pairs of gates, a steamboat waiting out side for its turn to enter this fairy land, were all decorated with red, yellow, blue and green lights that multiplied themselves in the dark, lazily lapsing waters below, until they rivaled a carnival of Venice itself. We glided through the last gate, with the music of the mimic cascades behind slowly dying away. The moon's bright path across the waters grew broader and brighter; the paddles of the waiting boat began to glisten in the rays, as she prepared to enter the charmed path we were leaving behind; a subdued hissing alone marked the slight acceleration in the speed of our own boat; our party was steeped in the *dolce far niente* of the hour, and made no sound save some low song caroled half under the breath of some rapt singer. The bridge slowly opened, the swaying lights beckoning us on, and the peculiar fascination in the exquisite results of giant machinery being doubly enhanced at this hour. We moved softly on with hushed breath, seeing in the gleaming blackness beyond, something of the mysteries of eternity, when suddenly our boat's bow stuck in a mud bank and our party woke to the startled fact that we were a sleepy, master of fact crowd after all, and quite ready to go below and fight mosquitoes the rest of the night.

We had been through fairy land, however, in that three hours trip, and no one will ever be able to convince us otherwise, or to take the memory from us.

DOES MIND ACT UPON MIND INDEPENDENT OF MATTER.—CONTINUED.

If things under our own observation; or the statement of those clear minded and reliable persons prove what seems true: that "mind operates upon mind independent of matter:"—or if not independent, are in a way almost entirely different from the ordinary mode of connection; we are driven to admit a new dynamic identity; an action of forces producing motion in bodies; and probably moving the moral, as well as physical forces of some, if not of every kind; and if so, the question arises, are those actions and forces connected with what is termed future life?

This language of Nature, if it be such, does not open up, or throw much light, if any, on what is termed spiritualism. That, as understood by some, connection with the spiritual world by Mediums, affected and guided by peculiar laws.—Of this we have very little evidence.—The writer has seen many careful tests of spiritual mediums, but nothing which proves the truth of their acts or assertions.

About the year 1857 or 58, the writer became acquainted with Charles Poyen, from France, whose name is known in all countries, as the wonderful Odylie, or Animal Magnetic Lecturer. He did not assert, nor teach that the philosophy of this wonder-

ful human agency, these new Dynamic Laws, and singular relations of humanity, were spiritual manifestations, though he did not say they were not. The idea given was, that they stand in connection with the universe by an almost infinite economy, and an unsuspected reciprocity!

Dr. Poyen was accompanied in his journey and lectures by a medium, which enabled him to illustrate, in a good degree, the facts and principles of which he spoke. I introduced him to a sick room, that the medium might examine one who had been more than three years sick, and had, in many respects, an appearance of disease of the lungs. I was careful in this to give no intimation to any in the town where the lecturer boarded; nor to any one where the sick lived, except the family; nor in my own town. In the morning I went with my own carriage and took the Dr. and the medium to the sick room, some three miles. Having entered the house of the sick, Dr. P. succeeded in 21 minutes, in placing the medium in a magnetic sleep; who immediately accompanied him to the sick room, where the patient, Mrs. Delano, was confined to her bed, and unable to sit up five minutes at a time; though possessing a cheerful eye, and a feeble but pleasant countenance. The examination, written down at the time, will appear in the next number.

$$1+1=2.$$

ALEX. M. DARLEY.

We have found $1+1=1$ where union could ensue in Holy Matrimony. And $1+1=2$ only when the opposita was kept clear in the mind, or when imagination entered as the objective force required to make not a union but an aggregation, by addition or multiplication, in which fundamentally there is separation, in fact, but union, in idea. Love is the essential factor in all unities—in science it is called affinity. Imagination is the essential factor in all mathematical unities—whether matrimonial or artistic, or religious. Imagination lies at the bottom of all divorce—because making a marriage out of non-affinities—and of all idolatry because joining the non-affinities—formality and spirituality, without the necessary soul-of-accommodation—religious life.

This brings us to $1+1=3$. This can never be where soul is not counted in. In life and creation $1+1=3$. Soul is the outgrowth of a unit, spirit, in attempted union with a unit, embodied matter. Man has never had, and never can have cognizance of nor conception of unembodied matter. Not even the world—with which we have any mental relations—was out of unembodied matter. Matter is not our sphere of study, but embodied matter. The world was not made out of nothing, but only out of what "does not appear."

Let both scientists and theologians note the fact, and stop their quarrelling.

$1+1=1$ and $1+1=2$, are alike in having common ground in union. Also in both being productive—the first, of similarity, the last, of individuals. Further, both are intimately related to God by covenant. There are but two Church-Covenants: Love and Life, and these give rise to the two Sacraments of the Church—which historically have been 1 and 2 and are to be 2 more, wherein $2=3$. A sacrament is the faith—use of the symbol of a covenant.

There is a third covenant, the world covenant—the only covenant peculiar to natural religion, and its a matter of revelation—in which the Rainbow is the symbol.

As to the mode of $1+1=3$. It is itself 3. That is, the Spirit of God has come into permanent, creative relations with embodied matter three times: The Cosmic, the Adamic, and the Christic. In each case the form or embodiment of matter was higher, so the creations were loftier each time. When the Spirit moved upon the empty orb—"waste and desolate," not informed—Light became and began to be. Light was and is the first motor. Light itself is threefold, giving what we call light, heat, and electricity. We do not know light—of which it was said, "Let there be light," any more than, no more no less than, we know that wondrous unit of union and life—the soul, or that wondrous unit of mediation—the *at-one-ment*—Christ. All help explain each—but we know none as we ought to know.

Adam was a formed man before he became a living soul. His soul made him an organized man—and so a living one. Soul is necessary to organism. It is life related to spirit and organized matter. It is neither spirit nor matter. It cannot be without spirit as the creator, though it may be without spirit as the agent. It cannot be without embodied matter as the formative ground, yet it may be without body as the instrument.

The Virgin was a formed and organized woman, before Christ, who was of her by the Spirit, became a living soul. And he was a formed and organized man—that is, a living soul, before he became a life-giving spirit. There was—it may be said—an Adamic creation of Christ—or a creation like that of Adam—after his birth. It may be even said that Christ had a threshold creation. The whole creation summed up in one being. He typical of all, as he had already been creator of all. The Spirit came on him at Jordan's side, and the Adamic Christ was seen complete, but as much greater than the Adam, as a man living is greater than a body formed. His own spirit evolved out of his buried body a resurrected Son of God, and matter became eternal in Him. In the first he represents the birth of souls in animals, birds, and fishes. In the last of the seed of every plant. And by the

second the creation original of the world and man, and the new redemptive creation of man by regeneration and the baptism of powers, languages, etc. Baptism meaning properly, a change of condition.

As to the creative mode of 1 and 1 becoming 3, we can only say that whenever the spirit tries to come into union with body, a soul has to become a unit and unifier. It is a historical fact. The higher the form and the more life the body possesses, the higher the grade of the soul. But it takes the mandatory word of God every time to make this a truth. Again, that soul is the differentia of the particular thing, individual, or person. Of it we can properly say, "He." In any certain union resides the Will, subject to spiritual or physical influences. There is a tendency where body is uppermost in influence to make 1, the soul and 1, the body=1 by an unhealthy marriage; but when the spirit rules 1+1+1=3, a still larger unification, Divine in its tendencies and results. "The first Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam, a life-giving spirit."

To throw further light on this relation—and so, on this creation—I give the following fundamental definitions:

The soul of the Cosmos is threefold. The soul of Man is sevenfold. The soul of Christ is manifold. The first is so because of dependency and teaching in nature of God.

The second, because of individuation and adaptability to body.

The last, because of independence and likeness.

A man dies when his soul leaves his body, taking his spirit with him.

A man is *en trance* when his spirit absents himself from his soul and body temporarily.

A man has a vision when his body is out by non-recognition by consciousness.

When the spirit is quiescent man sins, when active man worships. When the spirit revolts man dies. When the spirit is awakened then is regeneration, and conversion results. When the soul is quiescent, the man is indifferent—fruitful source of sin. When active, man has a choice, and can learn good or bad, can be saved or lost. The idiot is a case of *disorganization*, that is, of a body unsuitable to soul, so soul bound and not accountable, so in insanity, which is altogether a thing of injured or abnormal organs. The difference between the two being that in the first, power is totally gone, while not always in the second, for insanity may be of a single organ or neighboring group, but in idiosyncrasy he is not his own, "*idiot*"! He has no controlling soul, as mediation between spirit and body is lost for want of organism, not for want of health or unbalanced organism. Soul at rest, sleep ensues. Sleep is both of the agent and instrument, both of the soul and body. Soul healthily separated—in the death of Christians—is properly called

"sleep," as it rests and so grows into fitness for bodily action at resurrection. The soul at rest in a Savior—likeness to greatest of souls ensues, and we have peace, because victorious and sure of victory.

Body at rest in three conditions is called sleep; in seven, it is death, and consequent decay. Body disturbed there are diseases. The difference between the dream and vision is that the dream is physical and the vision spiritual. The dream is caused by disturbed but not broken rest of body—an abnormal condition, while the vision is caused by normal spiritual activity. The highest condition of the quiescent or non-recognized body is the seclusion of the soul with the spirit in the predominance of the latter restored by the supernatural agency, foresight of the unseen. If this agency is God, it is revelation. If Devil, it is phantasy. Whenever materialization ensues, it is a sign of organic disease. I use materialization in the wide sense of visions in moonshine, shadows, and so called spirits taking on form and substance, through the *voluntariness of the seer*. Voluntariness in vision is *prima facie* evidence of falsehood, except in the vision of Christ by the faith attainment of spirituality. This is ordered—"Looking for a revelation of Christ." This is especially granted at the hour of dissolution.

From these definitions it is evident that all these parts of man are distinct yet related—and being causes are entities—units. If these units have not become a unit, some separative cause has come in. In Scripture and universal language it is called sin, and God's first definitions of it justify our positions. It's a "death" because a destruction of growth. Its mode is mathematical—that humanness of things—for he again says, "The whole imagination of the thoughts of his heart are only evil every day."

In one word, God's creative problem—"The Problem of Eden"—was to make embodied matter eternal for the first time. Spirit was necessary to that—soul was necessary to enable spirit to lay hold on body. Spirit triumphant in Christ made that *union* a success. In him was the love of God manifested, and God, too, for the Son of Man became the Son of God, and in him can man become eternal by becoming spiritual. "We see not yet all things put under him, but we see Jesus," etc. In Christ alone has 1+1=3 and 3=1 but in God always 1+1+1=1 and 1=3.

As our whole issue is now in circulation, we shall be obliged after this to call in each month, certain copies that we have been sending unasked, in order to continue presenting the paper to the many who have not yet seen it. If any of those who have been receiving it without sending for it, find it suddenly discontinued, they will understand that this is the reason, and will please apply for it if they wish it continued.

We print the following thoughts, as the conclusion of one who has had some unusual opportunities of seeing many of the many sides of our Public School system. Some of the wholesale denunciations will startle our loyal hearts, but as these complaints seem constantly coming to the surface, it would be wise as well as interesting to sift them to the very bottom, and find the elements of wisdom they must possess, not necessarily for the purpose of destroying those systems, but to continue the work of perfecting them:

SOME THOUGHTS ON OUR PRESENT SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

Education—the phrase is comprehensive, and although it is counted as commonly commencing with the alphabet, yet it has a broader and more extensive significance, than the roll of our elementary studies would indicate. They are but simply the breaking of the fallow ground of genius, in order to determine where special capabilities exist. In truth, Education begins with our birth and ends only with our life, and youth is not the only, but simply the better, season for its thorough development, because the twig is more easily bent than the tree; and the memory more retentive and the impressions more lasting. The plans for education should be so classified as to adapt themselves to the powers of application and signs of capacity in different pupils. If rare genius is manifested, it should be cultivated regardless of cost, for usually not one in ten thousand develops an exceptional character, nor is it every age that will produce a Watt or Davy or Faraday.

As to the youth of genius should be open every avenue leading to the highest and most complete training the country could afford. Whilst on the other hand, for mediocrity it would be idle to waste time and trouble in a vain endeavor to arrive at perfection. Whilst I commend the progress made in our public schools for years past, and particularly under the efficient management of Mr. Harris, yet I deem the present system somewhat disjointed and altogether too diversified to be efficient. In common parlance there are too many irons in the fire to keep them used advantageously; in other words, too much Kinder-Garten, too much German, and lastly, too much High school; all having a tendency to make too many superficial scholars. I contend that not one in twenty who graduate at the branch high schools, ever accomplishes anything thereby. Whether it is from want of adaptability to glean the instruction furnished or whether that instruction is of an imperfect character, I am not prepared to say, yet the fact is significant and deserves more than a casual notice from those at the head of that department.

I am aware that to make a success as a teacher,

is a difficult undertaking, and requires a fund of patience, perseverance and determination, and it is a pleasure to know that as a whole, our Public school teachers compare more than favorably with other cities in the States. Yet there is room for improvement in the best of systems, and it is wise not to cling too closely to old rules and systems.

Kindergartens seem a very unnecessary primary appendage, and as for German, it should give way to a more universally useful branch of instruction. History for instance. "To be ignorant," says Plutarch, "of the lives of the most celebrated men of antiquity, is to remain in a state of childhood all our days." Are we not deficient in that branch of necessary knowledge, and would it not be more available than the study of German?

It is but proper that our system of education should keep pace with the age wherein we live,—the age of scientific and intellectual freedom—and harmonize in all respects with the highest, most complete, irresistible and universal spread of knowledge.

ALUMNITIES.

—Mrs. Dora Kemmer, of '74, has lost a little child, this month.

—James A. Walsh, of '61, has just lost a little child four months old.

—Mrs. Mary Eccles, formerly Miss Coggeshall, of '62, has been out of town all summer.

—Mr. Cook, of the June Class of '80, is engaged on the staff of the *Evening Chronicle*.

—Miss Bessie Strong has been out of the city for several months. Her health has not been good for some time past.

—Mr. Barber and wife are expected in the city soon for a short visit, and hope to see all their friends at Tower Grove Station.

—Mrs. Hackisell and Mrs. Spargo have been away for some time, but are now at home. Miss Annie Dudley has also returned from her summer trip north.

—Mrs. Sallie Hildreth, of '61, has removed to Denver on account of continued ill health. The plan to locate and grow up with Leaville had to be given up for this reason.

—Mrs. Anderson, of '74, has also lost a child. Mrs. Anderson was formerly Miss Sallie Durkee, and has been married between one and two years. She lives at Colorado Springs, Col.

—Mrs. Brewer has been suffering from continued ill health this summer. Her vacation has profited but little. She is contemplating a short trip on the river as soon as her condition will permit.

—Miss Jennie Shidy, instead of living at Anacostia as stated last month, has her home with her parents upon their farm at Silver Hill, Md., two and a fourth miles distant from Anacostia. Leland Shidy is in the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey Department, but also resides at home.

(We are under obligations to Mr. Shidy for sending the foregoing corrections, and wish that others would be as prompt.)—Ed.

—Miss Sallie Mills is having a delightful summer in New York and surrounding places. Her ability to enjoy and endure sight-seeing is way beyond that of the average traveller, and if she was not kept so very busy at school work during the year, we might have many interesting pen pictures from her.

—Mrs. Wm. E. Barber, Miss Emily Knox and mother, accompanied by their friends, Mrs. Wm. H. Grey, and Miss Annie Temple, and duly marshalled and kept in order by our business manager and wife, have just returned from a most enjoyable ten days travel up the river.

—Owing to various absences, sickness, etc., we have been obliged to postpone both the continuation of the Class History for '61, and the beginning of that for '62, until next month. In the meantime will some one please inform us if a boy by the name of Theodore Speelman graduated in '61.

—Mr. Morgan says of James A. Walsh, of '61, that he is as cheery as of old, and is as persevering, and industrious, and successful as when he recited Greek in No. 2. He is proving the falsity of the supposition that a collegiate education creates a distaste or incapacity for a successful mercantile life.

EDITORIALS.

The loss of Adelaide Neilson falls upon the hearts and intellects of both continents. The incomparable witchery she threw around her various characters, the sweetness, the arch mischief, the tender self-devotion impress us always as being Miss Neilson's own characteristics showing through her lovely face, and so endearing her doubly. Long will it be before those luminous eyes and exquisite smile will fade from memory as the perfect setting, which rendered itself as nature alone, be eclipsed.

We object strongly to the use of "straggling," as applied to Gen. Manton, as it does not at all suit the case. There never was such a chance to make a first rate paper as there is in this, and if the few who have undertaken it had the average amount of time, every thing would be plain and pleasant sailing. We are safe in asserting, however, that three of the very few engaged in it, have each the work and responsibility

of three average people on their shoulders, and so can give but a small proportion of the time and thought they would like. Whenever the push is applied, the Mirror sails off splendidly; and when she doesn't go it is because the crew is off—picknicking and she is like the "banquet hall," deserted.

We have received from Dr. T. F. Rumbold a copy of a book entitled "The Hygiene of Catarrh," of which he is the Author, and Geo. O. Rumbold & Co. the publishers. It came too late for more than mere mention this month. In our next we propose to give it that space which the reputation of the Author would naturally demand.

ALL our little High School Graduates to be, who have pet kittens that don't take comfortably to this life, let me tell you what is good for them. Get your mamma's to go with you into the woods and gather some catnip, or if there are no woods or no catnip, take the more prosaic method of buying the dried at the drugstore, and feed it to your kittens. They will make more fuss over it than ever you do over the packages of candy your papa brings in, and will get well on it immediately. Our United States Counsel to Balize, told us this during his trip north this summer, so you see it must be valuable information, though how they found it out in Balize, which as your mamma will show you on the map, isn't big enough to grow one bunch of catnip, much less a whole kitten, we can't tell. We are going to try it on one of our kittens, who has the affliction of too much name, which is what most little kittens die of.

IN PLANNING for a summer trip on the river it is well to remember that there is a difference in boats, as there is in wives, and various other articles of household furniture, and the officers too are a very important element in such an excursion.

We have, running from here, Com. Dickinson's fleet of finely equipped side wheelers, and in all their appointments they are quite complete; but when low water comes, as it always will at about the close of the year, they are very apt to find that the bottom of the river is all too near the surface.

Then is the time when the less pretentious, but even more comfortable boats of the "Diamond Joe" line come quietly to the front, literally speaking, and pleasantly ensconced in one of these you can steadily push on over the sandbars that have proved an obstacle insurmountable to the boats of deeper draught, and after laboring into port some ten or twelve days behind you, the bulk of sympathy can be extended to those of your friends, who less fortunate than yourself didn't know of the superior advantages of low water boats. Well we, that is some of us, tried the "Libbie Coager" and we want to try it again. The "old man" of the river mentioned, is Capt. Will

Boland, a man whose heart hardly has room to exercise its legitimate functions, even in the capacious 265 pound vehicle that nature endowed him with. Always alive to the welfare of his passengers, the Captain takes care that the social, as well as the creature wants are looked after: As equally ready with a supply of water melons by moonlight, as with a song, or criticisms on life and humanity generally.

Then they are all of the same sort that he has about him. Mr. Morrison and Mr. Prentice in the office; Captain Burns and Haight at the wheel, are each and every one of them gentlemen whose society would be a pleasure under any circumstances. Nor must we forget the steward, whose good things under the able management of Martin, always met a hearty greeting.

This boat is but one of the line, all of the same sort; and believing that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, they prefer to secure their share of public patronage by an actual showing of what they can and will do for those who travel with them. For almost to a certainty, if once you go, the intention is formed to try it again. All success to the Diamond Joe line.

25 HADDINGTON PLACE,
EDINBURGH, Aug. 9th, 1880.

DEAR BROTHER: Your letter of the 17th came last week, just as we were starting for Sterling, and I assure you that I see nothing abroad which begins to give me the pleasure that these bits of home views, seen at the distance of more than three thousand miles, afford me. You have doubtless heard that all our fears about sea sickness came to naught; the Atlantic behaved beautifully, and I—, and I went regularly to the table four times a day.

We have been here three weeks with the exception of four days spent in the "Lady of the Lake" region. There is a good deal of poetic picturing about this part of Scotland. Scott colors things fearfully. The "silver strands of Ellen's Isle, are very small affairs." The "Glenoch's rugged ponds are not very rugged; when I got through, I found myself asking, is this all?" The lakes are very pretty; and the hills—they can hardly be called mountains—covered with heather, which is now in bloom, make very beautiful pictures. Still I have seen ever so many in the United States quite as fine. I do not think there is any which I have seen that compares favorably with the North river from New York to the Catskill, and the Mississippi, especially in the neighborhood of Winona and Lake Pepin is quite as fine.

I think the best thing we have seen, is the views from—well, just south of Holyrood Place, and one or two views from Sterling Castle. It is difficult to give the preference to either, but I think the latter makes the best picture.

This city (Edinburgh) has been very interesting, and I have "done it" thoroughly. I feel quite like an old citizen.

We have pleasant rooms on South Walk, a street about one hundred feet wide, and in some places considerably more. It is the great thoroughfare between Edinburgh and Leith, where a large part of the busi-

ness of the city is done, and there is more passing of business wagons here than in all the other streets together. Most articles of food are higher here than with us, and as wages are lower, the poorer class must be deprived of many of the comforts they have at home. Skilled labor, of competent masons, for instance, brings from six to seven pence an hour, twelve or fifteen cents. Meat of all kinds is nearly twice as high as in St. Louis. A four pound loaf of bread costs fifteen cents, butter from 35 to 45 cents a pound.

Drunkenness is fearful. They tell me it is more just now, on account of the numerous trades holidays, I—says she sees more drunken persons in one day than she ever saw in a month anywhere else. Sometimes I see a dozen young men drunk in a single tour around town, but the town is so religiously strict that it will not allow street cars to run on Sunday. Beggers meet you constantly. Every body smokes, generally clay pipes.

There is one thing that compensates for all this. I never saw any city where the poor could so easily get into the parks and gardens and meadows and open breathing places, as they can here. No! "don't walk on the grass" here. The "Meadows" on the south, Norton's seat, and the thousands of acres around it and Holyrood, Prince's Garden, Colton Hill, can be easily reached, and you will see them crowded on Sundays with all classes of people, who make themselves entirely at home. On other days you will see great numbers playing cricket or golf, or enjoying themselves as they please. Besides this, there are large open places in different parts of the city, so that one or the other can be reached in a five minutes walk. Then they are not level, but the boys of Edinburgh have all the variety that a country boy has: level lawns, high hills, rocky precipices to climb, little lakes, etc., and when you see the thousands of sheep scattered over these broad open spaces and up the hillside or among the rocky cliffs, you can hardly realize that you are in a city. Besides these open and free commons, there are many large parks and gardens which make good breathing places for the city, but which are only open to the corners of houses around them. If you could see how thickly covered all these are with human beings, you would realize what a blessing its parks are.

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Human Nihil Allevium.

VOL. II.

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OUR MIRROR.

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IN THE INTERESTS OF THE

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QUESTIONS.

FANNIE ISABELLE SHEERICK.

All the day from age to shadow,
Sways the pansy purple-eyed;
And the lily dewy laden,
Lingers gently by her side.
All the year from joy to sorrow,
Sways the soul by duty pressed;
And the heart with quickened throbbing,
Lingers still in vague unrest.

Could the pearly white her purple,
Could the lily be her white;
Knew the pines the heart must suffer,
Would they still be bright?

If the heart could cease its throbbing,
If the soul could sink to rest;
Would our lives be worth the living,
Never more by duty pressed?

We have lived in the hope thus far that some of the graduates, old or young, would after a while volunteer their services in assisting to work on the paper. Is our hope in vain?

CONSTANT, Aug. 11, 1880.

TO THE MIRROR:—After my long silence, since writing you that last letter, I scarcely feel like taking up the subject, where I left it, and, according to my promise at that time, giving you farther comments upon my experience of Germans and German life. I am off on a holiday now, and prefer to give a few sketches of what I have seen in the way of people and places, rather than to dissect the manner and customs of Teutonic society. Do not fear for a moment, though, that I shall inflict you with the three thousand and first (I might say more, but make it a rule never to exaggerate) description of the picture galleries. I am content to revel myself in this new world of art opened to my eyes, and to comprehend as much of it as is possible in so short a space of time as my visits there have permitted; but for the rest, I shall not attempt to display my ignorance on the subject publicly for your benefit. Those of you who have been so fortunate as to enjoy the same treat, have only to recall it to your memories,—and all others I refer to the descriptions they already know by heart probably—and to the guide books! In this last line, I must mention "Baedeker," whose worth, long known to the world, I have been constantly proving in my own case. It gives one a most delightful feeling of independence as turn his back upon guides—and even friends, (if so be for the time his friends have turned their backs upon him, and he finds himself alone), and with this little red book under his arm go walking through a city he never saw before with the ease and certainty of its oldest inhabitant; and I will venture to say, by the time he has completed his surveying tour, and exhausted the length and breadth of the town, and the multiplicity of its "sights," he would be able to converse with this aforementioned, highly respectable individual intelligently upon all points therein included, and most probably give his bearings a few items of information that up to that time were not known even to him! And then the amusement connected with seeing numberless other little red books wandering along the streets and through the picture galleries—always sustaining and guiding some other aspirant for knowl-

edge and improvement in an equally safe and unfulfilling way! Strange that there should be some travellers, who should blush to own their dependence upon this worthy guide, and should be known to cover its brilliant sides from the public gaze, or when thus undisguised, should be seen trying to conceal this badge of the "stranger," and side by with other visitors of natives with an effort to look to the foreign city "born and bred!" But all efforts of this kind are generally fruitless ones. A something betrays the secret, and for my own part, I am perfectly willing, provided I am not reckoned to that class of "strangers," who afford amusement to the citizens and their own fellow-travellers in every place they go.

At this season of the year, there is any amount of traveling, and one cannot go far without meeting all nationalities and all classes. On a steamboat the other day, going up the Rhine, I heard seven languages. Indeed the first thing to decide about a new comer is to what country he belongs. In some cases, we must wait to hear him *speal*, and that is not always infallible, for the Germans speak so many languages—as a lady told me recently—she and her family could talk French, English, German, of course, and Danish; and usually, when travelling, used that one which those around were least liable to understand." There is such a delightful convenience in being able to talk over "heart secrets" as safely in a crowd as "unter vier augen!"—only a little dangerous here, where some of those present may be equally skilled as linguists.

Then the Russians, Hungarians, Norwegians and others, who have such faintly and wonderfully made languages of their own, must have three or four other intelligible mediums of thought at their tongue's end. But their is one specimen of the traveller never to be mistaken—either by his appearance, dress, manners, or lingual powers of adaptation. He walks into the railway depot, the railroad car or the hotel with that same unfulfilling sense of his own superiority to all those around him, whoever they may be—with an air that says plainly, "you see I have left my comforts at home for a little while, and condescended to see for myself what you've got to show, and how you manage to live any way in such heathen places. I'll hold it out as long as I can, and do all the slightest faithfully, but I'm used to something better than this, so step around lively and wait on me!" He is seized in the most conspicuous thing lately invented for the supposed increase of comfort in travelling, and addresses each and all in his mother tongue, as though it were a self-evident fact, that all must understand that, and if there is any doubt on the subject, he will remove it by an increased rate of lung power and his talents in the way of pantomime. That he should trouble himself to learn a foreign

language is simply too absurd, and if he does once in a while deign to speak a few sentences or rather words in said language, it is as though he were bestowing a great favor on the natives, who hadn't really any business to have another form of speech, and as though there were something inexpressibly comical in the fact (and so there is, when he tries to speak it.) Don't recognize the picture?

In regard to "sight seeing" what impresses me most is the number of associations connected with these beautiful old spots. I have seen so little of my own country's natural beauties, that I fully enjoy all lovely scenery here without being troubled with involuntary comparisons to mar or enhance the effect of the same. But their chief charm to me lies nevertheless in the sense of age and history, that is combined with nature everywhere. When I stand in the room in the old castle on the Wartburg, where Luther really sat more than three and a half centuries ago translating the Bible, and see on all sides relics of his life there, including his energetic repulse of the Power of Evil! or look into the great Hall, where almost as far back again the "Minnesenger" made musical war with each other, and according to tradition immortalized through Wagner's beautiful tone painting of the legend, Tannhauser struggled with temptation it seems to revivify all that we have ever learned through the sometimes dull medium of study! Only dull, though, because we do not understand at the time its worth, or we would eagerly store our minds with knowledge, which at some future time might so add to our enjoyment and full appreciation of our travels. And what double pleasure it is to look at such a structure as the great Cathedral in Cologne, not alone magnificent in form and every detail of execution and a perfect colossus in size, but a type of the triumphs of architecture for the last six hundred and thirty years. Or with what awe amounting to reverence, does one stand by the monument which marks the spot, where in 1113, in Constance, noble John Haas suffered bravely a fiery death for the sake of that faith, which was so dear to him; and yet we who are free to love and cherish ours, often prize it so lightly! His house is still standing, designated by a tablet and his bust, a plain, lowly little dwelling to have sheltered such a great, heroic soul. I went through another house with more wordly but equally interesting associations, Goethe's in Frankfurt on the Main. Goethe's veneration for, and faithful remembrance of his great and honored ones have secured the preservation of this old building in all respects inside and outside as in the life time of the famous poet; and in his own particular study, there are countless souvenirs of his works, and the characters that inspired many of them.

Perhaps I mention only the less noticeable details of my "sight seeing", but hope they may be on that account less stale to you. My impression of the Rhine,

that lovely old river with almost as many poetical ties as the number of its waves, is hard to describe. The river itself and its banks seem so modern, the people around you, as you sail along it in the steamer, are so natural, and yet those old castles, and the half walled cities along its shores rise up before your eyes like ghosts of an age long past like the living embodiment of those old legends in song and story, that you have heard since your childhood, and you *secretly* know if you were dreaming then or now. But speaking of ruins, the most beautiful one I have seen was at Heidelberg and I would that my feeble pen could place it before the eyes of each one of you, who has not yet seen it, as plainly as it stood before mine, and will ever stand, when in the future, I look back over memory's treasures, and rejoice over one of her fairest gems. Imagine an old castle away up on the mountain side, part of its walls broken down and crumbling away, the other part, still standing, as firm and solid as when first built, and decorated with the most exquisite architectural work. There are all manner of apartments to be seen inside, and besides these, underground passages, great cellars, and the remains of an extensive and probably once elegantly laid out palace garden, now all left desolate, and for the most part gone to waste. From the long and still handsome terrace, included in the latter, we obtained a splendid view of the lovely Neckar, flowing along at the foot of the hills and on its banks, the quaint little city with its many church spires, and countless heights gleaming in the distance, and nearer at hand, farther up the mountain, the castle itself, looming up indistinctly in the half darkness, like an enchanted palace in some old fairy tale. But most perfect of all, picture to yourself, away up on the summit of the hill, an old tower, only half of which is left standing, its sides all overgrown with wild vines, that clamber luxuriously around the empty window frames. The other half has broken away and rolled, a ponderous mass way down the steep cliff, where it now lies motionless, held fast by its own weight, its rough sides and sharp corners hidden by the moss and vines, that have clustered lovingly around it. Below a deep chasm; around the solitary wooded hills; not a sound breaks the night stillness of the air or the solemn desolation of the palace; and then slowly the moon rises, and touches with her pale, silvery light the whole scene, imparting to it with her rays a strange weirdness, a romantic, indescribable beauty! How quickly the eye takes in such a scene, and how slowly and imperfectly the pen places it upon paper for the benefit of those, who can only see with other's eyes. But I will attempt no more descriptions, having already claimed your attention too long; so I will close with the hope, that all members of that vast and honored community, comprising our Alumni, may enjoy themselves as thoroughly during this summer's vacation as their

Friend and well-wisher,
NELLIE C. STRONG.

"DOES MIND ACT UPON MIND INDEPENDENT OF MATTER?"—CONTINUED.

The examination of Mrs. Delano, in her sick room, was written down at the time by the author of these communications.

The physician who had attended her, was by mutual arrangement, to attend the examination, and arrived a few minutes after the medium had been put to sleep. Those present, quite a number of friends, now entered the sick room, and Dr. Foyen was for the first time introduced to Mrs. Delano, and the medium, her eyes closed as in sleep, seated close beside the bed; and the examination commenced. The medium's first remark was: "what a small pulse you have; you are sick in every part; I don't see how you can live;" putting the hand upon the sick woman, the medium exclaimed: "sore! the scrofula has afflicted you all over, in almost every part; your lungs are not affected, and you have not much cough; your disease is in the bowels, and sometimes produces a healing in the side; you are very weak, and are some nervous, but not naturally so; your disease must have been of long standing; sometimes the bowels swell caused by the scrofula." The sick woman asked, what was the part of the bowels particularly diseased? to which the medium declined an answer in the presence of so many persons. All then left the room, except the husband, Dr. Foyen, the attending physician, and myself, who was writing down the examination. She then stated: "the genitals are the basis of the disease, and this difficulty is, and has been the seat of all the disease which you have about you; the appearance is now however, better than it has been; the part nearest the spinal column is most affected and has communicated the disease to that organ, and you sometimes now feel pain in the back; the spinal marrow is too dry, and you have a disagreeable tired feeling below the pit of the stomach; the bowels swell now, but less than formerly; your blood is now in a bad condition, and your head is frequently dull and heavy; your lungs are sound and are the best part of the system; your stomach is poor enough but the seat of no disease; your glands are stiff and inactive, and your limbs are affected by a general debility but no rheumatic disease." The medium then said: "I don't think you can be cured—you may probably be made better, and may be cured; the disease has been a long time coming, and will be long in being cured, if ever." She was then asked what medicine would help her? She answered "syrup of buckthorn, sarsaparilla and compfrey would do her good. For a wash a decoction of white oak and white pine bark; injections, decoctions of hops and elderberries. Diet, fresh meat, dry toast, sometime a very little salt fish." When asked where was the greatest pain? She said "Oh, the back suffers the greatest pain."

While going through these examinations, and descriptions of her disease, her husband whispered lowly in my ear again and again, "She must know; she must know!"

Mrs. Delano had been sick some three years before this examination; unable to labor; much of the time confined to her bed, and sometimes apparently at the point of death! Some years before this, I took her only child, then two years old, in my arms and held her for the mother's last kiss, as all, herself and others, thought her dying. Her sickness continued sometime after this examination; for several years before she was well, but at length she entirely recovered and lived about thirty years dying aged about sixty. The little daughter, her only child, at maturity married a graduate of Harvard University and lived in Boston, Mass., or that vicinity. Some six years ago my wife and myself visited Mrs. Delano in Plymouth Co., Mass., and found the daughter and husband there also on a visit, and both mother and daughter in apparent good health. Thirty-six years had passed since this examination; I do not impute her recovery to that but think it aided the physician in fully understanding the character and nature of the disease, and strengthened his confidence in odyllic power and mental action, independent of ordinary operations.

After Mrs. Delano's recovery, she had her usual good health till her last sickness (not the like former), which caused her death. The daughter had died some six months before the decease of the mother.

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT THE GRADUATION OF THE SENIOR HIGH AND NORMAL CLASSES, JUNE 19, 1892.

Programme of Exercises.

INVOCATION.

Motion—Lord's Prayer.

1. Salutation..... Joseph H. Holaday.
2. Hymn and its Verse..... Francis Hasencleavel.

Motion—Hymn—Song of Home.

3. Light..... E. A. Goodenow, (N.)
4. "Whosoever is in Right"..... Ellen McFadyen.

Motion—"Truth."

5. Purity and Perseverance in Youth..... Harriet A. Bunting, (N.)
6. Education..... Mary S. Chapman.
7. Government and its Ends..... H. A. Shady.

Motion—"The Stars."

8. Aim High..... Clara Hoelzle.
9. "The Beautiful has Vanished and Freedom Not"..... Elizabeth D. Wilson, (N.)
10. Benediction..... Edward F. Finney.

Motion—"My Own Native Land."

11. How to Read..... Jane Forsyth, (N.)
12. Rest..... Mary E. Watson.
13. Random Thoughts in a Library..... Mops Goodenow.

Motion—"Music at Netherland."

14. War..... George W. Miller.
15. Education the Source of Patriotism..... Anthony Naeke.
16. The Subject's Mission..... Cecelia Mullinckrodt.

Motion—"Two Roads."

GERMAN DIALOGUE.

SCENERY:—WILLIAM TELL. By Author.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Walther Furst..... | James P. Freeman. |
| Headmaster..... | Hamilton A. Shady. |
| Mathias..... | G. W. Miller. |
- Motion—"Song of Prison."
17. The Last Leaf..... Kate Severance.
 18. FREE LAY,..... J. E. Gifford.
 19. Self-Wrought Blindness..... Wm. McCarty, (N.)
- Motion—"Spring."
20. Universal Education..... Jane Halliday, (N.)
 21. Energy..... Fannie Langford.
 22. "Where there is no Vision, the People Perish"..... Cecelia Hoelzle.
 23. Progress..... West. J. Castellum.
- Motion—"A Man's a Man for a' That."
24. The Spirit of Discovery..... Jas. P. Freeman.
 25. The Poor Man's Treasure..... Mary J. McGowan, (N.)
 26. "Life is Real, Life is earnest"..... Mary E. Mack.
- Motion—"Make me no Gaudy Chaplets."
27. Time Changes all Things..... Hattie E. Thacher.
 28. Heavens Lies about us in our Infancy..... Anton Hoelzle, (N.)
 29. Connection of the Physical Sciences..... Sarah M. Hall, (N.)

FRENCH DIALOGUE.

SCENERY:—"SCENE D'INTERIEUR." By Author.

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| Recluse..... | Clara Hoelzle. |
| Meadowbrook..... | Francis Hasencleavel. |
- OF CHORUS: E. Langford, Ella Smith.
- Motion—"Good Night."
- [A different air and words we believe.]
29. Early Induction, with the Vocabulary..... Almon W. Thomson.
 30. Unwritten Language, with the Normal Vocabulary..... Mary S. Chapman, (N.)

Motion—Hymn, by the Graduating Class.

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT OF ATTENDANCE.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS. By WSMAN.

Motion—"Once More, before we Part."

BENEDICTION.

*EXCLUDED.
Graduates of the Normal Class are designated by (N.)

CLASS HISTORY.

CLASS OF 1892.

The names of the graduates of this class are Clara Hoelzle, Frances Langford, Mary E. Mack, Cecelia Mullinckrodt, Hattie E. Thacher, Ella V. McVaine, Mary Wallace, Frederick J. Castellum, Charles L. Chapman, Edward F. Finney, James P. Freeman, Francis Hasencleavel, Joseph H. Holaday, George W. Miller, Anthony Naeke, Hamilton A. Shady, Almon W. Thomson.

Castellum studied law and graduated at the law school or department of Ann Arbor University, and is at present at San Francisco, where he has been for a number of years, presumably practicing his profession. He is still single, or was according to last accounts.

Finney studied engineering, but is not pursuing the profession. He is not in the city, we believe, and is still single, so far as heard from.

Freeman entered commercial life in this city, but

quit business some time ago and left the city. We have not been able to trace him further.

Hassendenbel entered upon business as an employe of Meyer & Meister, wholesale grocers, and remained with the same firm through its various changes for about sixteen years. He was then about one year in the employ of Dieckriede, Wulff & Co., and within a year started in business on his own account as a member of the firm of Hassendenbel & Schmidt, on North Second Street. He is still single, but there is no telling, of course, how many *affaires de cœur* (love scrapes in the vernacular) the shafts of the little blind god may have gotten him into.

Holliday attended the Washington University one year, after which he was employed at the Mechanic's bank for about a year and a half. After remaining with Collins & Holliday as book-keeper, till June 1867, he was elected Secretary of the Pilot Knob Iron Co., in which position he remained till January, 1868, when he became book-keeper for J. H. Wear & Co. He was admitted a partner of the firm in 1868, remaining as such till January, 1877. He was out of business and travelling till the commencement of 1878; since which time he has been in the employ of J. H. Wear, Boogher & Co. He was married in December, 1877, to Miss Annie Hodgman. They have one boy.

Miller traveled about a year through the Western States, and then went into the steamboat agency business with R. F. Sass for about a year. He next became book-keeper for H. S. Parker for about six months, after which he entered the employ of the United States Express Company, with whom he has remained ever since in various capacities, being express messenger at present. He was the hero (or victim) of the great express robbery of 1865. He married Miss Laura Mason, of Paris, Mo., and has two girls living, having lost a girl and a boy.

Nacke studied law for about a year with Col. T. G. C. Davis, after which he clerked for Justice Grether for a year more. Next in connection with the late Charles Borg he established a notarial business and real estate agency in North St. Louis. In 1868 he was elected Justice of the Peace in the old 12th ward, which position he has held ever since, to the great satisfaction of his constituents. He was admitted to the bar about four years ago. In 1868 he married Miss Eliza Leder, their union being blessed with three children, of whom two boys are living, one little girl having died.

Shidy graduated as an M. D. after which he held a position at the Missouri Insane Asylum at Fulton till 1872. Next he had charge of the drug store of Dr. Jeffagwell in North St. Louis. At one time,

since, he kept a drug store of his own out on Morgan Street, but he is at present at Washington, D. C., we believe. He is married and has two children, (or more.)

Thomson was employed at the Sub-treasury in this city for a couple of years, after which he attended Harvard University for nearly three years, graduating at the law school, having availed himself of the privilege of attending the lectures and pursuing three studies in the undergraduate course, relating to the mathematics and natural sciences. He then went into the banking business at Vicksburg, in the firm of Nichols, Barrett & Co. for two years. While there he married Miss Jennie Emanuel. He returned to this city and was Deputy Clerk of Circuit Court for a year. He then became teller of the the Provident Savings Institution, where he can still be found, as cashier. His family has been increased to the extent of two little girls. He finds time to interest himself to a great degree in art matters (both in music and painting), in which connection his name is frequently mentioned in the press.

The girls of '62 numbered eight, though there seems to be some contradiction between the records, the statements of certain members, and our own eyesight. We give the names and if there are any mistakes we hope they will be corrected.

Of Miss Clara Hoelsie, though her record has been most faithful, there is little to be said differently from the account of her sister Louise, probably because her work has been faithful, for the tasks that are set for our earlier years of maturity are generally more exacting of time and strength than those that come later. Miss Hoelsie has taught almost ever since leaving school. At present she is first assistant in the Lyon's school. Her devotion to her home and mother is well known, and this is doubtless one thing that has helped to keep her face almost as fair and graceful as in our school days.

Francis Langford attended the High School, but although her name is on the programme, we are informed by one member of the class that she did not graduate. We have not been able to learn anything of her, beyond the fact that she is now Mrs. Shepherdson. (She was the vocalist of the class and the memory of her beautiful singing still survives in the hearts of her classmates.)

Cecelia Mallinekrodt taught two or three years after leaving school. During the war she married a Major Küster and went south with him. She remained there until the close of the war, seeing life as only an officer's wife can, and enjoying its many phases. On their return they removed to Belleville, where they remained for several years. Her health failed entirely about this time, and she finally died in St. Louis, leaving two little children.

ing Club." Hence his formerly so busy pencil now lies idle and sketches are scarce.

—Mrs. Smith (Miss Mattie Farrar), of class '76, has returned from Sandusky, O., where she has been spending several months with relations and friends. She expects ere long to leave for another trip "up the country."

—Some one suggests that the gentlemen of '76, who in some back number made a boast or wager or something about the girls, had better keep away from 78. It is known to be more irresistible than any preceding or following class.

—Theodore Harris, '76, has recently started on a trip aboard the steamer fitted up by enterprising commercial travelers for visiting the various ports on the Mississippi and the small tributary streams. He represents Goulds & Ostrander.

—Felix Hunnicke, class '77, is home on leave of absence for a month. His artistic longings will not grant him peace. He has taken up painting and the English school of water color may now be on the look out for a rival American school. It may be Bentley versus Hunnicke soon. At West Point he ranks first in his class and wears all the honors.

—Eugene Spencer, '76, who is now a cadet at West Point, spent a few weeks vacation in St. Louis during the summer. He graduates in the Class of '82. During his stay in the city, he visited a number of his old class-mates, and all were pleased with his soldierly bearing.

—The *Valley Naturalist*, published by Henry Skær, is the title of a new scientific monthly just out in this city. It numbers among its contributors such men as Prof. Riley, of Washington, J. Monell, of St. Louis, and W. W. Chalkins, of Chicago, and is just the publication for students and amateur scientists all over the country.

—We are able this month to answer somewhat the enquiry for Marcella Temple. She was married a number of years ago to Mr. Noble How, by whom she had one child before he died. The boy has his father's name, and is now in business. Mrs. How afterwards married Mr. E. R. Easton, and is residing now in Philadelphia, the happy mother of one girl, and splendid twin boys.

—We forgot to state in No. 3, that a new baby had come to the home of Alexander Daryl. But it is not strange that the many novel experiences we heard of the father's life should have crowded out the memory of the baby; especially when the latter was at such a distance that it didn't have half a chance. If it is like the babies we remember the father will never be able to take first position any where except when away from home.

—Sarah Davis, of '69, is Mrs. Bienenstock, Mary McMurray, Mrs. Richardson, Meta Dunkhapt, Mrs. Smith, Augusta Newmark, Mrs. Harnsheim, Emma Cray, Mrs. George, Gerlie B. Ramsay is Mrs. James Ferguson, of Montreal, Canada. Lillie Thompson and Mattie Mortimer are also married, but present names are unknown. The addresses of these ladies are desired. Annie Campbell married Charles Twining, a member of the school board in '73, but lived only two years after.

—Mrs. Emma Bell Sutton, of '68, is the mother of four lovely children, whose praises are sounded by another graduate most sincerely. Their mother seems to have mastered the art of interesting them so thoroughly in various employments and studies as to leave them no time or thought for the faults and troublesome ways of childhood. It is only the true way of working out the problem, and all the training of mind and heart of our earlier years is none too elaborate for the accomplishment of this one object alone.

—Mrs. Eccles has returned from her summering, in every respect as lively and young looking as the Mary Conannon of old. In fact, life seems to agree with both herself and husband remarkably well, though this is not strange as long as Mr. Eccles remains a most successful lawyer, with always cases in court at a time when lawyers in all stages of starvation strew the city "thick as leaves in Valambrosa." Mr. Eccles has but one failing in truth; he will forget to bring home his wife's MRKONS, and uses them instead to make his notes on. Doubtless his arguments gain their added brilliancy from this fact, but it isn't fair all the same.

—Mrs. Mattie Thomson, of '76, formerly Miss Harrison is visiting relatives in New Jersey. Her home is on the Manchester road, near Chouteau Ave.

—Mr. Wm. Hodgden, who labored so faithfully with our musical geniuses at the old High, is now training our boys and girls at the Branch High at the Franklin. And he does not look a year older.

—The statement in a late number, that Miss Nellie Strong had returned home proves a mistake. She at present is taking a rest from her severe musical studies in a sight seeing tour through the continent.

We learn from the papers that her success in the profession she has chosen seems a settled fact. Before commencing her vacation she appeared in the Public Præning of the Leipzig Conservatory, held in the Germand house. Her selection for the occasion was Reincke's "F sharp minor concerto" and her rendering won the approval of all the professors and the German critics. Those yearly concerts at the public Conservatories are attended always by large and appreciative audiences, and, as usual, the Germand haus had

was filled to overflowing. The applause was warm and sincere, and the newspaper criticisms all favorable. To have achieved a success in Leipzig, and to win the praises of Reinicke and other musical authorities, is a triumph which Miss Strong's friends will enjoy with her heartily.

She is assured that another year of hard study and work, will suffice to complete her musical studies in Leipzig.

Owing to the pressure of legitimate work, the business manager is unable to make collections for the MIRROR, and in consequence finds them getting too much behind hand. If some interested and energetic graduate of either sex desires to undertake this work together with canvassing for the paper, for reasonable compensation, please make it known by a letter addressed to Tower Grove Station West St. Louis. Subscribers can save us trouble and expense by sending their subscriptions to the same address.

APPENDIX TO CLASS HISTORY OF 1861.

Charles Black of '61 has been engaged in farming and school teaching principally, since leaving school. His present home is in Claytonville, St. Louis Co., where he has been teaching for six years past. He was married in 1879 to Miss Mary Woodward, a member of the High School, though not a graduate. They have one child, a boy.

Theodore Speelman belonged to class '61, but did not graduate. He left the city in '60 and went with his mother and sisters to Maryland, and enlisted in a battery of light artillery in the Federal service. After the war he returned to St. Louis and was employed in the office of the Assistant Treasurer of the United States. He left two years ago for Kansas, where is now farming or dealing in live stock.

Kate Severson is many one of the graduates who have passed a long life of constant teaching, a habit she probably inherited from her mother, as they were occupied in this vocation at the same time. After graduating Miss Severson was married to Mr. Avery, of this city, by whom she has one little girl, ten or eleven years old. Gussie's very bright eyes fore-shadow the probability that she will make the third generation in this family that gives its time and strength to our public school system. Mrs. Avery's interest in the old classmates is unabated.

Ebenezer Bosworth, we are sorry to say, is still not heard from beyond the fact that he is married, resided for awhile in Baltimore, and has achieved in his life something beyond the common, but what we cannot learn. His address is most earnestly desired, for he certainly was one of the nicest boys of his class.

Henry G. Blake attended and graduated at Washington University after leaving the High School. He then went to farming almost immediately, which avocation he is still successfully pursuing, having, for

instance, cut from 75 to 100 tons of hay this season. He married Miss Georgie Barnard, and they have three children, two boys and a girl. "Between times" he did some surveying, built the town hall, school house, etc., in his town of Rose Town, and is quite a prominent among his fellow citizens. His address is P. O. box 2174, St. Paul, Minn.

Miss Martin remained "at home" for the first three years, and then entered upon the duties of the noble but arduous profession of a teacher in our public schools. She is a graduate of the Normal School as well as of our *Alma Mater*. It was "as good as a feast" to see her pleasant countenance again, we not having met with her since our "school days," some years ago. We cannot but think that the records must be wrong and our memory at fault which place her among the graduates of this class; and we are willing to wager that such is the fact with any one whose judgment has not been prejudiced by the aforesaid authorities. She is one of the most cheerful and philosophical ladies we have ever met, which is not common after having devoted one self incessantly to teaching for so many years.

A MODERN NOVEL.

Here am I, a respectable matter-of-fact bachelor of thirty-five, inveigled into reading a third-class modern novel. I'm stuck on a sand bar in the middle of the river, that is, I should say, the boat I am traveling in is so stuck, with not a bosom companion around, and my own selections of high-toned literature exhausted, and that, too, when I was more particular about cramming my valise with printed paper than with paper collars. We've been here two days, and I never knew a boat that wasn't wiser than a thermometer even when it came to selecting the hottest heated term in the month for her summer roost, and meditation on a sand-bar; so you can imagine the *non est* state of the collars. There's nothing more stupid, in my opinion, than a boat on a sand-bar. The eternal sleepy, one-legged cranes, a setting hen, blissfully hatching a china egg, a proudly dressed woman, sailing blandly down Fourth street, with a yard or two of her "looping" (heaven knows what the cabalistic word means,) meandering unconsciously after, all pale before the stupidity of this one concatenation of summer travel, when the river is low, I was cramped for something to do. One can't sit with their heels elevated, even on top the smoke-stack, forever, and all enjoyments had paled, when I spied a lovely young girl of fifteen, with a most patrician, intellectual face, sitting entranced over a novel. She closed it presently with a long, shivering sigh of delight, and I hastened to borrow it, feeling sure it must be endurable, when it could light up such a face. Besides I was curious to see the ambrosia such angels thrive on. I like a pretty young girl intensely. She handed

it to me with the loveliest smile, saying, "It is heavenly; you mustn't skip a word."

I've waded through it, gasping and peering, and was at the end, almost ready to acknowledge that the dull tedium of sandbars and the incessant growling of "nigger engines," and insane passengers, had taken on, by comparison, the very tints of poetry herself. My head buzzed with the ferment, and my only hope of relief is to make a relish of this to give mental dyspepsia to some other possible reader. I'll do it.

My novel shall have two heroines. It adds so much to the interest, especially if they are as like as two peas, except that one is intensely blonde, the other more intensely brunette. The first heroine is a milkmaid's daughter. That is, her mother is a milkwoman now, and peddles it around in cans; but she used to be a maid that gaily caroled difficult operas, as she tripped along with two silver shining pails poised upon her head, and her alabaster feet growing only more dazzlingly white with every new mixture of dew and softly rolling dust she passed through. (It will break the connection, but I must say here that I put in that about the difficult operas to in some way account for the marvelous attainments of the daughter. I am too matter of fact to abide an affect without a cause, even in jest.) Her daughter does that business now, and the dew and the grass she passes over, not to be outdone by similar greens under the foot of the Lady of the Lake, rise up and throw her a kiss after each light pressure. Being tall, as all novel heroines are, and not a Sarah Bernhard, she *must* weigh about—let me see; I weigh a hundred and eighty and I'm not at all fat; I should think a woman might weigh within forty pounds of a man; say about one hundred and forty pounds. That's a stunner, but having no actual material upon which to base calculations, it must stand. I am sorry for her monster's bay and outs, however, and afraid my practical, business habits are going to be very much in the way in this undertaking.)

The blonde heroine is named Heloise. (That is convenient, it does for a sigh every time I write it.) One day she was tripping and caroling, with her buckets gleaming in the moonbeams, and her dark eyes dreamily resting in the moon's soft depths, saying, "Green it shall be," when her foot caught in the long grass and she fell up—oh! indeed I beg pardon; my mind was wandering to the scenes of my childhood, and that precious blue primer, where I first drank at learning's crystal fountain. I will certainly settle to business now or never.

She was walking along in this—way, when she met the handsomest of handsome strangers, with oh! such black eyes and hair, who bowed to the earth and said in the softest of Italian tones, "Good evening, mees." The maid stopped suddenly with dilating eyes (no, the pails didn't fall off); she saw with

prophetic vision that before her stood her fate. It was indeed the world-renowned impresario, Signor Mar—no, upon second thoughts I will leave each of my readers to supply the name they consider greatest. It adds mystery, tickles the conceit of the reader, and leaves room for the imagination, which we are told is the secret of the success of all great writings.

Signor Mar—in a few impassioned words made her understand how he had been struck with her marvelous voice, and he wished to throw himself at her feet, and devote the remainder of his days in escorting her around the world, to give every nation a chance to throw itself at her feet, and declare her the prime donna of all time. We are sometimes driven to believe in perusing musical monthlies that operatic managers are a grasping avaricious set who try to browbeat and Jew down the lovely unworldly prima donna; but you see by this that it is not so.

Heloise had never seen the inside of even a village school, but she answered him in the most eloquent and musical phrases; in fact I may as well state that all through her future life, her conversations upon all subjects, literature, politics, astronomy, the weather, goodness, etc., were equalled in their unparalleled brilliancy and diversity, by her singing only, which was equalled in its turn only by—her talking. This you see will save me the embarrassing impossibility of trying to make up any of those unparalleled conversations which I am utterly incapable of doing. You will notice that novelists never do give you any samples of those phenomenal performance of their characters; instead they always assume a far away superior sort of air at these points, as though it was the easiest thing in the world to make up these brilliant things, but in their rapt contemplation of the grand forces of the universe, they had really forgotten to do it. I am more honest.

My story seems to loiter, like the tinkling brook playing hide and seek with the ponderous builders of my thoughts, or the golden sands of my fancies; but I can tell you Heloise didn't loiter. She set the milk buckets down behind a massive palm stump (you see things must correspond, and nothing but a palm, or karyax tree stump would be grand enough for those buckets) so that the logs wouldn't find them, and clasping her alabaster hands above her head, while her marble arms gleamed in the moonlight, vowed—her vow. Then all in her simple white embroidered muslin, as she stood, without one thought of putting on her Sunday dress or her shoes, without one word of fond farewell to her old father and mother, she bade a long, lingering, lengthening, linked adieu to the scenery of her childhood, and departed forever with the black haired and eyed and mustachioed stranger, (I declare it makes one sweat to do justice to all these details), such was her touch

ing devotions to the art that was henceforth to be her own and only mistress. Next morning the gray haired parents found the remains of the milk buckets in all quarters of the field, for the hogs found them after all in spite of the loving care that strove to prevent this heart-rending catastrophe. The remains were tenderly buried under the marigolds and old maid in the back garden and henceforth her name was taboed in that log house for evermore.

I'm going to take the novelist's privilege of skipping over eight or ten years now, so that will give me time to slip out and stretch my legs and get a glass of beer and a cigar, and see if that beastly sand bar has moved out of the way any yet, and if the steward is being able to scrape up anything for supper but stale baker's bread, two ginger snaps on each plate, and tea, coffee and milk that contrary to hygienic grow daily weaker in proportion to the extra water they take on. Ah-h-h! in my opinion if I were a novel writer, I would skip three or four years every chapter. One thing else: I find my efforts to keep natively to the high romantic strains of my model, somewhat shaky, owing as I said before to my severe practical and business training; so whenever I descend into the low, degrading details of every day life, pray set them down to my unconquerable instinct to leave every thing ship-shape behind me, and pass on.

CHAPTER II.

It was an exquisite night in December. The theatre—in—was packed to suffocation. The world renowned prima donna, Heloise Montmorency D'Italia was to give her positively last appearance in that city before bidding it her annual eternal adieu. The curtain rises before the absolutely breathless audience. Positively there wasn't the half of a breath to divide between the whole crowd. She stands before them in all her unguity, dressed in glimmering red satin, trimmed with futes and German puffs, etc., etc. (I never could see why ladies' trimmings should be named out of every department under the Heaven's from the cook's up, but so it is.) Her pure, pale cheek was deeply flushed with excitement. She raises eyes, voice and hands, and the song gushes all over the house. It was her favorite opera of *Loretta Lani*, her more, and the *Brevi a tristi* or *ni vrese*, *Condotta ell'era*, *Allegro marziale alla breva*, *Che non*, etc., *Andantino con moto*, floated out in exquisite tones, swaying the house back and fourth and up and down like a torando. (By George, what should I have done if it hadn't been for that scrap of a programme in the paper my last pants came home in?) The song died away, her hands fell at her side, the audience began to hunt round for their handkerchiefs and the fraction of a breath. Suddenly the stillness was broken into little bits by a scream; a

man's scream. I must go back a little, first stating that her pure, pale cheek grew paler and her eyes turned with a startled glare in the directions of the departed scream. Then she slowly sank in Signor Mar—'s arms and the curtain slowly sank to the floor.

This next part, being about a man with no flummery and trains and pure pale cheeks, can easily be hustled over. There was a man named Julius de Aleminatinge, who had been engaged all his life to a brunette named Etelle—the other heroine. She had raven hair and blue eyes and pale pure cheeks, alabaster hands and marble arms, even as had Heloise. Julius however had met Heloise some two years before and fell in love with her,—he had fallen from his horse before her door and broken his neck, and she nursed him till he got well, so of course he had to fall in love with her—and while his proud and noble heart ached for the absent Etelle he did his duty like a man and hero. In short they became engaged. But when after several months he rejoined his family and first landed on the continent, duty began to turn her coat and insist on his going back to his first love. With a heavy heart and no sign he dropped Heloise, and had not seen her until this night at the theatre when his feelings overcame him and he gave vent to that terrible scream; well after this he met her often, for she forgave him for his past neglect, and the winter passed in a vain and struggle to be true to both women at once. I despair of telling you how his noble heart was racked with this cruel struggle. He fell away worse than Dr. Tanner, for the future did not hold even the tempting fruit, a watermelon in view, to stay his despairing—heart. He had terrible sick spells and trances, during which he said most dangerous things, but always missed the hair's breadth of letting out the rusting secret. The two fair pure girls had tans of taking care of him, but as yet neither knew of the existence of the other. But each grew more devoted, and Etelle became convinced that he had ceased to love her because he was so fitful; and then she would beg him to release her from her promise. Now he would have given his head to do this if his tender, generous heart could have been sure her heart would not be broken by it; so he would try tenderly to find out if she really cared: then she would lift her eyes to heaven with a divinely patient, rapt, ecstatic expression, and try to pretend she didn't care. But strange to say at this point Julius' feelings always overcame him and he insisted on marrying her then and there (to put him out of his misery); but though frail she would look at him with infinite sadness and say "no, I will not marry you just now." Though why she shouldn't take him when she could get him, and when the wedding day had been set for every day in the two past years, is one of those things no fellow can find out.

Women are strange creatures. It seems to be a

part of their creed to refuse most persistently, for a time the thing they most desire, just as they disclaim vehemently all wish for a treat of ice cream and cake or fruit, or anything nice, and then with true courage quietly choke down their disinclination, and bravely do their share to keep things from wasting. So I suppose, when a woman persistently refuses to be married to the man she loves, when she can as well as not, she is privately sacrificing to some long forgotten god of her ancestors, and will come out all right, especially if a little wholesome neglect is applied. But Julius was young, and hadn't sifted woman as I seem to have learned to do since commencing this story—so he would feel himself badly treated and go over to the other girl, intending just to bask in her smiles, but it ended every time in his getting on his knees and begging for a speedy union showing a beautiful and unselfish recklessness of consequences in his desire to equalize things. But Heloise was not ready to marry yet either. She had a divine mission to perform first. Her great-great-grandmother's third husband (who was distinguished from the other husbands by a wig and glass eye) had been scalped by Indians, and she had vowed to go through every Indian tribe on the globe until she had found that scalp, and also some descendant of the sculptor, upon whose crown she would heap coals of fire by rescuing him from his savage life and introducing him to all the divine advantages of civilization. So she would raise her pure dark eyes to heaven and say, "Not yet; not yet, my Julius; when I fulfill this sacred vow then alone will I give myself to you;" and both girls were so self-sacrificing, so patient, so firm that he began to feel miles below their level.

I forgot to state that both these young ladies had guardians, and to tell a long story about both guardians was desperately to love with their wards; but with wonderful unselfishness and devotion each had refrained from telling their love, but "let the worm" the bad prey upon their damask cheeks, regardless of the fact that both the girls were devoted to them, and might have been won as easily as not. The guardians always addressed their wards as "my Heloise," and "my Etienne," and watched Julius very closely. Though always ready to give their previous charges up to him if they themselves wished it. In fact the immaculate goodness of these four people was lovely to behold.

At last in course of events the two girls met, and became most devoted friends. They sang operas together for Etienne was second only to Heloise in her marvellous voice, though never until now had she betrayed to a single human being the possession of so wonderful a gift.

CHAPTER III.

Then one day, oh! glorious news, they found out to be continued in OUR NEXT.

By George, I am just getting warmed up to the

work—thermometer stands at two hundred in the shade—and had to stop, but the mosquitoes have left positively nothing but my bones, and I'll have to hurray up or they won't hold together for me to get into that skin under that square of mosquito bar, and root till morning. I shan't sleep a wink either for my brain aches with its pent up thought and will not brook the night that keeps from my entrancing work.

From a circular we learn that "the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, Washington University, for the season of '80-'81 will open Monday, October 4th. The school furnishes instruction in Drawing, Modelling, Painting, Artistic Anatomy, Perspective and Decorative Design.

Students may enter any class upon submitting examples of work showing the necessary skill. Applicants for admission to the Evening Life Class must submit a drawing of a full-length figure from the Antique or Life. Ladies pursuing a course of study in the School are not required to work with University students who come to the Department for instruction, but are given places in rooms set apart for the use of art students. Classes in modelling will be instructed by Mr. Kretschmar. Every possible advantage will be afforded to persons wishing to pursue a course of study in modelling either in ornaments from casts, the human figure from the antique, or from life."

There are two terms in the year. The first term commences on the first Monday in October and ending in February; the second commencing the first Monday after the tenth of February and continuing throughout the academic year. The rooms are open for the study of Drawing, Painting, and modelling, every day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., and for the study of Drawing from the Antique and Life, four evenings in the week.

The prospects for a successful year are very favorable. Prof. Ives has been abroad all summer, visiting European art school and purchasing works of art for the St. Louis School and Museum. If all reports are true, the new collection of casts will surpass all expectation.

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No. 411 Franklin Ave.,

St. Louis, Mo.

Our Mirror.

Humanist Nihilist.

Vol. II.

St. Louis, Mo., OCTOBER, 1880.

No. 6.

OUR MIRROR.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

IN THE INTERESTS OF THE

HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

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THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

BY JAMES A. MARTIN.

Amid the throng that tread the busy city,
A dreamer, I have often met therein;
Two saintly forms—the messengers of pity
To the poor victims of mischance and sin.
Two—
Two—but when I in some companion say,
“There go the holy two,” he looks at me
And says “I see but one!” and in a way
As if he questioned of my sanity.
And both go veiled. The one with garments sable,
Like the dark robe that waked midnight fears;
And one with drapery surpassing fable
A web of sunbeams and of blossoms.
She wears a simple and unsewn white bonnet,
In perfect contrast with her raiment. Even
Like this her body still upon the planet,
Like that her thought and all her soul in heaven.
And she a crowd of grays and gleams blended
That tell of others’ such a talisman shed
There seems at times a dove from heaven descended
With outspread wings to rest upon her head!

The face of one sad and traced with sadness,
The record of a life with pain assuaged.
The other shining with seraphic gladness
Yet softened with the sorrow of a saint.

The one I know and knew. The old love dies,
And my hand trembles, and my eyes grow dim;—
May God accept our still grudged sacrifice!—
I gave my birth and all my hopes to Him!

O Sister Holists! Clasp! Angel!
Earth born but born again, and from above!
I see thee not alone in thine Evangel
God’s daughter! scattering his gifts of love!

And so, I pray thee pray for me! who human
Still strive, unseeing for the second birth
Who cannot for the saint forget the woman,
Nor yet am wholly earthly of the earth.

Mrs. Strong has kindly furnished us some of her daughter Nellie’s letters, written during her summer trip, the first of which we present here. Our readers will find them delightful:

COLOGNE, July 30th, 1880.

DEAREST ————:—As you see, I am on the go; in fact, really too much so to write any regular letters; for what with travelling from one place to another, and exploring the different cities when stopping any length of time, there is little opportunity left for letter writing.

If I stay in the house at all, I am glad to rest a little, for sight seeing, though most enjoyable, is fatiguing. So far however, I find chiefly the pleasant side of it. I have been in Eisenach, an old town interesting in itself, but situated most beautifully in the midst of mountains and valleys. The celebrated Wartburg is within easy walking distance, the scene of Wagner’s Götterdämmerung; with the pictures of Saint Elizabeth, and the rooms where the old Saengerfeste were held in the times of minstrelsy. In a side building is the room where Luther stayed nearly a year in 1521–22, translating a great part of the Bible. The room commands a most charming and inspiring view, and is still arranged exactly as Luther left it; his bed, writing desk, book case, chairs, pictures of his parents, letters, etc., etc. One side of the wall is somewhat demolished, as it was here he threw the

ink bottle at the devil, and people have carried off pieces of the wall as souvenirs. This is now forbidden; but the guide stealthily obtained for me a piece of the tree (the trunk of which is placed here) where Luther was hiding when secured and brought to the Wartburg. He solemnly declared it was genuine; at all events I shall preserve it and think so, which is just as good.

In Frankfurt I was alone. The party with whom I am going through Switzerland had not visited Munich, and as I had been there, I preferred to go in the meantime to Frankfurt, up the Rhine to Cologne. I have gotten along charmingly alone. Frankfurt was crowded with strangers, as the great Turner Fest was being held there. Thousands came over from America—some families from St. Louis were there—though I did not get to see them. The city was beautifully decorated with flags, wreaths, flowers, etc., and in every street, and on every house, cards with "Welcome" in evergreen were hung. Of course I kept as far away from the Turner Hall as possible, being alone, and it was probably as well; for the evening before I left they had fire works, and by some accident the whole mass exploded, seriously injuring some ten or twenty people, killing one young lady. As there were seventeen thousand people present it is wonderful that so small a proportion was hurt.

Every morning at eight o'clock I sat down to write, as with my *Basileide* under my arm. You may know of what value such a guide is, when I tell you that by carefully studying the plan of the city and things to be seen, beforehand, I walked everywhere, and visited all the sights as easily and safely as if Ed lived there all my life. It is a beautiful city, greatly enlarged and improved in the last few years, with elegant public buildings and long avenues cut, of the city lined on either side with trees and handsome villas. Several of the old towers that were the entrances to the city in the days when it was walled in, are still standing, and form a most picturesque appearance. The inner part of the city has the queerest little streets and houses, particularly in the old "Juden-gasse," where the houses are of peculiar shape, so narrow and closely built, with no pavements on either side. There I saw the house where the first Rothschild lived. Think of it; so much wealth accumulated in such a hole!

I have collected pictures of the most interesting things in each place; they make such a beautiful album to peep at as a souvenir. I saw also, Goethe's Birth House, bought by the city, and arranged inside, exactly as in his time. His room, furniture, writing materials, and pictures of and presents from his various loves, Lili, Lotte, Frederica, etc., etc. His mother's room and things also, are preserved.

From Frankfurt I went to Biebrach and took the steamer for long long yearned for trip up the Rhine.

The river itself is much larger than I thought for being about the width of the Hudson at N. Y. in most places, and some times a good deal wider. It is now, in consequence of rains, not at all green. The trip was certainly most delightful, for the scenery on both sides is very beautiful; but as far as nature is concerned, it does not compare with what I saw on the Hudson. Its fame lies greatly in its old poetic and historic associations. Castle after castle, sometimes well preserved or rebuilt, but mostly more or less in ruins, rises along its banks. I can give you no idea, even if I had time to write, how it all impresses one.

I am now as you see, in Cologne, a large old city with 120,000 or more inhabitants. The chief point of interest and the one that keeps me, is of course the Cathedral, which is the most wonderful building I have ever seen. It is conspicuously stationed, and simply immense, occupying a whole square in length and width. The two towers are already near the sky and they are still building on them. The Cathedral was commenced in 1248, the work ceasing from 1600 to 1800, and beginning again in 1817, since when it has gone steadily on and is still under way.

I cannot begin to describe to you its magnificence. Everything is on such a gigantic scale, and is so gorgeously worked out both inside and out. The arches, buttresses and triforium. The stained glass windows over the outside, and the painted windows within, of which the number is legion, are beautiful beyond description. In one place for which you have to buy a ticket, you can see the treasure cabinet, where there are quantities of rich precious and precious stones without end. There is also the celebrated Dom picture, painted probably by Master Stephan Lochner, in 1466, and representing the mother and child surrounded by worshipping saints; also a picture by Overbeck, "The Ascension of the Virgin Mary."

After visiting the Cathedral, I walked with my Baedeker all over the city; but there is little else to describe, and besides I must close this long, long letter.

NELLIE STRONG.

—Miss Evelyn Russell is teaching in the Rock Spring School.

We have just received a letter from Mrs. Fannie Langford Shepherdson, of '62, correcting the statement in the September number of OUR MIRROR. That she was not a graduate. We are very sorry to have made the mistake, and glad to correct it; but can hardly feel much to blame, as after hunting high and low for Miss Langford, we only gave up when informed by one whom we thought ought to know that she had not graduated. Mrs. Shepherdson resides in Paxton, Ill.

ST. LOUIS HIGH SCHOOL

Graduating Exercises.

FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1868.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

PART FIRST.

Music—Song of Praise.

INVOCATION.

1. Latin—Literature..... Lewis J. Block.
2. Essay—English and French Ideas of Liberty..... Mary D. Richardson.
3. Essay—Hope..... Mary J. Fox.
Motto—"The Night will be Bright."
"Rainbow."
4. Oration—Self Reliance..... Henry H. Mudd.
5. Essay—Friendship..... Clara V. Whitman.
6. Reflection..... Eleonora E. Conannon.
Motto—"The Evening sail."
7. Oration—Duty..... Frank S. Hill.
8. Oration—The Father of Waters..... Frederick G. Cochran.
9. Essay—Reverence..... Mary E. Todd.
Motto—"Blessing."
10. Oration—Things that God Nothing..... Ludwell B. Alexander.
11. Essay—Self Development..... Alice Johnson.
12. Oration—Self-made Men..... Alex. G. Donaldson.
13. Essay—Faith in Our Object..... Martha E. Howard.
Motto—"God Rules All."
"In Their Mother, Blessing of our Me."

PART SECOND.

14. Oration—Friendship..... Joseph P. Carr.
15. Essay—Tolerance..... Mary Ella Smith.
16. Oration—The American Republic..... Lowery Lightner.
Motto—"Hope."
"Fit on the Sea."
17. Essay—All Science Leads to God..... Harriet N. Berry.
18. Essay—Our Ambitions..... Mary S. Conannon.
19. Oration—National Glory..... Ben. A. Franklin.
Motto—"The Laughter of a Child."
"The Trooper's Death."
20. Essay—Night..... Fannie A. Elgin.
21. Oration—Personal Influence..... William C. Dyer.
22. Essay—Dignity..... Eleonora E. Conannon.
Motto—"Friendship and Union."
23. Oration—The Past, Present and Future of our Country..... William H. Wood.
24. Essay—Partners in Society..... Emily L. Halsey.
25. Poem—Reading Room..... Harriet R. Mack.
Motto—"The Loved One far Away."
"Rainbow Movement."
26. Valedictory..... William D. Scott.

REPORT OF PRINCIPAL.

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS.

PARENTS' MEETING.

BENEDICTION.

*Enclosed.

CLASS HISTORY.

CLASS OF '63.

The graduates of this class were:

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| Ludwell B. Alexander, | Frank C. Billon, |
| Lewis J. Block, | Joseph P. Carr, |
| Frederick G. Cochran, | Alexander G. Donaldson, |
| William C. Dyer, | Benjamin A. Franklin, |
| Lowery Lightner, | Henry H. Mudd, |
| William D. Scott, | William H. Wood, |
| Harriet N. Berry, | Mary S. Conannon, |
| Eleonora E. Conannon, | Fannie A. Elgin, |
| Kittie M. Ford, | Martha Howard, |

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| Emily L. Halsey, | Mary J. Fox, |
| Alice Johnson, | Rebecca B. Long, |
| Henrietta Mack, | Mary D. Richardson, |
| Mary E. Smith, | Mary Todd, |
| | Clara V. Whitman. |

Harriet N. Berry, after graduating, remained at home, devoting her time to music, her friends and housekeeping. Her health was always delicate, and as the years passed on it grew steadily worse until consumption claimed her for one of its many victims. She was a quiet fragile girl; but she displayed the temper of which heroes are made, when a year before her death she went quietly and alone to the doctor's, and demanded to know her fate, and then as quietly took home his decision, "you cannot live a year longer," and proceeded to make the most of that year. She died in the spring of 1870 and lies in the Belvidere Cemetery.

Mary E. Conannon is remembered as the poetess of her class, and as possessing unflinching good temper and the ability to say comical things. She has taught ever since leaving school, to the exclusion of any exercise of her literary ability. She was married Dec., 1872, to Mr. Wm. M. Eedes, attorney at law, in this city, and moved to their home on Cook and Prairie Avenues, where they are still living. They have had but one child, which died when quite young.

Eleonora Conannon is now in Oakland, Cal. She taught in this city for several years after graduating, but has given it up. She has acquired considerable local reputation as a landscape painter, that being at present her favorite pursuit. She is also quite a finished musician, having pursued that study for years with great constancy and perseverance.

Kittie Ford, whom we remember as the embodied spirit of mischief, is now Mrs. Davis, and resides in Paris, Ky. She was married in St. Louis in 1867, and moved to her present home in 1871. The next we will copy from her letter: "My life has been a happy but not eventful one. We have a daughter in her 13th year, a son four, and our 'baby boy' ten months old. Our home is very beautiful, in the blue grass region, the garden spot of Ky., and we enjoy its many advantages and comforts. My time is fully occupied with flowers, the dairy and garden, my children, and household cares." Mrs. Davis has time, however, for some pleasant recollections of school days and friends, and expresses a continued interest.

Emily Halsey taught for several years in this city after graduating. In 1859 she lost her sister Gattie, a shock which affected her most seriously and from which she never entirely recovered. This loss was intensified not a great while after by the death of her mother. In 1875 she married a gentleman from Cal.

cago, a friend of her brother, and removed to his home with every prospect of a happy life after so much sorrow; a prospect that was cut short by death after one year.

Ella Smith, on finishing at the High, took the advanced course at the Mary Institute. She then remained at home till her marriage to our High School Principal, H. H. Morgan, in 1868. They have one child, a boy, to whose interests Mrs. Morgan seems devoted, having spent some time abroad mainly for the purpose of perfecting his German education. Mrs. Morgan herself is a fine German scholar and employs much of her leisure time in making translations from that language.

Miss Teed attended the Normal School, and after graduating taught in the city schools until her marriage with William H. Wood, of the same class. She then lived at Fulton four years, in this city awhile, and then at Carondelet. Her present address is Pontiac, Ill.

Clara Whiteman devoted most of her time after leaving school, to drawing, though occupied at the same time in teaching, and holding the position of head assistant. The close attention and indoor life, affected her health after a time and in consequence, her family moved to the country in August of 1870. Since then she has employed all the time possible in outdoor work, such as cultivating plants and flowers, raising poultry, etc., and as a natural consequence has entirely recovered her health. She lost her father April, 1879, and is now alone with mother. They live at the homestead on the Clayton Road, west of Kings Highway, near Forest Park. She is at present trying teaching again in the Peabody school.

Of Alexander we have been unable to learn anything, except that he is believed to be in the insurance business in New York city.

Billon was employed with Pulsifer, Scudder & Co., in the provision and pork business as salesman for about three years. After that he was farming in St. Louis County for about two years, when he was employed with Johnson & Sawyer in the paper business, where he remained about two years and a half. He again became a "native notherman" till 1878, since which time he has been with F. O. Sawyer & Co., in the wholesale paper business. Fessak is still single, a fact much to be regretted.

Carr clerked awhile in the butter and cheese business with Owen & Co., and then entered upon the same business for about seven years. He married Miss Lizzie Paschal, a daughter of the former well known proprietor of the *Missouri Republican*. His wife died about three years ago, leaving him with one child, which soon followed its mother. He was mar-

ried again to Miss Lillie, a daughter of Hon. J. L. D. Morrison, and is conducting a magnificent farm near Carlyle, Ill. Their union is blessed with two children. Joseph was one of the sufferers by the disastrous Southern Hotel fire, but was lucky enough to escape with his life, as was also his wife.

Fred. Cochran spent the first year after graduating on a farm for rest and recuperation. He then attended Dartmouth College, where he graduated A.B. in 1868. He served as clerk, and then book-keeper and cashier for John J. Roe & Co. till 1877, after which he entered the firm of Bartle & Cochran, beef and pork packers, their successors, where he still lives "in hopes." He says he has all his life been determined to enter the *laven*, having had dozens of "appulses" but if the *whole* truth must be told (we told him it *must*, of course) he believed that the matter is now an assured *future* fact. Happy man! May he not be doomed to another disappointment.

Donaldson entered Washington University and graduated there in 1867. He then entered commercial life as book-keeper for Hill, Lemos & Co., saw-millers, and then for B. S. Grant & Co., commission merchants. Next he became discount clerk and teller in the Commercial Bank, which position he still holds. He is unmarried.

Dyer entered Westminster College, at Fulton, Mo., in September, 1863, and graduated in June, 1866. He studied French and literature at home for about a year, and then "bied him away" to the classic retreats of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, Va., where for a year he studied mental philosophy and political economy under Dr. McGuffey, modern languages under Scholz de Vere, and Greek under Prof. Gilderleeve. He then studied theology at Union Theological Seminary at Hampden Sytvey, Va., for about four years. He preached one summer in this city and in neighboring churches. In 1874 he commenced teaching at the Polytechnic School here, and was principal of the Washington School until teaching at different other schools. He is now principal of the Jackson. He was married in March, 1873, to Miss Emma W. Barker, and their happiness has been increased by the advent of one girl and three boys.

Of Franklin we know nothing further than that he was librarian of the law library at one time, and that he has spent the greater portion of his life since leaving the "Old High" in teaching schools outside of the city.

Lightner died within a few years after graduating. As one of his teachers the writer may be permitted to state that he was a good, studious boy while at school. We believe he died while "in the harness" for the Union during the late war.

Lewis J. Block, the historian of his class, received, on graduating, the Washington University scholarship, and entered that institution as a sophomore but a falling of the eyesight necessitated his leaving early in the course. He then spent two years in California, returning in 1863, and graduating under Chancellor Chauvenet in 1868. In 1871 he went to Jacksonville, Ill., where he has remained ever since as Principal of the High School. He was noted for his literary ability while at school, and since then seems to have been quietly building up that reputation, having already made his debut as an author.

Mudd attended Washington University one year, and then entered Pope's Medical College, where he graduated M. D. in 1866. He was assistant physician at the City Hospital for about a year, and in 1868 went out to Montana, in a medical capacity, where he lives. He commenced the practice of medicine in this city in 1869, and is still pursuing his profession, being associated with Prof. John T. Hodges, whose name is known all over the Union, if not the civilized world. He was married, in 1869, to Miss Albright. They have two boys and two girls living; one child having died. The Doctor is a successful practitioner.

Scott has been in the wholesale grocery business ever since leaving school. He clerked about three years for Scott & Perkins, which firm then became Scott & Son for about three years more. He then resumed a clerkship with Moody, Michel & Co. for about seven years, and with Atkins & Co. for about one year, after which he received an interest in the last mentioned firm. He married Miss Manie, a daughter of Dr. Gratz Moses, in 1868. Their hearts have been gladdened by the advent of six healthy boys, which he will match against any other six of one breed and equal age in Christendom. We absolve him from any blame for the unsatisfactory result of the last census of our city. Long may he wave!

Wood entered the three months' service before graduating. Afterwards he became government aid in the inspection of baggage on steamboats for contraband goods. He served till the end of the war in the quartermasters' department, most of the time as chief clerk. He then studied medicine at Pope's College, and after graduating, served one year as assistant physician at the City Hospital. He then became assistant physician at the Fulton, Mo., Insane Asylum, at which institution he remained four years, having charge of a ward, and the last four or five months of the entire institution. He resumed the practice of medicine in this city, practicing successfully as long as his precarious health permitted. He died in April, 1877, leaving a wife and three children to mourn his untimely loss. He was married to Miss Mary Teed, of the same class, just before going to Fulton. The remaining children are two girls and a

boy, one boy having died. Wood was the most friendly, industrious, truthful, and conscientious boy we have ever known, and his manhood did not belie the promise of his youth.

[The remaining names will appear in the next No.]

The following article, which is transcribed from a February *Globe Democrat*, from memory, is inserted at the request of a subscriber who having "been there" himself finds it too good to be lost: The two incidents following are actual experiences.

Even country life has its excitements, and they have the advantage of never repeating themselves.—Ed.

Mr. Editor:—Most egregiously writes something for der paper once a-ways, and so I tell you vat happened one last summer.

You see, Katrina, dat is mein frau, say to me one day, "Sockery, don't you goin to put some aigs unter dat alt pluch hen chickens?" I say, of course, I will Katrina. Vell, I dakes der aigs and goes py der yann yere der alt hen chickens vas in der lay mow, about six feet up.

You see I nobel vas very big up and down; but I vas pretty big round der middle, so I get me a parrel and climb up. Vell, Mr. Editor, shust as mein head vas up mit der nest dat old hen bick in me der face, and ven I slump back dat alt parrel cave in and I fall down and vas stuck fast. I fit so tight, mein vas vas push up unter mein arms. Vell, I holle for Katrina, and ven she come out and see me in der parrel, and mein face all blot and aigs, she shust lay down in der lay and laff and laff. I say, vot for you laff you alt fool? and she say "Oh! Sockery, vipe off your shin; and pull down your vest." Mad as I was I dink Katrina don't speak pouty gut English; but I only say, Katrina don't you goin to pull me dis parrel out? and she say "Of course I will, Sockery." Den she lay as down on our site and I dake hold of der door-silk, and she gif one "pull, and yell. "Donner and blitzten Katrina, shlop dat!" You see dere vas nails in der parrel; and ven I go in, I fit so tight dey bend down; and ven she pull dey shrick me in all round. Den I dell Katrina to dell neighbor Hans to pring me his saw and saw me out dis parrel.

Vell, Hans he come, and ven he see me in der parrel, he like to split mit laff. Ven he vas laff enough and vas goin to saw me der parrel out, Katrina she say to me "Hold on Sockery till I get a battren of dat oferskirt you haf on." Vell, Hans saw me der parrel in two; and I shust get out mein kaife and vittle off dem hoops and trow dat confounded old parrel in der wood pile; and der next dime I set a hen I don't get me a parrel; I get a box.

Ven ve vas in der haus, Katrina she say to me soft like, "Sockery don't you goin to put some aigs unter

dat oft plus henk chickens? "I say mit my greatest dignitate," Katrina, if ef'er you say dat again I'll get me a bill of divorcement so help me sheemany gracious. Und she don't say it neler no more.

Yours,

SOCKERY VONDER BLINKER STOFFEN-RISEN.

MILKING THE COW.

MR. EDITOR:—Last sommer I told you how I did set the old blue hen chickens, and how Katrina, dat is mein frau, almost schplit herself mit laff at me; and now I tells you how Katrina, she milk mein cows von day ven I was away from home mit pizness. You see Katrina, she often say to me "Sockery, patty soon you go vay on dat leetle drip, petter you tells me how you manage dem cows." Vell I say, "Katrina dat is a very easy matter; yoozt you open dat leetle gate from de outside and let de cows in der lot. Den you make open der anderer gate and make de kalbs in der lot mit de cows. Den ven de kalbs have suck enough, you tie a leetle rope round his neck and tie him nut der fence; den you milk de cows. But first, I say, you must gif de cows a leetle corn so dey dont run out mit de kalbs ven you make de gate open.

Vell Katrina, she say dat vas easy; and she dont could have any trouble about such a leetle job as dat; and she say if voo-man's work vas all so easy like dat, she could not mind being a voo-man.

Vell de next day I saddled mein horse and go off apout dat pizness. Ven I come home, after I hat mein supper, and vas schmoke mein pipe I say, "Katrina how get along mit dem cows?" and vat you tink mein frau she do? First she laff, den she cry, and den she get mad and say she never vill no more dry dem cows to milk so long as she live. Den she tells me how she hat such lack mit dem cows. She say ven der sun vas getting pooty low I dalos de milk pail and calls Peter dat vas mein leetle boy, and startas for de pasture, ven I got me about half vay dere, I remember I haf no corn for de cows, and I tells Peter to run quick back and bring me some. Den I walk on shlow and look at de sunset and tink how pooty de trees and hills and corn fields look until I come to the lot. Dat boy Peter dont come yet, so I turn de cows in de lot, and den I vait a leetle vile, and den I let de kalbs in all right, and I tink der cos no need of any corn. Den I put de rope round de kalbs' neck, and I tink I can do yust so vell as Sockery. Punt dat time I see dat lazy Peter come poking along mit der corn, and I dake hold of der rope to pull dat half avay. I give one pull and he don't come; den I pull harder, and den mit all my might, and den I got mad and klick dat kalb, and he run off mit me, and jerk me down and skien mein nose, and hurt mein knee, and I let go mit der rope

Den both cows and kalbs run out in der pasture, and I got up and schlap Peter because he don't stop dem cows and come quicker mit der corn, and because he stand dere and laff at me. Den we try to drive dem back in der lot, and after I run until I got hot and tired and mad, dey went in, but efery drop of milk was gone, de bucket vas smashed, mein knee vas plack and blue, and mein nose vas like der end of a pig pologne sausage. Vell, der vos no use crying after shapit milk, and so I gif Peter cinander schlap, pick up mein bucket, and schtart for mein house. I tell you Sockery I don't admire dat sun and trees as I walk home, but I skust dank all der vile how you vill laff at me and make fun of mein nose.

Now, Mr. Editor, ven Katrina she say anydings pout de plus hen chickens, or dat oferskirt vat I hat on, I skust say, "Katrina, ven you going to sktart a bologna factory again," or "Vell you gif me one leetle lesson in milking," and she shut up right away.

ALLUMNITIES.

—We are indebted to Miss Julie Fife, of '78, for the following items of her class:

Miss Alice Ables is at home on State street between Park and Carroll.

Miss Mary Bacon is now Mrs. Green; address 13th near Hubbard.

Miss Corn Bates is teaching; (address desired).

Miss Hilda Clements, Miss Kate Doyle and Miss Ida Dyer are all teaching.

Mrs. Eckhardt formerly Miss Fannie Eggers, lives on Monroe and 13th.

Miss Alice Frink is Mrs. Bates; (address requested).

Miss Corn Forbes is at home on Olive between Beaumont and 27th.

Miss Laura Hinckman and Miss Laura Hinsch are teaching.

Miss Virginia Howard is at home; (address desired).

Miss Addie Johnson is Mrs. Manoy; address 1312 Papin street.

Miss Rosalie Lafranchi is teaching, and lives on 15th and Pine.

Miss Nellie Lynch is teaching, and her home is on Lynch and Carondelet Avenues.

Miss Clara McLeod and Miss Cornelia Marion are at home.

Miss Katie McNiel is married; name unknown.

Miss Ida Nixon is teaching, and living on Walnut street, No. 2233.

Miss Fannie Skowicka lives on Park and Mississippi Avenues.

Miss Jennie Ren is now Mrs. Rockwell, and the writer believes she is living in Denver; address wanted.

Miss Clara Tansig lives on Dolman between Park Avenue and Hickory. We have heard she has quite a reputation as a singer.

Miss Mary Waterman is a teacher in the Kindergarten. Her home is on Compton Avenue and Morgan.

Miss Blanche Watkins is Mrs. Mathew Cooper, and lives on the Belfontaine Road, No. 3694.

Miss Lillie Taylor and Miss Maltie Webster are at home, the latter at Taylor Place, the former on Walnut between 21st and 22d.

Samuel Barron is married, and is living in Cheltenham.

Edgar Russell is a well known artist of the city and member of the Sketch Club.

Frank Edwards is a physician, and lives at Webster Station.

Jacob Friedman is a physician in the city.

Joshua Parker, who was Valedictorian of the class is with Skinner & Barton, Stationers.

The following items of '77 are furnished us by Miss Rosalind Fritch:

Matilda Harless is residing in the southern part of the city, and has been studying music for the past few years.

Bertina Lugsdorf, who is remembered by the class as the one excelling in all examinations, is now German-English teacher at the Madison School. She was an excellent scholar, and is considered the same as a teacher.

Clara Lord is now Mrs. Baile.

Cora Mc Intyre is busily engaged at school.

Ellen F. Myer has a great talent for drawing and painting. While at school she devoted considerable time to this art. She attended the Normal after leaving the High.

Addie Ramsey is now in Europe.

Nannie Tarrant, since graduating, has devoted some time to music and elocution.

Fannie Wachtel is teaching. Address desired.

Ruth Warren is teaching at the Ames School, and resides in Woodland. She spent a delightful summer in Newport, Boston and other resorts.

Theresa Weigel is teaching at the Madison School and resides at Kennet Place. She is devoting her spare time to study and pleasure.

Clara and Edmund Hall are still giving their time to study.

—Miss Minnie Mulford of '78 has left for Kansas City.

—Miss Carrie Hicks has been quite sick but is now recovering.

—Rule Letcher, of Marshall, was in town during fair week.

—Miss Bertie McKinney, a three years member of the High, is teaching in Tennessee.

—Miss Belle Carrol '76 has been devoted to European Architecture this summer, we are told.

—Miss Gertrude Garrigues lost her mother a short time ago. The blow was a severe one and keenly felt.

—Miss Callie Curtis of the June '80 is assistant editress of the *Student Life*. Does Miss Curtis forget that charity begins at home?

—Miss Annie Wolf of '79 has resigned her position as teacher and was married Oct. 1st, by Mr. Chapin to Mr. J. B. Mespley of Mineral Point, Missouri.

—Mary E. Wallace, of '82, was married in 1893, to John E. Williams, of Libby & Williams. They have two children and reside at 2950 Laidley Ave.

—Celia Hackstaff of '78 has received an appointment to teach in Cairo Ill. and has left for that place. The prospect did not seem in the least to daunt her.

—Lyman W. Allen, Class '73, was to day licensed to preach by the Presbytery, and to-morrow starts to Huntsville, Texas to take charge of the religious arm of the penitentiary.

—A subscriber sends us word that Miss Emma Jacobsen, '74, has decided to link her fate with that of Mr. Paul Coste, a member of the High School, though not a graduate.

—Carrie Allen of the June '80 is living at Webster Grove; Miss Dennis of the same class is also a resident of the same place, but has gone this year to Wellesley College, Boston, Mass.

—Miss Ellen Whitney of '81 is writing at present for some *Eastern* periodicals, and promises in a very pleasant letter, to send something to the Mirror, when present work is disposed of. She still remembers the old High School, and the many who "Though lost to sight," are still "in memory dear."

—Mrs. Brooks of whom we gave some little account in the last number, came here from the Cincinnati High School, and after a year spent at the Normal, graduating in '82, she returned to Cincinnati, and was married there about fifteen years ago, and then moved to a plantation near Helena, Ark., where she lived until the centennial. Since then she has visited Europe, and is now successfully pursuing her art in New York. We had the pleasure of seeing Mrs.

Brooks graduate, and were impressed even then by the premonition that she was not likely to be content with a dead level.

—Mrs. Brewer is still confined at home though able to go about rather more than before.

—Wm. A. Hilsley, of '70, has been in Leadville for the past two years, occupying the position of mining engineer. After graduating he worked at surveying for the engineer department of this city; afterwards he held successively, the position of engineer in the construction of the Southern R. R., and of engineer in charge of constructing the reservoir for the new water works in Milwaukee. He is still unmarried.

—There is another baby in the home of Chas. Hilsley, but when we write for particulars, we get none but that of his unusual brightness, which of course we all knew of before hand. Particulars about a baby means age, name, color of eyes and hair, etc., etc.

Mrs. BRAINARD has begun her work of vocal training at the Mary Institute with renewed vigor. Her devotion to the minutest details in this profession demand constant and repeated recognition. Her discrimination and judgment are unailing and progressive. She held the first of her delightful musical renditions for this year at the Mary Institute, the occasion being a farewell reception given to Miss Kate Bensberg, by her friends. Miss Bensberg has been a pupil of Mrs. Brainard's for some time, and has developed a lovely voice of rich mezzo quality of large compass, and even throughout. She leaves the city to pursue her studies abroad, and will without doubt be heard from at some future day, and reflect added credit upon the teacher who had so sure and true a foundation. The programme consisted of piano solos, by Mrs. Rockman; vocal duets of Rubenstein & Reinecke, by the Misses Tausig; song of Donizetti, Schira and Caspersen, by Miss Tausig; song of Rubenstein, by Mrs. Hutton and one of Liszt's songs by Mrs. Brainard.

SUGGESTIONS IN SEASON.

The woman whose task calls her to meet the world will go forth as unconsciously and as absorbed in her work as a house-keeper goes to market. Flirtation and thought of personal attraction will be no more in her line of business down town than the butcher or tax-collector at home. When good women have faith enough in their own characters to endure the contact of solitary, hard working outsiders, to trust them, and even, it need be, support some wayward-

ness and eccentricity; when men cease pitying women for having to put head or hands to honest work, instead of living idle lives open to temptation of sloth, selfishness, caprice, morbidness; and when women, single or not, learn to thank God for work, there will be few complaints of affronts received by business women.

Men and women alike were made to work, and to suffer temptation. Let no woman think it strange or exceptional if she meets it in its direct and least dangerous, because most repulsive form. A man who has seen more of the world than you or I have, writes that there is appointed to every man and woman born into the world a deep, a deadly, a bitter struggle; and that we must pass through this dark water at some time of our lives as at certain as that we are to die. What need is there of making a fuss because there are puddles at the street crossings? Those women are to be counted very happy whose lives have been free from the touch of mud, which walks side by side with the young belle promenading at Long Branch, or passes the dainty and guarded darlings of pious homes with quick, daring eyes, even at the church gates. Those whose outlook in life is unsheltered may consider the fact that a hundred rains cannot wash the bloom from the grape, or the carmine from the rosebud; that through one willful touch may mar the delicacy of the soul, the northeast storm of life may beat upon it without occasioning a blench.

Of all weapons in a woman's armory, none is so cutting as a little self possessed contempt. Men do not mind a virtuous vixen who breaks her parol across the face of one who utters the unbecoming language, or pours forth the vials of her wrath upon him in vitriolic English, half so much as a cool, level glance of contempt, and an "I do not understand" of marked politeness from a woman who thoroughly understands herself. The old books of decorum prescribed unconsciousness as the best antidote to insult. Business women, I venture to say, receive no more affronts if they attend strictly to business than up-town women in society and on shopping excursions. It's a matter of taste; but the question will come up, when noticing the style of some very choice business women, whether disheveled hair flowing to the waist, or costumes which would not be out of place at a picnic party, are obviously appropriate to the desk and the street.

If women fixed their minds on doing their work with skill, accuracy and dispatch, they would impress men whom they meet as too absorbed for gallantry, and half the annoyances they complain of would escape their attention. A pre-occupied air is the most successful damper to such speeches as a woman dislikes to listen to, and protects her as effectually as a wrist band protects itself from burning metal. At this moment a young working girl passes the window, playing with a parasol, pink ribbons in her hair, eyes glancing "hither and yon," with flowers and lace enough on her hat to attract the birds, near by. A sign hung out, "Attention Wanted!" would not make the motive of all this pharisee. Innocent enough all of this, but in no way expedient, and if the cynicism were not so hateful, one might under the breath remark that "innocence is not virtue." Contrast this with the sober air even of an office boy, with a check in his hand, will wear as he goes down the street.

BOOK NOTICES.

We have received from Dr. T. F. Rambold, his new work on the "Hygiene of Catarrh." The book seems thorough and exhaustive, treating of every phase of this dreadful, because so insidious and general a complaint, and giving the minutest directions for counteracting its ravages and preventing a return when cured. The little matters in this, as in so many other things, prove the most important agents when their number is taken in consideration. An important feature of Dr. Rambold's successful treatment consists in his placing the hygienic care of the body in every particular always above the use of medicines; the latter indeed being used principally for allaying local inflammations and irritations of the mucous membranes. Minute directions are given for the care of the throat and nasal passages, ears, teeth, etc., when the body has become permeated with this disease. It is often the case that catarrh has taken a strong hold on the system before the patient, absorbed in business or pleasure, realizes any thing of his danger. This book will open the eyes of such, and explain many things they have not realized before; for instance one indication is a constant and increasing irritability, accounted for by friends and relatives as a proof of an unregenerate state. If not attended to these symptoms will often approach very near to insanity and in some cases run into it. The effects of tobacco are also given in all their varieties. The work is one that every person can read with profit, and find in it much to set him thinking.

This work is the first of a series and contains only the symptoms and characteristics of the disease. The treatment is to follow.

We have received from G. I. Jones & Co., a copy of the "Exile," "A Dramatic Episode," by Lewis J. Blake, of '63. The poem, which is in blank verse, relates the experience of a philosopher who, having become satiated with the world's pleasures chooses a life of utter seclusion in his magnificent and beautiful home.

"A life of thought, clear, passionless, remote,
Circled by winds of fierce emotion, calm
And absolute to pierce the core of things,
Bathed in the deeper sunlight, unobscured
With exhalations of our atmosphere."

This life proves all satisfying, until one day he accidentally meets a lovely child playing on the seashore with her brother. His long pent up affections assert themselves and he plans to beg her of her parents and raise her as his own to

"Make the girl

The pearl, the crown of a womanhood. All Time
Her hand should wear its some slight ornament
That emphasizes beauty."

Having been so long estranged from the thought and manners of men, he has no fears of failure, and meets the parents' absolute refusal with great grief; but makes anew the resolve to devote himself again more sternly to the realm of Thought alone. The poem might be longer with good effect. It contains many beautiful expressions, especially in the descriptions of nature. In a few places however, the meter fails of its accustomed smoothness; and in the conversations Mr. Blake does not always do himself justice, judging from some other compositions of his where discrimination and delicacy of description are displayed in a marked degree. But conversations in blank verse, are of all things most enphatic, and the subtle grace of children's prattle who shall catch?

One reading of this poem leaves the impression that the plot is but the surface, and that the real gems are to be looked for and found beneath this.

SKETCHES FOR READING. With an introduction upon Education. By HENRY W. JAMESON, B. A. St. Louis: G. I. Jones & Co., 1880.

This volume by the author of the *Rhetorical Method*, like the other is, the result of long experience in the classroom and reveals thorough acquaintance with its many wants. All and well tried selections are not omitted simply on the plea of their being old. But while we are glad to find here many pieces whose rendering is the touchstone of rhetorical ability, the author has taken pains to select what is valuable from the great mass of literature not yet embodied in books. Of St. Louis authors, there are extracts from the works of Messrs. H. H. Morgan, Wm. T. Harris and Wm. M. Bryant, which will certainly attract attention.

One notable feature of the work deserves special mention, as it is not often met with in books of this kind. The author has, wherever possible, made use of original editions of the works selected from. Whenever omissions have been made, care has been taken to note the fact in some way. The student is not, for example, treated to a mutilated, needless abridged copy of the "Red Paper of Hamlet" as he is in Randall's *Elocution*.

The theory upon which this book is written is concisely stated in the preface, and elaborated in the "Introduction upon Education." In teaching reading it is best to cultivate the *conversational power* of classes, and to avoid too much declamation; in short, to rely upon careful and quiet practice to develop volume and improve expression. The introduction condenses into 22 pages a full treatise upon the qualities of the voice and other points relating to elocution. In fine the work meets all the requirements of a good book of selections, with the advantages of being "up to the times" in all respects. And as such it will enable every intelligent teacher

to attain the best results, and will rapidly supplant the old-fashioned selections now in use.

A PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC. By GEO. E. SEYMOUR. A. M. St. Louis: G. I. Jones & Co. 1880.

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We have lately received a little pamphlet entitled "Maidie Wildfyer," by Miss Lottie M. Rumbold, (a graduate to be) aged sixteen. It shows a noticeable degree of originality and is quite a creditable production. We hope that this will raise a taste in the hearts of other children of graduates to contribute something to this paper. All such efforts will be gladly received and if possible printed.

Should any one desire to know what a little girl can do, these books are for sale at 1225 Washington Ave. Price 15 cts.

Two numbers of the *Phonetic Teacher*, have been sent to us. The paper is "devoted to the interests of spelling reform, and is printed in the alphabet and spelling approved by the Spelling Reform Association in Boston." If such a paper could be distributed periodically in all households and so gradually wear off our natural but not necessary distaste to the most hateful task of the phonetic printing, it would really do a great deal to help in this cause, and throughout the change that means the millennium for children at least. Mr. T. B. Vickroy is the editor and publisher; address 117, 24th St., St. Louis, Mo.

A MODERN NOVEL.

(It seems quite a time since I left off that story, but coming back to the city, there was lots to do, and the fellows haven't given me a minute to myself, with their plans for present and future amusement. Somehow I got kind of tired of them this fall, and really itched to get hold of my novel. Most afraid I have forgotten the plot by this time, but rather fancy I am capable of carrying it on alone, if must be. Of course I must stick to my plan of burlesquing, but, really, I'd enjoy better trusting to my own imagination. But, of course, I needn't stop at this. Well, here goes, that is, as soon as I have refreshed my memory a little as to which is which).

CONCLUDED.

Well, one day Heloise and Etiole found out in some inscrutable way—huckleberry marks on their toes (corns), or a peculiar kink in their hair—that they were sisters, but Julius felt very much troubled. (It's fearful hard to keep up to the required style. If I had that novel here I'd borrow a few sentences verbatim.) It grieved him to witness their long walks with arms entwined and black curls mingling with the gold. Their sweet confidences were to his aching heart a very mine ready to explode. But not upon such sacred subjects as love did their refined voices debate; those secrets were locked in the very depths of their pure, fond hearts, and Julius was yet safe. But the sisters were often sad now. Their fond and master was perforce distant to both, and their gentle, patient bosoms were warped with gentle agony. They went about with eyes cast up to heaven, and wan white hands pressed on aching hearts, and the guardians looked on with aching hearts also, and stifled back their longings, and the aunt of Etiole and the friend and companion of Heloise would each say a dozen times a day, "My darling you are ill; let me soothe your aching brow." But with gentle smiles they would deny the sad impeachment, and with heavenly firmness refuse the touch and run the loving hands would press upon them, until their marble cheeks could flash no longer, but—war a moan escaped them.

There came a fine night. Champagne with the heat of the hot-house Heloise took refuge in a summer house, and rested her aching head against a honey-suckle bush. Two men stopped outside and began discussing Julius' long engagement to Etiole, and their probable speedy marriage. Heloise slowly turned to see as she listened, then without a word or sigh, she slowly dragged herself to her room, sadly unbound her wealth of golden hair and hiding a mounted, lingering action, to every wing, stepped upon the window sill and—out into the dusk and dew and moonlight and misery.

With floating steps she hurried to the nearest sta-

tion, wildly beating her breast at every step, and calling on heaven to witness her woe and bless the author of it. The train reached, she sped away to her hotel in —, where she arrived next morning, furious, but calm and cold as a northern icicle. Her guardian met her with most complicated sympathy, but nothing could draw from her pathetic lips their frozen secret.

The grief of Julius when he discovered her absence was almost too stupendous for him to conceal. The wedding had been finally set to come off in three days, but ineffectually pleading pressing business, the death of numerous cousins and aunts, fire, flood, &c., &c., he wildly snatched a handful of paper collars and darted after his departed innamorata.

The patient Etiole clasped her hands in meek sorrow, and mildly wondered what had happened; then folded up the wedding clothes for the twentieth time, sprinkling them with aromatic, pearly tears, meanwhile, but with the pathetic instinct that holds its own in our deepest griefs, and proves that grief by its very inconsistency, her feminine care withheld the sparkle wherever salt tears would spot. But she never, never murmured.

With unerring instinct Julius went straight to the hotel where Heloise stopped, and found her dressed magnificently for an evening opera. There was no shame, no explanation; then, but next morning he sought a private interview, only to find her inexorable. "Go back," she cried, "go back, and marry her whose heart you are breaking." Never! never, will I step into my sainted sister's shoes." Now, seeing what a scamp Julius had been, it was only the straightest justice that Julius shouldn't get this girl, but why that other sweet little morsel was to be flung at him, just because he was wicked, I can't see; but it seems to be the right thing in such circumstances, to marry the woman you don't love, without giving her a chance to understand the ease and the side for herself, and then proceed to make both yourself and her miserable. Julius, flatly refused to do this, until, having been on his knees three days to Heloise, she tenderly told him, the seventy-second hour, that she was going to marry her guardian to-morrow. Now, I can't say whether Heloise had been able to fall out of love and in again on such short notice, or not, but as I hold to an old-fashioned notion that no truly pure woman will marry a man that she does not love for any reason under the heavens, and as Heloise was simply perfect, I must conclude that her mercenary will and genius worked a miracle.

Julius rose stunned and stony-eyed. She pulled him together, kissed him tenderly, clung to him and begged him to be calm and do right and all would be happy. He answered not a word, but gazing over into space, he hurried home, ordered the wedding paraphernalia in sepulchral tones, and was married

the next evening. Probably to get ahead of Heloise.

Etiole; was supremely happy at first; but as the days went by and the stony glare in her husband's eyes never let up, she began to grow uneasy, and ply him with loving questions. They made no impression, however; for now that he had this young lady hard and fast, his great anxiety to make her happy and fear of hurting her tender feelings seemed utterly to forsake him. His words grew more flippant and even ferocious, until at last the hitherto most meek and patient Etiole swathed herself in pride and had intervals of ceasing to make further efforts to win him back. This always revived him a little, for between you and me nothing fetches a man quicker than a little judicious indifference. If wives only had the sense and strength to seem not to care when the husband neglects, but could grow snubbing and coquettish under it, acquiescing in all his plans for leaving home, even hurrying him off a little, by jinkity! that fellow wouldn't ever want to go, presently, and she would have to play sulky to get rid of him. You see I learned this little bit of experience by seeing a friend of mine try it on her husband, and I don't mind telling because I'm a friend of all ladies, being always a favorite with them myself.

But Etiole always spoiled her little game by instantly relenting at the least sign from him and spreading on the face thicker than ever, which was what Julius wanted. Meanwhile the guardian No. 2 kept hovering patiently around ready to supply anything, from a towel when she burst into floods of tears, to his shoulder for her to recline on when overcome with fainting spells caused by suppressed emotion. Being a smart enough man he had seen all along that something was wrong with Julius, and felt morally certain that he would break Etiole's heart as soon as he got her; but, being also an honorable man he could not think of warning her in time. Oh! no! that would have been a crime because in that case he might have got her himself you know, and the world would surely have misunderstood his unselfish motives. Oh! so, it was a thousand times better that she should be let tumble over this precipice, and be a wretched, unloved wife to the end of her days, than to be rescued by him. So he looked up his sorrow and devoted his life to her more than ever.

Now happened a singular thing. Before his marriage when there would have been some use in telling of his love for Heloise, and when honor and decency demanded it, a yoke of oxen couldn't have torn the secret from him; not for her world would he so shake the trusting confidence of his dear Etiole. Now Etiole had grown considerably sorer, for her fit of spark had brightened her up wonderfully; but she belonged to him now, and it didn't make so much difference, so at last the secret burst in every out, and when everything demanded that he should

now keep silence for ever, he told her that he didn't love her a bit, and hadn't for years but just married her out of pity. That finished Etoile, for the present I mean. After this Julius slowly sank away, and after a most pathetic and heart-rendering period of invalidism, which made it appear that he was the most wronged and abused man in the universe, this "ering but gentle" creature died most convulsively. The guardian and Etoile wept together over his grave, together strewed it with flowers, and together erected a marble shaft to his sacred memory, and as soon as a decent time elapsed, they got married, as Etoile displayed the same facility for changing her undying love as did Heloise. Perhaps, indeed this is the true, philosophic meaning of undying love.

Now I don't want for one instant to seem to take the part of that snamp, Julius, but it does seem to me that as long as Etoile was so easily satisfied with her guardian, and he was always standing around so handsy, it was a shame she couldn't have taken him at first and let Julius marry Heloise in peace. True the latter had already also married her guardian and was supremely happy; but then she had loved Julius, and he might have made a very fair husband, with her, and the guardian that was out would have only been one's yelow. However, as it was, there were four people who always kept his grave carpeted with flowers. Heloise, because a woman always has a soft spot in her heart for a man who has loved her, Etoile from duty and contrition, and the two guardians from a lively gratitude that he had got out of the way and left this field clear for them. So ends my tale.

THE END.

P. S. Etoile's last name cannot be given, as it isn't possible to find anything equal to the occasion.

THE END.

Well now, I'm quite pleased with that. True, I've labored under many difficulties. In the first place I haven't perpetrated anything in the composition line since I used to send those spinning notes to that black-eyed girl at the High School, and that was a long time ago, for I'm respectfully bald-headed now.

Then having set out with that foolish notion of being serious, nervous, hampered. But of course I had no idea then of the latest ability I seem to have developed.

Evidently, I must in the future devote considerable of my time to writing, and as a sort of breaking of the ice, I guess I'd better have this published; for of course the fellows will feel called upon to let off no end of jokes at first, and the sooner done, the sooner over.

They are good enough fellows all of them, but a little lacking in true appreciation of higher things.

It isn't just easy to make up one's mind where to send it. I don't like to patronize Eastern papers or

periodicals, because it looks decidedly mean to turn one's back on home productions in that way, and in reality our *Globe* has quite as wide a circulation as any Eastern journal. I'm not quite sure I wasn't to go with it to McCullough, however; for this being such a new role with me, he'd be sure not to appreciate it first, but might fancy I wasuffed up and putting on airs, and so try that lofty way of his on me, which I can't stand old boy. Well, there's no hurry; at my age, one can afford to let fame hunt him out, instead of running after it, so I'll think of it, and in the meantime be flinging off a new plot in my leisure moments.

A FRAGMENT.

"It is a fair new day; I call it fair,
Although the sombre gray of possible rain
Precedes the air, and the impetuous sun
Is shorn of half its glory ere it falls.
Look to the hollow globe of sky—how fair!
In mass or mass of softest pearly tint,
And narrowing circles to the central point.
The mountainous clouds obtain the steep curve of sky;
See there the space of unveiled central blue,
Intense in brightness past the power of words.
The fleeces like clouds in sweetly broken shreds
Enveloping it; the waters lie below
A rippled flow of sapphire shine, at me,
The wonderous air, most clear, most full of glow,
That every cloud and every fitful wave
Is dowered with perfect color."

—(Etoile.)

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Our Mirror.

Humanity's Mirror.

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IN THE INTERESTS OF THE

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BEA—UTIFUL SNOW.

For the MIRROR, by special request.

I looked from my window; hurrah, it was so,
The ground was all covered with beautiful snow.
Delightful to see, rather cold for the feet,
Quite charming to look at but not fit to eat.

It was down on the ground and filled up the ditches,
On the seat of the window, and ditta the breeches.
If so be you ventured to travel outside,
And in deceitful appearances freely confide.

But then when it melts the climax is found,
When the snow turns to slush with queer noises around!
Profanity swears above par among men,
No need of a stream for the use of dams then.

And the women, dear creatures, go toddling about,
Their skirts all besprigged, their lips all a pout,
Their stockings once white all covered with mud,
Their whole *tout ensemble*, i. e. all their duds.

In such a condition, they can hardly be civil,
For in short, they each one of them look like the—
angel.

But still all go plunging and skipping along,
Determined to brave out the burden of song.

That meets them so often, and that song you know
Is the praise of the beautiful, beautiful snow!
And that beautiful snow, I must sing tho' I freeze,
Tho' my nose is rebellious with surplices of sneeze,
That snow I must sing tho' my heart be on fire,
Or a Nemesis buildeth my funeral pyre.

A DUTY OF CITIZENSHIP.

One of the leading men of our day has said of the government under which we live, that it is "a government of the people, for the people, by the people." In these words its character and spirit are most aptly described. *By the people*, because each individual citizen, by his vote, has a part in directing the affairs of government. His vote determines the character of the constitution of the republic, selects the men who enact its laws, and the men who execute them, as well as the men who interpret and define the spirit and requirements of these laws. He is practically a self-governing citizen, only one condition being involved, viz., that he vote.

Does he always fulfill this condition? becomes then an important question, for a most important trust has been placed in his hands and a grave responsibility rests upon him.

It must be confessed that he does not. An election is in progress, and the two parties have their candidates before the people. *Our citizen stays away from the polls.* Neither of the tickets suits him. They are not good men. "But are there not good men in the community for whom you might vote?" you ask him. "Oh, certainly; but they are not the nominees; to vote for them would be throwing votes away." "Well, why are they not nominated?"

Our citizen shrugs his shoulders and is silent. You are coming now to the primaries, and he doesn't care to talk about them. They are a necessary feature of our political economy. But he remembers a close room, the air heavy with tobacco smoke and the floor slippery with tobacco juice; where he is elbowed by men boisterous and profane—the "blowers and strikers" of his ward—whom he does not care to meet socially; and although he knows that at the primaries men are selected to be the standard bearers of his party before the people, to define and represent

I suspect he had something to do with furnishing the writer with statistics.

There is not much to tell in the way of news. The chief things of interest in the city itself are Münster, an old cathedral, and the house and monument of John Huss, burned here in 1415. The monument is placed on the spot where he suffered martyrdom, and where, one year later, another hero, shared his dreadful fate.

I hope next week to be on the move again, and shall have more of interest to tell you.

Yours as ever,

NELLIE STRONG.

Corcoranda, Cloud County, Kansas.

DEAR EDITRESS:

I have intended writing ever since I reached Kansas, but find my time almost entirely occupied.

Some one made quite a mistake concerning me in the July MIRROR. I was, according to that, in the class of 1877, instead of 1879, and was going to Kansas with my family, instead of alone, to teach for a year, at least.

On my coming here, I knew no one, but I have, already quite a number of friends.

Next to seeing one's friends is to read or hear about them. For that reason, if for no other, I watch anxiously every day, from the 23d of the month to the day I receive it, for my MIRROR.

(We regret the severe trial our correspondent's patience must undergo some months.—Ed.)

I enjoy it so much that I am beginning to think that I cannot well get along without it.

I have become quite fond of my school work, and find all very pleasant; but regret that I shall not be able to attend either the January or June Alumni meeting. My friends, I hope, will not forget me entirely while I am out here.

Remember me kindly to them all.

Very respectfully,

MINNIE E. MILFORD.

MR. EDITOR.—I shuld likes to dell you pout mein pay. Dat poy he likes fun nary vell, and he hunt for fun more as mein dog hunt for rabbits. Dat little job mit der cows vas do him lots of gut, and he laff very much ven his mutter vas not around, but dat soon vas out, and he dry somedings to find vot more frish vas. Dat poy he vas smart, and he vas got long about dat piziness. You see, Mr. Editor, I haf some nice fat pigs, and Peter, he know vore vas a boombie bee man; so right quick he tink to have mit de pigs some fun.

Vell, I see him more as einst go by mit der basket mit corn, and at last I say, Peter, vot for you feed dem pigs so viel. Und he say, oh, fater, you come mit me, and see how you vill laff. Katrina, she hear

him say dat, and she go long, too. Peter, he go on first to der bees nest, and call de hogs, and goes away a little off to see der fan. Vell, de pigs run in and root and grunt, and shir dem bees pooty gut up.

Pooty quick dose bees begin to buzz around; but der pigs only flop dere ears and shake dere heads. Den a pee he light just on a pig's back close to his tail, and den der fun begin. Dat pig he run and squeal and twist his tail; but der bee shtick tight all der veil. Den he lay down and roll over; but dere he vas yet. Den he give one big squeal, back him up to a tree, and rub der bee off. By dis time de hogs vos run all roundt, every one mit a bee on his pack, and sometimes two. Day run and squeal, twist and grunt, roll over, and den run and back up to a tree.

I vas stand mit my hands on my sides, because I laff so much dey hurt, ven a pig run schwichsen mein legs and I set down yust so hard like ven I dry to ride dem roller schkates. Den Katrina and Peter shotp laff at der pigs and yust holier mit laff at me.

Yust about dat times a pig backs against me ap and rub der bee in mein shirt.

I dell you I got me pooty quick up and I schlap mein back till I mash dat bee so flat like nothing. Katrina she stand and laff like an old fool, and a bee vat had no pig, (you see dem pigs vas pooty scarce by dis time) he light on Katrina's head and shtick his feet in her hair and buzz and shing like clerydings. Fly sheemery! den vas my dime for laff. De vay dat romans did run, and yell, and fight, und make der fur fly vas enough to make a dog laff. I dell you she vas nat ven der bee vas det and she call dime to see how I laff. I say, Katrina petter ve hat it schquare; you can no more hair lose, and I bin too sore in mein pack; petter ve go home. I tink I not like to see any more of Peter's fun."

Yours,

SOCKERY.

P. S. Some dimes I dells you pout how I dry to ride dem schkates.

S.

A COMMON grievance in connection with the distribution of the tickets for the annual meetings has so frequently come to our ears that we feel obliged to ventilate it, and so give the last instance. A lady in one of the older classes who has never failed in paying a single year's dues, though often obliged to forego the pleasure of attending the meetings, was, last year, missed by the collector, in his rounds. Naturally, she supposed he would come in time, or that she could pay at the June meeting; but when the time came around so ticket was sent. Now, if this was intentional, it was simply disgraceful. A good many tickets had better be wasted upon persons who have intentionally neglected payments than that one such person as the lady referred to should be slighted in this way. Perhaps it was a mere oversight, but too many such occur, and more care should be evinced.

ALUMNITIES.

—Susie Kinkaid, of '72, is married. Name wanted.

—Silesia Elsterman is teaching, and lives in N. St. Louis.

—Miss Octavia Marlow, of '74, is married. Name unknown.

—Miss Julia Fife is going to Kansas City to spend the holidays.

—Miss Belle Shields is summering this winter at 1116 Madison.

—Lillian G. Wilson is married; now Mrs. Spencer. Address wanted.

—Ella Burgess has returned to Baxter Springs, Kansas, to teach.

—Miss Bouton, of '80, leads her class at the Washington University.

—Geo. E. Allison is fast gaining a reputation as a short-hand writer.

—John P. Jones is working for the St. Louis Stamping company.

—Mr. Cook has been sick for a week past, and unable to teach school.

—The address of Fannie L. Mathews is desired. A schoolmate wishes to call.

—Geo. Cassily, of '75, is a photographer on 6th and Franklin avenue.

—Chas. Sprague, of '75, is living in N. St. Louis, on 12th and Jackson place.

—Miss Fannie E. Hickman, of '79, is alto singer in the N. Presbyterian church.

—Miss Maggie R. McPherson is teaching at the Douglas. Lives in N. St. Louis.

—Geo. B. Copp is a physician. Lives on the corner of Benton and Jefferson avenues.

—Mrs. Annie Laughlin is devoting herself enthusiastically to vocal music this winter.

—We would like to receive a contribution from Chas. H., of '74, alias Maria Jane Plinders.

—Miss Agnes Davidson, of the same class, is teaching a private school on Beaumont street, with good success.

—Edith Houston, who by the way did not graduate, is said to be the coming artist in a dramatic point of view.

—Myer Epstein is a professor of music, and has superintended several entertainments in this city, in conjunction with his cousin.

—Mr. David Colville, of 65,—“David the Psalmist,” is leader of the choir in Dr. Rutherford's church.

—Miss Nowakowska, of '79, spent a large portion of the summer in Kansas, and is now continuing the study of music under the direction of Prof. Moore.

—Where is Henry B. Davis? We have been unable to get any word from him for some time. Is he married, or is he making arrangements to serve his country in the new cabinet?

—We are informed that the graduating exercises of the next class will take place in the High School Hall, a return to old-time regime, which certainly seems a sensible proceeding.

—M. W. Huff and Frank Hicks, of '74, have moved their offices to 506 Olive street, away from the gas building. How they will survive away from the immediate proximity of their natural element is yet to be determined.

—Mrs. Annie Laughlin, of '77, has consented to accept a position on our editorial corps. Mrs. Laughlin should have been there long ago, and all of her many friends who take the paper cannot help being delighted with the arrangement.

—Nat Hazzard, a member of '63, though not a graduate, is now with Duncan, Moller & Co. He is tenor singer and choir leader in Dr. Beank's church. We hear great praise of his past and present good nature and looks, and unfailing jollity.

—Harry Knox, of '74, is teaching at the Washington University, and as his time for the past few months has been spent to a considerable extent in the interest of the City Military, it is fair to suppose that he knew something about shooting. Regs. Why should he not make a success in teaching the young idea “how to shoot?”

—Occasionally we hear that we offend by offering and sending OUR MIRROR to some one who don't want it. In all humility we wish to state, that whenever we so offend, as we understand we did in the case of Mr. Bessel, that we take it all back, and that if it were not for the anguish depicted in our countenance for such a deplorable blunder we should immediately try to heal the breach by getting him to paint our portrait. We are sorry, however, that he should have implicated Prof. H. in the mistake, as the address was asked and given simply for the convenience of our art loving friends visiting the city. If anybody don't want this paper, say so. Just now we boom, and feel perfectly free and independent.

—Miss Lottie Stewart, of the class of '80 is teaching in some town in Kansas. Her address is not

known, but if some one interested in her welfare would kindly volunteer, there is no doubt that her success would be assured, or we should immediately send her the MIRROR, and the double-barrelled inspiration conveyed through its columns would be the stepping stone to a career.

—We have received articles from two new contributors this month: Miss Ellen Whitney, of '91, and a member of '74, who desire to be nameless. If Nathan Frank would only keep his promise we should be supremely happy. There used to be a tradition that failure to keep promises was a feminine foible. Are times degenerating?

—Jas. A. Martling, a former teacher of the High School, and who is remembered as a friend as well as instructor by many of his old pupils, lately died at his home near Los Angeles, Cal. Various articles from his pen have appeared from time to time in OUR MIRROR, and that they have in the highest degree added to whatever of merit may be its due, is the verdict of many of our readers.

—On account of illness in the Editorial corps, the resignation of one of the members, for which a season of mourning is highly proper, and peculiarly severe weather, we are short of Alumni matter this month; there is lots of it around, but it is under the snow, frozen up, etc. We promise to dig it up and thaw it out in time for our next.

For the same reason the class history of '64 is postponed.

—A letter from Mrs. Sheperdson, Fannie Langford of '63, correcting the statement in the October number that she did not graduate, arrived too late for our notice of it to be asserted in the proper place, among the alumnities. Fearing it may have been overlooked by the readers, we wish again to withdraw the assertion, and add that she stood among the first in her class. Mr. Sheperdson resides in Paxton, Illinois.

The following items, of '77, are from a new contributor, who is disposed to make things lively:

Miss Agnes McDonald, of '77, is teaching.

Miss Jennie R. Partridge is at school somewhere in the East.

Theresa Weigel is teaching at the Laclede.

Henry C. Thom is at Cornell.

Nannie Taranta is taking lessons from Alf C. Robyn, a former High School boy.

Annie H. Laughlin, formerly Drowne, is going into rapid consumption—of mince pies. Come all old High School friends and get some, while they last. Residence 2300 Scott avenue.

bring about results that are deplorable, and the more so because they occur early in the school life where no over- can be less afforded. There are two results.

—Chas. Hall, after spending a year at ~~Wolverine~~, returned to commence the practice of law in this city. His smile is as enchanting as ever.

—Poor Hattie Packard's sweet face was soon shaded by the heavy crape known only to the deepest grief. She lost her mother, and we believe is now at home with her father.

—Kate A. Jones may be teaching, but if so, regrets it without doubt. She is the jolliest, best natured, handsomest little Irish girl the High School ever turned out, and writes very good poetry.

—It is high time for the successor to the Editor-in-chief's chair, to be hunting him or herself up, as the allotted two years will be up in the spring, and it seems that the measure of success which has attended the paper thus far should be allowed to bear its legitimate fruit. For the encouragement of said successor we will state that we heard a gentleman of high standing say, that if he were a High School boy he would make OUR MIRROR pay a profit of at least one thousand dollars per year, without interfering with regular business.

—C. C. Wash, class '68, is superintending the erection of smelting works in Duvango, Colorado.

—Jas. L. Carlisle, class —, has been appointed deputy marshal, having given up the practice of law.

—For the first time in many years, we hear that the treasurer of the Alumni has a surplus in his hands.

—Miss Jennie Wand, of '78, has been visiting friends in Clinton, Ohio, for several months, but is expected home soon.

—Bill Baker, class '74, is local editor of the Kansas City Sun. One of his class-mates says, "Bill is a good fellow, and ought to get married."

—Miss Wall, of Jan., '80, is assiduously applying herself to the acquisition of French, and Miss Rabelmann, is devoting the greater part of her time and thought to vocal music.

—Chas. Nagel, of '68, has been elected to Jefferson City as a Republican representative from the first District. A more popular or efficient gentleman could hardly have been chosen.

—Wanted: Whereabouts of the Executive Committee. Any one hearing of the whereabouts and condition of said com. will confer a favor and receive a reward proportioned to the size of the news communicated.

—A man who is familiar with Alumni workings gives it as his opinion that the attendance at the

ALUMNITIES.

—Susie Kinkaid, of '72, is married. N—

—Our new collector, Mr. Harmon, is on the war-path. Though we have not seen any of his scalp-locks as yet, for the benefit of the marriageable ladies in our circle of friends, we would state that he is young, good looking, a bachelor, and —————
—please give him a dollar.

—By a misunderstanding of the printer, discovered only at the last minute, and much to our regret, Miss Whitney's article was reserved for next number.

—Mr. Will Pommer is obliged to resign his position on the editorial staff, owing to great press of musical work.

EDITORIALS.

"It is a wise mother who teaches her sons how to sew, and her daughters to use saw, hammer and nails, because there are exigencies in the lives of most men and women when it is needful that they should perform certain services which are not customary to them."

This text is actually copied from a fashion book, but its words are full of wisdom. For two reasons, mothers who have the time would be wise to so teach their boys and girls: First, for the one given, though the interchange of work in this case benefits the boys, rather more than the girls. They are often thrown entirely upon their own resources in this direction than girls; and what is more helpless than a man who can't sew on a button or darn even the tiniest hole in his much abused socks!

True, this is considered so completely a woman's business that the remotest female in the world is by some inscrutable law considered under obligations to perform these little favors, when no one connected by ties of kindred, is found to thrust herself in the breach. Now we think there are times when even a husband or son might at least *see* *or* *his own buttons*, and be thankful that he knows how. For instance, there's a third mother with inadequate help in the house, and these or four children to clothe, train, heart, soul and body, and generally look after. Now four or five children means twenty pairs of stockings to be kept in order aside from the grown ones, and twice as many as six or six hundred buttons to be kept in place. Such a woman never has a minute to spare; while the average man—well count up, average man, and we, even when your day's from six to six, if you don't have at least three hours to do nothing in but read your paper. (Now half what you ought to have of course, but at present we are only making comparisons.) True, you are tired, ain't the stronger sex,

and a woman *never gets tired*; but don't you think some morning when your wife has been up all night with the sick baby, and is trying desperately to get all six ready for breakfast at once, and keep her own face smooth and hair immaculate at the same time, don't you think when you find that inevitable button missing, that if instead of saying, "My dear, could you stop just a moment and sew this on?" (it only takes a moment to drop baby and comb and brush and half buttoned apron, to hunt up and thread a needle and sew on a button) you should do it yourself, *in silence*, don't you think she'd think the millennium had come? I do. But why shouldn't you, and why shouldn't the oldest son whose most arduous labors are in the school room, and on the skating pond or base ball field as well learn to look after his own clothes, as to turn them over to the oldest daughter who in nine cases out of ten has far less spare time than he.

Yes, yes; it is a woman's work, but so is supporting the family a man's work; but did you never, never see mothers and daughters doing part or all of that when there were men folks around? And it is somewhat harder. Since there is no law against a woman's earning the money, and turning it over to the husband, there can't be a very severe one against his sewing on his own and even her buttons. But I'm afraid the only way to bring this about is to break them in when very young, say about six months; for a boy finds out that he is born to rule very young.

On the other hand, sometimes the house overflows with mother and daughters, and but one poor man to look after them all. In any house there are a large number of nails to be driven, a tack to be placed, a little glue and ingenuity to be applied here and there to save a bill at the cabinet maker's after a while. In such a case it would be shameful to call upon the third father for help. Let the girls do it all, and save him all they can; but girls, be very judicious about commencing it in your own homes, when you get them.

For another reason, this interchange of work is beneficial in itself, both to boy and girl. If the latter is indolent, the style of work relegated to girls, sewing, embroidery, drawing, etc., will be sure to please too much of her time at a sacrifice of health, and independence; if she is lazy, as too many girls are, though from the fault of training, rather than nature, there are fascinations about the use of steel tools, that will some times draw a girl out of this, when the time worn sewing, crocheting, etc., are powerless. For the boy, what hours of idle moments, the ruin of our boys, might be employed in "helping mother," if they could not over the idea that it is *unmanly* to use a woman's implements.

The manliest boy we know, one up to all games

and play, who "wouldn't take a dare" from any one, and who thinks "a man has no right to marry until he is perfect in every art to protect his wife, not only from ordinary ills, but from flood, fire and accident of all kinds, can sew and darn, embroider and knit, and make it.

The suggestion is worth putting to the test. Half the wear and fret of raising little children would be saved if the mother could contrive to keep them systematically and pleasantly busy; and in raising the two sexes in this way, the little ones would have something in common, and be less prone to seek society outside, while still too young to be trusted away from home.

SINCE the change in our Public School Superintendentship, other and seemingly natural changes in the management of the studies, have been anxiously but vainly looked for by thoughtful teachers. It is not necessarily detrimental to Prof. Harris' faithful management to affirm that in some respects his system was very faulty. A keen and habitual thinker who intensely enjoys the work, and has much leisure will inevitably out-strip his time and contemporaries in fair, close analyses of cause and effect, and in theoretical applications of means to ends. His thoughts, supplied and corrected by all sources of philosophy, history, literature and untrammelled by the many drawbacks that beset the actual application of their results to practical life may almost attain perfection in their workings. But when one comes to make an actual application of these fine drawn and advanced theories to the details of life, it needs a more than ordinary quota of practical knowledge to avoid mistakes. And in this very element the abstruse thinker is most likely to be lacking, and hence should be most willing to constantly test the value of his ideas in the hands of his subordinates. A faithful and conscientious teacher of long standing is surely able to pronounce intelligently upon all reasonable theories of government or study advanced by the Superintendent. To deny this, to assign to our host of Public School teachers, the disgraceful position of machines automatically grinding out the ideas of a higher power, is to declare the system a failure in all the greatest results claimed for it. Yet, judging from the conversations of the most intelligent ones of this class, we do not gain the impression that it is customary to consult a teacher upon the working of this or that theory, but rather, the conclusion is drawn that upon their silence in a measure depends the retention of their positions.

Prof. Harris' "Spiral System" may not be seriously defective, but some of the details work miserably. Ideas that in themselves are excellent, and that would work as unflinchingly in the millennium as does the solar-system, from being introduced out of time and place, with no allowance whatever made for friction,

bring about results that are deplorable, and the more so because they occur early in the school life where mistakes can be less afforded. There are two results to be gained from study: the actual accumulation of facts and mental training; and while the latter is the one true object, there are cases and cases where the concession should be made of placing the other first. With numbers of public school scholars, for whom the training is most imperative, because circumstances so soon crowd them out of school, all is lost in the desperate effort to teach them everything at once. A system of education, which has for its basis the supposition that all its recipients are to follow brain work for life occupation, must make serious mistakes. The opposite course of dealing with all the lower grades as though the few fleeting years were to be their sole legacy of help from learning would be infinitely preferable.

What little they learned would be learned well, and in such a manner as to help them in life. And the few to whom it was allotted to go on would enter the higher walks of education with clear brains, and a zest that had not been sated by indigestible nibbles at everything that was to come. And certainly, we should not hear constant complaints of class after class admitted to the Branch High whose scholars spelled miserably, wrote abominably and spoke most ungrammatically. Where is the evidence even of mental training in this state of things? These scholars when young can prate of rhomboids and parallelograms, and of similar smatterings from various sciences; but can any one affirm that this will compensate for slovenly work in all other directions? Accuracy must be the foundation of all successful mental training, and under the present plan of cutting up the study hours into infinitesimal and confusing bits, accuracy is simply impossible.

We forgot last month to chronicle the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association; Serious omission? But no one need imagine that it was inferior to all others in wit or wisdom, or that it failed to provide carefully for the coming winter reunion.

But an Alumni Association Committee that deals in no heavier business than the management of hops and very light finances! Is it just the thing, or at all to our credit? A paper sent to our table the other day from a distance, spoke of this Association as including a great number of the influential business men of this city. It includes also men of position in various other directions; men and women whose hairs are beginning to show touches of gray, and who may be reasonably supposed to have gleaned from life something worth contributing to such an Association, to make it more even than a social lecturer. Cannot something be done to draw in more of

this very practical but very necessary element? Sentiment is an excellent thing; we need a great deal of it, but it mustn't be the only foundation stone. There was talk last winter of establishing a lecture course under the auspices of the Alumni Association. There is talk of a Club to include all genuine workers in the various intellectual paths (and the long suffering multitude as audience) but still nothing is done. We should at least have our share in these things, as a body, and not as distinct individuals, absorbed and lost in dozens of other smaller but certainly successful organizations.

THE change that is made in the rules for the admission to the Normal School is eminently satisfactory. None will be admitted now except those who have first graduated at the High School. This gives five years' time after leaving the grammar schools to prepare for teaching, and little enough time it is. It seems hard, of course, on the young girls who feel that every moment that stands between them and a much needed salary, but in the end it will prove more of a help than a hindrance. Anything that will break up the stagnation in the teacher's market, and show our girls that there are other honorable ways of living, is to be hailed with joy. On no one was the past regime harder than upon teachers themselves. The occupation was glitzy. There was no injustice in cutting down salaries or crowding on work that could not be resorted to with impunity; because if we objected, behind was a waiting eager crowd ready to promise to do the work at any price. Now we may hope things will be different and teachers have a little chance.

RED TAPE.

This is an abomination, even in the places where custom has sanctified its existence, but all the more when it ties up the usefulness of so eminently practical an institution as a public Reading Room. Now, whether the fault lie at the door of Mr. Crunden or elsewhere, the fact is patent nevertheless, that useless rules and pedantic formalities so beset one as he enters the library reading room that without he knows just exactly what he wants in the shape of a periodical, he is at sea so far as the spending an hour or two of recreation or study is concerned. And who does know just exactly what he wants? The purpose in visiting the room is recreation in seven cases out of ten, and if in pursuance of that he is required to make out his own naturalization paper, wait an indefinite length of time to be served for his only one application, then if it happens to be something that is not what is expected, and the same business has to be gone over again, the spare hour is used up, and off he must go with nothing secured save a feeling that he has been defrauded.

But again if he has been so fortunate as to obtain what is wished and as the result of absorbing interest two legs of his chair become divorced from the carpet, he is informed that it is desired by the directors that all six legs of that establishment should be kept on the floor, or a sudden freak of neatness seizes that gentleman of the Irish gender who presides over the course of the dust brush, and with more zeal for the fulfilment of his duties, than consistent with courtesy he proceeds to earn his daily bread.

Now these may seem slight grievances so they are, but in the aggregate, and when measured by the necessities of the place; when we consider that it is the right of frequenters there to the greatest amount of comfort possible, when order and decency are observed, then slight grievances do become vexatious, nauseating in the highest degree, and many a one in consequence feels like giving the room which under the present regime seems to be preferred to their company.

THANKSGIVING.

The list of conditions for which we have cause to be duly thankful has been carefully prepared by the *Globe-Democrat* and the day has been observed by the public generally, as well for reasons given as in pursuance of a custom followed for years. Families, corporations, municipalities, all have joined with the new and then exception of some individual or company who could see nothing in one day more than another, all being alike to them.

We have heard of our New York concern that for years followed the plan of working their employees on Thanksgiving, Christmas and New years. They employed about 1,900 hands, but such a course as opposed to American policy could not prosper, and the result was ere long failure. That such instances of profound selfishness are so rare is another cause for thankfulness.

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SHADOWS.

BY ISABEL F. JONES

About the ancient Egypt's edge

The river flows a deep—

As evergreen shadows' golden light,

Its monthly shadows creep

Across her gleam and gleam waves,

And creep and creep on—

The shadows that started shadows on

Fire out of night deep, deep.

I rise, and know this life of men

Is like the shadow of men

We smile in youth and night's hour,

And little do we know

That men's shadows will fill

And leave not a shadow

Of joy or youth or beauty, love,

Which men's shadows know.

A beautiful shadow fills the air,

As twilight's blue shadow

Shadows the light with stars light

And twilight shadows

And now, with nature's light, it

Shadows without a shadow

I know—no man's shadow

The river is not dead.

Her silver shadows shimmering low
A deeper hymn do raise
To Him that we so make the night so fair—
More peaceful too, our days
That follow youth's tumultuous joys—
Lead to more quiet ways,
Than those our early footsteps knew,
For this our hymn of praise.

AN EXTRACT.

In Dr. Eliot's "Home Life and Influences," which aims to bring instruction and cheer to all classes and conditions, appears this plea for the woman whose duty has prevented her from making the most of her intellectual powers.

"The highest education of the intellect is worthless unless the moral nature is developed and manliness is secured. Still more true is this of woman. However important the education of books, that of the heart and character is better and goes far to take its place. The truly accomplished woman needs both, but very often the greater is sacrificed to the less. I do not advocate ignorance, but I have known women to whom the writing of a letter is a serious undertaking, and the whole range of whose reading is the Bible, a prayer book, or perhaps some time-hallowed book of sermons, or a religious newspaper, who are yet sensible persons, capable of performing all the duties of life gracefully and well.

In former days when the opportunities of education were less than now; such instances were not infrequent. Shall I describe such a one to you? The dancing school has done nothing for her, yet her step is quick and light, and near the bed of sickness her motions are so gentle that the sufferer follows her with a smile on his face and a tear in his eye. She never knew the meaning of psychology, but she has watched the working of her own heart, and the spirit of God has wrought with her spirit until her theory of the soul is, that "God worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure." She never opens a book of moral philosophy but she knows enough to repress with scorn the learned

theory of Paley, that selfishness is the root of all goodness. * * * She has received no instructions from the singing master, but a well governed temper has taught her to modulate her voice, so that it is always musical, and never too loud or too sharp. She looks with astonishment at the books which her children bring home from school, but while regretting her inability to aid them in their studies, she can teach them habits of attention and make them cheerful under their first discouragement; nor did it ever occur to them to despise their mother because ignorant of things which she never had an opportunity to learn."

There are indeed such women, but what is it that give them this power? The lack of education can not deprive them of this inherent individuality, and it is very doubtful if the most elaborate education can create it, or do any thing more than simply to elaborate and beautify its perfections. This intrinsic nobleness, this natural ability to command the respect, love and obedience of dependants, despite all adverse circumstances is needed no where more than in the mother of a household, and no where is it so visibly lacking. Without doubt, men are as often deficient in this quality as women, but the effects do not seem so deplorable. If a man cannot fill one place he can step down to another. If he cannot lead the army he can follow in the ranks. If he cannot rule the nation, he can swell the tide of those who make the nation by obedience to its laws; but a woman once elected to the high position of motherhood, cannot resign, but must try to fill the place, however incompetent. Who will tell us in what lies this secret charm, and by what means, however arduous, it may be obtained, or if it ever may be any more than counterfeited, when not inherited? The woman who possesses it, speaks and is obeyed; advises, and is listened to; comforts, and gives the peace she wills. The possession lies not alone with the good, for many pure, good, unselfish women are singularly without it. It cannot be that its possession depends entirely upon previous training or circumstances. That would be too cruel, for in nearly every case the woman does not realize her lack until the immediate need is upon her, and all intellectual training out of the question. And how pitiful is the lack! The little children for whom she could die, but cannot govern, grow up around her in turbulent waywardness, if not in actual wickedness. Her brow grows furrowed, her tongue sharpened, and she gains the reputation of a termagant, a woman who will have her own way because of words and actions which often are the dispairing outcries of nerve and heart lacerated beyond control. For it is a sad mistake to suppose that the woman who scolds is the woman who has her own way. Such a woman does not need to scold, scarcely

needs to speak. Her manner is probably commanding, but not her voice. Why should she contend for that she possesses already?

For the pitiful woman who lacks this force of character there must be some help, some process by which she may grow in the dignity that commands respect and obedience, independent of outside help; for often that not heart, hand and brain are so filled, there is no time for outside help. The daily discipline of life, the slow adding and taking from that goes on in every heart, though unseen, is all the time helping on this result, but meanwhile the children are growing up, the daily demands are being unanswered, and when the end is gained, it is only in time for the grave from which comes help for no one. If we could only know in what one trait lies this secret power; if some one in triumphant tones would proclaim it so that every woman in the land must listen and comprehend and obey, life would grow easy and happy, and home always the refuge it should be, but too often is not.

DOES MIND ACT UPON MIND INDEPENDENT OF MATTER—CONTINUED.

In most instances, mind acts upon mind in some way by, or through, the power, or agency, or influence of matter; i. e., by Sight, Smell, Touch, Hearing: A. sees B. or hears B. or smells B. or touches B. and either A. or B. or both, mentally recognize the fact; the Seeing, the Hearing, the Feeling, the Tasting, the Smelling—all lead to a recognition through the effect and power of matter. Those which are termed *Odyllic* or *Animal Magnetic* differ from the ordinary mind communications, as the Agent is sometimes 100 miles from the person to or by whom the communication is given or received; as in the case of Mrs. Shelly and her brother in Canada, found in one of the earlier numbers of "Our Mirror."

These sometimes, are the result of intended Magnetic action; at other times they are the results for which we cannot account; though both kinds seem to be mental, and independent of the ordinary operations of material action and manifestation. And both when we look carefully into the manifested facts, are different from what is termed Spiritualism.

There are indeed parts, in which they seem to be alike; but no spiritualism which I have examined will stand the test of close scrutiny, as do those *odyllic* actions and manifestations which I have examined and brought before you. Those called, and bearing the appearance of spirituality, as that of Katy King and others of a similar character, have all, so far as I know, been proved a deception.

I will now bring before you an action, and appearance Spiritualistic; though not in any way connected with what is termed Spiritualism.

The occurrence took place in my sister's family some 10 years since. My nephew, (I will call him by his given name, Philip,) about 65 years old, lived with his unmarried daughter and son, about 8 miles from the home of his only sister; then about 60 years old, who had no family at home but her husband. As was very common, the husband of my niece retired to bed one evening some hours or more before his wife; and as usual fell asleep; and between 9 and 10 o'clock the wife retired to bed very quietly, her husband not awakening. No sooner had she laid down and closed her eyes, than her brother Philip stood apparently at the foot of the bed! Startled at the appearance, she instantly opened her eyes: He was gone! She closed her eyes again: He again stood before her. She kept her eyes shut for some little time, observing his position and appearance: He looked fresh, healthy, and smiling. She opened her eyes: He was gone! She shut her eyes again: He again stood before her: She waited a few moments and again opened her eyes: He was gone! She again shut her eyes. He appeared no more! She shut and opened her eyes several times, but nothing unnatural again appeared! She then awakened her husband and stated to him the appearances and manifestations: He thought it must be a dream! She informed him that the first appearance was, when she had not been in bed two minutes! He gave up that idea: Thus bewildered they conversed an hour or more and finally fell asleep, and rested quietly till morning.

Next morning while they were at breakfast, a man drove his horse and carriage in the road fronting their house: he hitched his horse and came in. Almost his first words were—"Your brother, Philip, died last evening!" It proved that he died very suddenly, as he had been sick but a few days. I was stopping in Prov. R. I. at that time, though my home was in the west. They sent for me to be present at his funeral: I did so, and saw the sister and husband then but nothing was said at this time of this strange appearance.

I was at her house a short time afterwards, and received from my niece and her husband the whole particulars, which I then noted down.

In the article on Mind and Matter in the last number, two mistakes were made on the 7th page, 22nd & 5th lines counting from the bottom.

The first correction reads;

"sanguetizer, and told them the answer which etc."

In the second correction, the 1st three words, "I taken it," should be left out entirely.

—Miss Adelaide Gray, class '79, was married Dec. Dec. 30th, to Mr. Montrose L. Garnett, of Sedalia, Missouri.

CLASS HISTORY.

class of '84.

Edwin M. Nelson,	Alfred C. Wood,
Anthony Miltenberger,	Alfred E. Rios,
Hugh Devlin,	Julius E. Greffet,
	Frank E. Cook,
Anna Forbes,	Maggie Barnett,
Lucetia Allen,	Mary B. Mattox,
Mary E. Harlock,	Lacy Graham,
	Helen Berry.

Ed. M. Nelson, entered Hamilton College, at Clinton, New York, in the fall of '64, and graduated in '68. He taught school for two years at Aurora, New York, and then went to Cincinnati, where he pursued the study of his chosen profession of medicine. During his residence there he served for one year as clerk of the Board of Health. He speaks of his year's residence in the Cincinnati Hospital as the happiest one of his life. We may be permitted to suspect that there were some elements of his life, not immediately connected with the hospital, that entered largely into the enjoyment of that year. After completing his course of professional study, he returned to the city of his boyhood's love, to engage in practice, and has now been here six years. Besides attending to his practice, he has during the last year been the managing editor of the *St. Louis Courier of Medicine*, a Journal that is securing an excellent reputation among the best medical periodicals of the country. We regret that we cannot give a satisfactory account of Mrs. Nelson. The excuse which the Doctor offers for not presenting his friends to his wife, is, that he himself has not as yet met the lady. No one would have predicted in our school days that Ed. Nelson would be the old bachelor of the class; but so far as appearances go, he is farther from any solution of the matrimonial problem, than he was when he brought the bunches of pansies to school and laid them on L.'s desk before she came to recitation, or systematically forgot where the lesson was, that he might have an excuse to call on her and find out.

Julius E. Greffet spent eight years after graduating in business with Gray Kimbrough & Co., filling various positions. In the early part of '73, he went to Europe for his health, combining business with pleasure, having been appointed a commissioner to represent Missouri at the World's Fair to be held at Vienna. His fluency in the French and German languages—acquired at our Alma Mater—gave him a readiness of presentation which secured him a good entrée through all the avenues and fields of life so familiar to the native, and so difficult to the stranger, not thoroughly conversant with the languages, and driven to the inevitable resource of the guide-book, so often referred to by Mark Twain.

His route lay through France and Northern Germany, as far east as Leipzig. He returned to St. Louis and organized the Groom School Company, became its first president, and managed the business successfully for four years. In 1878, he was married to Miss Rosalie Gautier, of class '71, and daughter of the late Marc C. Gautier. He again visited Europe, this time going through Great Britain, France, Switzerland and Italy, called on the late Pope Pius IX, and saw the crowned heads. He returned to St. Louis, and is now a member of the firm of Langdon & Greffet. They have one child.

Alfred E. Riess, after graduating, continued his studies in Vienna for three years. After finishing his course he descended the Rhine to the district of the Franco-Prussian war in which he was engaged as assistant surgeon for about one year. At the termination of this war he returned to his native city, and settled down to follow his profession under the shadow of the church, which his father built. He became a member of the Faculty of the Homeopathic Medical College of Missouri and belonged to the Missouri Homeopathic Society. As a surgeon, he ranked among the first. In Sept. 1875 he was married to Miss Minnie N. Kilpatrick, daughter of the late Joseph Kilpatrick, and on Sept. 4th, of the following year he died, and was buried on the anniversary of his wedding.

The following resolutions were adopted by the board of trustees of the Homeopathic Medical College:

WHEREAS, It has pleased an all wise Providence to remove from our midst, our esteemed friend and colleague, Dr. A. E. Riess, therefore

Resolved, That in the death of our friend and co-laborer, the college with which he was connected, has lost an able teacher, and the community an upright and valuable citizen,

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the death of our associate, and extend to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy.

Alfred C. Wood, was born in St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 7th, 1846. After graduating he served in the U. S. Pension Office, and about the close of the rebellion in the army, he entered the regular army, and was, upon his application discharged therefrom by order of President Grant.

On his return trip, while stopping at Macon City over Sunday, he accidentally shot himself in the ankle, in consequence of his pistol falling from his belt, while changing his army uniform for citizen's dress, in order to attend church with a friend. The wound was not dangerous, but in consequence of the bad practice of a local surgeon at Macon City, gangrene set in, and on the 27th of March 1869 he died in the bloom of manhood.

Hugh Devlin after occupying various positions in business firms of St. Louis, went to try his fortune elsewhere; when last heard from, he was engaged in printing in Philadelphia.

Freeman William left school three weeks before its close, enlisting in the army. He did not receive his diploma, notwithstanding his classmates filed a written petition to the Teacher's Committee, for that purpose.

Francis E. Cook, after completing his course at the High School, attended Phillips' Academy of Exeter, N. H., and lastly, William's College, Mass., where he graduated in 1868. While at Williams he took what was called the "Moonlight Prize" for oratory and founded the college paper, the *Fidette*; was also Biennial poet and Ivy Orator; and composed the Ivy song, since so popular. In this year he was appointed principal of the Everett evening school, and assistant principal of the Webster day school. In 1869, became principal of the Webster school. In 1870, became principal of the new Douglas school, and President of the St. Louis Teachers' Association. In 1871, was made principal of the Fourth Branch High school, organizing the same. In this year he also married Miss Annie Alexander. They have three children, one girl and two boys. In 1879, the Mulanphy school was added to the Douglas management. He was one of the founders and first President of the St. Louis Society of Pedagogy. The same of the Kant Philosophical club, and also one of the founders and editors of the *Western Magazine*. He has recently been chosen a member of the Supreme Council of the Legion of Honor, also one of the Supreme officers of the order, and also belongs to the committee appointed to revise the constitution of the order. He has been an occasional contributor both in prose and poetry to various periodicals, aside from his school work, which has become to him a "labor of love." He has adopted literature as a field of endeavor, the fruits of which will hardly appear for ten years.

Mary E. Harlick entered the Normal School in Sept. of 1864, and graduated in '65, since which time she has followed her profession unerringly, and we can say, safely, that she ranks among our most successful instructors. In 1879, she was married to Mr. Morgan, deputy clerk of U. S. District Court. For several years they have been members of the Liberal Literary Society. They have one child living—a girl.

Helen Berry, after graduating at the High School, graduated the following year at the Normal. She followed the profession of her choice, teaching, for three years. She was married Sept. 18th, 1868 to Charles W. H. Brown, architectural foreman of the firm of Randolph Bros. Architects of St. Louis. In

1871, they moved to Mobile, where they remained three months. They returned to St. Louis, stopping in the city only a short time, then moved to Chicago and were there during the rebuilding of much of the city. In 1872, they returned to the city of St. Louis, where they have decided to remain. She again follows her profession and is now teaching in the Douglass school. They have two children, a girl and a boy.

Mary B. Mattox graduated at the Normal, the year following the High School graduation. She spent the four succeeding years in having a good time. Was then married by the Rev. Albert Myles, of Kentucky, to Henry W. Allen, also of Ky., but living at that time in St. Louis. He was junior member of the firm of John G. Allen & Son, wholesale drygoods merchants, since removed to Sedalia. They have four children, three sons and one daughter, and though almost won over to the "Queen of the Prairie," she cannot forget her old home and its pleasant associations.

Anna Forbes devoted much of her time to the study of music. She was married on the 8th of Jan. 1867, to Mr. James H. Brookmire, wholesale grocer. They have resided in St. Louis ever since, have four children, three girls and one boy, (and I believe) have just returned from traveling in Europe.

—Anthony Miltenberger since leaving school has been engaged in commercial life, either as book-keeper or cashier for quite a number of firms. At present he is cashier of the St. Louis Beef Canning Company. His only experience in public life he says were in occupying the position of the first Secretary of the Public School Library, and also of the High School Alumni. He is still a bachelor and does not hesitate to boldly confess the fact.

ST. LOUIS HIGH SCHOOL.

Graduating Exercises

OF THE CLASS OF '94.

WEDNESDAY JUNE, 23d, 1894.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

PART FIRST.

Music—Praise ye the Lord.

PRAYER.

1. Scripture—In Latin..... Edwin M. Nelson.
2. Essay—Means of Success in Life..... Anna Forbes.
3. Oration—Extraneousness of the Age..... Alfred C. Wood.
5. French Dialogue.....

MUSIC.

3. Essay—Words and Deeds..... Maggie Barnett.
6. Oration—Our Public Schools..... Anthony Miltenberger.
7. Essay—The Study of Books..... Lucella Allen.

MUSIC.

8. Oration—America..... Alfred E. Rios.
9. Essay—Jefferson's Daughter..... Mary B. Mattox.
10. Oration—Self Reliance..... Hugh Berlin.

MUSIC.

11. A Dialogue—in German.....
12. Essay—Life..... Mary E. Bartock.
13. Essay—It seems as if I were..... Lucy Graham.
14. Oration—The Lessons of History..... Julius E. Giffert.

MUSIC.

15. Essay—Honesty and Policy..... Helen Berry.
16. Valedictory..... Frank E. Cook.

MUSIC.

REPORT OF PRINCIPAL.

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS.

SINGING BY THE GRADUATING CLASS.

FAVING HYMN.

BY FRANK E. COOK.

See the ship,—the tempest round her,
See the storm-king rent each sail;
Loose her helm, the bark must founder
"Midst the mad and howling gale.

Do must soon embark upon the
Dark and stormy sea of life;
Guard the helm, and watchful shun the
Calms and rocks with danger rife.

Why should we give way to sorrow;
Yea! but vent our course to stay—
Juno died but on the shore
Angels rolled the rock away.

Then Farewell, ye ancient echoes,
Heard within our school-house halls;
Nature's unlearned lesson books:
Life is short and duty calls.

BENEDICTION.

Otto Kuffner of '75, has removed to St. Paul, Minn. The following letter from him gives his impressions of things in general in a most delightful manner.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Dec. 1880.

DEAR FRIEND:—In response to your kind invitation for "mince pies," extended to all the old High School friends, I beg to be set down for one. I know that they are good by my personal experience in the years gone by, and can assure you that I should be able to appreciate them now as much as then. I believe it is nearly three years since I had the pleasure of being entertained by you, but during that time, I have kept the memory of those spicy pies fresh and green, and hope my present application for them will reach you "while they last." Don't be afraid of making them too hot, because things are rather cold up here, and it does a person good to get something warming. Twenty degrees below zero is a common state of things, and stimulants are in demand. However, this climate is very invigorating, the winter still more so than the summer, and whenever any of our St. Louis friends are complaining of weakness in general, pale cheeks, inability to enjoy life, etc. etc., by all means advise them to come to the Northwest, and spend a season on the prairies of

Minnesota. I can warrant them that the bracing atmosphere and the fresh northwestern breeze will send their blood coursing through their veins with double rapidity, and make their cheeks and eyes glow with the enjoyment of life.

You may smile at my enthusiasm for my adopted country, but our Minnesota ladies will bear me out in what I say. They look like living beds of pink and roses, and are plump and chuck full of vigor and life. Not that I would disparage the beautiful faces and queenly appearance of my St. Louis friends, for we often hear the country resounding far and wide with praises of the beauty, grace and sparkling wit of St. Louis ladies. For the two latter qualities I do not doubt they are greatly indebted to our dear old High School.

But you will ask what has caused this sequence of ladies from mince pies? Nothing, except that some times I am inclined to think that they bear the same relation to life that the pies do to dinner, and ought to be enjoyed only in the same proportion, and that

"Wir kommen des Guten leicht zu viel thun!"

if we fully follow our inclinations.

Now if you haven't lost patience with me after this last little piece of impudence, I will tell you how the world has been using me since we last met.

After I graduated at the St. Louis Law School, I went over into Illinois, and of course, met with the usual disappointments that awaits a hopeful young lawyer. The world kept on revolving on its axis in supreme ignorance of, and not in the least disturbed by the lonely swinging of my shining shingle. Then the conceit having been taking out of me, I naturally looked around for something bracing, and concluded that the healthy atmosphere of Minnesota was what I wanted; being also influenced by the success of some friends and colleagues who had settled there, I pulled up stakes in Illinois and pitched my camp in St. Paul, the metropolis of the northwest, and I am well pleased with the change.

Although this climate and soil are as congenial to the old law tree as almost any you can find, and the branches and limbs of the law are well and thickly spread, yet the rapid progress and development of the country saves us from an overgrowth, and there is always room for one or two more, even before one gets to the top.

St. Paul itself has improved considerably since I came here, which is not quite a year ago, and I know of more than a dozen large blocks that have been erected or finished in that time, not to speak of the numerous residences, etc., which are continually going up. St. Paul's reputation as a city and as a place for transacting wholesale business is so firmly established that it will be impossible for any of the newer towns to distance or even catch up with it in the race for

supremacy in the northwest, and it bids fair to be one of the great cities of this great country of ours. There is considerable immigration pouring in here, both foreign and native. The foreign element goes exclusively into the country, while the native distributes itself equally between that and the city. It is this constant flow of immigration that gives the young man a better opportunity to rise here than at home. Nearly one-third of the population being themselves strangers, we ourselves without an established reputation, have nearly as good a chance to catch their business, as the older heads covered with glory and dust.

Well, I fear if I keep on talking I shall detain you from important household duties, which by the way, I hope are not weighing too heavily upon you. So good bye for this time, with my warmest regards for yourself and husband.

Your Friend,

OTTO KUEFFNER.

ST. LOUIS, MO., NOV. 17, 1880.

MRS. STONE:

In a letter from our daughter, she gives the key to her indefatigable exertions in attaining a thorough musical education. Although only designed for the perusal of her own family, I have thought some of her school companions might be interested in what she has written. I therefore inclose abstracts from her letter in reply to a message from one of her friends, that she heard she was injuring her health by her devotion to her musical studies, "all for a little glory."

MRS. GEO. A. STRONG.

"As for S——'s remark, please tell her for me that a 'little glory' is an extremely pleasant and gratifying thing to win, and that at all events, it is more desirable to work towards an end that will bring glory, than to work hard without this hope and promise of reward to cheer us on. * * * Tell her more than this, that it is not the 'glory' I am working for—that I might never attain, and yet I would study all the same. 'Flaunt well enough when I left home!' He who says thus will never mount very high in the world. We can all say that if we choose, and find our hands contented only to exist, as matter how or only laboring enough to earn the necessities of life. We can do this and slide along some way, not caring whether we are thorough in our profession or not. But that is not my way of thinking; I love my music like a living housewife, with all my heart. According to my view, I stand only on the threshold of the real temple of music as an art and looked longingly

upon the treasures beyond my reach. Here I have come nearer to them, I have learned to know them well, and I am slowly appropriating a small measure of them for my own. To do this is my greatest happiness. We must all love the highest when we see it. I have seen the highest now, and I can never rest till I attain in some degree, to it. When I hear Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann and Mendelssohn played as they should be played, it to me a real joy. How much more so, if I can myself worthily interpret the gems they have given us.

Perhaps you will laugh and say "enthusiasm, exclamation." It is that enthusiasm that is born in those who not only work, but who love their work (pre-eminently students of art), and makes all the difference between a life which is all *prose*—a common, plain weary, daily routine and a life which, with all its prose, has also its poetry—an inner world of its own, in which one not only exists, but lives and rejoices in that life. We must all go through our tasks, day by day, and serve out our appointed time; but what decides whether we are happy or unhappy in so doing, I, I think, the motive with which we work. If the feeling is there which turns even dull duties into pleasures, and which causes us to recognize in that for which we work, our highest happiness—let it centre around what it will, a person, or an art, then we know what is to really live. With out this feeling—this motive power—it is at best but a sad drudgery which we must undergo, because we are in the world, and can not well get out of it before our time. So no commiseration if you please, I consider myself rather to be envied; and that I, who as you know, am a very practical individual, not prone to "flights" or "fancies" say this proves how true I feel it. As to health, I never felt better. I am so full of life, and spirit, and energy, that I should be unhappy if I could not expend my extra supply of vigor in hard work."

ELLIE C. HERRON.

THE FISHES.

(Written for "Our Authors' Carnival.")

Swim in the breath of summer,

Swim in the shady dell,

Swim in the wild rose thicket,

And the new-born's fragrant smell,

Swim in the brook's cool shadow,

Swim in the world's best shell,

Swim in the blue heaven—

—My swimming heart is still."

Oh! the one face remembered

On the shores of my childhood's day,

And, oh! the eyes that look on me

Through the mist of the distant day.

Oh! the eyes that look on me

Through the mist of the distant day.

Oh! the eyes that look on me

Through the mist of the distant day.

Oh! the eyes that look on me

Through the mist of the distant day.

Oh! the eyes that look on me

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Through the mist of the distant day.

Oh! the eyes that look on me

Through the mist of the distant day.

FARMINGTON, Mo., January 20, 1881.

MRS. C. H. STONE:

I inclose an article for the MIRROR. Would have sent it sooner, but from your letter I supposed it would be too late for the coming number.

If suggestions are in order, wouldn't it be a good idea to ask for short letters from members of the different classes, signed with the real name of the writer, and telling what they are engaged in at present? We could discuss our housekeeping, our babies, what we read, and exchange ideas on various topics.

I know very little of my classmates. Minnie Triplett, '67, you know, is teaching in the city. Fannie Anderson, '67, is Mrs. James Post, and lives out on Easton avenue. Willie Hazard, '67, is book-keeper for Snider & Holmes, where Mr. Fisher buys his paper. So I happen to know of him from that.

Nat. C. Dryden of '66 is living in Troy, Mo., and practicing law.

Very truly,

ESSIE McK. FISHER.

DREAMING AT WORK.

It is too early to begin the spring work, and as the winter work is all done, this becomes the season of odd jobs. There are generally a lot of trifles on hand, waiting for just such a time as this. My work, though by no means a trifle, at this season for the last dozen years, is a silk quilt. Each year, when I unpack it, I resolve to finish it. Not that I expect to use it, for I think there is nothing so handsome as a bed all in white, but then having set my needle in that quilt, I want to finish it. It is a great waste of time, cutting up bits of silk and then sewing them together. I could not begin to tell the number of pieces in my quilt, and as I have already wasted so much time on it, I'll spend no more in remodeling them. It is the hexagon pattern, and a paper-pattern is cut for each block. For size pattern I have used old letters and backs, and right there I think is the secret of the little work I have accomplished. It is an album, on the young side. As I sit and sew, "other days come back on me, the recollections music," for each scrap brings a memory of the past. I sit and dream while my needle is idle. Only a scrap, but from it I can easily bring so much the whole. There are some of my spelling lessons, written in such a Spencerian hand, that even now I feel a thrill of pride to think I ever wrote so well. There are some of my school compositions (we did not call them "essays" then), and among them I find one, which I read in the hall when I was a junior. How well I remember how frightened I was at the very thought! It was about a pet chicken I had, whose

name, Richard Sanderson Lincoln McK., proved too much for him, for he disappeared one fine day, and I mourned his loss for a long time. Here is a scrap of a letter from a classmate, who, after graduation, went to Yale. His interesting letters were full of college pranks and jokes.

Here is a piece of a letter from the dear old grandmother, now dead. Heaven bless the grandmothers! What would this world be without them? And sad it is to think they are seldom appreciated as they should be, until it is too late. We do not realize what they have been to us, until we see our own little ones around their grandmother's knee. Young America may notice that the noun and verb do not always agree when the grandmother talks, but the kind and loving heart is there. This is an age of progress, and we expect our children to be wiser than we are.

Who scoffs at school girl friendship? Here is the record of one which has lasted since school days, and the last letter which I am putting in the quilt bears the date of but a few days ago. Here is a scrap that brings back a memory of so many years ago, and even now I can laugh at it. I could not have been more than eleven years old, and it is my first novel. Should I ever write another one, and become famous, my publishers should not unearth this and give it to the world, as is the custom now. How well I remember the whole affair! We organized a club at school, of those who had literary aspirations, and to me fell the novel writing. It was written in a blue backed blank book. The heroine's name was Beatrice, and the hero's (alas! for what Mr. Carle called the "unities of the drama") was John. I believe at that time my boy sweetheart was called by that good but homely name. Beatrice lived in a fine old castle in Virginia, among the Rocky Mountains. I am not ashamed to acknowledge that my geographical ideas were very misty in those days. I have forgotten the plot, except that Beatrice was to be stolen and John was to restore her; but the novel never reached the place where they were married and "lived happy ever afterwards," as the fairy stories, without due regard for grammar, always say. My teacher put an end to my aspirations by suggesting in a little note that I give up novel writing and study my lessons.

Love letters, too? What girl hasn't a pile of them to laugh over. It makes one feel young again to read even a scrap of them.

But the quilt is almost done, for I am engaged now in what you might call "evening" it out. And a word of advice to you. If you do make a silk quilt, never, never make one by the hexagon pattern. The finishing is too hard work. A still better advice is, do not make one at all.

Farmington, Mo.

SCOTT McK. FISHER.

—Will some one inform us who is the Class Historian for the girls of '71, 7.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The Executive Committee is supposed to consist of two representatives from each class, and to meet occasionally for the transaction of such business as has to be done, to keep the Association running. The following, together with some who have declined to serve, are the ones appointed in Feb. '80 to serve one year. Those marked with one star have never attended the meetings, and those marked with two stars have attended occasionally.

- '59. Edw. C. Robbins.*
- '60. Geo. Rassieur** and Miss M. B. Stone.
- '61. Miss S. T. Martin.*
- '63. Mrs. H. H. Morgan.*
- '64. Mrs. Anna F. Brookmire.*
- '65. Fred. M. Crunden.
- '66. Nathan I. Meyers.*
- '67. David Goldsmith** and Mrs. H. Wiederholdt.*
- '68. Chas. Nagel* and Mrs. J. Dutro Plumb.*
- '69. Nathan Frank** and Mrs. Julia Betts Parsons.
- '70. Ellis Peper and Miss V. E. Stevenson.
- '72. Edw. H. Greer* and Miss Cordelia M. Schiefer.
- '72. Frank Hicks and Mrs. L. J. Blattner.
- '73. Miss L. Hinchman.**
- '74. M. W. Huff and Miss F. I. Sherrick.**
- '75. Chas. C. Sprague.*
- '76. H. B. Davis* and Mrs. Carrie W. Fitzman.**
- '77. Louis M. Carpenter* and Mrs. A. D. Laughlin.
- '78. Miss Bessie Davis.*
- '79. Miss M. H. Hoke.**
- Jan. '80. J. E. Hartman* and Miss Kate R. Arner.
- June '80. A. Cook and Miss A. E. Cowan.

The Executive Committee met with their usual unparalleled good humor, Friday, 7th of Jan. The usual number was to be seen also; one really begins to wonder if something very serious wouldn't happen if more than seven or eight should by chance drop in to these meetings. One new face appeared to relieve the monotony, that of Mrs. Julia Betts Parsons, of '69; but some one had kindly stayed away to make room for her. Positively no class later than that of '74 is represented at the meetings. What faith in our ability and conscientiousness as an executive committee have we succeeded in instilling into the hearts of our conferees! Couldn't eight medals be struck off, or some high-sounding "Resolved" be

printed in our behalf?

We finished off a great deal of business at this last meeting, and one particular member was also finished off most gracefully, presumably entirely to his or her satisfaction. All arrangements for the coming January meeting, were reported in excellent order, and the programme, printed in this number, shows that we have not yet exhausted the list of willing workers of this Association. All who have the pleasure of knowing "Bennie" Thomson will be delighted at seeing that he is resurrected to contribute his share.

The cause of those not receiving tickets to which they are entitled, was faithfully presented and full reasons given, which will be found in another editorial and also in the little card accompanying the programme (which every one is positively requested to read.) In this connection, however, it is just as well to state that the employment of a collector is not intended to be considered a regular thing, in fact never has been so considered. In some cases it has seemed imperative; but the amounts to be collected are so small and distances so great, that you see in a minute that no collector with any respect for our finances can afford to undertake it.

The question of the payment of back dues still comes up; and once more we state plainly that only those who joined under the new constitution, which took effect in '74, and have since dropped out, are required to pay such dues, and if you pay them now they won't be so large as if you wait a year or two more.

Repeated assurances were made during the meeting that every body is coming to this Remmon, and our President displayed the most laudable disposition to have every one satisfied and happy at that time. The old Germania, is of course, the trying place. It bids fair to rival the dear old Central in our hearts and memories if this keeps up. We don't propose to promulgate all the business transacted at this last meeting, so will just add that one very persistent and adventurous spirit was kindly humored with the permission to carry out a wonderful plan by which every body is to know instantly who is present during the evening.

As usual, a committee is appointed to look after strangers, but if the strangers themselves would not hesitate to apply to these gentlemen and ladies, (who if possible, shall be induced to wear some distinguishing mark,) it would materially diminish the chance of being overlooked. We are really a very diffident community, and it is this and not lack of cordiality that influences us.

Miss Wright, the faithful secretary, declares her unalterable determination to resign. It will be a

real loss, but it is indeed time some others were assuming their share of this work. The Corresponding Secretary also is determined to withdraw. Finds the needle has no bottom, and is convinced that he is only making it no bottomer.

He is very good natured, however, and if some assistant could be provided, might be induced to work a little longer. Why should not some lady help? Miss Katie Jones is a most active little body, and is dancing too much for her health, we are sure; why not give her some of this work to do and relieve Mr. Knox, who is really growing thin under its non-performance.

ALLUMINITIES,

- Albert C. Davis has a son.
- Elizabeth Brooks is married.
- Maggie Meyer, of '76, has a son.
- Hugo Schlenk is in St. Paul, Minn.
- Miss Anna Allan is still teaching in the city.
- Jedia Chase, of '74, is at home in Carondelet.
- John P. Jones resides at 819 North 12th St.
- Miss Octavia Marlow is teaching at Rock Spring.
- Pauline S. Koch is a German teacher in the city.
- Mary Lee is married and living in Chicago, Ill.
- Annie Gehrke, of '76 is teaching in the Peabody.
- Jadith McDowell is at home near Little Rock, Ark.
- Miss Jessie Lansing, of '76, is quite a society belle.
- Miss Clara Calhoun, same class, is at the Pestalozzi.
- Marion S. Pryor is teaching in the Franklin School.
- Amanda Kennedy is teaching in the Hamilton School.
- Miss Addie C. Pierce, of '78, lives in Bunker Hill, Ills.
- John A. Gillillias we are informed is a cadet at West Point.
- Nat. Meyers of '86, is going to, or has removed to the East.
- The address of Miss Mary Walker is Elwood Station, Carondelet.
- The delay in this month's paper is owing to a change in the management of the printing office.—

—Clara Hancock is now Mrs. Scudler, and lives at 3115 Pine street.

—Miss Abbie Starr, of '75, sent in a number of items this month.

—Miss Sophia J. McElwaine, and Miss Mary Summers are both teachers.

—Miss Mary B. Brown teaches at the Lincoln, and resides on 20th and Olive.

—Miss Kate Shanawsey, of '76, is studying as diligently as when at school.

—Eveline Allen is married, and we think is out of the city. Name desired.

—Anna Wilson is married, and living in, or near Philadelphia. Has one boy.

—Annie Richardson has joined a Catholic sisterhood, and is in a convent.

—The Normal School boasts of the presence of Miss P. Rowe, of class of '79.

—Will Long, of '69, is married and living at 2317 Cass Ave., has three children.

—Miss Lulu Cost, of '76, is teaching in the Peabody, and resides in Park Place.

—Since our last issue Mrs. Marcela Easton has lost her other twin boy, little Ned.

—Miss Mary H. Shepherdson and Miss. Kate O. Timmonds are teaching in the Carr Lane.

—Mrs. Emma Kuhn Frank has a little son, about two years old, to whom she is entirely devoted.

—Eleanor Whitaker has been teaching in the Dodier, but at present has a leave of absence.

—Miss Ella Coxzins is devoting her time to music. She sings in the choir of the Second Baptist Church.

—David Bell is like a streak of lightning, first you see him, and then you don't. His address is 1619, Chestnut street.

—Mary Graham is teaching in the Clinton School and Miss Fannie Griffith in the Stoddard; residence 2835 Lucas Ave.

—Mrs. Maggie Holland Holman, of '73, has a baby boy four months old and resident 5764 Page Ave. She was married a year ago last Sep. to Minot L. Holman a classmate.

—Yorgues McBeth is still in the city, but though his classmates inquire after him, his whereabouts are not exactly known.

—Miss Louis Bonnavis, of '70, has taken the veil in a Convent in Florissant instead of the one formerly stated. She taught school in this place for a year before taking this step.

—Miss Laura Fisher lives near 14th. st. on Chouteau Ave. She was at one time much interested in music; is probably still so.

—Will some one enlighten us as to which is which, Miss Mary E. Houston and Miss Mary P. Houston: One of '71 and one of '77.

—Frank P. Crunden, of '76, is trading in Texas for a St. Louis house. An old classmate declares that he is growing very handsome.

—Miss Anna Boyden, of '76, is teaching in the Peabody, but still finds some time to devote to society, where she is a great favorite.

—Lucie Bell has obtained a leave of absence for a year from the Stoddard School, and has gone to Hot Springs for her health.

—Wm. Hanicke, who is still pursuing his studies in Europe, attended the rendering of the Passion Play at Oberammergau last August.

—George Gilliam studied law in the city after leaving the High School. Is now living in Peoria, Ill., and doing very well in his profession.

—Nellie Gornly, a three years member of '76, is now Mrs. Hogan and lives in Versailles, Mo. She has a little girl about eighteen months old.

—Mrs. Ross Lane Wilson is now keeping house in Chicago. The first year of her married life, she spent in Europe, and her accounts of her experiences with the French people are very amusing.

—Miss Lillian Stewart, class '80, made a flying visit to this city during the Christmas holidays, and called on a few of her friends. She is teaching in Kansas, in the "land of milk and honey."

—Julia Little, of '76, is now Mrs. S. W. Watkins, and her home is in Benton, Marquette Co., Michigan; we have lodged a short absence from a letter lately received from her. She says "Her are all the old scholars, and what has become of Minnie Hackstaff? I have lost all trace of nearly every one."

I live away up in Northern Michigan in a small mining town, where there are not many nice people, but we manage to have a pretty good time all together. Sleigh rides and dancing are the main amusements in winter. I want you and Nell to come up next summer. I think you would enjoy it for awhile, it is so different from anything in or near St. Louis."

—Mrs. Watkins displayed marked artistic ability while at school, and has commenced taking lessons again. She has one little girl named Susie, who reaches the mature age of three next March.

—Mrs. Brewer is still at home, unable to teach.

—For Mrs. Watkins benefit, we state that Miss Minnie Hackstaff is teaching in this city, and possesses the happy faculty of making warm friends wherever she goes.

—Mrs. Ira Smith, formerly Flora Fleak, of 74, made a visit of two weeks to Mrs. J. E. Griffet, formerly Rosalie Gaultier, of 71. She has now left the city to reside permanently in South Valejo, California. Her address is, South Valejo, Cal.

Care of Eulent Sound Lumber Co.

—Addresses wanted of the Misses. Inez Gorge and Maggie Hopton, of 71.

—Will Baker is editor of the *Evening Star*, of Kansas City, instead of the Sun as stated in our last. He writes, "I assure you it is with keen pleasure that I receive any news of the old boys and girls; God bless them. I have thought of them continually in my some what erratic career, and always with the wish that I might meet them soon."

"The Fountain of Youth" was presented for the second time at the Mercantile Library Hall last Thursday night. The cast was the same as at the first performance and all did their allotted parts with some taste. Several solos, duets, one quartette and a chorus are gems that were loudly applauded by the fair audience present. Mr. Pommer, the composer of the opera, was presented, in the middle of the performance, by Mr. J. P. Colby, with an elegant ebony, gold and silver baton. It was from his friends of the east and chorus, and bore the following inscription: "Prof. W. H. Pommer, from the Pommer Musical Union, Jan. 20, 1881—Fountain of youth." Miss Mammie E. Fairchild, for the ladies of the union, also delivered a complimentary address, and then presented him with an elegant basket of flowers. The professor was taken by surprise, but made a neat little speech of thanks.

Mr. Wayman McCreery has completed all arrangements with the Chicago Church Choir Opera company for the production of his comic opera, "L'Africain," which will be given on the boards of a Chicago theatre some time in February. The company will come to this city and show the beauties of this opera to the St. Louis public. Mr. W. Schuyler is the librettist, Wayman McCreery the composer, and Mr. Louis Mayer wrote the orchestral parts, all St. Louisans.—*Globe*.

Every effort was made this time to have the Glass History complete, as the fragmentary manner in which have been obliged to present many of them, is a constant thorn in the side. A few last items, however, were received just too late and have to be reserved for the next.

TIME SYSTEM ABROAD.

On Monday evening, the 18th, inst., the last of Prof. Rees' lectures on astronomy at Wash. University was delivered by Mr. E. A. Engler. Subject:—Time System Abroad.—The lecture, a synopsis of which has been previously published, was full of information, and a larger portion of that information pointed clearly to the fact, that we of America and especially of St. Louis, are far behind the times; the reputation we are achieving in the line of "Old fogysm" is clinging to us in this, as in most directions. In comparison with other systems, Mr. Engler referred to the time system in this city as a "vigorous infant."

Reference was made to the New York time ball, and the suggestion having been made, that the same or a similar thing should be introduced here, either through municipal application or private generosity, it seems quite feasible that our at present "vigorous infant" may soon acquire respectable proportions. There is, to accomplish this, a need of some little money to secure proper instruments, and effect certain necessary changes, already proposed.

The Greenwich method for keeping and distributing time for, and all over England was explained at length, and gave rise to the suggestion that a system somewhat similar might with propriety be adopted, allowance being made for the greater extent of our country in longitude.

This might be effected by establishing time meridians exactly one hour apart, which could serve as the standard meridians for the sections of country extending one half hour on each side of them.

Mention was also made of the Paris system; and the Pneumatic system in Paris, the latter being the fruit of private enterprise.

A review of the whole matter is beyond our time and space, but a summary of the points touched, may be made in this that our needs were in this lecture clearly pointed out, and the sources and means of relief suggested.

EDITORIAL.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

At every recurring Alumni Reunion, complaints are made by members who claim to have paid their annual dues, but who did not receive cards of admission. The constant repetition of these complaints merits an inquiry into the cause of such oversight.

Every one paying his or her dues receives the treasurer's receipt, and the treasurer credits him or her with the amount paid. Before each convention, the treasurer hands his book, in which all amounts received are recorded and credited to the proper



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AFTER THOUGHTS.

FANNIE ISABELLE SHERRICK.

Sometimes in the dusk I wonder,
If the sunlight gone away,
Fills some other heart with gladness
As it filled mine in the day.

Like the sunlight in the shadow,
Are the deeds of good we do;
And how fair the morn. of sunshine
If the life be pure and true.

Poets long have sung the praises
Of a brave and noble life;
Yet how few of us in living,
Struggle bravely in the strife.

Oh the days are drifting idly
Down the golden stream of time;
And our hearts are beating sadly,
To the music of a rhyme.

Shall we dream away our life-days?
Or in deeds of truth and light,
Mark the hours of willing labor
With a beauty glad and bright.

Grand is he who brave and fearless,
Works for truth and love of light;
Though in teaching for the sunlight
He may perish in the night.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. LOUIS
HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION BY
A. B. THOMSON, ESQ.

In coming before you this evening, at the call of the Executive Committee, I am mindful of the bond of union between us, and shall not forget to express my attachment to Alma Mater, and to recall the pleasant memories that cling around her; memories that grow more pleasant and dearer as the years pass away; growing ever more charming under the enchantment distance throws over them. Whence is this enchantment, that distance lends to so much we love to look at? Is it not that in the close stirring struggles with the details of passing events, we fail to see the beauty of the whole historic scheme of which we are some of the parts, as when we examine the details of the foreground of a landscape too closely we lose sight of the beautiful whole of which it is a part? But seen from a distance, either presents its beauty in full power, each detail sinking into its proper place, as a part of the whole. And how the heart and imagination delight to revel amid the fitting lights and shades, shadowy forms and dreamy suggestiveness as in the misty distance in a beautiful picture. And right dearly should we cherish all such pleasant memories of the past, for in the struggles of the present they illumine our way and keep up the courage of our hearts by lending a part of their enchanted light to our hopes of the future.

And is the condition of one who has not the wealth of these treasures of memory, the only wealth of many a sad life, which has found in them all its luxuries. All our human hearts love these beauties as our eyes delight in the beauties of form and color.

For we all love beauty. Not the same kind of beauty, nor beauty of the same thing. But the human heart and mind ever have and do now, find in one form or face or grace, a charm that makes it attractive above all others, and the choice is as varied as the choosers. The attraction of color or form or grace of motion seems to defy all law when applied to individuals, and yet each one feels it, seeks to gratify his particular taste, and sets a value on that which does gratify this love of the beautiful.

The love of the beautiful, as it finds expression in what we call art or taste, has been a potent element in every civilization that has arisen in human history; and in all the nations that have passed away to give place to the present dominance of the western ones, the best and noblest thoughts, sentiments and ideas, have been given expression in their arts and have been preserved to us, when preserved at all, in the examples of their art-work that remain. This element is but beginning to show its power in that civilization of which we speak so boastfully in this 19th century. Painting, sculpture, architecture, music, poetry and the drama have each found expression, through the masters to whom we now look with so much reverence. Yet that period of distant and mysterious beauty called the renaissance, was indeed but the childhood of modern western civilization, and it is only to-day that the arts and sciences are becoming the property of the masses of our people, and their means of livelihood. And it is to a few thoughts in relation to the importance of art to the laboring masses of our people that I wish to ask your attention this evening.

I shall not attempt to exhaust the topic, and shall elaborate but few of its details; but I desire to suggest a line of thought, which I believe will be of service for each one of us, old and young, laborer and capitalist, merchant and manufacturer to consider and apply to his or her actual work in daily life.

Each form of civilization that has been dominant in the world's affairs has presented its peculiarities, incident to race, climate, origin, etc. The philosophical principles that have governed their growth, supremacy in power and decline, seem to be substantially uniform, but the details of facts, forces and incidents have varied in each case. The present western civilization presents some new forces, announces some new principles and propounds some new questions. It is a new principle that places the Employer and Employee upon terms of legal and political equality, and renders social equality not only possible but sometimes a fact. Many curious facts in the social life of the laboring classes are explicable only by reference to the hopes and aspirations to which such possibilities give rise; and the dreams of their realization have effected the practical action of all impor-

tant labor movements under various forms that have been a feature of this century.

An important element is the corporation. Individual efforts are no longer relied upon for the accomplishment of great undertakings, and instead of invoking the patronage of mighty dukes and cardinals, and the assistance of their coffers, modern enterprise unites the fortunes of scores in a corporation, places specially educated and capable men in charge of its affairs, creates railroad kings and merchant princes, and often dictates war or peace, success or defeat, to crowned heads, that must obey its mandates.

Then there is the woman question. It has been found impossible to have any form of society without the woman question, and it continually presents itself in new forms, as numerous as the charming phases of feminine human nature. But through all the changes of national life it seems to have followed a line of development in which it now presents itself in a new shape. The tendency to a freer development of woman's power, under fewer social restrictions, her improved legal status, her changing political condition, the recognition of her intellectual power, and her great encroachment in the industrial pursuits before allotted to men only, mark a vast change in her condition. As she comprises the better half of the civilized world, such important changes in her condition must result in great changes in many of the features of civilized life. But for the purposes of this evening I would ask you to consider especially the vast influence the introduction of female labor in many departments of labor and manufacturing has had upon the labor system of all the western nations.

Another important factor is the steam engine. Formerly vast multitudes of laborers, expended years of toil, in the accomplishment of undertakings whose success was the crowning glory of a monarch who delighted to inscribe his name and titles, on the stones that had been the burden of his subjects during his reign and possibly his generations before. A mighty obelisk perhaps was slowly carried a few miles and placed on end, raising the name of the monarch high above that of all around him, so that all who ran might read the story of his glory, and his subjects bowed down perhaps in spirit before one who could conceive so mighty a work, and successfully execute it. Now a few men with steam engines for slaves, will carry the obelisk across a stormy ocean, then through a country bowing with busy workmen, who can scarcely pause to gaze at it in wondering curiosity as it passes, and raise it aloft again in a land where the name of the mighty king inscribed thereon is unknown, and whose inhabitants would consider his glory shame, his religion sacrilege.

and his mighty achievement a simple commercial enterprise of every day life. I need not dwell upon the mighty changes that have followed the invention of the steam engine. In no department of life however have its effects been greater than among the factories and their laborers. A mighty revolution has been made. The Slave system of the eastern nations gave place to the modified slavery of the Roman system. With the fall of the Roman empire, the slave system disappeared, and on the revival of learning and commerce was succeeded by the Guild system. This is gone and with it the apprentice system. And today we have the corporation and steam engine system. A system that is growing and invading every department of labor as rapidly as machinery can be invented to do the work to be done. In the olden time, if a new industry was to be started, the patronage of the state or some noble of authority was obtained and the patron supplied a sum of money. If successful a large number of workmen were employed, some apprentices, some masters. Personal skill and taste secured advancement in the factory. A guild was formed when the industry became sufficiently important, and again personal skill, taste, tact and executive ability gave advancement. Immense fortunes were realized by a few, and a good living for thousands of good workmen, and existence for thousands of inferior ones in the workshops throughout the land. But to-day a number of private citizens subscribe a certain amount of capital for a corporation. Men specially educated in training schools or the school of experience, are given charge of its affairs. Suitable machinery is purchased and just enough persons employed to direct and utilize its labor; the steam engines are started, and the one factory does more work and turns out more product than could have been done by all the factories in Christendom engaged in that production before the introduction of steam machinery. What is to become of all the laborers not employed in the new steam factory and who are thrown out of employment thereby? Moreover as many of the persons now employed will be women, a disproportionate number of men are left idle. This process is actually and steadily going on, throughout the Western world, and is invading the Eastern despite the opposition of the older governments, and its effects are becoming distinctly visible and appreciable.

It is true, new fields of labor are opened, but still the fact remains, that the steam engine and machinery would not be labor-saving if they cost as much in labor in one direction as they save in another, and experience has proven that they do cost less than they save, and that the laborers have been driven to seek other fields or sources of support. Hence the great immigration from Great Britain, Germany, France and

other European countries. The conditions, however, which lured immigration into this country are rapidly disappearing. Emigration from the Eastern to the Western states has been a marked feature of our national history for the past ten years, as is shown by the census returns, and especially so during the past three years, as the condition of Missouri, Iowa, Arkansas, Nebraska, Kansas and Texas show. According to the census of 1870, the centre of gravity of population was in Ohio near its centre. The census of 1880 will show that it has moved further West, near to Cincinnati or perhaps the boundary of Indiana. Already the cry is heard of the depressed condition of labor in New England and the Middle States. Throughout the world the state of affairs is discussed and various remedies suggested, and various schemes for improvement and relief are being tried. Imitating the corporation system, the laborers have united in trade unions, contributed money for relief funds, and tried to oppose capital, by a combined attack upon its desire for gain and fear of loss. But men must not whether idle or employed and among the laboring classes, selfishness is as strong, and broad liberal charity as scarce as elsewhere, and trade unions have been failures. But a partial solution of the question seems to have been reached in another direction.

It has been discovered that while the steam engine has many virtues it has some faults. The introduction of machinery has undoubtedly done much to cheapen the necessities of life, and to bring many comforts and luxuries within the reach of persons of small means. But at the same time the effect of decreasing the amount of hand labor required to accomplish the work done, has been to leave the laborer about where he was before its introduction, assisted, as his condition has been, by immigration from all parts of Europe to Australia and America.

But while the steam machinery can do so much, it has one fault at least, it has no taste. A machine will do one thing well, and produce one thing in endless amount at a marvellously low cost, but it must follow its pattern exactly. If the pattern is poor the result must be uniformly poor. If the pattern is good, the product will be all the same, none better, none worse. A machine never acquires taste, judgement or skill by practice. Hence the value of the product of a machine often depends altogether on the taste and judgement of the designer who makes the pattern or model. This element of good or bad design is to-day becoming more and more important in a great many departments of production all over the world. In an article in the *Ninth American Review*, on the important topic of art education, that every manufacturer and artisan could read with profit, Prof. Weir calls attention to the fact that the

wealth and commercial industries of nations have in several instances been largely due to their art products, or to the taste that has influenced design. He says: "it is mainly the taste and beauty of design displayed in all forms of French production, French tapestries, calicoes, carpets, wall paper, porcelain, glass, bronzes—everything in short in the manufacture of which design may fill a conspicuous place, or in the production of which taste is required, that has yielded France in the past, such wealth in return for the product of her industry." At the first great International Exhibition in London in 1851, the English became aware of this fact, and were then made conscious of the entire absence of taste in design in their own manufactures. The result was the establishment of Art training schools throughout the kingdom, the chief of which is the "South Kensington in London," which have changed the character of English manufactures, wherever beauty of design is a requisite of success. Such an entire revolution have these schools effected in ornamental design that in some respects, the English now excel other nations in the beauty of certain kinds of manufacture. Where they were far behind, they are now in advance, and this has been the occasion of new stimulus and new effort on the part of the French, that has led them to take similar steps for furnishing popular art instruction, which may enable them to regain and maintain their former supremacy. The schools of art established in the United Kingdom numbered originally 147 with an attendance of 29,000 pupils. The number of pupils receiving instruction in drawing and design was in 1878, 727,874, an increase of more than 100,000 over that of the previous year and that in 5288 schools; and the total sum appropriated up to that date for the establishing and maintaining schools and museums of art, amounted to about 17,000,000 dollars, and the investment was thought a profitable one for the state. These statistics furnish some indication of the importance this eminently practical people attach to the subject of art instruction, and they are cited in detail as being more convincing to American minds than would be the higher claims of art which rest upon more exclusive and subtle grounds. The English are not a sentimental people. The statistics cited are not the result of fanciful pleas or vagaries nor of that ignorance that relegates drawing to the sphere of mere accomplishment and art to that of mere entertainment. They are rather the result of a hard-headed sense of the value and importance of artistic design as a source of national benefit and wealth. Consider the number of instances, the many occupations, in which artistic design is a requisite or where taste is exercised with marked effect: in objects of all kinds that surround us in the house, in vehicles of travel, in all articles and ornaments for wearing

apparel and in all kinds of ornamentation, and articles for commercial, civic or religious purposes. The absence of taste in the manufacture of articles that otherwise exhibit excellence is often the occasion of condemning them altogether. Beauty of design as well as perfection of workmanship is what chiefly builds up a great business like that of Tiffany & Co. or the Gorham Co., who as jeweler and silversmith are said to excel all others, having by means of the artistic quality of their work, secured the market of the world for their manufactures. Some of our manufacturers of silks and tapestries have competed successfully with even the better class of foreign production. But in all these cases you will observe that they import their designers trained for the most part in the schools of France and England, and pay these designers larger salaries than our presidents of colleges receive. There are designers for upholsterers in New York who receive salaries greater than those of the members of the Cabinet at Washington City, and those large salaries are paid simply because it is discovered that the main success of the business depends upon the taste displayed in designing their work. This should be sufficient to suggest of design that it has commercial value. But more. In this country, Massachusetts, acknowledged to be the first in the list of the states to recognize the necessity of bringing about a closer and more cordial alliance between art and manufacture, and a state that has done more in this direction than any other, has found it necessary to put forth greater effort than ever for the accomplishment of these results.

The following extract from a report of a committee appointed by the Manufactures and Mechanics Institute of Boston will show the value they attach to technical instruction or art instruction as applied to the products of manufacture.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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In this I hopefully attempt a statement and argument why God is one and yet three, and claim he will be many! Of course a definition of the sphere of a creed will have first to be discussed. A creed so to speak ought not to be philosophic, but scientific. That is, the Bible must be considered as containing all the data of a creed, just as the Cosmos contains all the data of a science. By Cosmos I mean all outside the soul of man and the unseen by the five senses. Man gives the data of Psychology. The Bible, the data of Theology. Philosophy includes all the results of ratiocination upon the laws discovered in the three general sciences of Theology, Psychology, and Cosmology. So declaring theology a science with data and a perceptive sense called, phrenologically and scripturally, Spirituality; Psychology a

science with data and a sense called consciousness, and Cosmology a science with data and five physical senses, we will clearly see that philosophy is something beyond all of them, and of all of them not lacking data; but those data are not revealed phenomena or particulars of three substances but scientifically induced laws or qualities; and in place of perception being the mode of the knowledge to be gained, reason is the mode. Phenologically speaking, and it is the clearest speaking. Comparison as a synthetic faculty begins, and as an analytic faculty ends the work; while in science it as an analytic faculty begins, and as a synthetic faculty ends the work.

Cosmology and psychology have been allowed to enter the Creeds of the Church, or the Creed of the Church, as some would say, because all holding not to the Creed of the Trinity are said not to be of the Church; when in fact the one most logically cosmological and psychological in its Creed is only a state not a Church, and anathematizes the firmest Protestant holders of that Creed. This mixing of two foreign sciences with the one science of theology native to Revelation has given rise to great fundamental errors in the doctrine of Godhead, and has been the cause of dispute and anathema. The errors I conceive to be these:—An attempt to define the origin of two of the so called persons of the Deity, and to define spirit as different from matter in being indivisible, yet not showing that indivisibility being granted in the usual meaning, it does not follow that spirit may not be many. If there is another it is in the use of the words Person and Persons, Person not being recognized as the synonym of the Spirit, and so another way of saying the same:—God the Son is a person, but so was Adam, "which was the son of God." God the spirit is a Person, but a person is a spirit. God the Father is a Person and a Spirit, but all only proves that a person may be God, or becoming a God: (John 1:12, "Person" when used except as the symbol of a sacrament, as a help to our faith, can only be used as a help to our ignorance and weakness which is the very essence of idolatry, and the cause of the fall of man—haste to be wise beyond what was revealed. Its a surrender to the soul and body, to psychology and cosmology, of what belongs to spirit and theology; in one word—of what belongs to the revelation.

Now I appeal to the words of Scripture and say man knows the beginning of nothing *nor* of any class of being. The Bible only reveals the coming into this world of the two—Son and Spirit. The term "eternal generation" of the old Constantine theologians is simply a contradiction in terms. It is an unscientific statement, and the offspring of philosophy based on a wrong science, and worse, an invasion of the wrong domain. "Generation" implies a beginning, so neces-

sarily both Son and Spirit must be creatures, which the Trinitarian most strenuously denies. And "eternal" means without beginning, which he just as strenuously affirms! I hold it true that the entrance of false philosophy becomes false in science, false in place, or false in reason, and is the chief cause of heresies—and this when joined with pride of place, ecclesiasticism, is guilty before God of nearly every heresy on the face of the globe. Bishop Alexander in northern Africa, philosophized on the Trinity one day and clear minded Arius saw his assumption and mistiness, and denied his conclusions. He was forced into heresy from both the above causes, scholasticism and ecclesiasticism.

To the sphere of the Creed of Trinity is the revealed coming into this habitable world and their inhabitation of us either in cosmic, Adamic and Christic creation or regenerative presence. This changes the whole basis of the discussion of Trinity, enlarges the idea of Godhead, and stimulates by defining the limit of investigation, both cosmological and psychological while the theological is allowed to remain in its place and gives its generalities to aid in the true philosophy.

Now taking what light theology has given on cosmology and psychology, as presented in my "1+1=1," and "1+1=3," we are prepared hopefully to write an answer to our proposition that 1=1+1+1+1+. Judging from the two humanized modes of operation—life and love, as expressed actively and sensibly in creation and union, there can be only two known causes why God is a unit and yet triple and may be many: He is one by the Love of Him, and three by the Life of Him. Here is to be recognized the fact that creation as revealed and known, namely the union of spirit with formed matter by means and mode of soul, cannot be predicated of God's being three; that is not revealed except as an exercise of his life in becoming more than one. This is a fundamental principle of creation common to the creator and creature. This is two the truth in idolatry that gives it its potency. Idolatry is a truth so far as it is a search after many Gods! It was this truth in diabolic hands that caused the fall. Its a fact that the problem of Eden was to make matter eternal for the first time; and that could only be by making matter spiritual and all men gods, and grades of gods, the fundamental fact in idolatry, Gods in the creative and redemptive purpose, the grades being among those having matter embodied. *Grade is inherent solely in matter, not in spirit, and spirit is graded by matter in its two conditions of innocence and sin.*

Spirit life being perfect in itself has no need of growth or recuperation. It necessarily becomes productive. The reason it is not as in man is because of the limitations of matter; though its formed

matter, or body, gives it object upon which to exercise its creative energy and any hindrance thereto lies in the fact of non-suitableness and non-development caused by creative start or hindrance by sin. Man was only in the "image of God to be in his likeness" and Adam failed and we are sinners.

How did God become, is necessarily an idle question, not to say an idolatrous one, as God having begun to be is an absurdity. It is non-conceivable, That is, God absolutely considered. But so is the origin of matter. Even its origin is not within the sphere of science, for we can only conceive of formed matter, and only by faith do we know the origin of "the things that now are." But God rationally considered is the great permissible, and possibly study of the origin of the Deity. He so revealed is God's answer to the human craving for the knowledge of first things, and the cure for idolatry; because, first, it is not the mystery claimed, not so much a mystery in one sense as the origin of a fetus or seed. Even His second birth, resurrection, and ours because of his, is not a mystery: the mystery being that we become spiritual without it. It is a definable action and a work. And because, second, this origin is so high, all attempts at man's creation of Deity seem so far short of God's creation of Deity that they fail, because such abortions, Ingersoll's ambitious blasphemy should be instead of an "Honest God, the noblest work of man"—a dishonest God the only work of man!

How God became more than one, is an allowable question when defined as above. It is a fact that God is more than one. In man's imaginative worship he is clearly such. In the Bible and Christian creeds He is more than one. Experimentally he is more than one. Love and its resultant union make Him one, and Life with its resultant creations make him more than one. What should be the definition of the results of Love and Life in Deity is a question. Also, what we ought to call Him, One and Three. All we are allowed to call Him in the scientific study of Scripture is Father, Son and Spirit, as three, and God as one. Having a word as liable to abuse and misconception as person, the poor idiot's creed is better than that of philosophical theologians.

"Three in one
And one in three,
The middle one
He died for me."

For origins are only rational, revelational, or creational.

Relational, as above. Revelational, as the Son revealed the Father, and the Spirit, the Son. Creational, as of the Cosmos, the Adam, the Christ, and in our regeneration.

The mystery in Godhead is not a mystery of

origin, for that is not revealed; nor of relation, for that is plain; nor of creation, for that is reasonable; but why He, as the governing spirit, is only three and not less or more. The "ministering spirits," or angels, we are not allowed to know except in their service. We, as men, are the creational spirits in the strict sense.

It is evident that God as the "spirit of lives" (Hebrew of Genesis 2; 7) did become three in His godhead many in his myriad "ministering spirits," and is the "Father of spirits" to every man who has entered the world. How we know not; with what actual result, also, we know not, except in Cosmos, Adam and Christ. This only is revealed. We have, of course, what light "only begotten Son" gives, but that refers to the birth of the Virgin, and "first begotten," to the birth of the Earth, so neither refer to the origin of the Son of God who became the Son of man. His sending and coming into the world and the mode of it, we know, no more. "Son," other than rationally, we dare not conceive of. The doctrine of his generation is a philosophic blasphemy, instead of the much talked of mystery—and as mystery worshipped. The self "procedure" of the Holy Ghost, and Christ's sending him, was plainly into this world. So we are barred of progress where His life is spoken of except in the one fundamental fact that life is productive and the spirits product is equal to Him, or less, solely as He will, not having any necessity that his issue shall be graded, as in beings created in forms of matter through medium of soul. The equality of the three is plainly revealed.

Any grade temporarily considered in the Godhead, whether of work or office must be, because also of will, of love. And as the love makes the grade, it also makes the union. "The same in substance," etc., is of life, the union is of love; sameness and unity being very clearly distinguished ideas; and in all we know of sameness it is cause of repulsion;

One fact is clear in Scripture—the son of of God "became the son of man," and "the son man became the son of God." The first by birth of the Virgin and partaking of her weak and sinful humanity; the second, by suffering, perfecting that very human nature into divinity and by resurrection becoming complete son of God with two new natures added. By his victory reaching officially till after judgment day the highest place in Trinity. As the Father had been the revealed one and judge, so now is and will be Christ. But there is a passage that shows: He is to be subject as creature after judgment day (1 Cor. 15: 21-28), when God shall be all in all and all the Godhead and Gods many shall be one God in love. (See refs. in John's Gospels and Epistles, Heb. 2; and "Love the bond of perfectness.")

We have learned to contemplate the surrender from what he was and became, and from what He is ever to remain. The everlastingness of His love in the past is too much in our thought—not its everlastingness in the future. But without it, Love's one greatest cry in human hearts meets no response in Him—for "As I am, I ever want to be," is Love's greatest yearning and purpose. Love results in changes and is satisfied only with the unity produced; but just as the unit of the union of 1+1, spirit body, is a living soul, higher than body and lower than spirit—so the union of divinity with humanity results in the *mediator*, Christ, lower than God and higher than man; but he became God—Heb. 1—because matter may become *spiritual*, but not spirit. (1 Cor. 15) Surrender is the essence of love, Christ in life one with the other two, in love becomes again one with the other two, and has gained two other natures made one in spirituality. This awfully sublime *surrender* of His love is so self-obliterating as to forever remain less than He was, that he might be like us and save us, satisfied only to be one forever in love that He and the Father and we by the spirit might be forever one! That thought breaks my heart more than the everlastingness of old of His love, and my tears are the only utterance of my gratitude. He may have have my blood for His eternal servitude! The Father putting one lower than Himself, above Himself, and then that one once equal becoming forever lower than He was—is "love divine, all love excelling."

ALEX. M. DABNEY.

ST. LOUIS HIGH SCHOOL.

Graduating Exercises.

on Wednesday, June 16th, 1893.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16th, 1893.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Music.

PRAYER.

Latin Salutation..... K. Duncan Melroe.
The Power of Love..... Sarah V. Ruth.
Bible and Union..... John D. Alayne.
Labor and Work..... Kate E. Moore.

Music.

American, "Footprints on the Sands of Time"..... James Beasley, Jr.
Thought and Action..... Ella M. Wilson.
The School's Hope..... David E. Rogers.
The Great Newcomer..... Elizabeth M. Griffin.

Songs from Schubert's Favorite.

Music.

The New Nation..... Edward H. Currier.
Dress..... Lue M. Childs.
Government and Patriotism..... Richard Fenby, Jr.
The Possibility and the Trend of Progress..... Susan Clifton.
Thoughts and Things..... Dudley M. Claggett.

Music.

Influence of Female Character upon Society..... Julia P. Lansing.
Early Jane Grey..... Sarah R. Handy.
Rains of Time..... William R. Cist.
The Pass and outward Image of the Mind..... Elizabeth McCreesh.

Miscellaneous (from Schiller).

The Deserted House..... Sarah Beasley.

Music.

Valedictory..... Frederick M. Cranden.

REPORT OF PRINCIPAL.

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS.

Music.

BENEDICTION.

CLASS HISTORY.

CLASS '95.

This Class consisted of nineteen members, ten girls and nine boys; names as follows:

Sarah J. Beresford,	Lue Childs,
Susan E. Clifton,	Sarah R. Handy,
Julia P. Lanning,	Katie E. Moore,
Lizzie McCutcheon,	Sarah V. Ruth,
Ella M. Wilson,	Lizzie M. Griffin,
Julius A. Abeles,	Wm. R. Cist,
Dudley M. Claggett,	Fred. M. Cranden,
Edward H. Currier,	Richard Fenby, Jr.,
Duncan H. Mellier,	Davis B. Rogers,

Of Julia Lanning we have been able to learn very little. She was married about ten years ago to Mr. Hells Prescott, formerly of Ottawa, Ill. He died very suddenly leaving her with a little daughter and son, dependant on her own exertions. She applied herself in consequence to gaining a knowledge of telegraphy, and is now one of the most valuable and efficient operators in the Western Union Telegraph building, which position she has filled for several years. We cannot forbear inserting here, the cordial remark of an interested class mate in hearing this. "Yes," he said, "Whatever Julia Lanning undertook she would be sure to stand at the head." Mrs. Prescott's address is No. 2005 Cottage Grove ave., Chicago.

Lue M. Childs after three years most successful teaching in the St. Louis High School, was married to Mr. Price Fell, a son of one of the most prominent and respected citizens of Washington, Ill., in which place they have resided since their marriage. Mr. Price Fell is Secretary and Business Manager of an extensive Chair Manufactory in Bloomington. He is a graduate of Williams College and is a person of literary taste and fine business qualities.

They have but one child, a lovely boy of about ten years, who is *usually* bright and beautiful.

Mrs. Fell has not abandoned literary pursuits since her marriage, but combines them with domestic life.—She has studied especially German, French and History, and is a very attractive and esteemed member of the refined and literary circle in which she moves.—

Wm. R. Cist, soon after leaving school received an appointment in the Naval Academy. As his interests centered in a life in this direction he entered upon it with great enthusiasm, and remained nearly two years. At the end of that time however, at the urgent solicitations of his mother, he succeeded, though, with great difficulty, in withdrawing from the position and returned to St. Louis.

He then entered the house of Chase & Cabot, where he remained for eight years, working steadily up, until he occupied a position of traveling salesman with a very lucrative salary. He withdrew from this for reasons entirely creditable to himself and entered the house of Stern & Co. When at the end of a year this firm broke up, Mr. Cist removed to New York, and is now engaged with the firm of Haines & Co., of that City. His classmates all testify to his unflinching good nature and fond of mischief, and would be glad to hear from him once more.

F. M. Crunden, on graduating received the scholarship for the Washington University, whence he graduated in '68, having the honor of delivering the Salutatory. His excessive labors in teaching during the entire course made the attaining of this no easy task. His record of work performed during those three years would do credit to any man. In the fall of '68, he began teaching in the Academy of the University, a position that was offered him, by the way, before the close of the year in June. He taught here until within six weeks of vacation, being also employed in the night school at the Polytechnic. He was then appointed Assistant Principal at the Webster, and served one day with so satisfactory a record that he was appointed next day to the full Principalship of the Jefferson. The following year he was changed to the Benton, and was shortly after offered the position of instructor of mathematics and education in the Washington University, which was finally changed to a Professorship. He retained this position about four years, at the same time giving private lessons in education, and favoring innumerable interlunations with his recitative powers. The natural consequences followed. He lost his voice entirely. A summer in Tenn. and a winter in Colorado finally restored his health, and in January 1879 he assumed the duties of his present position as Librarian in the Public School Library, where his faithful and unrelenting work is known to

all. Mr. Crunden has never married, for obvious reasons, as there has not been time in his busy life to make a selection.

Edward Currier, entered the Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, after receiving his diploma here, and graduated in '69. He then returned to the city and taught the physical sciences in the Central High. Of the sciences he made a special study, devoting himself to a student's life in a degree very detrimental to his health which failed constantly. His vacations were spent in Colorado, Minnesota and other places in a vain and persistent effort to regain the lost treasure, until his death, which occurred about the year '73, while still teaching.

James Heddy's career since leaving school has been as full of variety as the most exacting could demand, and displays a *very* froid, and power of mastering adverse circumstances that is simply wonderful. If it could be printed in detail it would read like a romance. His first venture in the world at large, after graduating was as shipping clerk in this City, but an advertisement for performers for an amateur dramatic club, having attracted his eye, he joined it and made a successful debut in St. Paul. His connection with the company lasted but a few months however, as they disbanded and decamped like the Arabs, forgetting in the hurry of departure the little formality of paying Mr. Heddy his salary. Fear of any fate does not seem to be in this gentleman's vocabulary, so he coolly faced his empty pockets, worked his way to Omaha and immediately obtained a position in the theatre, where he remained four years, being regularly advanced to a first class position and lucrative salary. Success being too monotonous, he grew dissatisfied, and changed to a position in a R. R. Office in Omaha. He now began to make arrangements for carrying out the pet project of his life, that of establishing himself as a public lecturer. His first venture was made in Omaha, and was in every way a success. A large sum of money rolled in, and rolled out as easily; and Mr. Heddy took his way eastward in search of new fields with jaunty faith in his ability to make and mar fortunes at will; a faith that future circumstances proved well founded.

His travels took him through the Northwest to Ohio and back to Kansas, and during them he assumed many roles for advancing his position, and favoring his chances for seeing life in all its phases. Lecturing however was his main forte, and his subjects ranged through Temperance, Hygienic and Physiognomy.

While traveling through Southwest Mo., he met and became engaged to a young lady, who proved the anchor he needed. Since this marriage, the date of which we have not been able to ascertain, they have settled permanently in Rochester, N. Y.

where his success in his chosen profession remains unbroken. He possesses a collection of paintings illustrating his lectures on physiognomy worth \$10,000, which gives some idea of his standing in that field.

He visited this City in the winter of '75 and '76, at the solicitation of a friend, and delivered two lectures at the Mercantile Library Hall.

David Rogers or Davis as he styled himself has drifted entirely out of the range of his classmates. He was a Southerner to the back bone, and has probably taken up his abode in the South; though when last heard from, he was in business in Kansas City.

We have been able to collect a few flocks of two or three members of '65 who did not graduate, but are still remembered and inquired after by their classmates.

Anna Matlack married a Mr. Parsons, who died about two years ago. She resides in this city.

Geo A. Strong who left at the end of the 34 year or beginning of the second is a prosperous Attorney in New York. Office 120 Broadway. He writes very pleasantly of his recollections of old High School days.

Belle Laning is now Mrs. H. H. Caudoe of Cairo, Ills. She was married in 1898. Her career at the High School was made impossible by the breaking out of the war. Her mother being dead and her father wishing to join the navy, she was sent north, and after three years spent at Monticello and Rockford Seminars, engaged in teaching until her marriage. Having but one child (a bright boy of ten) and a most indulgent husband Mrs. Caudoe has been able to keep up a course of self improvement that is simply tantalizing to learn about. We take pleasure in giving the details of her plan for accomplishing this, for the sake of the encouragement it may be to others not so fortunate. The study of German being one of her desires, she followed it two years under a master, then for two years became a member of the Society of Boston for encouraging study at home, in which she continued the German by correspondence. For the last three years she has been engaged in the Chateaux Literary and Scientific Circle, commencing the course at its beginning, and expecting to graduate with its first class in '82.

This course of study is the most practical and comprehensive for home progress that is in existence, and is one of the marvels of this 19th Century. The class now numbers over 20,000 pupils in this country Europe, Sandwich Islands, &c.

We hear of Mrs. Caudoe also in connection with several important literary clubs and scientific associations indicating an unusual degree of culture on her part. We take great pleasure in hunt-

ing up these details of her busy life, for the sake of its active protest against the mental stagnation so many girls and women sink into on leaving school.

APPENDIX TO CLASS '64.

—Maggie Barnett is now Mrs John Toukin and lives near Erie, Penn. She has five children, four boys and one girl.

—Loretta Allen married Mr. Henry Phinney, and has four children. Her home is in Alton, Ills.

—Lucy Graham was married soon after graduating to Mr. Wyllis S. King. They lived in Kirkwood a number of years, but are now in Mattoon, Illinois. They have five children, three girls and two boys.

ALUMNITIES.

—John Holman, of '72, is a surgeon.

—Mrs. Annie M. Ehler, '72, has a little son,

—Miss Anna Schour, '73, is teaching in the Lyon.

—George Cassilly, of '75, is married and has one boy.

—Miss Ella Rotenbami, '75, is married. Name not known.

—Lizzie Amos, '72, taught about a year, then left the city.

—Miss Bertha Baumister, '73, is teaching in the Webster.

—Mrs. Brewer is at last able to resume her position as teacher.

—Miss Evelyn Allan, of '75, is married and living in Kansas.

—Miss Louisa Budd, of '75, is quite a society lady of this city.

—Mrs. Blattner, formerly Lizzie Jecko, '72, has two children.

—The address of Eugene McBeth, '75, is Twelfth, near Chambers.

—Miss Batchelor, '72, is head assistant in a South St. Louis school.

—Wm. Kirchner, '72, is a rising young architect in North St. Louis.

—Ethelind Hasop, '72, died about the year '76 of hemorrhage of the lungs.

—Henry Dale, '75, is engaged with Patterson & Co., stationers, 3rd, near Olive.

—Ella Griffith, '72, graduated at the Normal in '76 and is now teaching in the Benton.

—Miss Lena Tarrants is a fine elocutionist, whose name frequently appears in the papers.

—Mary J. Connelly, '75, is now Mrs. Hunt, and lives in South St. Louis. She has one child.

—Miss Ada Bouton is class historian of '75. We certainly ought to hear something from her.

—Miss Mary Hogan is floundering among the corps of charming young teachers at the Penbody.

—Elizabeth Mansfield, '72, graduated from the Normal in '73, and is teaching there at present.

—Mary E. Hill, '72, died of consumption in the year '76, at the home of her uncle, Wm. McKee.

—Anna Wilson, '75, is married and living in Philadelphia. Will some one please send the name.

—Miss Laura Fisher lives at 1221 Chouteau avenue. She is devoting her attention to vocal music.

—Miss Dorothea Brand is teaching in the Laclede, and Miss Carrie Hight in the Penrose; both of '75.

—We have been promised some accounts of Mrs. Brookshire's European travels, for an early number.

—Mrs. Annie Hart of '72, has entirely recovered her health, and is devoting her leisure time to music.

—Miss Amelia Botteck, '75, is teaching in the Laclede. She spent a year in Europe a short time ago.

—Wm. Horton, '72, has been married for two or three years to a daughter of Mr. Broadhead, of this city.

—Mrs. Nat. Myers and wife left for New York Thursday, 17th, to take up their permanent residence there.

—Lucy Page, '72, is Mrs. Dr. Hardaway, and has one very lovely child. Home, Washington avenue and Sixteenth.

—Emie Travor '71 was married on the 16th inst, to Henry Gaudier of Pelton's Silver plating establishment, Carondelet.

—Of Edwin Thomas, '72, we can only learn that he was looked upon as the best boy of the class by the feminine portion.

—Miss Mattie Charles, '76, a young society belle, is gaining many friends and admirers by her winning and fascinating ways.

—The two ladies, Miss Johanna A. Martin and Miss Mary G. Martin, '75, both taught for some time in East St. Louis.

—Miss Mattie Seely suffers from constant bad health. She spent some time in Texas for this reason, but we believe has since returned.

—To what classes belong the following names: Miss Isadore Moss, Miss Fannie H. Marston, now Mrs. Thomson, we believe, and Wm. Dittmann?

—Bertha Noble, '75, for a while after leaving school taught German in the Ames; but we are not able to obtain any present information of her.

—Annie Cleveland, '72, spent a year in Europe studying art, and has since devoted herself almost entirely to it. Her home is on Gamble street, beyond 26th.

Lillian J. Lewis, '72, studied drawing for two years in the Washington University Art School; but was obliged to give up the pursuit on account of the strain upon her eyes.

—Miss Mollie F. Houston is a member of '77. Miss Mollie E. Houston of '72 is now Mrs. Dr. J. G. Harper, address, 2725 Chestnut. She has a sweet little girl about eight months old.

—John Gillilan has not gone East as stated in the last, but is still in the city. We hope John himself knows his own whereabouts, for we begin to think we can't inform him if he doesn't.

—The address of Della Thompson of '78, now Mrs. Hoyt, is required; also we should like to know in particular, how her name came to be sent to us in the boys' list, and as Merrydelle Thompson.

—Wm. Harding, of '72, is in business with his father. He married Miss Sallie P. Hight, cousin of Miss Carrie Hight, three years ago. Their home is on Olive and Fifteenth. They have one child.

—Dick Tausig, '76, has returned to the city and made his appearance at the January Alumni meeting. He has been perfecting himself in the profession of "horns, hides and tallow," in Philadelphia, and has returned to practice it in his native city.

—Wm. Picker, '72, was for awhile engaged in commercial pursuits in this city, but has since disappeared from view. All we can learn of him is that his classmates thought him *so handsome*, and we think under those circumstances he might again bring himself to their notice through the columns of Our Mirror, as "a thing of beauty," should be "a joy forever."

—Mrs. Susie Fisher promises something for next month. She is one of the spirited little bodies, (she must be little, we are sure) who has been able to master instead of being mastered by the cares of home and children, and while making them a comfort to herself and family, still finds time for some other occupation to keep brain and heart from stagnating. She has three children, two girls and one boy.

—Miss Fenora Sargent of '79, will graduate this spring from the Homoeopathic Medical College. She has been prepared for examination for some time, and meanwhile to see both sides of the question and fill up the time, she is occupied in studying the Allopathic school. A physician of the city declares she is one of the most thorough students in the college; but that is the reputation she has borne straight through her school life.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The semi-annual meeting of the Alumni Association was held at Germania Hall on the 28th day of January.

There was, as usual, a large and appreciative audience, who listened to the literary portion of the entertainment with a great deal of pleasure. The applause was well and frequently bestowed.

Miss Carr's introduction of the class of '81, was a model of good taste and style. Our President responded with his usual graceful and forcible manner, which always has a tendency to put the new comers entirely at their ease, and initiates them with solemnness into the mysteries of the organization. The vocal solo of Miss Taussig was pronounced by the critics, to be grand, and the Association is to be congratulated in having this rising young warbler.

Mr. Thomson's address was certainly a surprise. It is not generally supposed that working has a tendency to increase the literary and oratorical powers of anyone. We congratulate Mr. Thomson, on the fact that discounts, protests and dry figures have not succeeded in subverting his taste for literary productions. Although we have no reason to complain in recent years, we think we recollect, certain ladies of his class, who have productions (poetical) from his pen. Now that the smoke of the battle has cleared, will not some of them produce the address for the benefit of the many readers of OUR MIRROR? Miss Cozzens' vocal solo was rendered in exquisite style. The applause being, we think, the earnest testimonial of her ability.

The farce was very amusing and kept the audience in a roar until the final. All the characters were good and deserving of special mention. Want of space forbids. Our old standby, Mr. Cook, succeeded in maintaining his established reputation as her "Cymon Eureka."

At the close of the entertainment the annual business meeting was called. As there was no competition, the old officers were re-elected. The dancing programme was long and varied, and the Hall was thronged with merry dancers until a late hour. Among the many present, we noticed Mr. and Mrs.

Laughlin, Miss Mary Huggins, of Banker Hall, Ill.; Miss Fannie Waters, Miss Abbie Starr, Miss Nellie Starr, Mr. H. B. Morgan, Mr. Leo Bassier, Mr. Dick Taussig, Mrs. Brookmire, Miss Matilda Hoke, and a host of old and young members of the Association.

In conclusion we congratulate the Association upon its thriving condition, and upon the number of real members who attended the entertainment.

EDITORIAL PLEASANTIES.

PERHAPS no place is so rich in ludicrous experiences as the office of a Justice of the Peace. It is a pity, however, that so many of them depend for their "points" upon a knowledge of legal requirements. The following is a recent occurrence:

MARRIED SECOND-CLASS.

A young woman who had been married a year came to the Justice in very great trouble because she had been married only "second-class." A lady friend had called her attention to the fact that her certificate so declared, and she was in great distress lest there was something wrong about the matter, and she was not a full-fledged wife. A close inspection revealed the fact that in the small work of the barber of the certificate, in the smallest possible type, the printer had indicated the price of the blank by giving the number of its class! The "Squire" restrained his mirth as best he could until he had duly explained the matter and sent her on her way rejoicing.

HALF MARRIED.

This reminds us of another incident where the principal spokesman (so to speak) of a rather large wedding party resisted all urging to sign his name to the documents as a witness, but allowed another to take his place. After the ceremony, and when the rest had left the office, he explained to the astonished Justice that he had married the woman to the man, but not the man to the woman, because he had used the phrase "man and wife," instead of "husband and wife!" The "Squire" has been careful ever since not to leave any opening for an objection on this score.

THE MIRACLE OF SALVATION.

We cannot vouch so fully for the truth of the following story, and if it be an old one (though new to us), we recommend that it be not received as a true one without a satisfactory examination. It is good enough to be true, and to bear being "twice-told." Mr. Jones (a colored brother) had been a great gambler among his race previous to his conversion, and was not yet quite certain of having accomplished his

salvation. At a 'specience meeting soon after, he related a dream, in which, after arriving at the River Jordan, he observed two remarkable persons on the farther side in very earnest debate, one of whom was of the purest splendid white complexion, and clad in similar robes, while the other was in every way, in "poker" parlance, as "black as the ace of spades." Something told him it was the Lord Jesus and old Nick, and that they were disputing about the possession of Brother Jones' soul. Finally he saw them sit down to decide the matter by a friendly game of dice, and the dev—beg pardon—his Satanic Majesty, threw three sixes. This, O! innocent reader, it may be necessary to explain to you, is the highest number that can be thrown in one throw with three dice, and a very rare occurrence, indeed. The guilty, i. e., knowing soul of Brother Jones needed no such explanation, and he gave himself up for lost. However, he next saw the Lord take up the dice and, remarked Jones excitedly, "as I'm a livin' sinner he throwed two sixes an' one seven. Now, breddren, wal loaders me an de questuin wether de good Lord cheated ole Nick, with somehow don't look fair and square", or wether it shows dat I can't be saved no how and I's a gone case." "Bradder Jones," said an old gray-haired deacon, "you's all right, praise de Lord; dat was a miracle by wich you was saved. It's by a miracle we is all saved, for ef we got our deserts we would all be damned."

SPEAKING IN TONGUES.

We know an Englishman during the late war who was employed as janitor in a Government office, where we were clerking. He had been inveigled by the glittering promises of Mormonism to embrace the faith in England and emigrate to Utah. He has now turned from the error of his ways and returned. While with the Mormons he had been made an elder, and used to explain to us in what manner he exercised the gift of "speaking in tongues." We recollect the following sample:

In firture;
In avarite;
In modeste;
In chaunis;

Canes hert bites (one syllable).

This certainly has a Latin "twang," though the Latin scholar might find considerable difficulty in arriving at the sense of it. The non-classical reader will understand it just as well when written in the vernacular:

In fir car, is, in clay none is;
In mud cel is, in clay none is,
Can a mass eat oats!

REMINISCENCES.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 15th, 1881.

EDITOR MIRROR:

Out of the mists of ten years which have elapsed since I left the dear old school to enter the arena of life, as all the graduates say on commencement, one recollection comes clearly up to me many times. I have been in Florida swamps and North pine forests during long nights, almost alone with my own thoughts, and it has never failed to float up through the clouded past. Many a time when I sheltered myself in the lee of the house or deck at sea, I have thought of it, and that is "the time when I made class F, in the second year."

There are not many of my old classmates who will remember the affair. It was along in the spring, when spirits are high and I had been a little more mischievous than usual, I believe, until the professor's patience had become somewhat threadbare from wear, and he warned me to desist. Shortly afterwards he left the room, and I addressed myself to my studies when he suddenly returned. There had been quite an incipient riot during his absence in my neighborhood, and he caught the sounds as he entered. He immediately came to the conclusion that I was the cause, and ordered me to visit Mr. Morgan. I was innocent, but I felt guilty and went. Mr. Morgan considered the case and ended by making me a class all by myself. I enjoyed that distinction until I left the school. I did not discover for whom I had suffered until sometime afterward when I was informed that Hall was the man. When he sees this he will understand that retribution has overtaken him at last.

Whenever I think of this incident I always see the good, kind, gentle face of Prof. Ogden as he looked at me that day. As I say it has come back to me in the overglades of Florida, and the snows of Superior, and yet, I think, until in the course of nature I snuff out.

W. R. DAKES,

City Editor, Evening Star.

MR. EDITOR:—Please send the address of Miss Noyes, Miss Sherride, Miss Bippy and others of the Jane Class, I would like to visit them when I run down to St. Louis next month.

WILL RAKER.

We had hoped to have this Class complete in one number; but the weather has made everything like successful planning utterly impossible. The girls shall make their appearance next number at any cost.

[Etc.]

Our Mirror.

Humani Nihil Alienum.

Vol. II.

St. Louis, Mo., MARCH, 1881.

No. 11.

OUR MIRROR.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
IN THE INTERESTS OF THE

HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Editors:

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H. E. KNOX, *Editor*.

106 N. 10th Street, St. Louis, Mo.

HALF-WAY DOIN'S.

By IRWIN RUSSELL.

Belubbed fellow-trablers,—In hobbin' forth to-day,
I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say;
De verson will be berry short, and dis here ain de tex';
Jist half-way doin's aint no 'count for dis wort' or de nex'.

[Dis wort' dat we's a-biddin' in is like a cotton-row,
Whar ebery culled gentleman has got his line to hoe;
And ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keepe on a-growin' for to smother up his crop.

When Moses led de Jews across de water ob de sea,
Dey had to keep a-goin', jist as dis' as dis' could be;
Do you s'pose dat dey could ebber hab succeeded in deir
wish,
And reached de Promised Land at last—if dey had stopp'd
to fish?

My frens, dis was a garden once, whar Adam libbed wid
Eve,
Wid no-one 'round to holler dem, no neighbors for to
thieve,
And ebery day was Christmas, and dey got deir rations free,
And eb'ryting belonged to dem exopt an apple tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake come snoopin'
'round,—
A stump-tail rusty moccasin, a-crawl'in' on de grunn'—
How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went and hid deir face,
Till de angel obsewer he come and drove 'em off de place
Now, s'pose dat man and 'oman hadn't 'tempted for to
shirk,
But had gone about deir gardenin', and tended to deir work,
Dee wouldn't hab been loatin' whar dey had no business to,
And de debil nether'd got a chance to tell 'em what to do.

No half-way doin's, brodden? If 't nebber do, I say?
Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time to play—
For eben if de crap is good, de rain 's spile de belle,
Unless you keepe a-pickin' in de garden ob your souls.

Keep a-plowin', and a-hoein', and a-scrappin' ob de row,
And when de ginsin's ober you cut pay up what you owes;
But if you quit a-workin' eb'ry time de sun is hot,
De shekil's gwine to lolly upon eb'ry hog you's got.

Whateber 'tis you's drivin' at, be shore and deba it through,
And don't let nuffin' stop you, but do what you's gwine
to do;
For when you sees a nigger fustlin', den, as shore's you're
born,
You's gwine to see him coupin' out de small end ob de born.
I tacks you for de 'tention you has giv dis afternoon—
Sister Williams will oblige us by a-singin' ob a tune—
I see dis Rindler Johnson's 'bout to pass around de hat,
And don't let's hab no half-way doin's when it comes to dat!
—Scribbles.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. LOUIS
HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION BY
A. B. THOMSON, ESQ.

[Continued.]

The report states "that in the six New England
states there is employed in manufacturing enterprises
capital amounting to the sum of \$ 500,000,000. Em-
ployed in these industries, simply as productive ar-
tisans or mechanics is the vast army of 500,000 per-

sons, who receive annually in wages the sum of \$300,000,000, and who by the labor of their hands and by directing the applied forces of chemical and physical science, use \$500,000,000 worth of raw material and turn out as a product materials for use and beauty, which sell in the markets of the world for more than \$1,000,000,000."

"A wide practical generalization shows that in all these vast industries there are but two fundamental elements, raw material consumed and labor put upon or mingled with the raw material. A piece of steel worth eight or ten cents, by the application of skilled labor is converted into a useful tool or instrument worth \$10. A pound of cotton worth twelve or thirteen cents is made to carry a value by fabrication five or six times the value of the raw material. In New England the highest development of the cotton industry shows raw material carrying a value increased by fabrication to fifteen or twenty fold. If we turn to the cotton manufactures of Europe we will see that in France they carry the fabrications far beyond what they have reached here, while in such goods as the Hamburg trimmings we will find the raw materials carrying values even greater than in the case of the steel. If we examine the other leading industries of New England, we find the same state of things true—labor consuming raw materials, and laying them under tribute, to be the carriers, as it were, of the concrete wealth produced by skilled labor, into the markets of the world. But after all we find \$500,000,000 worth of material yielding but \$1,000,000,000 worth of product, an increase of but one fold, in the average of all the product, while in England it is much greater, and in France it averages about ten fold, reaching in the case of some fine French trimming goods one-hundred fold." And why? Because they use more skilled labor, and labor of greater training and taste, and so improve the quality of the product as to make it carry many times more value. No great is the value of art and design to these countries.

The same report goes on to show how the demand for finer work, and more artistic results has laid under tribute all the resources of chemical and physical science, creating new industries to supply new demands, causing improvements in old methods and machinery, and replacing old by new, and in each, and every instance demanding more scientific knowledge, more manual skill, more artistic training. For instance—the effort on the part of a Boston chromolithographer to reproduce the design of a highly artistic vase, required first the labor of an expert chemist to produce a new ink of proper tint and quality, the introduction into the paper mill of new machinery, and new chemical processes to produce a paper so firmly knit in fibre that it would retain its consis-

tency through the great number of impressions necessary, and have a surface of sufficiently delicate finish to receive and exhibit the merest suggestion of color, and yet retain its absorbing power through all impressions so that the colors would not crack or peel off. A new steam lithographic press was constructed, in which all the complicated motions were delicate and precise enough to deliver their result at exactly the right time and place, and in the right direction, and with the proper force, now greater, now less. But that was not all. It takes several weeks to print an edition of fine chromolithographic work. In that period, especially summer, we have violent changes of atmosphere which affect its humidity, and as paper is as sensitive as a barometer to atmospheric conditions, it shrinks or swells according to the different degrees of moisture in the air. From the time, therefore, that this printing began, it was necessary to control the condition of the atmosphere, and here again the aid of science was called in. The product sold at about fifty cents a copy, after having laid under tribute the science and art of the country, and added thousands of dollars to the wealth of Boston, without consuming an additional dollars worth of raw material and all simply the outcome of an art; idea derived from a vase.

The same thing holds true to a greater or less extent in every branch of industry, which makes use of color, or of form to enhance the value of its product. The fact should be noted that the advancement of all the higher industries is towards art; the effort is made to make the product more beautiful. Indeed, decorative art itself in its highest development is but thought and feeling crystallized by science and skill.

I have dwelt upon these details to show, that not only has artistic design a high commercial value, but that among the most intelligent and far-sighted manufacturers in this country, this value is directly appreciated. Appreciated not only in its relation to particular manufactures, but as one of the most important elements of success in our efforts as a nation to encourage and establish large and profitable manufacturing interests throughout the country.

The centennial exhibition has done for this country, to a considerable extent, what the exhibition of 1857 did for England. The comparisons instituted between American and foreign manufactures, revealed the unequal character for excellence in design and workmanship of American products, and their general inferiority to those of foreign origin. The fact was apparent that the inferiority in the point of design was greater than in the point of workmanship. Immediately, with that quick grasp of ideas peculiar to Americans, an effort was made by the leading manufacturers throughout the Eastern States to improve

the designs of their goods. Foreign designers were imported by some, and native talent employed by others.

The result has been a marked improvement in design. But the execution of new and more delicate designs, demands greater skill on the part of the workman, and more delicate and accurate machinery, where machinery was used. So the character of the workmanship has improved with the design.

But improvement in skill is an individual matter, and under the stimulus of increased pay, is rapidly acquired, while the knowledge and skill necessary for good designing, are acquired only by long study of the principles of the Art of Design, and long practice in their application. Hence, the improvement in design has not kept pace with the improvement in workmanship; and to-day the larger proportion of our productions that have merit of design, are stolen copies of French and English patterns, inferior to the originals.

A friend of mine, who is often in London on business is in the habit of visiting establishments devoted to the manufacture of artistic work, one morning in September last, visited Mr. Cowtan, an acquaintance of his, who is at the head of one of the largest furnishing establishments in Great Britain. The house has a world-wide reputation for its artistic designs. My friend expressed great admiration for certain designs and complimented Mr. Cowtan upon their artistic merit. Mr. Cowtan offered to send a number of them to my friend if he would accept them. This of course he was glad to do. As he was to leave for Liverpool in a day or two to take the steamer for home, he requested that they be sent to the steamer direct. You may imagine his surprise when his acquaintance asked "why, are you an American?" Answering, that he was, he was still more surprised by being told that that being the case he could not have the designs, for if he were to take them home with him and let them be seen by manufacturers, that in six months they would appear in the hands of an American salesman who would offer them to Mr. Cowtan in his own office in London at a price below that which he, Mr. Cowtan, could make them for himself. The designs are now at the School of Fine Arts in this City, not for the inspection of manufacturers, but for the use of students.

The development of the art-idea has been even greater among the consumers of the country. At the centennial exhibition, the superiority of goods of foreign origin for beauty, was so apparent, that a large class of buyers immediately demanded a higher grade of goods than had before been asked for else generally in this country; and those goods were most eagerly sought, that most nearly approached the foreign in their beauty of design and workman-

ship. This improvement in taste, and this eager search to gratify it, has developed into a wide-spread or national feeling and demand for better things in all lines of manufacture in which beauty is an element, that has been of immense value to the country, and which should be encouraged on every hand, as promising to be of infinitely greater value in the future, though it is derided by some thoughtless and some ignorant persons, as a foolish and extravagant mania or craze or fashion.

It is quite true that good taste has not always been shown, that the desire to appear artistic, where the elements of art were not understood, has led to extravagances that have reached the limits of the hideous and ridiculous. The spirit of personal independence however, so strong among Americans, has led to the gratification of personal taste with great freedom, which has been most fortunate; for it has led to observation and thought upon these subjects; and such rapid and marvellous improvement in taste among the masses of the people of a nation, as has been exhibited in this Country since 1876 has never been seen before.

Amid so much feeling for something better, and so little art education to guide it, there have been and will be many mistakes, and fashion will radiate amid the extravagances of ugliness. But out of this striving is slowly coming a better taste for the really beautiful, which is never out of fashion. Beauty presents itself in many forms, characters and colors. One may be most in use or demand at one time, but the others are still beautiful and never out of style. The gothic forms of architecture may now be most in use, but the Grecian forms are not quite out of fashion though over two thousand years old. The beautiful vases of Limoge, so enchanting to those who really appreciate their delightful suggestions of color, may be most in vogue at present, but the clay or marble or bronze vases of simple Grecian beauty are not yet out of style, and the more nearly they approach the older ones, the more they are in style at present. The feecy laces of Venice, the simple mull of India, the gorgeous brocaded silks of Florence, the magnificent velvets of Spain, the furs of Hungary and Russia, have never been out of fashion, though their weak imitations have risen and fallen a score of times, and they never will be while man's nature holds that divine spirit which turns his heart to the true, the good and the beautiful.

I commend these truths to our manufacturers for thoughtful consideration. The increasing wealth and taste of this Country is demanding better wares, and as wealth and taste increase, still better will be demanded. Can the manufactures of St. Louis appreciate this. Is there any good reason why St. Louis should not produce furniture as good in design and

workmanship as is produced in the East? When Mr. Wheatley and Mrs. Dodds demonstrated the fact that Cincinnati could produce the most artistic and the best pottery produced in the United States, a new industry was created, which now employs many skilled laborers at good wages, and one dealer in New York, that might Eastern bug-bear of our manufacturers, will take all they can produce, for use in that educated and wealthy East that appreciates it, and other dealers compete for its sale. The designs copyrighted by the Eastern manufacturers are numbered by thousands, but the designs from St. Louis are almost unknown. Yet there is no good reason for this. Improvement in the design and workmanship of furniture made in St. Louis, would as certainly drive foreign work, no better, out of this market, in a still higher grade of goods, as it has done in the grade of goods now made here.

I have seen many steamboats from Cincinnati land at our wharf, loaded with almost nothing but chairs, but not since we began in earnest to make chairs here. The class of furniture demanded in St. Louis to-day is very different from that demanded five years ago, and it is better in design, better in material, better in workmanship. Jewelry that five years ago was staple in all our establishments is now third class, or relegated to the cheap jewelry shop. China and glass ware are now common stock that were then unknown here. Dress goods are now kept in stock and sold daily, by all of our establishments, such as, until the centennial exhibition, some of our dealers even had never seen or known. Remember the example of the Boston chromo-lithographer, and then consider how the designer, the chemist, the machinist and the skilled laborers of the country have been enriched by the stimulus thus given to their various lines of industry, by this demand for better goods. Yet no more material is used in the production, while the demand for a more artistic result, has added many fold to the value of the product by loading it with skilled labor. The necessities of life meanwhile grow cheaper in proportion, for they are products of machinery and cheap labor.

Let St. Louis manufacturers take this to heart, if they would make St. Louis a market to which buyers will come, and see to it that the quality of the manufacturers meets the demand for better design and workmanship. We have everything at hand to make this a great centre for the furniture trade. Clay also is at hand of the finest quality, waiting the magic touch of the skilled workman, to turn it into pottery and porcelain that will draw the buyers of the country here. A fine quality of glass is being made here that needs only the manipulation of the skillful artisan, to carry ten times the value it now carries. Our iron industries languish, competing in their cheap pro-

duct with the cheap product of other similar concerns, which we send away from home for the ornamental iron work necessary for building and decorative purposes.

It is said by the manufacturers that we can not obtain these designers and the workmen skilled enough to work out such designs when given them. Let our artisans and mechanics take this to heart. Let them remember that the time is at hand when a higher knowledge and greater skill will be necessary to obtain more than common laborers pay. Let them go to the art training schools, such as we have here, let them study, and study hard and diligently, the best examples put before them, and the process of their production, and practice themselves in the uses of the art principles and physical processes involved. It will pay. Let our manufacturers join in the work and help sustain such schools now open here, and found and maintain others as the demand increases, and it will pay.

We are all proud of our public schools. Yet some thoughtful friends of the schools feel that the neglect of classical studies in colleges, and the seeking of special training in special schools, so marked at present, and the complaints frequently heard that our public schools are arranged too much for the pedagogue and not enough for the scholar, that they do not meet the pressing wants of the pupils are based upon the same feeling that our colleges and schools have wandered from the path indicated by the wants and spirit of the time, into the realms of philosophical theory? Is it true, as some complain, that while our public school scholars may leave the schools with brains whose potential powers are strong, they really know but little, and have almost as much to unlearn as to learn. I can not pay too high a compliment to those who direct and teach in our schools, for their work is done well. But can it be they are not working in the best way to meet the present needs of the pupils? Do they, as has been said, devote too much time to studies supposed to be necessary to a symmetrical and perfect development of the mind as though a kind of hot house fruit, and not enough to that which is directly related to the requirements of the daily life of the young men and women of the time in their actual struggle for support? Could changes be made with profit, that would help the sons and daughters of our laboring classes, to make better laborers, by more direct training for such lives, and not by the circuitous route of general mind culture?

Are not art training schools fast becoming a necessity in our midst? with us no paternal government will establish them, and compel attendance in them. Let our merchants and manufacturers and capitalists establish and maintain them, and let our laborers at-

tend them, and a partial solution of the labor question in our midst will have been found; for new industries will arise, old ones will develop and grow, and it will pay the merchants and manufactures in the stream of well earned wealth that will flow to our city, and will pay the laborer in the proud independence and dignity which attends comfortable living and competence earned by skilled labor directed by knowledge and taste.

OUR LIBRARY CLUB.

The ladies of our town have organized a Library Club, and it has proved so pleasant that I thought I would tell you of it. It may offer a suggestion to those who live far from the great city, deprived of books and amusements, and you may if you choose go and do likewise.

Enjoyment in country town life depends much on the sociability and culture of the people living there. The fact that the reading of good books is a means of culture is an assured fact. There is in this town a dead library, which is worse than none, for it benefits nobody. Several weeks ago, I suggested through the columns of our country paper that the ladies should organize a Library Club, which should be one for the cultivation of social as well as intellectual qualities. I met with but slight encouragement when I first mentioned the matter. Each one hoped it would be a success, but predicted failure. Now, it is a well known fact that there is nothing that makes a woman more determined to accomplish what she wishes, than to tell her that she cannot do it. It had the usual effect on me, and I am glad to say that I have won the day. The most that I hoped for was that we could have fifteen members, but now when just a month old, our club numbers twenty-one, and has a very good prospect for an additional number. There are always some who want to wait until a plan is an established success, before they are willing to be identified with it.

We have made a very good beginning, for our library membership is placed within the reach of all, by our mode of paying for a life membership. On joining, we pay one dollar into the treasury, and thereafter monthly dues of twenty-five cents until the amount is five dollars. After that time there will be a yearly assessment of never more than one dollar made against each member, for the purpose of keeping up the library. In the future, I suppose we shall occasionally give entertainments for the benefit of this fund. We have five officers, President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian. The latter is the important office of the club. The library is kept at a private house, so that there is a

surety that the books will be cared for, and once a week at an appointed hour, we return and take out a book. We were fortunate enough in receiving a donation of nearly forty dollars, and that with the money paid in for entrance fees, combined with the liberality of the book store that received our order, give us nearly eighty dollars worth of books. They number nearly fifty and comprise the best works of all the best writers, and several volumes of travels. Our books were selected by a committee who had lists of six books from each member to take from. In this way we were almost certain of suiting the taste of each member. One book from each list was first selected, and then a second one. We have bought books to read and have not selected such as are so weighty that they never leave the book shelf.

We have rules and regulations as all clubs have. We allow visitors in town the privilege of the library for twenty-five cents a month. I stated before that there was a two-fold object in our club, a social as well as intellectual feature. There is much difference in the social qualities of towns and this one certainly occupies a low grade as far as sociability is concerned. Strangers are forcibly impressed with this fact, and my two years residence here has but strengthened the first impression. The effect of the organization of the club has already been felt. While perfecting arrangements, we met once a week at the house of one of the members. Our regular meetings are every two weeks. We propose also to have sociables in the evenings to which all our friends will be invited.

The usual objection that is made to a club composed of ladies is that gossip is inevitable. I see no reason why we should fall into the habit. We will try Dr. Holland's cure for gossip culture, and to this end we will read good books and talk of them. Then we have our children, our chickens, our housekeeping and no end of topics that are interesting to us all, and would aid in the good work of culture. The plan suggested has all the elements of success and is worthy of all our best efforts. I shall be happy if this article aids any of the dwellers of country towns to make their life more pleasant and profitable.

SCOTT Mc K. FISHER,
Farmington, Me.

THE VERIFICATION CLASS.

Reference is made to this institution in one of the Alumnies of this month, and as its management may not be known to all, Mr. Morgan has kindly acceded to a request for some account of it, and contributed the following: [Ed.]

The class to which you refer began, as nearly as I can remember, in 1873. It has been called each year by a different name, so that the name has had no descriptive quality. Having found that for young ladies who did not continue their studies at the Normal or at the University, there was no provision for keeping alive their interest in books, I agreed to give two hours a week to any of the graduates who choose to do such work as I should suggest. The original scheme has since been extended so as to include such pupils of the graduating class as have any leisure which they are willing to thus employ. We have considered with the different classes: (1). American literature; (2). Extended reading in English literature; (3). Further readings in Shakespeare; (4). Some knowledge of the greatest foreign poets; (5). Courses of voluntary study and reading.

In this way the advanced class provides for the needs of such girls as still require direction, and who are sufficiently in earnest to set aside a portion of their leisure.

I have recently formed a voluntary class among the boys of the Graduating Class, and use the time for discussing with them numerous subjects upon which future knowledge promises to be valuable.

H. H. Morgan.

In a recent paper we happened upon the following report from which we take the liberty of inserting extracts, both because it shows the work engaged in by a school mate and will doubtless contain interesting statements for all caring for, or contemplating similar undertakings for personal improvement and entertainment, (Ed.)

REPORT OF SECRETARY OF WOMAN'S CLUB AND LIBRARY ASSOCIATION FOR YEAR ENDING MARCH 2nd, 1881.

Since it is my duty as your Secretary and recorder of events to make a truthful and honest report of the status of the Women's Club and Library Association, it gives me great pleasure to be able to say that its affairs, intellectually, socially and financially, have not since its formation and introduction to the public been in a more sound and satisfactory condition than at this present time. * * * The year just closed has been one of encouragement and prosperity and there has been a quite healthful growth which, while it has been unobtrusive has been none the less genuine.

During the year the meetings have been held regularly, the greater number having a large attendance of members and visitors, who have enjoyed the excellent literary entertainments provided by the sum mittees in charge. These entertainments have been of a varied and instructive nature, embracing interesting biographies of the poets, Burns, Moore, Bryant

and Shakespeare, with valuable selections from their writings. Two original poems have been given—one upon Thomas Moore; the other, entitled Out of the Depths. Three papers, one upon The Eighth Congress for Women in Boston; another upon Household Decorations in its relation to Home Culture, and the third upon Journeys Through Sicily, Malta and Tunis, appropriately illustrated by photographs, costumes, murals, etc., have helped to fill the time and thoughts of those in attendance with valuable suggestions and noble aspirations, that have doubtless lightened the round of daily labor and narrow details of every day life, and excluded, perhaps, some better aims and temptations to indulge in selfish ambitions.

A club for mutual improvement, honestly managed and conscientiously attended, with narrow trivial influences carefully excluded, and personal feelings set aside, each member working for the greatest benefit of a common interest, must be a power for good in the lives of its members, and exert a reflex influence upon society. The most practical literary work of the club has been done since last May in the weekly meetings of the study class, where the fascinating study of English literature has been pursued by a few of the members who in spite of home cares and other duties have found time enough to give two or three hours a week to their own self improvement.

I regret that a larger number of our ladies cannot arrange to avail themselves of the opportunity to cultivate their own literary tastes and qualify themselves to better direct and encourage a proper course of reading in their families. The membership of the association has increased in a gratifying degree, ten members having been added since our last anniversary meeting, among them one of our recent High School graduates, whose good example I would fondly like to see the large number of other young ladies whose leisure could be pleasantly employed in widening their own culture, and advancing the interests of an institution which must be considered a public benefactor; the one around which all creeds and classes should rally with their generous support; one which is a conservator of public morals, and a business enterprise that will always pay compound interest on the original investment. Two dollars a year, four cents a week cannot be better invested than for good wholesome reading. There should be to-day five hundred library tickets scattered through the city, one or more in every intelligent family. If "a book is a trusty friend," fortunate he who has hundreds of true friends to whom he can turn in hours of loneliness, vexation or vicissitude. * * *

We hardly dreamed among the discouragements of the first few months, that in six years we should

possess such a valuable and well selected library, and such a beautiful library room, which is not only a delight and comfort to ourselves but a surprise to strangers who visit our city and find their way within its cheery walls. If books, paintings, statuary and curiosities from foreign lands are evidences of a seeking after culture and a higher plan of living, then to the eyes of strangers there must be a promise of better things in Cairo than the reputation of our much abused city would warrant. It might seem a creditable thing that from a library of less than two thousand volumes, 1338 were drawn and read during the past year, and that while of course the greater number of these were fiction, (always remembering that the fiction is of the best sort as far as may be), yet many were histories, biographies and travels, while translations from Homer, Plato and other classical writers have not been neglected. * * *

About one hundred new volumes have been added to the library since our last annual meeting, by purchase and presentation—not a very large number, but the books are all standard, and are all paid for, and the discreet and careful action of our book committee has not loaded us with debt or left us with an empty exchequer. The year just closed has been one of the utmost harmony and good feeling among the members of the Board and Association, and all will unite with me in testifying our appreciation of the untiring efforts of our President, and the acceptable labors of our indefatigable librarians to make our work at once pleasant and successful. From the accounts of our faithful treasurer, who, for three years, has served the association so unweariedly and acceptably, I find the receipts of the past year to have been \$222.93. The expenditures have been \$287.38, leaving a balance of \$45.55 in the treasury, which, with a part of the annual dues received since the report of the treasurer, makes a comfortable sum of—now on hand, with a clear conscience and no debts and an unwavering determination never to make any. With such a record cannot we go forward, trusting in our own strong interest to sustain, and expecting the association and help of a generous public to assist an enterprise from which it will derive more and more benefit as the years go on, and its opportunities increase?—*Cairo Bulletin*.

Mrs H. H. CLARK,
Sec'y W. C. and L. A.

MR. WALTER WILSON makes a most damaging assertion—"He never saw a lady that wasn't afraid of coons!" and though the owner of so bewitching a blond moustache is naturally supposed privileged to say almost anything, still this should be related. We are desperately afraid of coons ourselves, and remember with paling cheeks a frantic effort to milk

one through the bars once, when that most unusual office devolved upon our shoulders, but genius has its idiosyncracies, and this probably was ours. But our sex is a brave one after all, and some one is invited to come forward and prove the fact. In return for this malicious statement, we print, without permission the following very pretty little dog story, which Mr. Wilson tells. By the way, maybe he is afraid of dogs because he spoke with bated breath of a very large white one that had followed him the night before. He didn't say it was as large as a cow, but he looked it.

The dog story is as follows:

An uncle owned one of those noble, faithful Newfoundlanders, that once known possesses a warmer place in our hearts than many so-called friends.

This dog had been trained to return to the house for anything forgotten, his own sagacity being his only guide in obtaining it. One day he was sent for an ax, but after a long interval, returned without it. He was whipped and sent back, but did not again make his appearance. When the uncle went to the house he found the ax embedded in a log, where it had been left by the last chopper, and the handle gnawed and scratched from one end to the other by the faithful animal's efforts to extricate it.

There should be a heaven for dogs, if only to atone for this poor fellow's wounded feelings.

MINORITY REPRESENTATION.

A GREAT deal has lately been said about "Minority Representation." What is meant by this term is best illustrated by an example. Suppose Missouri has 300,000 voters, and to be entitled to thirteen representatives in Congress, or in the electoral college. Suppose further that there are only two political parties, each having about 150,000 adherents and that the majority of the vote amounts to only a few hundred or even thousands. Manifestly it is not right that it should elect all the representatives whether elected in a body, as in the case of electors, or by districts, as in the case of congressional representatives, and that the other party of virtually equal numbers should go entirely unrepresented. The question is how to secure that other minority party a representation proportionate to its numbers as near as may be.

A plan has been proposed of connecting every three or four districts (where the representation is to be by district) and allow each voter as many votes as there are districts, which votes he may cast as he chooses, for one man if he so desire. Numerous other methods have been proposed, which are very cumbersome in the count, others very troublesome to the

voter. This one seems the easiest of all in practice, and to accomplish the result as effectually as it ever will be. Thus the minority by concentrating their votes on a few candidates may elect them.

But we desire to offer the suggestion that all the districts of a State should be thus connected, at least until the districts reach twelve or thirteen in number. In the case of three districts only the minority party even if it be two thirds as large as the other, could hardly concentrate on one or more candidate out of the three and elect him. It is true, it should not elect two out of the three, but if the number of districts be larger, it could obtain a fairer representation than one out of three. Again, if the parties be very nearly equal, and the minority should concentrate on two candidates out of three, it could elect them, and thus the majority be kept without due representation.

In fact, the representation would be a misrepresentation, be left without due representation. By increasing the number of districts, the chances of a fair representation of either party are increased. Thus in the case of Missouri mentioned above, one party could elect seven to the other's six candidates, or eight to the other's five, either of which would be preferable to the overwhelming misrepresentation of two to one where the parties are nearly equal.

The adoption of some such plan as that proposed will, of course, almost imperatively require that the voter should write on his ballot the names of those he wished to vote for, *i. e.*, to concentrate his votes upon, and in so far also be a step in the right direction *i. e.*, to make the voter write his ballot, or at least know whom he voted for. It is really a question whether anybody should be allowed to exercise the privilege of voting who cannot write his ballot.

If these few thoughts should lead others to consider a matter that they have not thought of before, the object of this article will be accomplished.

CLASS HISTORY '65.

ADDENDA.

As class '65, obstinately refuses to be captured and crystallized into a history, the despairing efforts are given up, and the few further results obtained are inserted below, with regrets that they are so faller.

Sarah J. Beresford is, we think, the Mrs Sarah De Haven, who resides at the Park of Fruits, Manchester.

Sadie M. Clifton is now Mrs Hugh Fergus, and lives at 2310 Pine street. Mrs Fergus' life is a very happy one, and she naturally attributes it to her having the best husband in the world.

Sarah R. Handy is at present Head Assistant of the

Douglas School; a year and a half of the time since she began teaching having been spent in the Douglas Branch Preparatory. The place of First Assistant was given her after only two years and a half in teaching, and that of Head Assistant as soon as the position was created. Her advancement is readily accounted for by her faithful work, and her superior views on the subject of teaching.

Kate Moore resides on Washington Ave., between 39th and 42d, and declares that her life has been too uneventful to be chronicled; but a classmate says of her, "I always regarded Kate as one of the shining lights of our class. She seemed to stand apart, strong in her own individuality. Her character was truly noble, and the home circle, fraught with the richest opportunities for doing good, has been made constantly bright by her presence."

Ella M. Wilson awhile after graduating went East, where she was married to Angus Cameron, a cousin, and former classmate at the Franklin. They are now living in this City. Mr. Cameron's office is on 34th and Pine N. W. cor.

Lizzie McCutcheon is now Mrs Rosebrough.

Lizzie M. Griffin was married to Mr. John McCormack, and has three boys. Her home is at 194 Montgomery street.

ALUMNITIES.

—Herbert Wright of '76, is practicing law.

—Leila Smelser of '78 intends settling down soon in her old home in McRee city.

—Clarence W. Hodge of '77 was married in Kirkwood, Feb 22nd, to Miss Mary Roberts.

—Mrs. Rachael Lehmer Green, of '78 has a little son.

—Blanch Ross is living on North Grand avenue near the Water Tower, and is teaching in Cote Brilliant.

—Mrs. C. J. Hogan has been paying a visit in the city.

—Mrs. Watkins has been very ill.

—Miss Liban Stewart, of '80, has been teaching in Olathe, Kansas, all the past winter. Her success has been great and she is called the best teacher in the county. The winter term is now closed and she has been engaged for the spring term.

—Our city had a delightful professional visit this month from Miss Letitia Fritch, and the opportunity to hear her sing was eagerly seized by her many interested friends. Miss Fritch's tones are beautiful, and show, especially in the middle register, the result

of constant study. That she has not conquered all the technical difficulties on the higher range yet, is simply to state that she is still very young, is on the threshold of her career, and knows no such word as fail. Her manner is as hearty and delightful as if every individual member of the audience were a personal friend, and you feel immediately as if you had been shaken by the hand before she begins her role, so entirely free from affectation in her whole appearance, as she stands before you.

—Married, Tuesday, March 15th, 1881, by Rev. C. L. Goodell, Mr. J. A. Parker to Miss Louise O. Budd, of '75.

—We must make a correction as to the number of Mrs. Blattner's children, as that lady declares it is in quality not quantity that she excels, and the number is one not two.

—We must state for our own credit's sake, that if at any time, items appear in the *Alumni* column that can in any way hurt the feelings of any person, its appearance was owing to a complete misunderstanding on the part of the editorial corps. This paper is not a vehicle for the perpetrating of any little spite or innuendoes, and we have actually prided ourselves on the careful weeding that has kept it so, even at the expense of what is called spiciness. The harmless by-play of fun-loving graduates are well enough, and anything disagreeable which has slipped in has been always through our antilebanian faith that the human nature of our High School graduates was of a finer grain than that of the outside world.

—Mrs. Susie McK. Fisher and family have moved from Farmington, Mo., owing to a scarcity of available houses in that place, and are boarding temporarily in De Lussas, the railroad station for Farmington. Mr. Fisher is editor of the *Farmington Times*, and as his wife, and also as a literary worker, Mrs. Fisher is entitled to a membership in the Missouri Press Association, which is to hold a convention at Jefferson City in May. For this important occasion, she has been assigned the preparation of an essay, subject "Woman in Journalism."

Our penetration was not at fault, this little woman is little, she and her classmate, Minnie Triplet, being together only equal to about one hundred and thirty pounds.

—Charles Dickson of '74 is the City Dispensary physician.

—Wm. S. Mitchell '74, is in the United States Engineer's office on Fourth and Market. He is expecting to leave the city soon on an engineering expedition.

—Geo. Kohn of '75, is in the St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern Railroad office.

—Eugene McBeth of '75, is a clerk in Marcus Wolf's office.

—At last accounts, Joseph H. Gausse of '74, was dangerously ill with consumption.

—Bessie Meyers of '79, is quite a belle in Bellevue.

—An enthusiastic gentleman declares that Miss Carrie E. Warner of '79, is the prettiest girl in town.

—Louis Hauck of '77, is going to Europe to finish his medical studies.

—Charlie Tausig of '75, is practicing law on Fifth and Olive.

—Charles Wead '75, is a post master somewhere in Vermont.

Geo. Enziger of '76, is a fine musician and teacher in this city. It is suggested that an effort be made to secure his services for the coming June meeting.

—Jacob Hawken is a practicing lawyer.

—Benjamin Savitz is a leading member of the Graphic Club.

—Mrs. Julia Betts Parsons, of '69, will start in a few weeks for Colorado, where she will spend a year and perhaps a longer time.

—Will Baker of '74, will visit the city about April 15th. His classmates are intending to give a class reunion at that time in honor of his coming, which it is hoped all '74ers in the city will make an extra effort to attend. It would be pleasant if members living away from the city would always let us know when they contemplate a visit of any length, as every class would enjoy welcoming long absent fellow graduates in this way.

—We have received a short note from Anna Moffat, a number of '74, who left in the third year. She is married to Mr. C. L. Webster, and has two children. Her address is Fredonia, N. Y. News from those who dropped out before graduating day, is always welcome and often asked for.

—Miss Addie Pierce of '76, a resident of Bunker Hill, is at present in Lake City, Colorado.

—Henry Sachleben, Class '74, was married some two months ago.

—Wm. Fiese of '74 has returned to the city, and is practicing law at 506 Olive street.

—For the benefit of enquiring friends we state again that Miss Minnie Mulford's address is, Concordia, Cloud Co., Kansas.

—Miss Anna Richardson left the convent nearly a year ago, and was lately married to Mr. O'Neil, of Shorb & Bolands.

—Mrs. Flora F. Smith, '74, is delighted with her new home in California. The climate and country are most desirable, and her husband is well satisfied with the business prospects.

—Miss Ella Cozzens, whose beautiful voice added so much to the pleasure of the last Alumni meeting is a member of the choir of Dr. Boyd's church.

—Miss Vanda Cohen, of '76, has been teaching for awhile in the Laclede. Would that she could be persuaded to send us an account of that "Cohen & O'Reilly menagerie."

—David C. Ball, class '75, is one of the "travelled" men of the High School. He has seen the greater part of the U. S., but seems to prefer St. Louis, as he has settled down under the protecting care of a firm of cotton factors in this city.

—Miss Minnie Russell, class '79, so well known for her elocutionary abilities has just returned from an extended tour through Missouri. During which she repeated the successes previously gained.

—In February last, Clarence Hodge, class '77, was married to Miss Roberts, of Kirkwood. An example of good taste which will no doubt be followed extensively.

—Eugene Macheth denies the truth of a certain very peculiar statement in a recent Miron. He is a great admirer of the tender sex in general, but has not yet found his bright particular star.

—Mrs. Martin and family are going to move this month to Fredricksburg.

—Quite a galaxy of graduates were congregated at the opera on evening this month. Miss Aline Taylor, '74, Frank Hicks, '72, Bessie Cate, '77, Ad. Tausig, '76, Mrs. Emma Kohn Frank, '76, Mrs. Sophie Obermayer Kohn and others, and the informant says they all looked so sweet, especially Alice and Emma.

—Miss Nettie Hall, a member for awhile of '78, is to be married to Mr. John A. Harrison, a young lawyer of the city, immediately after Lent.

—Mrs. Lillie T. Gostorf, is keeping house in Little Rock, Arkansas.

—Miss Aline Taylor, '74, is at home learning housekeeping, an art that is at last looking up. Her mother declares she is equal to the preparing of a good dinner.

ALUMNI FOR '78

—Miss Jennie Goodell is living in Beardstown, Ill., in which place she taught school for a year.

—Miss Pauline Carr has removed to 2635 Pine street.

—Miss Laura Chamberlain, who has just returned from a visit to Chicago, is still living at Ferguson station. She taught for some time in the Normal, filling Mrs. Saxton's place very efficiently.

—Miss Bessie Davis is again living at Cheltenham. She has visited Leavenworth several times lately, and when at home devotes most of her time to painting.

—Mrs. Addie Gray Garnett, who married January 29th, is intending to move out to Colorado in a short time. Her husband has already gone out to arrange matters, and expresses himself delighted. Mrs. Garnett was in the city for a short time ago, visiting her mother.

—Miss Mattie Hill has been living with the family of Mr. Scudder, formerly of Florissant, since she graduated.

—Miss Alice Kohn is married and living in Cincinnati.

—The friends of Mrs. Rachael Green, complain that she is living so far out of the city that they do not know where to find her.

—Mrs. Watson, (Sallie Moore,) still charms all listeners, with her voices. She sings in the choir at St. Georges.

—The Valuedictorian for '78, is cultivating his voice faithfully. He is taking lessons of Prof. Phillips. Miss Ada Frank is likewise continuing her musical education under the same eminent teacher.

—The present address of Leila Sager is 2610 Cook avenue, but she is expecting to return in May to her old home in Tower Grove.

—Mrs E. R. Hoyt, Moreyde Thomson, is living at 3038 Thomas street, and divides her time between fun, fancy-work and music. She is also the leader where any fun is going on.

—Misses Block, Steinberg, Ward and Stidger are all married, but their present names and addresses are unknown.

—H. W. Barcher has lately graduated from the St. Louis Medical College, and we suppose is ready to give to his former classmates the benefit of his skill.

—S. L. Bigger is about to leave the city for his health. He is going to Colorado.

—Frank Brown can no longer be called "Little Frank." He graces Fairview with his society.

—Nettie Sasin, now Mrs. Weil, is living at 2210 Chestnut. She was a member of '78, though not a graduate. Mrs. Scvingley, formerly Kate Cander, is keeping house on Clay avenue near Sheridan. She also was a member who did not graduate.

ALUMNITIES FOR '79

—The following items for '79, were gathered at a meeting of the St. Louis High School Literary. Some account of the society itself would be acceptable.

—Miss Mary Hime is teaching in the Ashland School near the Fair Grounds, and enjoys it very much.

—Miss Sarah E. Allen has been obliged to leave the Normal on account of ill health.

—M. Lavenstein, Seely Madd, Geo. Wilson, Miss McMillan, Miss Fannie Norris and Miss Bouton of '80, are still studying hard at the University, and doubtless still continue to win laurels as they did in the old school.

—Miss Mattie Hoke is attending the Art school at the University. Her drawings at the Elliot long ago were very beautiful, and she is no doubt very successful in her present study.

—Miss Matilda Hoebe and Miss Nowakowska are teaching German in Carondelet.

—Miss Lillie Brown is also attending the art school at the University.

—Miss Jennie Wand has been sick since she graduated, and has been spending her time with relatives in Iowa.

—Moses Hanse has been studying at the St. Louis Medical College and we believe graduated at the close of the last term. If so, being a High school boy, he of course came off with honors.

—Miss Clara Stubblefield, who left for New Jersey before the close of the last term, has returned. She occasionally attends Mr. Morgan's Versification class with the Misses Sproule, Herman, Stien and others.

ERRON MIRROR:

Understanding that the representative of your paper was not present at the last meeting of the Executive Committee, I take the liberty of sending you a short draft of the business transacted at the meeting, which was remarkable for several reasons:

1. The numbers in attendance.
2. The number of new members who should have been by some one introduced to the older members.
3. The fact that a new idea was actually suggested and acted upon.
4. The absence of the Recording Secretary, the first time such a thing has happened in two years.
5. The amount of talking that was done by the members of the committee.
6. Not a body said a single word or even seconded a motion.

Respectfully,

SCRIBE.

The monthly address to the Executive Committee by Mr. Bryan, was held at the Library Rooms on Friday the 4th instant.

The attendance was good—there were thirteen present out of a total of forty-four.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Bryan, who explained and regretted the absence of the secretary. Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

Mr. Bryan acting as treasurer, made a report of the condition of the society financially and expressed his congratulations.

He then thanked the committee for the good attendance in a neat speech of some ten minutes length.

Regular or new business now being in order, Mr. Bryan said: "The matter I had in mind in calling the present meeting, was a plan I had thought of by which the Executive Committee is to be employed so as to get more work done by its members, and to this end I have thought that the committee might be divided into sub-committees, so that each member might have some field of work." He then proceeded to explain this factoring by which five committees are to be organized as follows: On Statistics, on Membership, on Personal capacity or the various abilities of members. On ways and means and on a lecture course. The duties of these committees are not, yet defined, but the plan was thought to be a good one so it was, on motion of Mr. Rassieur, adopted and the committees are to be appointed without waiting for defined powers or duties. Mr. Rassieur moved that seven be appointed on each committee, Mr. Hoff amended by making the number three instead of seven.

The amendment was ignominiously defeated by a vote of one aye to an indefinite number of nays.

The motion was carried by the same vote revised.

Mr. Bassieur moved that a committee of one be appointed to define the powers and duties of those committees; carried. Mr. Hicks moved that this committee consist of the President; carried.

Mr. Bryan wanted to be endorsed for the action he took at the last meeting, for acting as door-keeper. He was endorsed, and indefinite leave given him to act in the same capacity in the future.

There being no further business the meeting adjourned.

The second business meeting was called Friday, March, 18th. The principal business of the hour, was the reception of the report of Mr. Bryan, appointed at the previous meeting to draft rules to govern the new sub-committees.

With some few amendments the rules were adopted as read by the President, with the addition of a

suggestion made by Mr. Ball, to the effect that the President be, ex officio, a member of each of the separate committees.

These rules set forth clearly what will be the new duties of each, and will be found below.

One change was provided for, namely that the meetings of this body be held hereafter, regularly twice a year, on the 2d Fridays in May and December, except in cases where called meetings, are at the request of members, found necessary.

This discussion took up most of the time, and but one other subject was branched, which as it was laid over until the next meeting, will be given an account of then.

GENERAL REGULATIONS GOVERNING REGULAR STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE EX. COM.

I

Each committee shall meet at least once in each month,—the time and place to be determined by the Chairman, or at previous meeting of the Committee.

II

Each committee shall be subject to the call of the Chairman thereof, or may two members thereof—three days notice in writing to be given of each meeting, in which notice time and place of meeting must be stated.

III

The members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, and their action shall be considered the action of the Committee, provided due notice of the meeting of the Committee shall have been given.

IV

Reports from committees shall be due at each of the regular and stated meetings of the Executive Committee.

V

No argument or contest entered into, nor any action taken, involving the Society financially, shall be shifting upon the Association unless subsequently ratified by the Executive Committee.

VI

A record of the action of the Committee shall be kept in a book provided for that purpose.

VII

All statistical information obtained by committees shall be recorded in a book provided for that purpose.

COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS.

It shall be the duty of this Committee to acquaint themselves with the financial condition of the Association, and in conjunction with the Treasurer to devise ways and means of securing a prompt and full collection of dues; to estimate the probable expenditures of the year, and make provision for meeting the same; to provide for the accumulation of a fund for use of the Association, in order to enable the same to defray such extraordinary expenses as may be necessary to fully carry out the purposes of its organization.

COMMITTEE ON STATISTICS.

It shall be the duty of this Committee to collect statistics with reference to graduates and former members of the High School, irrespective of their actual connection with the Alumni Association, the items of information sought, to be confined to the following heads: 1st. Name—married and single; 2d. Address, business and residence; 3d. Occupation; 4th. Outline of career to date.

COMMITTEE ON MEMBERSHIP.

It shall be the duty of this Committee to make out a complete list of persons eligible for membership, whether active or honorary, who are not members of the Alumni Association; to pay themselves in communication with such persons by letter or otherwise, with a view to securing their active cooperation in the affairs of the Association; to present for their consideration the objects and aims of the Association, together with the obligations and privileges of membership.

COMMITTEE ON ENTERTAINMENT CAPACITY.

It shall be the duty of this Committee to acquaint themselves, as far possible, with the capacity of members, whether literary, musical, dramatic or artistic, with a view to determining their avail ability for the purposes of the Association in any of these directions.

COMMITTEE ON LECTURES.

It shall be the duty of this Committee to consider the advisability and practicability of inaugurating a course of lectures for the benefit of the members of the Association; to suggest the names of persons whether residents of St. Louis or otherwise, whom it would be well to invite to deliver lectures and to arrange for such lectures the time and place of meeting, it being understood that no action in any way compromising the Society shall be taken prior to the presentation and adoption of the report by the Executive Committee.

That we have this month to record two business meetings of the Executive Committee, is surely a sign of growing interest, and that at the first there were present thirteen, and at the second nineteen members, makes us feel as if an anniversary holiday should be appointed; for the ring is broken up at last, and under the new order of things there is no predicting what the Association may not yet accomplish. The names of the new or long absent members who were present at the two meetings, are as follows: D. C. Ball, J. H. C. Stevenson, A. Cook, Mrs. Carrie W. Pitzman, Miss Fannie I. Sherrick, Miss Mary G. Day, A. B. Chapman, Miss Laura H. Hochman, Miss Kate Arner, Miss S. T. Martin, Miss Annie L. Logan, L. Rassieur, C. O. Bishop and Mrs. Wiederholdt.

The Mirror.

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AN ITALIAN HOLIDAY AND AN ITALIAN CATHEDRAL.

OVIETO, June 7th.

Rome lies behind me, and before me, too, for I intend to return. The Roman fever is a reality, and can be cured only by drinking of the Fountain of Tivoli. Now I am on a railroad train, which is creeping up the valley of the Tiber through many a classic scene. Most prominent is Mount Soracte—high, chalky, hanging out of the clouds down to the earth, one imagines. On the summits of the hills lie the villages, surrounded by old walls in sunshine and rich color. The railroad stops at the foot of the precipice, and leaves the traveller to climb up into the city. So we go bird-nesting over these beautiful Tuscan hillsides, softly blending with the Italian skies.

The Middle Ages have written one word over the face of all this country—that word is *insecurity*. Gunpowder, less ages they were, thank heaven! otherwise walls had been no protection. Up, up, under the hot sun; past an immense bastion, through a huge stone gate—now I am in the narrow, well-shaded streets of Orvieto, famous for the excellence of its wine, the beauty of its women, and the splendor of its cathedral, all of which virtues are to be tested by the honest traveller before leaving.

Good luck is in my company, for to-day is the festival of *Fuoco Sacro*, as well as the anniversary of the departure of the Papal troops from Orvieto, if an old countryman has correctly informed me. Already the streets are alive with peasants and dithers. What falls into the eye first, last, and all the time is the play of color—color everywhere. The crowd forms changing waves of red, blue, green and yellow, moving among

themselves and blending into one another. It is as if the parts of the rainbow began to whirl, change places, inter-twine, and then vanish. Every countrywoman is tricked out gaudily in colored fragments; each different portion of her dress has to be of a different hue. She shows an inborn delight in color; her taste is rude, yet sincere; she is not the creature of her milliner. The countryman has more sober tints, yet varied. His chief ornament is a peacock's feather stuck in his hat; or, if this extravagance be too great, he has the dark, golden-shimmering quill of a cock's tail.

A multitude of people on the square have formed a circle. From the center comes a shrill but not unpleasant melody, intended for the open air, and not for a room enclosed on all sides. I wove through the crowd and beheld the minstrels. The man is playing a harp. The woman sings "like the cicada." At times she tries to put too much operatic color into her untrained voice. I look around to see if the bystanders are not laughing, but they seem to enjoy just that color, however rude. A more plaintive air succeeds much better, and still I remember with pleasure the refrain:—

"Selve albergo di gioia e d'amor
Terra abbandona la pace del cor."

The country poet has some printed ballads, of which I purchase a selection. Strong colors again—blood-curdling story of a murderer, rhymed chronicle of a famous brigand, desperate deeds of two desperate lovers whose union is opposed by the parents. They are truly Italian stories, not yet refined into art, but showing the very bed-rock of Italian literature.

I have to think of our country people, with little or no love of color, with a very slight poetical strand in their character. Imagine the Illinois farmer coming to the city with a peacock's feather in his hat; think of him singing his stratus on the streets, or even listening to "mimic poetry," which to him is worse than "the forced gait of a shuffling nag." Patched, unshaven, with channels of tobacco juice running full from the corners of his mouth, he is not an æsthetic being. Dressed in buttoned or blue jeans from shoulder to foot, he shows little feeling for color. But he has other not sterner virtues not so well known here: he will not beg or rob; industry he possesses; and in political intelligence he leads the peoples of the world. Imagination cannot upset him: his head is on the same dead level as his own prairie.

In the meantime we have sauntered into another street; it is time to look up: here is the Cathedral. What our mortal tongue utter now in the presence of this architectural face looking suddenly down upon you? Imagine all the commonplace of the English language compressed into one word of admiration—that word read on this page. Nearly every great creation of art must be worked into before its secret is reached, but here the beholder is snatched up into the third heaven of wonder and enjoyment at the first glance. I can truly say that nothing which I have yet seen in Europe has produced so strong,

and, at the same time, so immediate an impression. From the whole the eye passes slowly to details, and finds everywhere an almost microscopic care and perfection. The very first minute one feels bound to the edifice with cords which seem to be made of his very soul.

Here again the effect comes from the mystery of color, for all the flat surfaces are filled with mosaics of the most brilliant hues, except the lower compartments, which have sculptured reliefs. But why trouble you with a description which must remain a dead letter to your imagination? I have a horror of a description of a work of art which is intended for the eye. But so much try to bring before your mind's vision! The whole facade is one immense picture thrown open to sunlight; its frame is of most beautifully carved and diversely insid Gothic work. This frame is divided into compartments by smaller Gothic frames running crosswise and lengthwise; in these compartments the gallery of pictures is placed above and below. Architecture, therefore, furnishes the setting; sculpture and painting, each in its own manner, furnish the contents; all the plastic arts thus unite to celebrate their triumph in a common supreme unity. The harmony of the three arts fills you of itself. You can hardly bring yourself to look into the detailed treatment of the various subjects there represented. The church is dedicated to the Virgin; so these frames contain mainly her history, written in brilliant coloring for the eye and not for the mind. Let, then, no description of it be further attempted.

When I have looked myself nearly blind in the glare of this fierce Italian summer sun, I enter the cathedral. As before said, there is a festival and religious service. Now to the three arts of vision the fourth one, that of hearing, is added, which sets all of these fixed plastic forms into vibration—music. Shall I not say that the same tendency to color, to rich and changeful variety of melody, is observable in this art too? *Corpus Domini*—the Body of our Lord! How the theme was wrought into a radiant warbling choir of modulations, linking together sorrow, joy, despair, and heavenly ecstasy!

An inner chapel of the cathedral is thrown open. There is the heart of the edifice and of the faith which built it, again uttered in color. Above is a pyramid of faces by Fra Angelico. Never has heavenly serenity found such supreme expression. The countenances of the old prophets there have aims in them, and they look sunshine into you forever. Below this celestial group is the other side of the universe,—hell with its agonies and contortions,—painted by Luca Signorelli with a wild demonic energy as if he were there himself. This is the prophecy of Michael Angelo and his "Last Judgment." Look and pass,—*guarda e passa*,—for we are in the nether world with old Dante. So near, then, are heaven and hell together and to us! But glance upward once more; that pyramid of seraphic faces looking down upon you will draw you out and up to itself; color is now beatified. Thus one looks till his senses get stunned.

From the cathedral I pass to the town walls not far off, in order to catch a breath of the cool breeze and to take

a refreshing look over the country now reposing in the rays of the setting sun. Behold, another picture with every variety of outline, color, and perspective! Here is the true background to this Italian life and art, to this very cathedral and all that it contains. The eye looks forth into the deep blue distance till it rests on other summits crowned with villages. Between lies the many-lined landscape, which also furnishes brilliantly varied yet harmonious details, if it be carefully studied. Here is the school which nature opens for her children over shadowy vales and smit heights. Art repeats the lesson, but condenses it into the one glowing surface, like the facade outside or the faces of the saints inside the cathedral. Italy is indeed the prison of nature held aloft in the sunbeams and changing the world into a paradise of dancing iridescence.

But is it not time to go to my inn and give a little repose to the eyes inebriated as it were with color? Yes; moreover it is dark or growing so. Nature has closed her gallery; nothing more can be seen to-day. Yet what is this? I come to the public square, in which a vast multitude is assembled; behold another exhibition of color, now set off by night—fireworks. These again are of every hue, variety, and capricious form—wobbling tortuosities of flame representing buildings, portraits, even glories of human action. This is the climax. Color is now intensified into fire. I can now go to bed and dream—a dream of an eternally arched over with rainbows or gridded by the walls of infernal red-hot Tophet.

THE "FIRST NIGHT" OF A GREAT PLAY.*

The majority of the newspapers attacked the play even before it was born, and the Vaudeville Theatre went so far as to produce a parody, which created great excitement, even before "*Hernani*" had made its appearance. The adherents of the old school of dramatists prepared for a vigorous attack upon the piece on the opening night, and the management of the Theatre Française prepared for an equally vigorous defence, by a strong clique, or army of paid applauders. But Victor Hugo would have no feigned, no paid applause; and as the success of any play in Paris without a clique was an absurdity, the poet invited young men, poets, painters, sculptors, musicians, and the aristocracy of French Bohemianism to contribute their share to the success of the play.

These young men, who had been ironically dubbed *Hugolites*, numbered nearly two hundred, and had asked permission to take their places in the theatre before the public, that they might divide their side posts and intelligent heads in the most scientific manner. The theatre, which during the *révolutions* had been very lukewarm towards the poet, and did not care to shield this volunteer clique from the jeers of a Parisian public, had closed the small side-entrance through which the claque generally passed, and had sent the young men to the main entrance. These battalions of Romanticism, who would

* Recollections of an Eye-Witness.

not for the world have come too late, came much too early, and at one o'clock in the afternoon the countless pedestrians in the Rue Richelieu beheld before the portal of the Theatre Français, in the heart of Paris and in broad light of day, a crowd of wondrous fellows, wild and foreign of aspect, with long beards, long, unkempt hair, in the most absurd costumes of all times and all climes,—in sailor jackets, the Spanish cloak thrown over their shoulders, in wists in *Robespierre*.—the hallowed Legion of Romantisism. The good bourgeois stood transfixed before these hordes, and a shudder passed through them at the sight. The portal remained closed: the *Hoguettes* blocked the streets by their numbers, which were perfectly indifferent to them; they were laughed at, they were insulted, they did not mind even that, but one thing did worry them: the Classicists threw mud at them, and they were not indifferent to that. But if they had returned like for like, there would have been trouble, and the police would have had a welcome excuse for adjourning the performance "for the present." The Classicists would thereby have attained their end, and this triumph the valiant young men would not allow them. So they determined to remain steadfast, and return the open insult with the silence of contempt.

At last, at three o'clock the doors were opened, the barbarians entered, and the portal of the classic theatre closed behind them. Their organization was soon completed. Half past three. Performance to begin at seven.

What was to be done? They chafed, they sang, and when they were tired of both, they bethought themselves of some other method of killing time. Fortunately the meal which is taken at Paris between five and seven o'clock was still before them. With remarkable foresight these young men had concealed in the pockets of their strange garments various kinds of sausage, ham, bread, cheese, and other entables. So all dined: the seats became tables; handkerchiefs were transformed into napkins, and as there was nothing in particular to do, they dined slowly, very slowly,—in fact, so slowly, that the public on entering the theatre still found the *Hoguettes* engaged in this most useful and necessary employment. At the sight of this provisional restaurant, the aristocratic occupants of the boxes thought they were dreaming. At the same time the odor of garlic which emanated from numerous and various sausages offended their delicate noses not a little. In short, the excitement was tremendous when Victor Hugo entered the theatre; the royal commissioner ran about as if mad; the officials laughed in their sleeves. He was told of what had happened. He passed on the stage. Mlle. Mars approached him: "You have a neat set of friends," she hissed; "I have played before wonderful people, but I must thank you for appearing before such an audience." All the other actors, the management—everybody was shocked.

Victor Hugo looked through the curtain. The house shone in resplendent toilets; silk and satin, flowers and precious stones met the eye; and in the midst of all this,

in the *portiers*, two dark masses, the *Hoguettes* shaking their mighty manes.

The signal was given, the fateful three knocks upon the boards, and the curtain rose slowly. The first two acts passed off smoothly; the famous portrait scene in the third act was next in order, the very scene which had been made ridiculous in the parody. With an heroic resolve Jimmy, who personated *Ruy Blas*, took up the task. He related the deeds of the original Silvio, he spoke at length of the merits of this man, stepped before the second picture, and led the *King* to the third and fourth, heedless of the impatience of the *King* on the stage and the public before him. At the sixth picture a general grumbling arose all over the house. One picture more and the play would have been lost. The famous sentence, "*J'en passe et des meilleurs*," prevented the catastrophe, and the succeeding speech of the *Duke* before his own portrait brought forth tremendous applause. This scene safely carried, the success of the play was assured, for the concluding acts were very powerful and strengthened the impression made in the third.

The conspiracies of the Classicists had miserably failed, and all through the tact and presence of mind of an actor. The Parisian public, which admires nothing more than just these qualities, forgot all about the shameful occurrences of the early part of the evening. Mlle. Mars, who had given vent to her displeasure in no measured terms, after being called before the curtain and overabundant with bouquets, was perfectly convinced that Victor Hugo was a great poet. It was the old story of *fait accompli*, which is of as great moment in literature as in politics. The following evenings the two parties came into open conflict, however, and for several weeks a fierce warfare was waged by both parties. Romantisists and Classicists alternately triumphed. All Paris was either *pro* or *con*, but "*Hernani*" had survived the first performance under most trying circumstances and was a permanent success.

P. L.

It is a gratifying fact that the taste for short stories and character sketches is becoming more and more cultivated, and that the number of writers in that field is daily on the increase. America is following the example of France in this direction, and a list of names which includes George W. Cable, H. E. Scudder, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, H. H. Boyesen, Joel Chandler Harris, and others both in and out of the *Atlantic* school, is certainly a very respectable showing.

A perfect art or method is wanted in every kind of intellectual exercise, that where there is matter there may be constructive power to render it effective.—*John Allen*.

The August *Mirror* will contain an article on the Concord Summer School of Philosophy by one of its most prominent lecturers.

The Mirror.

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AN INTRODUCTORY WORD.

In stepping upon the public stage and making its usual bow to a kindly public, *The Mirror* but follows the example of thousands of predecessors in the same field. It recognizes the fact that it must first of all state clearly its intentions, and prove to the satisfaction of the public that these, if faithfully carried out, will really be worth something in the end. The initial number is a fair sample of what the general character of the paper will be; and while with each succeeding number improvements will be added, this particular character will ever remain dominant. It will contain each month a *Musical* department, for which the services of a thoroughly competent critic have been engaged, who has been a regular and valued contributor to the leading musical reviews of the country. An *Art* column will be added, which will be in charge of one thoroughly conversant with the subject, and will, like the rest of the paper, be improved with each succeeding issue. The *Dramatic* occurrences will be impartially noted and criticised by one who is perfectly familiar with the stage and the drama and brings to his task the results of a long experience and an extensive acquaintance with theatrical people and theatrical history.

Aside from these regular features of the paper, *The Mirror* will contain at least two articles of a general nature, by writers of acknowledged standing in the literary world, and in this respect it can safely promise some exceedingly valuable work. Short, crisp editorials, on matters of general interest, or of special interest to St. Louisans, and occasional correspondence by practiced writers will give variety to the contents, the general aim being to combine the greatest amount of matter in short space, consistent with an easy, flowing style.

The Mirror will not be the organ of one school of ideas or seek to advance the interests of one "set" at the expense of the larger public. It will at all times seek to be impartial in its judgments, and will draw from original sources in all cases. It does not seek to displace any publication of a similar nature now before the public:

it neither pretends to be a society organ, like the *Speculator*, nor a magazine, like the *Western*. It believes that there is a place vacant for it, and that it will seek to fill. If it is regarded as a welcome monthly visitor in the homes of an intelligent community, its mission will be fulfilled.

While the *revue* is still all the rage in St. Louis, and the houses of the wealthy bear the influences of this French art revival, it may be interesting to know that the counter-current has already strongly set in. In place of large collections of *bric-à-brac*, and heavy golt-illuminated furniture, the houses of the wealthy in New York mark a sudden return to the severe but elegant simplicity of an earlier age. In short, the difference between true and false art is beginning to be understood.

The want of a clear, energetic directive head in musical matters—one who, like Thomas, understands not only music but people—is becoming more painfully felt every day. Now the leader of every theatre or beer-garden orchestra deems himself fitted to superintend the production of anything from a quadrille to an opera or oratorio. Just as soon as these gentlemen, and others of the same inclinations, most of whom would be invaluable in an orchestra, would play and act together, and put aside their jealousies, just so soon will we approach a better condition of affairs. As it is now, a director would only find a number of musical cliques and a public undecided which to regard as the best or the worst. There is material enough here, and the production of "L'Afrique" as proof of what can be done if this material is utilized. A good director, with a permanent well-drilled chorus and an efficient orchestra, would change things wonderfully. Where can we find him?

There are, perhaps, few people more unlike than Beecher and Ingersoll, though their ideas very often closely resemble each other. Beecher's delivery is artistic in every sense; his style is easy and flowing, leading gradually to a climax, which invariably calls forth applause; and when once obtained, he holds the attention of the audience to the last minute. He is the orator for a cultured audience. Ingersoll is a composition of many apparently contradictory qualities. Good-natured, shrewd, and brilliant, he fits his lecture to his audience, and is not above many of the tricks of the orator. Ingersoll descends to the level of his audience; Beecher raises the audience to his level.

FINE ARTS.

The opening of the Crow Museum, for as such it will be known, although christened St. Louis School of Fine Arts, marks the beginning of a new era in the art history of St. Louis. The city has now the much-needed nucleus around which must gather the individual works of art which are to form the great public gallery. Hitherto our artistic reputation has rested solely upon the excellence of our private collections and upon occasional loan exhibitions. That great portion of the public which interested itself in art matters, but did not have access to the magnificent galleries of our wealthy citizens, was debarred from all opportunity of obtaining that education of the eye and that cultivation of the artistic spirit which can only come from the continued study of nature or of the highest works of art.

The Loan Exhibition which followed the opening of the Museum gave the public an opportunity of seeing some very fine works. The greater part consisted of pictures loaned by private collectors, among whom Mr. Donnan's and Mr. Harrison's were most prominent, the rest being made up of works by local artists and some few numbers, the property of the school.

Outside of the event just mentioned there was little activity in art circles, one attempted and one "combination" sale alone relieving the monotony. The Johnson collection from Boston was to be sold at auction; but with one or two all art critics of the leading dailies fell upon it, and in two days had succeeded in making a sale impossible. The average of the collection was not above mediocrity, and the genuineness of some of the pictures not above question. In their zeal for saving the public from this imposition the critics went too far, however, and many a picture left the city with that collection which would have been a truly valuable addition to our treasures.

The artists' sale of pictures which took place at Thompson's gallery early last month included, for the most part, works by local artists, together with a few by Harvey Young, A. T. Richter, Henry Lewes, and W. H. Howe. Harvey Young is a disciple of one branch of the modern French school of landscape, and is characterized by the same peculiarities of color and handling of detail which distinguish it. Henry Lewis and W. H. Howe show the influence of the German school, both in subject and treatment. A. T. Richter's work is eminently American, and his choice of subjects is often good, but in his attempts at nature, at least in the examples presented, he only succeeds in giving a weak and conspicuous touch to his pictures. Harry Chase presented his favorite marine pieces, with here and there a landscape by way of variety. His work showed the same good handling that characterized his previous efforts. Of the other artists, Meeker, Schultz, and Marple were best represented. Meeker has lately been attempting to treat subjects differing in tone and character from his usual swamp-pieces, and, as a

consequence, occasionally handles a Northern scene with a swamp-brush. Louis Schultz has more "school" than any local artist, and presented some of his best work. Marple's pictures possess more true feeling than those of any of his colleagues, and he succeeds admirably in reproducing the prevailing spirit of a tropical landscape, although his drawing is often faulty. Tracy, Gutherz, and Barney were fairly represented, but their work was not quite up to their usual standard. J. M. Barnsley and Miss Bryant gave fair promise for the future, and Mr. Monnier's porcelaine-painting found many admirers.

MUSIC.

The approaching close of the theatrical season made itself felt in musical circles also. There was, of course, no dearth of concerts of various kinds, but with a few exceptions they scarcely merited notice in an artistic sense. The most important events were the concert at Memorial Hall, in the Crow Museum, and the new comic operas of "Billie Taylor" and "L'Afrique." Miss Emma Cranch, who has been before the public for a number of years, was the chief attracting influence in the first. Her voice has gained in finish and her renditions were in every sense artistic. The balance of the programme was carried out in a very creditable manner, by the Philharmonic Quintette Club, although Mr. D. F. Colville did not appear to as good advantage as he has on several other occasions.

"Billie Taylor," the new "Pinafore," as it has been called, is indeed in many respects nothing more than a very tame imitation of his famous predecessor. The libretto has very little to recommend it, being far beneath both "Pinafore" or "Pirates of Penzance." There are really but two or three airs in the entire opera; the instrumentation is blurred and confused; nothing marked, nothing sharp and apparent; in short, the whole seems to lack backbone. Notwithstanding all this, however, it has had considerable success both in the East and here, a success mainly attributable to two or three characters: *Capt. Flobber*, *Chris*, "Cob," the unfortunate villain, and *Ben Borsade*, the *Dick Dauders* of this opera. The Stuart and Gray Opera Company, gave the first presentation in this city and brought out the dramatic possibilities in an excellent manner. Miss Helen Stuart raised the insignificant part of a *Charity Girl* to a leading place. Mr. George Gaston, as *Capt. Flobber*, seemed to be in his element. Mr. Ed. Connell, as *Christopher Cob*, while often descending to the verge of vulgarity, still gave a very consistent rendering. But *Billie Taylor* himself, as personated by Mr. Glover, was a sad *Billie* indeed. Mr. Glover's voice is thin and untrained, and his acting was not above the average. In fact, while there was abundant dramatic talent in the company, the musical rendition of the opera was only mediocre and so devoid of individuality that it requires no notice.

"L'Afri," a new comic opera, by W. C. McCreery and Wm. H. C. Ser, both of this city, was brought out

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for the first time at the Olympic, May 16. It differs in almost every respect from "Bilée Taylor." Its scenes and incidents are familiar to every reader of the daily papers, and they have the great merit of freshness of subject. The *libretto* is a clever work, but it possesses the same fault that "Bilée Taylor" has. The scenes are put together, but there is no dramatic movement. This might be remedied by a few touches here and there, and something really valuable obtained, an undertaking which, it is understood, is in progress now. The opera itself deserves only the highest praise. It is as far above "Bilée Taylor" in musical value as the better light French operas are above "Pinafore." The airs are charming and catching, the instrumentation clear and well marked, and reminiscences of other operas very faint. Miss Corn Carpenter's soprano voice appeared to the best advantage, and her acting was good. She displayed a *technique* that did her great credit.

Mr. Phil. Branson (tenor), as Capt. De Bracy, seconded Miss Carpenter in a very able manner. His voice is full and clear, and peculiarly adapted to parts of this kind. Miss Pauline Schuler's alto voice was heard for the first time on the stage in "L'Afrique." Though not possessed of the *technique* which Miss Carpenter can lay claim to, she has something touching and lovable in her voice, which satisfies the ear even more than all technical excellence. Mr. Poindeux's bass was marked by unexpected strength, and, with the exception of two or three points, he sustained his part well throughout. Mr. Ed. Dierkes, as the *Captain*, sang with precision and correctness, but he is evidently more at ease in a concert-room. The dramatic rendering of "L'Afrique" was its weakest feature. Mr. Branson and Miss Carpenter did well, but Mr. Sanybe, as *Sergeant Zips*, was the only one who was complete master of the situation. Taking it as it was, however, and making allowances for all faults, "L'Afrique" was more than a creditable performance; it was an enjoyable one, and a proof of what personal enthusiasm and good directing like Mr. A. G. Robyn's can do.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Miss Flora Pike left for New York, a short time ago, to pursue her musical studies there. There are rumors that Manager Norton will bring her out next season in opera, but nothing definite seems to be known.

The opening piece at the Merchants' Exchange reception during the Turnerfest was a march composed expressly for the occasion by Mr. Otto Bollman, of St. Louis.

Mr. Ernest K. Kroeger gave an organ recital at Trinity Church June 9th, the programme including such works as Chopin's Nocturne in E flat, Handel's Pastoral Symphony, Raff's March from Lenore Symphony, as well as three shorter reconfigurations of his own, of which a nocturne in F was most striking.

"La Mascotte," the musical novelty by the composer of "Olivette," will be produced in this city at an early date, under the direction of the Epstein brothers.

Mrs. Brainard, instructor of vocal music at Mary Institute, left for Europe a few days ago, for the purpose of attending the musical season in London.

The members of the company which played "L'Afrique" at the Olympic had a social reunion, in the shape of a lawn party, on the evening of June 17th, at which nearly all participants in the opera were present. It was given at the residence of Miss Alice Waite, a young lady well known in musical circles of this city.

THE DRAMA.

The past theatrical season has been marked with a number of interesting and important facts to the experienced observer in St. Louis, and, in a fashion, has shown a remarkable revolution going on regarding local theatrical patronage. Without pausing for a lengthy diagnosis of the case, which can be made with considerable benefit and interest at some future time, it is safe to say that, while the St. Louis public will not be lugged into inhaling *poor* and mediocre performances and attractions, they will give hearty, intelligent support to anything that is good and in accord with the demands of the times.

Managements are appraising these facts, and the vigorous manner in which the three leading theatres have been handled of late has resulted in all of them having healthy credit footings to show. The audiences have been large and of a notable character, and this in the face of discriminate and intelligent weeding-out of the free-list feature, which has swept out hundreds of patrons on the "gratuitous" plan. It is not long since that the average between two houses, the only ones in existence, was a remarkably poor one, and an aggregate loss.

The Olympic, always strong and vigorous in management, had the season with the best stars and the best stock companies, the Opera House being sadly behind in everything. Relieved from the handiapping process, Manager Norton has, with a brilliant knowledge of theatrical captrinity, made the Opera House one of the notable temples of art in America, and in its new shape it will acknowledge few rivals. Manager Pope's bold and plucky experiment was regarded as a foregone failure by many who pretended to know the temper of St. Louis people. He had heavy odds to overcome, but he has carried himself through with the tact and skill of a Napoleon. For an entire season the indolent labor and disadvantages of establishing a new place of amusement in an ultra-conservative community caused failure to look him squarely in the face. It has simply been a matter of good management. People would far rather stay at home than stagnate in the bow walls of a theatre when there is absolutely nothing to engage their attention, and managers, nowadays, must work hard to give their good entertainments.

It was pleasant and amazing to see, for several successive seasons, all three houses continuously crowded. It surprised many, but seemed to point out the explanation, where, for comparison's sake, the old style of management was reverted back to. Lax, indifferent, old-school methods have given place to new ones, and vigor and enterprise have spurred the public up to an interest in these matters. With the Washington Avenue Theatre, the new People's Theatre, and a promise of winter attractions at the Pickwick, it seems as though St. Louis would have six leading theatres in full play, instead of the old-time two, when one theatre did good business, and the other dragged out a miserable existence.

To say that the legitimate has suffered is supremely ridiculous, although this will be the white so long as theatres evince progress. The superb successes of McCullough, of Keene, of Sheridan, of Mary Anderson, of Jefferson's delightful performance of "The Rivals," the magnificent achievements of Neilson and Modjeska, put to shame the very slender public support accorded the legitimate in the expiring days of old-time management, when stars like E. L. Davenport or Augusta Dargon could scarcely attract a corporal's guard.

During the period of evolution the stage is undergoing, another very important step has been made. There was a flooding of the legitimate stage with the class usually known as variety performers, who were introduced in various vaudevilles, burlesques, and extravaganzas—more masks for the introduction of "specialties" as appropriate to the regular stage. Many of these, successful for a time, have come sadly to grief and returned to their legitimate sphere; more will follow. The innovation of transplanting New York successes in the original casts and scenery has also been a surprising and interesting feature, which will be a permanency. Indeed, stage prospects are excellent, when taken in conjunction with the lessons and results of the season just closing. Many shrewd observers predict a return to the stock companies and a re-establishment of schools, but this is a matter for future consideration and development. It would be in many respects a desirable return to one of the commendable features of the old system.

A very interesting feature of the past season in St. Louis was the several *debats* which took place, some of them promising good results. The Memphis lady, Miss Dixon, had every advantage of the leading support in Manager Norton and a good company, but she can never aspire to metropolitan honors in the higher walks of the drama, although she showed ability to make a good leading lady for a provincial circuit. Miss Julia Hunt, an excellent little soubrette, with some charming serious qualities, made a fair artistic success in a play called "Florind." She has attracted considerable managerial attention, and her light, long hidden under a bush, will be made to "shine before men" next season, when her play will be re-visited.

Rochelle, an ambitious and talented lady, closed the season at Pope's, and, although not a *débütante* in a strict

sense of the word, her appearance at that theatre was by far the most important effort she had made. She appeared in a most exacting line of characters—*Ercles*, *Julia*, *Juliana*, and the *Countess* in "Love." She carried herself through with wonderful credit, showing a magnificent presence and a remarkable ease and grace in movement and gesture, displaying loss of the novice in these respects than any lady who has been on the stage for so brief a period. Her voice in the quieter portions of the dialogue is strong and impressive, and is only lacking where it reaches the higher requisites of resonant passion. She has a brilliant prospect before her.

The minstrel shows have been elaborated of late, and some novel features introduced. All did big business in St. Louis. Pantomime has retrograded, and can hardly stand another season unless it is spruced up. It is strange that there is so little novelty in a field offering such boundless possibilities and one so popular with the public. Opera bouffe, or rather comic opera of the Andran and Lecocq species, will in future be sandwiched into grand opera seasons, this being a result of the success of the Acme Company in "Olivette," the troupe being almost entirely composed of *artistes* previously devoted to the higher representations of opera.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Ernest Albert, scenic artist at Pope's Theatre, has gone to Brooklyn, to be married there to a prominent society lady. He will return towards the end of July and prepare for next season.

Scherzer's Monthly, or *The Century*, as it will soon be called, will in a forthcoming number have a finely illustrated sketch of Salvini, with an essay by him on his three leading parts of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*.

W. R. Hays, known to the stage by the name of Hardy, has written a highly-wrought sensational drama—"Wit to Wit"—which he intends to bring out in this city next season.

The regular theatrical season—an unusually lengthy one this time—closed at the Olympic, Harrigan and Hart being the final attractions.

The different summer theatres, which are now standing institutions in St. Louis, are all in full blast. The Pickwick opened up a short time ago with the Roman *Stocks*. The Park Theatre, near Lafayette Park, is also ready to receive public patronage, and opens with the double attraction of Miles and Ballenberg's English Opera Company and the Roman Students. Ulrich's Crows, the most popular of these resorts, has produced the better class of light operas for several weeks past, and began the summer season in a most auspicious manner. Under the management of Mr. Collins, who is to be Mr. F. B. Warde's manager next season, it promises to be not only a financial, but an artistic success.

LITERATURE.

THE LITERARY ART.

In every work of art there are two phases which must be considered if we would arrive at a just conclusion: the idea or feeling and the workmanship. In some the first prevails; in others the latter is the chief, and often the only, recommendation. Only in the highest works of art are both united in due proportion, and these are the precious gems of a nation's heritage. Too often, however, it happens that the best works perish for want of that so necessary quality, good workmanship. As the public fires of a picture which, while possessing a grand central idea, shows glaring faults in color and drawing, so the reader puts that book aside which offends his taste or displeases him by its crudities of style, no matter how brilliant and original its ideas may be.

It has been said that when a Frenchman writes at all, he writes well. The secret of this is that the French converse well, and are always putting their ideas together in the way which will produce the best effect. As a consequence, when they get a subject that is worth writing about they grow eloquent. There is in France a silently accepted standard of good taste, and few can violate it with impunity.

The necessity of such a standard of taste, and of a regard for *form* as well as *matter* in literary works, is ostensibly acknowledged by all literary men. In reality only too many disregard it, partly through ignorance, partly as a mistaken condescension towards the public.

Mr. John Albee's work¹ is, therefore, a most timely one, and one which, on examination, will be found to have been worthy of a careful perusal. Knowing the value of ideas as such, through intimate association with some of our greatest thinkers, and a thorough student of the different movements in the intellectual life of our country, he certainly deserves to be listened to.

On the margin of the *Concord River*, a painter, a poet, and a philosopher, friends and schoolmates all, meet during a summer vacation, and discuss the different phases of their respective callings. In the course of their discussions, the painter, as a representative of the latter part of what is vaguely termed "the public," enlarges on "the literary art."

"Invention and the subsequent elaboration," he proceeds to say, "are both different functions of the same power; as sculpture is an art involving distinct mental conception, for whose realization the artist employs more merely mechanical appliances. There is rapid work to be done and finer; but neither needs, though there be mountains of marble, without the plastic imagination, pre-occupied with beautiful forms. A perfect art as method is wanted for every kind of intellectual exercise, that as may be free, light-armed, and swift; that where there is

matter, there may be constructive power to render it efficient."

Such are some of the leading ideas of Mr. Albee's work. They are elaborated and fortified with examples from ancient and modern literature, and a graceful, elegant, and unusually lucid style makes the book attractive in the highest degree. Concerned he regards, and, firstly, as the intellectual nucleus around which the ideas, which vaguely float about, gather; where they are transformed and given back to the world in a tangible shape. In that beautiful town where Emerson and Bronson Alcott spend their golden old age, Mr. Albee himself drank inspiration. From these masters we also may learn some of these greatest secrets of success. Alcott will teach us that each man must regard himself as a unit, a personality in the world, and that that element of personality, when introduced into literature in the right manner, is far different from vulgar egotism. Emerson gives you still a different lesson; and in the summer months, when many earnest minds meet there, the anxious student who has carefully perused Mr. Albee's work will find opportunity of applying its teachings.

The incidental thoughts which the work contains—thoughts of no little import on art and science—are in many cases even more valuable than those directly on the subject. In its peculiar conversational form it reminds one of some of the French works of a similar character. We involuntarily think of Emile Louvet, of Alphonse Karr, of Gustave Dore, and others. And yet this is widely different, both in subject and treatment. It is not fashioned slavishly after any model—it is an American book; it contains American thoughts, and is the natural outgrowth of a strictly American school of ideas. It is one of the products of the movement which culminated in the establishment of the Concord Summer School.

The book is more than suggestive—it is in more than one respect practical. To young writers it ought to be an invaluable aid; to old writers it might be if they were willing to be taught; to the general public it will be a good criterion on many subjects on which it is now ignorant or half informed.

TWO SOVELS.

The regular of volumes of alleged fiction, which we see constantly increasing, is something fearful to contemplate, and forces even the hardened novel-reader to groan in the agonies of mental dyspepsia. Enthusiasm, gloom, joy and sorrow, moral despondency and religious exaltation have all been painted with a brush and a subjective intensity seldom belong to right to the novices. The reader is familiar with them all, from the ponderous novel written with a purpose and pointing a moral of gigantic proportions, down to the modern French novel which devotes some hundreds of pages to the description of a heroine whose chief attractions are a well-turned ankle and a dexterously managed tress, or whose climax is the sound

¹ *The Literary Art*. By John Albee. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895.

of masculine feet bustling down stairs as the liege lord inserts his key in the latch of the front door.

Giving the word "novel" its widest signification, "The New Nobility," by John W. Forney and Wm. M. Baker, and "A Fair Barbarian," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, may be included within the meaning of the term. Both of these are tainted with a madness which has lately made great ravages among American writers of fiction. This madness is the European or trans-Atlantic fever—the intense desire to paint American figures upon a European background, or else to give some European tints to the sombreness of American life. This fever first appeared in the unique writings of Henry James, Jr.; since his success many lesser lights have become inoculated.

Of the two novels in question, the more important is "The New Nobility;" important because underlying it is a purpose almost too apparent—a purpose having in view the assertion of certain social, moral, and political theories. In fact, the novel is simply a theory expressed in the form of fiction. The method is simple enough: An American, a self-made man, marries an American girl of the working class. Both have the qualities essential to success; he makes the money; she helps him to save it. He is a civil engineer by profession, grows eminent in his calling, acquires a European reputation and immense wealth. The main scenes of the story are laid in Paris during the great Exposition, with occasional divergences made to suit the furtherance of the underlying purpose. The theory to be illustrated is, that the only true nobility is that of merit, and that the only true form of government is that of the American republic. The chief characters in the novel are the self-made American and his husband-made wife, their son and daughter; an English nobleman of high rank, his son and daughter; an American artist resident in Paris, and his daughter, who is a beauty and a genius. There is a Hindoo of immense learning, a deep mind, and a gentle heart, who finally embraces Christianity; a Chinese mandarin, and a wealthy Turk, who is veneered with the gloss of nineteenth-century diplomacy and culture, but who is at heart rotten and sensual.

Communism in France, Socialism in Germany, and Nihilism in Russia are treated shrewdly and intelligently, and the moral pointed is a profitable one to study. The only grave fault to be found with the book is the somewhat rampant glorification of the material lord; but this will be pardoned when it is remembered that the author has been a prominent editor and politician, and for some years breathed the inflated atmosphere of the American Senate.

"A Fair Barbarian" is the republished work of a woman who, since its first publication, has won for herself a warm and honored spot in the hearts of novel-readers both English and American. The story treats of an American girl who elopes a spinster aunt in a fossilized English town, where the fashions are based on the society format, tea-drinking, and gossip, where the beaux are clerical and sparse, and where the girls are eagerly ready

to give themselves in marriage after the orthodox English fashion.

Into this idyllic scene comes a social bombshell in the shape of a "frank and free young Yankee maiden," a girl whose father is a Nevada mining king and who allows his daughter untold sums of spending-money. The American carries on a system of social piracy of which she is sweetly unconscious. She stirs up the curate, flirts with the most eligible beaux in the place, and kindly assists the best of her English girl friends to marry the man of her choice in spite of an opposing dragon in the shape of a stern grandmother. The solution of the fable is in the shape of a handsome American youth who claims the fair barbarian for his bride. The story ends with entire satisfaction to all, and somewhat to the relief of the English community in which the scenes took place. The whole tone of the story is striking and piquant; the situation at times is almost absurd, but it is handled with a delicacy and *flavour* quite as complete in its way as the heavier and more enduring work shown in "That Lass o' Lowrie's."

SUNDAY MORNING IN TOWER GROVE.

On early Sunday morn, when the restless inhabitants of the great city are still quietly taking a snooze, until they are compelled to rise by the troublesome rays of the sun, I take a quiet walk through the central suburbs. The grass is still wet with the dew, and the scent of the fresh morning air sets like a tonic upon the weary workday loiterer. With these signs of the joyousness of nature, a Sunday spirit takes possession of me, and I proceed on my way with all the pleasure of a child on its first journey. Every flower, every blade of grass seems to smile and bid good morning to me. In the distance rises one of the four great gates of Tower Grove Park, and the bronze dragons look not fierce, nay, even inviting, in the peculiar half light of early morning. Only a few moments are required to bring me to the spot, and as I wander through the neatly trimmed walks, spy a favorite flower here, or brush off the dew that has dropped on my clothes from some clump, I wonder that so few among the busy throng of my fellow-men find time to spend a few hours a week in a spot like this.

Seated under the kind, protecting shade of some fatherly oak, I look with a sort of lingering pity at the column of smoke in the distance, so remote do I feel for the time from all that pertains to the noisy, bustling, excited city. What a place to muse and meditate, to recover faith in man, to forget the petty trials and small disputes of the week, and to begin again, if only for an hour.

Only few steps distant are the statues of two men who have held greater sway over the intellect and the heart of man than almost any others that this fruitful world has produced. We may wait many things, but no one with any feeling for the beautiful in nature or art can complain when he has the privilege of looking at two works like these.

Here is the school in which nature and art combine to give the willing pupil scores of the most beautiful lessons. But only an unconditional surrender to the charms of the place will disclose its secrets.

As I thus carelessly allow my thoughts to go in an easy, quiet trot, and unconsciously trace dear names in the gravelled walk, the sun has risen higher in the heavens and marks the time for return. One last lingering look at the beautiful spot, now all aglow in sunshine and flowers, and I bid it good-bye until another Sunday shall again give me a few hours of its company.

AMERICA IN COMPETITION.

For a long time past the unprejudiced, unselfish, unbogoted Briton has been pointing to the deterioration of the race in America, in blisful unconcern of the great fact that "another country" is merely one of those unmeaning phrases that are popular because they fit the tongue easily. The truth is that the American is a distinctive type; not so much a cosmopolite as many presume, although his origin is so diffuse and general. Whether of German, Irish, French, Scotch, English, or Italian parentage, the children of the second or third generation retain none of the national peculiarities of their ancestors beyond their names; and by common education, climatic influence, and the enlightening social customs, become the typical American—as so distinct in their intelligence, liberality, personality, and other attributes, as any nation under heaven. While not producing an enormous, full-blown, high-colored type as the Englishman or Scot, it is not safe to say that the latter are models of physical excellence. The American, like the hardy French and Irish races—perhaps the most tenacious and longest-enduring upon earth—is a man not above the average, but carries but little phlegm or bile; and while his muscular, nervous temperament stands the severest tests of climate all over the world, the Englishman loves his native flush, and to a large proportion sickness and dies even under the salubrious skies of the "States."

Yet we have ever been accused of vainglory and immoderate boasting by our cousins, and never has charge been more poorly sustained. It is indeed time for Americans to have something more than the name, and for them to claim the game as well. Omitting the enormous list of discoveries and improvements in science, machinery, etc., wherein America specially leads the world, it will be as well to refer to some of the victories of a lighter nature in which the stars and stripes have been noted to the fore in the last decade. Thus, while *Panish's* prediction, when the *Columbiad* beat the British yachts a quarter of a century ago, that Jonathan would teach them to make men-of-war, has long since been fulfilled in the numbers. Some other affairs have occurred which will bear mention. The *Columbiad* again flouted Ashbury and the English yachts; Severus was flouted by the pugilist Heenan; a lot of American professional baseball players went to England, and in a number of games

of cricket in all parts of the United Kingdom had not a single defeat recorded against them. The boating triumphs of the *Sio-wa-cao-mettes* and the American crews at the Centennial, the notably leading stand our billiards have taken, our chess-players, our horses,—as demonstrated in *Jacquas*, *Foxhall*, and *Parole*,—certainly are very difficult arguments to overcome; and but a few days since important victories were scored in England by American athletes over the pick of England. In art, what has been claimed for America? Truly little or nothing. Yet in one special line, wood-designing and engraving, American periodicals, such as *Bayer's* and *Scrivener's*, are raising English publications from the field. Our singers are heard in every clime, and masters predict that America will be the future land of song.

To observers, the fine successes of *Mowers*, *Booth*, *McCullough*, *Rankin*, *Florence*, and numerous other American artists have not been matter of surprise. Sothens, the best eccentric comedian of his time, received his training in this country; *Mrs. John Wood*, the leading farcical artist on the English stage; *John S. Clarke*, who ranks as a comedian with *Toole*, *Paul Bedford*, and their compeers; *Kate Estenson*, the best leading lady the London stage possesses, are essentially Americans, and had very bitter prejudices to overcome; and it remained for an American manager to develop the genius and ability of Irving. These are but few instances, and the subject might fill a volume with similar ones. At all events it is about time for Yankee Doodle to blow his horn. He has been accused of it for a long time; but for thorough, complete exculpation, recommend us to an Englishman. Matters will soon change.

Miss Flora Pike has closed a contract to play vocal parts with *John A. Stevens'* Unknown Combination the coming season. Miss Pike is a highly culture-American, and has considerable histrionic ability.

The Roman Students at the Park Theatre are a decided success.

The Pickwick Theatre was crowded Tuesday evening, June 28th, at the first appearance of Miss Dora Gordon Steele, the dramatic soprano. Her voice is a deep, rich mezzo-soprano, and is sympathetic and pure in tone. She sang clearly and sweetly, and received several *encores*. Prof. Anton Strelecki accompanied her, besides giving several exceedingly well-rendered piano recitals. Mr. J. W. Laurence gave some excellent dramatic readings, which were warmly applauded. The company play at the Pickwick all through July.

Of the St. Louis managers, John W. Norton will pass the summer between New York, Long Branch, and Newport. Chas. A. Spaulding is at his country seat, near Saugerties, N. Y. Chas. Pope will devote his summer to hard work in the metropolis, and W. C. Mitchell will arrange for his season at the People's.

THE HIGH SCHOOL.

[Graduates and others interested in the High School and its Alumni Association are requested to send in such items as may come to their notice before the twentieth of the month immediately preceding publication.]

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Germania Hall, the old-time gathering-place of the High School Alumni Association, was again filled on the evening of June 17th, by a gay and festive crowd of graduates. Greetings were exchanged, old friendships renewed, new ones made, and many pleasant relations between teachers and former pupils were again brightened up. The programme, though a lengthy one, evidently pleased the large audience that had assembled to listen to it and showed its appreciation by frequent applause.

The Reception Committee comprised the following ladies and gentlemen:

Mr. F. E. Cook,	Mrs. L. J. Blatter,
" M. W. Hall,	Miss L. Blackman,
" Chas. Nagel,	" A. L. Logan,
" E. S. Pepper,	Mrs. J. A. D. Plumb,
" Leo Rissler,	Miss V. E. Stevenson,
" A. C. Seemann,	Mrs. M. B. Stone,
" A. B. Thomson,	Miss C. Wright.

The programme, as rendered, began with music by Prof. Spiering, and included the following numbers:

1. Music.....Prof. Spiering.
2. Introduction of Cass of June, 1881.....Miss Abbie Myers.
3. Response.....By the President.
4. Vocal Solo.....Miss J. Krug.
5. Piano Solo.....Miss Z. Minor.
6. Vocal Solo.....Mrs. D. F. Cochrille.
7. Vocal Solo.....Mrs. L. M. Watson.

"MR. X."

By Members of the Alumni Association.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Anthony Reber.....C. O. Bishop.
 Mr. Xeros Xeros (business agent).....Jas. C. H. Stevenson.
 Mr. Julius Tel (telegram operator).....A. Chapman.
 Mrs. Melville Iron (Anthony's sister).....Miss Delia Ridgway.
 Miss Anna Iron (Anthony's daughter).....Miss Brown.
 Melly (the maid with a treacherous memory).....Miss Trandorf.

The meeting was in every respect a most successful one, and the sound financial basis on which the Association now rests is the most encouraging assurance of future success. The officers for the remainder of the year are: W. J. S. Bryan, president; A. W. Easton, vice-president; Miss C. Wright, recording secretary; H. E. Knox, corresponding secretary; A. C. Seemann, treasurer. In their hands the society will remain for the next few months, and, with the aid of the executive committee, they will do all in their power that the twenty-fifth reunion of the Association, which takes place next year, will be an event worthy of being specially recorded in the annals of local history.

ALUMNITIES.

Chas. Hall, '77, Wm. Zachritz, '78, Goodlett, '74, and Rochester Ford, '75, all graduated at the St. Louis Law School this year.

Dr. Louis Hauck, class '77, has opened an office of his own in the southern part of the city, after having been connected with the City Hospital for two years.

Of the graduates of the Normal School this year, more than two-thirds were High School scholars.

David Breckinridge, of the "Centennial" class, graduated at Princeton last month.

Ed. Hall and Alfred Greve, of '77, and E. Plad, '78, received the degree of B. Ph. at Washington University.

Wm. Kayser and M. F. Huxley have taken flight westward, and are now wasting valuable time in Colorado. Lowry Biggers, of '78, also haunts that wonderful State, being employed in a branch house of the Simeone Hardware Company.

"The Young People's Union," largely composed of members and graduates of the High School, gave a musical and literary entertainment at the residence of Craig Alexander, Esq., 3119 Franklin Avenue, some time ago. H. H. Wright, of '76, is secretary, A. Chudwick is president, and C. H. Regas, Chas. Matth, J. M. and B. T. Savitz prominent members.

Miss Noyes, class '74, will probably spend the summer at Geneva Lake.

Dr. Harvey Mudd, '76, is now one of the physicians at the City Hospital.

H. Bartscher and Alex. Dickson, both '78, are now physicians at the City Hospital.

Miss Ida Taussig has just been appointed as teacher in one of the kindergartens.

Sam. Reber, son of the late Judge Reber, passed a highly creditable examination for West Point about two weeks ago.

Miss Abbie Myers was chosen to introduce the graduating class of June, '81, at the annual reception, and also as one of the class-historians. Mr. Lee Grant being the other. Miss Myers is the first young lady who has held both houses at the High School.

C. H. Schreyer, '71, is at present in the city, and will not return to Montana for some time.

J. G. Hawken, of the "Centennial" class, has recently returned from a two months' jaunt in New Mexico, in search of a new location for his shingle, but found all the "claims" fully occupied. He looks as if he had been sojourning for a season in the jungles of Africa. He will probably cling to his native hearth a little while longer.

The *High School* owes an apology to those of its subscribers who have been accustomed to look for their regular monthly quota of *High School* news in the columns of its predecessor. The inevitable complications attendant upon a new enterprise, the arrangements for printing the paper, the acquisition of writers of merit for its columns—these and other matters have delayed the appearance of what is essentially a new journal. It is hoped that the delay has not proved detrimental to the paper, and that the graduates, pupils, and teachers of the *High School* will accord their organ the same generous support which they have extended to its predecessor in the past.

Ernest Cole, well known as a great courser, having acquired considerable reputation both at Cornell and at home, has been studying music for some time. He made his *début* on the concert stage some weeks ago.

Miss Hattie Packard left for Europe some weeks ago, and was in London when last heard from. She intends to combine instruction with amusement, and will devote considerable time to art.

John F. McKenna, '75, has acquired quite a musical reputation, and is favorably known as the composer of several clever little songs, for which Mr. C. H. Hopper furnished the words.

Miss Lillian Stewart paid a flying visit to the city lately, made her appearance at the Alumni reception, and vanished.

George Blair, '77, is engaged in commercial pursuits in Melbourne, Australia, with Marwood Bros., and occasionally sends tidings from that distant clime.

Hunter P. Smith has gone on the stage, and rears over the country with the Thos. Keene combination.

Mr. Denton J. Snider has resigned his position at the *High School*, and will devote himself to literary labors for the next few months.

Among the numerous aspirants to Quarterly Tutoring among *High School* graduates, Miss Annie Russell, Mrs. Mary Sullivan, and Mrs. Watson have achieved the most successful success.

Jos. C. H. Stevenson, '75, has been laying the foundations for a good literary reputation, and has lately contributed to several literary papers. He is one of the truly few appreciated by the *Centinel* as a reticent public.

The *Fassett Summer School of Philosophy and Literature* will be open July 13, and continue for five weeks. The fees for all the courses will be \$15, and board can be obtained at from \$6 to \$12 per week. The list of lectures includes such names as President Foster, Dr. Hodge, Mrs. Howe, and others equally well-known. Mr. D. J. Snider will give his lectures on Greek life and literature, emphasizing the results of a prolonged stay in Greece. Quite a number of *High School* graduates and graduates are expected to attend.

THE HIGH SCHOOL AND ITS FIRST PRINCIPALS.

It was in the winter of 1852-3, when St. Louis was a good provincial city, and when the halcyon days of steamboat traffic and steamboat racing still cast their poetic halo about the place. It was at that time that the *School Board*—itself but an infant institution—determined to establish a *High School*. The population of St. Louis had just begun to receive that infusion of Yankee blood which has been such a prominent factor in the progress of the city. This influence then, as now, made itself felt in the management of the public schools, and was chiefly instrumental in the establishment of the *High School*.

Temporarily located in the old Benton School on Sixth, between St. Charles and Locust Streets, the school opened on the first Monday in February, 1854, and after examination some seventy odd pupils were found qualified, and admitted. It was placed under the charge of Jeremiah D. Law, A.M., long connected with the public schools, and formerly known as a successful and popular teacher. The course of studies did not embrace the wide range it now includes, but was confined for the first few years to higher arithmetic, grammatical analysis, composition, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, including mensuration, surveying, and navigation, and the Latin and German languages. Greek and drawing were later added to the list, and since then frequent readjustments in the course of study have brought it into such shape that nearly all tastes and inclinations can be reasonably favored.

For the first four years of its existence the school had but four teachers. Besides the principal there were Messrs. S. H. Businell, James E. Kaine, and J. H. Kisten, who acted as German instructor. Mr. Lucius Kingsbury was added in 1854. Mr. Law, with the assistance of these gentlemen, laid the foundation for the *High School* as it now exists. He aided the superintendents in whatever way was in his power, and at all times sought to elevate the standard of scholarship in the institution. His efforts were seconded by the able and enthusiastic coadjutors of his assistants, many of whom are pleasantly remembered by the older graduates of the school.

Of these assistants Mr. James E. Kaine is now the only one who is still a well-known person in St. Louis. While the others have gone this way and that, or have gone that other scabber way from which no road leads back, he is still in our midst, in the prime of life and good for many a battle. He entered the school on its opening as mathematical instructor, and continued in that capacity until Mr. Law resigned as principal. Mr. Kaine was appointed to succeed him, and filled the position to the satisfaction of all for nearly a year. Then poor health compelled him to resign the position, and he retained only the mathematical department. His, his favorite study, Mr. Kaine continued to teach until 1868. In that year he laid aside his old office and entered upon a business career, in which he has made a permanent abode, and acquired many friends through his well-known politeness and sterling kindly nature.

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POEMS OF A PRINCESS.

The little songs which are below given represent the earliest literary efforts of the Princess Dolgorouki, favorite of the late Czar of Russia. The personal history of this famous lady has become so well known through the numerous correspondences and letters from Russia that it would be superfluous to add anything on that subject. Whatever opinions may be held, it is certain that whoever knows anything of Russian life and Russian social conditions will be less disposed to judge harshly of one who now pays doubly for whatever false steps she may have taken.

While yet a mere girl she was placed under the tutelage of an English gentleman, who is favorably known as an interesting and masterly art critic, linguist, and *literateur*. This gentleman is now a resident of St. Louis, and a correspondent of several English and American literary journals. The Princess was an apt pupil, and more than repaid the efforts made in her behalf. Her teacher anticipated a rich development from one of such intellectual promise (rather, however, picturing the *chasse head* of her matured womanhood, illumined with the serene halo of literary glory, than that of the meretricious brilliancy of court idolatry). Acting upon this conviction he preserved many of the little essays of her girlhood.

Those here presented were written at the age of four-

teen, and translated by her tutor from the original manuscript for *The Mirror*, where they are now published for the first time. Her poetry savors sweetly of a kindly sense of humanity, and though showing occasional crudities of style, it is seldom that we find anything more thoughtful, richly poetic, and tuneful than her song.

To us, with the buoyant spirit of this free and happy country, the following, from the pen of one so young as the Princess, will appear strangely tinged with a cynical sort of pessimism. But to those who have recently read much of Russian life, the tone of thought will seem not strange, but perfectly consonant to the system. The Russian literary heart of the present day seems always alternating fitfully between the pangs of hope deferred and the cheer of the sure coming light—to a new Messiah, the soul emancipating light of intellectual freedom. The following little songs are of course only a vague, instinctive foreshadowing of these feelings, but even as such they are characteristic:—

YOUNG LOVE'S RECALL.

Oh, could we see our young days o'er,
Sweet lady, life of me,
How gladly we'd play o'er once more
Our games of childish gloe
Again we'd love, not knowing why,
Like little birds in spring,
When parting made our young hearts sigh,
And meeting joy would bring.

Again so gay, in winsome way,
From thy sweet lips I'd borrow
Sweet kisses o'er, in store to-day,
To pay again to-morrow.

Again, when village school was done,
We'd bound with joyous cheer;
A hunting thro' the wild woods run,
And you should be my deer;
While o'er so gaily in the chase,
I'd seek thee everywhere,
Rejoice'd to track thine hiding-place
And find thee chuckling there.

again, our hearts should cheerful glow—
Win blessings from above—
While aye to the power and law
The gifts of Mother's love;
Still o'er again I'd gladly bring
A jewel bright and clever,
For thy fair hand this little ring,
To bind our hearts forever.

Again so gay, in winsome way
From thy sweet lips I'd borrow
Sweet kisses o'er, in store to-day,
To pay again to-morrow.

THE FAIRY BIRD.

A pretty song-bird I sought for my love,
In the beautiful Isle of Canary,
Where, far o'er the sea, it learned for me
The name of my beautiful Mary.
Ay! it taught the airs of my Mary's choice,
Caucasus, gossamer, and airy,
Making two loving hearts rejoice—
I believe that bird was a fairy.

But a wild-bird came to an old shade tree
That o'erhung the cot of my Mary,
With magical lay bewitching away
My Mary's song-bird, like a fairy.
And it came o'er again, with other birds,
Making all the night wondrous and airy:
Its beautiful notes, now turn'd to sweet words,
To wheeled away my poor Mary.

Then my Mary drooped, like a rose in decay,
Tuned to Heaven, by that bird of Canary,
That I brought o'er the sea, to sing for me
The name of my beautiful Mary:
Singing pretty and good make angels like thee,
Come away to thy kind, sang the Fairy:
Sweet winsome bird, for thee she left me,
To live with the angels, my Mary.

THE FATE OF THE FALSE AND FAIR.

She shone in a blaze of beauty rare,
Deck'd o'er with jewels fine;
She pass'd me by, with scornful air,
Old playmate, I thought mine.

Aye! so my once loved pretty maid
Was sold to a proud knave—
All'd by dross of fine parade—
To be a splendid slave.

Now we'er we greet with kisses sweet,
Or parting to kiss more,
Nor frequent meet, but to repeat
The same sweet kisses o'er.

She modest blushes now no more;
All gone her sweet young grace,
While artfully is painted o'er
Her once red rosy face.

Her soft blue eye, once mildly bright,
Now shines with lustre glare;
Frowns on me with a scowling light,
Or an embolden'd stare.

But soon her tempter, ruin'd, poor,
My false one cast aside,
While he came begging to my door
Sne, brokenhearted, died.

Her death brought sweet relief to me;
With joy I saw her grave,
For thence she rose a spirit free,
No more a splendid slave.

THE CITY OF THE SEA AND ITS ART.

I have just witnessed that grand illumination of nature known as Venice by moonlight. During a lengthy walk along the quay in the evening I watched it, and still from my window I can see the colors playing through the sky, in the air, and over the waters. Of course it is impossible to give you a picture of this scene in words, for language is not and never has been the true utterance of Venice; painting claims that honor. Still I may help you to imagine little fragments of its glory.

The moon rises over the lagoons, beaming through a moist atmosphere; this spreads over everything a silvery bluish tint which at once captures the eye with its mys-

tery. There are clouds in the heavens varying from the thinnest fleece to dense folds. With these clouds Luna begins to play, coquettishly hiding her face beneath them, one after another, as they fly past her; sometimes the thin flock scarcely screens her laugh, at other times she is quite concealed. But mark! with each change of the veil, the color of the entire scene changes; the blue becomes deeper, verging into dark, often tinged with a faint green. Thus sea and city are wrapped in an atmosphere of dim, weird colors, always slightly shifting. Palaces, domes, spires, as well as the sparkle of the waves, take part in this play of tints; seen through them, every object turns to a dream. Look at San Giorgio, with her island yonder across the waters; it is fairyland, and the huge church dully rises up into the skies by enchantment, capping itself amid the clouds with its lofty dome. Thus Luna continues to play hide-and-seek in the heavens above and in the sea beneath till she drops under the horizon, with a faint new tinge of blue and green always following her motions. A celestial kaleidoscope perpetually shifting, yet without rude changes of flashy colors; it is the strangest sight in Venice, and gives the prime suggestion in regard to her art and character.

Under such a light lifts the gondola whose movement you can see, but at a little distance from it you can hear naught of its propelling power. At most a dull thud of the oar and a slight splash of the water reach the ear; silent, sombre, mysterious, it moves along over the dim surface like a spectre. The gondola is painted black, and its box is covered with crumpe; in the daytime I cannot look upon one without thinking of a coffin. It is a melancholy vehicle, in spite of all the poetry which has been lavished upon it; to me it seems to be in eternal mourning for the lost glory of Venice. But under the light of this moon it becomes a ghost—a dark water-sprite.

The mood which such a scene excites in the stranger cannot be called cheerful, yet it is not unpleasant. He has too much wonder at the spectacle, and wonder does not admit of gloominess to any great extent. It is a picture which nature offers, and which the artist has but to copy faithfully in order to produce his moon in the beholder. I do not think that I have ever seen nature so much like a painted picture and so full of mood; usually one must be in harmony with her in order to feel what she subtly suggests, but here she forces her spirit upon you and attunes you overpoweringly to her own key-note. In all the shops on the Place of St. Mark are to be seen photographs of views of Venice by moonlight; they are good, but altogether too exaggerated, and of course the main thing, the ceaseless change and interplay of colors, is not and cannot be reproduced. But what a contrast between the old and the new—photography now instead of the living brush, the machine instead of the spirit breaking forth into many-hued utterance! This nature is still before the eye of Venice, but is no longer concentrated and intensified into soul.

Passing to the human centre of the picture, we note the Venetian woman, who can hardly be called beautiful now;

she is too lank in form, too peaked in face. But above all, her complexion seems to have little admiration of Venetian nature; it is sallow, often passing into a jaundiced yellow, which is not a color of beauty in the human face. Morbid they call it themselves, and attribute it to the moist climate. In general she has, with this morbid complexion, an air of decayed beauty, like her native city. The garments of a high-born dame whom you see with her maid in the streets, have a very ancient look; possibly they are the heirloom of her wealthy ancestors. Thus the past is the only interesting part of Venice. To me it is a most melancholy city—a dead city, whose pallor has sunk into the cheeks of its fairest women. You can often see the blonde of the old Venetian painters on the streets, walking alongside of her raven-haired sister, Titian's golden locks are hardly to be seen anywhere except in his pictures. There never was such a head of hair as flows down the bosom of his Magdalen. He also paints dark hair, particularly in the Madonna. It may be an impious thought, but give me in her stead the artist's golden Venus, in whom alone all his glories are centred. Titian is emphatically the most ideal, and, therefore, the greatest painter that Venice has produced. I cannot endure Tintoretto, and am but partially reconciled to Paul Veronese. Tintoretto has colored what seems to be almost an acre in the Doge's palace. I confess that I cannot bring myself to study out his immense paintings. But so much one clearly sees: he has lost the ideal concentration of the early Venetian school. One face by Titian is worth thousands by him, because Titian's is a type, and creative in itself. It is the old story of decline; Art is lost in a one-sided pursuit of Nature, in her infinite multiplicity; it becomes realistic, debased, dreadfully tedious. So I turn away from color; for what is color but a means of portraying that which is eternal? But Titian's Venus is his supreme work, nay, at bottom, his only work, for what are those other works of his—called by various names: Magdalen, Danae, Bella—but variations of the same fundamental ideal vision in the artist's soul? They are all one: his one work; Venice's supreme work of art, too. Therein the city of the sea culminates.

Still I confess to another Venetian love; Bellini's Madonna. When you stand before her face and gaze into it, you feel that it too is a true utterance, not an artificial thing. She is not the holy mother,—not a mother at all, I should say; her look is that of absolute virgin innocence, unconscious of maternity; she has not even that far-off presentiment of it which lurks in the glance of Raphael's Madonnas. A child herself, just beginning to unfold, you involuntarily ask, What is she doing with that infant in her arms? Still she has it, and it is hers; nay, the centre of all that she is to be. A coy, wondering look she has, wondering what it all means—such is the glance into that unconscious world of sweet virginal innocence which old Giovanni Bellini gives us. Think of him painting such a face at eighty years of age; the vision of eternal youth which the artist must not only have, but must live in as his own proper element. Bellini's Ma-

donna, I must confess to you privately, has an additional claim upon my heart; she is the type of fair Thinselda, a young lady who once gave much trouble to my youthful imagination. When I first saw the best one of these Bellini faces some time ago in the Academy, I was stunned at the sight; the old pain darted back through nearly a quarter of a century. Even now I seem to have renewed a former broken tie, looking upon that picture. So Venice has given me her jewel; it is the best present she has for me, I know; therefore, to-morrow I am off with my fond possession.

MIND AND BODY.

At present the old howl against athletic sports and exercises is being revived with considerable vigor and more venom. The efforts of such morbid writers as Wilkie Collins, who ponder to an impractical taste in literature, should have but little effect when the thorough inconsistency and unnatural effect of such a character or caricature as "Geoffrey Delamyn" is considered. "If he had not been a dyspeptic," said Jane Carlisle of her husband, "there is no telling what he would have done," and there are volumes in this little sentence. A famous writer says, "Give me plenty of oat-meal gruel, plenty of boating, ball-playing, and pedestrianism, and the means of keeping my skin clean, and I have no fear of accomplishing all my labor."

A glance at a mercantile or banking establishment lessens of its own. Has any of the wan-eyed, chalk-faced, blue-lipped accountants any advantage, in his ability to accomplish work, over his broad-shouldered, bright-eyed, and ruddy-cheeked fellow at his elbow? Which of them has the clearest brain, the best ideas, the most unclouded mentality? In ten cases out of twelve the man who helps his mind by refreshing his body consistently. In the long run he will be the ambitious, successful business man who will be a leader and director in the world of business, while the other goes plodding along to an early grave. The snobbish, and it might be said the unholy, interference with field sports should be cried down by every thinking person. Young America's brain will grow in consonance with the way its physique is maintained.

The handsome residence of Mr. J. G. Chapman, on Lucas Place, is to receive a commodious addition, 27x50 feet, to be used as an art gallery. Mr. Chapman, who is now in Europe, has one of the most valuable collections of paintings, decorative faience, and elegant bric-a-brac in the West. He is constantly adding to his already costly and rich collection, and will bring with him on his return from Europe several fine paintings by the celebrated artists of the continent. The "Chapman Art Gallery" when completed, at a cost of \$10,000, will be the finest private art gallery in St. Louis, if not in the West.

Mr. Geo. Mills, art critic of the *Globe-Democrat*, is spending his vacation in the city.

The Mirror.

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Though directly prompted by an individual grievance, the assassin of the President represented simply the extreme outgrowth of the idea of stalwartism. While few men now believe in any conspiracy in connection with the sad event, Conkling and stalwartism are morally responsible for it.

St. Louis is making great boast of the excellent state of her finances and heralding to the world her monetary solidity, and yet our streets would disgrace a community of one-eighth part its importance. We have dispensed with several very much needed public adjuncts, under a false sense of economy; the city is miserably supplied with water, and there are a score of other matters which are rather drawbacks on our boasted metropolitanism. It is to be hoped that our progression is not of the order of the crab—backwards.

Mayor Ewing's position in regard to the gamblers has been severely commented upon. His honor expressly desired the Police Board to adjudge the repeaters to their meetings, and this was a surety of his acting in good faith with the law. There is, however, a good deal of hypocrisy in regard to these prosecutions, and many are very righteous at present whose records in the future will not carry consistently with their present positions.

Did it ever occur to any one strolling leisurely through our parks, or passing by the beautiful gardens of some of our suburban residents, to inquire whether the recurrence of such pleasing sights exerted any effect upon the passer-by? Certain it is that the wilful destruction of flowers and shrubbery which was so prevalent a few years ago has almost ceased. Private gardens without fences, even outside of the so-called better portions of the city, are becoming more numerous, and the park police, on their part, have less to complain. Certainly a strong argument in favor of the moral influence of parks.

In the comparative obscurity to which they are condemned through bad light and want of room, incident to an over-crowded building, the collection of pictures, statuary, and curiosities at Mercantile Library attracts but a small part of the attention it really deserves. It contains original paintings of great value, which would delight more than the members if suitably hung. For the sake of the art-treasures, if for nothing else, it is to be hoped that the new library building will soon be more than a possibility.

The open-air concerts have been more popular this year than ever before, and the number of people who devote an hour or two in listening to the music at the Fair Grounds, at Tower Grove Park, or at the Thursday evening concerts given by the St. Louis Orchestra is exceedingly large. The music may not always be the very best, from a critical standpoint, but for the popular dissemination of musical taste nothing better could be devised.

The enterprise of the managers of our theatres has made known to the public many whose lights had hitherto been partially hidden under a bushel. The *débats*, which were such a prominent feature of last season, will probably not be so numerous this season, but there are one or two ladies in this city whom it would pay a manager to "bring out."

While people praise the cool weather and call it fine and delightful, it is true, nevertheless, that few are feeling perfectly well. Cool weather in this climate and at this season of the year is unreasonable, and is not at all beneficial.

Not long ago we came across an old work, "Caleb Williams," which was so realistic that "Monte Christo" could scarcely excel it in point of interest, and it was so far removed from the nature and tone of Scott and Fielding, that it proved a novelty. It is sometimes quite a relief to take up these old-time volumes, and this one can confidently be recommended to all lovers of good fiction.

The people who are generally most busy as a rule, manage to accomplish more than those upon whom an abundant leisure waits. Jay Gould is about to publish translations of Theocritus, Goethe, and Schiller. When a railroad magnate finds time for such pursuits, and the President of the United States officiates also as president of a literary society in Washington, we can truly say that this is a sign of the times.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

SUMMER AMUSEMENTS.

St. Louis is well tinctured with that peculiar German quality which favors *al fresco* entertainments, and is consequently entitled to the distinction of being the best town for summer amusements in the country; and there is no doubt that in the near future it will be a sort of *substantial Mecca* for the members of the light and comic operatic companies, while it is not altogether improbable that a series of grand operas will be presented in the open air in a few seasons. Indeed, this Teutonic love of out-of-door theatricals is peculiar, and many of the auditors who have patronized "the Cave" and other resorts, this summer, are of a class who very seldom grace the interior of a theatre during the fall and winter seasons. That the claim for St. Louis is well founded has been demonstrated during the passing summer, and a generalization of the season will not be uninteresting.

At Uhlig's Cave the audiences have been enormous in size and of the best material in quality. Nothing can be more pleasant than to sit in this cool retreat and enjoy the exquisite renditions of light music, as rendered by the Ford company, and to a very great extent society people find this attraction sufficiently good to compensate for any loss of a month's enjoyment at a sterile country place, with the accompaniments of mosquitoes, badly cooked meals, imprisive and gossiping hosts and neighbors, and other delightful accessories, which are more frequent than otherwise. *On de* the popular fallacy regarding the delights of country sojourns is in the main the result of very vivid imaginations, and people are appreciating this so well that it is no longer considered unfashionable to remain in the city during the heated term. In this respect, out-of-door amusements have become an absolute necessity, and people patronize them because they can not stay in-doors on hot nights, and front-door-step auditors become *anachronisms*.

Last season Messrs. Collins and Short had several months of untiring blizzard, and it seemed as though the weather clerk had them in view as a special mark upon which to vent his eccentric spite. The days might have been clear and pleasant, but almost every night up to the middle of July the steam-clouds would put in an appearance just before the curtain rose; and if it did not rain, the financial catastrophe was the same, for people would not come. The last of the season brought good weather, and they made some money. Such a rainy summer could not occur but once in a decade, and Manager Collins shrewdly determined that people would come to the Cave if the weather was good and the attraction likewise. Opening this season with Misses' juveniles, and continuing it with Ford's excellent comic opera combination, the audiences have been measured by the full capacity of the garden, and not an evening has been marked with slim attendance, the weather being almost invariably fine. "Olivette," "Billie Taylor," and "La Mascotte" have been handsomely presented; and "Patience," Gilbert

& Sullivan's new operatic satire on the aesthetic mania, has just been brought out. The principals of the company have been capable and clever, the chorus unusually attractive, while the costuming—a very important feature now-a-days—was particularly rich and beautiful. The success was consistent and deserved.

The failure of the Pickwick Theatre is not an argument against summer theatricals; it was simply the result of ultra bad management. The house has all the elements of popularity, and will, in time, become a very popular place of amusement.

As for the Park Theatre, some drawbacks have resulted in the season being a comparatively light one, the inability of the management being responsible for this. The Stella company opened with a splendid prospect, the garden being crowded at the initial performance of "Billie Taylor," with the Roman Students as an assistant attraction. But the shabbiness of the costumes was so glaring that a bad impression prevailed, and unfavorable comments on this very important feature resulted in a falling off in the attendance. "Olivette" was better in this particular, and business increased remarkably. "Pinafore" is now being given, and various novelties are in preparation. The principals of the company, with few exceptions, are good, the chorus attractive, and the orchestra well conducted. The Park will, ultimately, make a great success if the management evinces a trifle more liberality. There is also a good opening in North St. Louis for a summer theatre, and the projectors will reap a good benefit from such an enterprise.

It would be unfair to measure these entertainments by the same standard that is applied to the more ambitious combinations of the regular season, and people as a rule are satisfied with a smooth and intelligent performance.

Aside from these theatrical attractions, the Thursday evening concerts given by the St. Louis orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Louis Meyer, deserve more than casual mention. The music and programme are uniformly excellent, and as a merely nominal admission fee is charged, the audience should be much larger.

—LA MASCOTTE," AND "PATIENCE."

Much credit is due to the management of Uhlig's Cave for the production of such musical novelties as "La Mascotte" and "Patience." With Ford's company these representations have been all the more commendable from the fact that some of the auditors had seen the productions before appearing in them, and were to a great extent called upon to stigmatize their own stage business, and create their own monologues of the characters. Miss Blanche Chapman has made a fine *scabrous* success of Bettio, singing and acting most charmingly. The *Yippee* of Mr. W. H. Fitzgerald is also an excellent musical and histrionic effort. His duet with Miss Chapman in the Mascotte's love song—the theme of the *spem*—has made a popular hit which has not been excelled for many years. Mr. Charles Lang, as *the Prince*, looked

the effeminate sprig of royalty well, and with his finely cultivated and very sweet tenor, sang his music perfectly. A number in the first net which falls to him is an exquisite melody for a pure, flexible tenor. The gentleman reminds us of Mass, who was such a favorite here some years ago. Mr. George Denham, a splendid old-school comedian, made a decided hit as *King Lorenzo*, and Mr. Hurley was clever as *Roan*. Miss Mary Strombler, as the *Princess*, emphasized the very good opinion already formed of her talents, and the chorus was large and well trained, the costuming being especially rich and beautiful.

"Patience" is an opera on the topic of the current æsthetic craze in London, and which is fast spreading amongst certain society classes in this country. One of the male characters is a fragile, wan-eyed poet of the Oscar Wilde class; another, a rough-and-tumble poet who grasps things in substance and produces heroic effects. The music is very pretty, and the action more humorous and interesting than anything Mr. Gilbert has thus far written.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

Miss Letitia Fritch, who was for a long time soprano in the choir of Pilgrim Church, and was the *prima donna* of the Wilhelm-Sternberg concert troupe, is studying in New York, preparatory to her appearance next season.

Miss Bertha Schumacher, better known to the general public by her stage name of Mlle. Ricci, is following Miss Fritch's example, and is hard at work. She has made New York her permanent home.

Delight's Journal of Music, which for nearly thirty years, has been a welcome visitor in musical circles, suspends publication with the next number.

Miss Flora Pike has not closed a contract with Stevens' "Unknown" combination, as stated in the *July Mirror*. She is to play in Rice's Surprise Party. "Cinderella at School," and plays of that character.

The Pickwick Theatre, after many vicissitudes, may turn out all right in the end. It is proposed to form a stock company, with a capital stock of \$100,000, and Mr. Jennings, of New York, the owner of the theatre, declares he will be satisfied with \$25,000 in shares, although the actual building of the theatre cost him over \$70,000.

The "Win to Win" combination produced Mr. Hays' new play of that name at Pope's Theatre, July 20th, but it can scarcely be called a success. The play will suit the tastes of those who hanker after sensationalism of "The Streets of New York" style, although it is not equal to that play. The company gave a fair presentation, and made the most of it.

Mr. Chas. Krowe, who will be remembered by old theatre-goers as one of the leading men of the old Opera House stock company, is travelling through the neighboring States.

Posters announcing the coming production of "The World," a very sensational drama which had a long run in New York, adorn all the bill-boards of the city. It is said that the play, for *mechanical effects*, does "beat the world."

The frescoing of the new Opera House is to be in blue and gold, and will, it is said, be superior to anything of the kind in the city.

The People's Theatre will decidedly not be a devotee of variety entertainments. The management, directed by the thorough business ideas of James A. Robertson, the attorney, have secured the best legitimate and comedy companies in the profession. The theatre itself is to be decorated and embellished handsomely.

Mr. George McManus is superintending the improvements at the Grand Opera House.

Mr. George Denham, of Ford's Opera Company, a thoroughly self-made actor, who has climbed from the lowest rung of the ladder, will play at the Bijou Opera House, at Twenty-ninth Street and Broadway, New York, beginning in September.

Mr. Ernest Albert's new drop-curtain for Pope's Theatre is to have a landscape centre which will surpass in beauty and harmony of color, intrinsic excellence, and grandeur of design any curtain conception which has graced the interior of any theatre in St. Louis.

Miss Minnie Russell, of this city, well known as a successful elocutionist, has just returned from an extended tour through this State and the East. As an elocutionist she belongs to the natural school, and has made a success as such.

The management of the Park Theatre has not been the best, but some of the individual members of the company deserve great credit. Miss Dugan made a very good *Countess* in "Olivette," and Miss Clara Elliston, as *Calcutine*, combines with a charming face and figure a light, sweet voice, and that enviable quality known as *chic*.

FINE ARTS.

In the winter, when everybody else is busy, the artist is seen often, very often, at the clubs, the *receptions*, and the social gaieties of a metropolitan season. During the day, even, he may be met occasionally on the public promenades, when you would look in vain for your other busy friends. The summer, and the early spring and fall are his busy seasons, and during the winter he generally confines himself to elaborating and finishing up the material gathered during the rest of the year. This, therefore, is the artist's busy-season, and, conversely, the time when the public artistically inclined finds least to satisfy it.

Almost all local artists have been away from the city for some time, and few will return before the fall, when

the Art Hall of the Exposition will contain the partial results of summer sketching and study.

Only two new pictures of any note have been completed, and these only within the last two weeks.

Mr. Louis Schultze, whose peculiarities are by this time familiar to all moving in art circles, has just finished a picture which is probably one of the best he has ever painted. It is 30x18, and represents two hunters returning from their trip in the rain, empty-handed, wet, and disconsolate. They are accompanied by a boy who is a most peculiar mixture of shrewdness and stupidity, which is characteristic of some of the lower classes. While the men bear up under the circumstances, the boy seems anything but edified; and the dog that follows him with drooping tail, and a look, if possible more disgusted, is evidently in sympathy with the feelings of the boy. The foreground, the wet, yellow road of the Illinois bottom, and the peculiar gray sky are handled with sure touch, and with more mood than this artist usually puts into his pictures. It is said that several hundred dollars have been offered for the picture by prominent collectors, and been refused; and that it will not be placed on public exhibition in this city at all, but will be sent to New York.

Mr. Armand Welcker who, though quite a young man, has lately acquired more than a local reputation as artist of the *Horset*, has been quietly painting for the last three or four years. So far as is known, only two of his pictures have found their way into private collections. One is, if we mistake not, owned by Mr. Robert Lucas, and is a plain landscape motif, with the usual brook and group of trees, and the Gasconade mountains in the distance. The other, a Wisconsin lake scene, represents a sail-boat anchored in an inlet of the lake, the time just after sunset, with the lake pure and unruffled, and the hills dimly outlined in the distance. Though this, like the Gasconade scene just mentioned, is handled with a broad brush, it is considerable of an improvement on the other. The latest picture is, however, far above both these mentioned. Wisconsin is again the subject, but this time it is a river instead of a lake. The handling of the whole is far superior to the others, and instead of using the broad brush, the artist has elaborated considerably. It is understood that the work will be placed on exhibition at an early date, when the public will have an opportunity of judging for itself.

ART NOTES.

The *Horset* is now illustrated by Mr. F. Welcker, father of Mr. Armand Welcker, who has hitherto been connected with it. The latter is travelling through the North and East.

The life of Jean F. Millet, which has been running through *Seibner's* for some time past, has just been published in book form.

Ebers' new novelette, "A Question" will be of interest to all interested in art, having been written for Alma Tadema's well-known picture.

Dr. Octave Pavy, a gentleman well known in art circles of this city, is naturalist to the new Howgate North Pole expedition which started in June. He received the appointment of United States surgeon on the sailing of the expedition.

The Blair monument question is still in *state quo*.

LITERATURE.

THE LITERARY TENDENCY OF THE AGE.

There have always been two parties in literature and in art. At different times they have borne different names, but their distinguishing characteristics have been essentially the same at all times. Classicists and romanticists they were called in France, and these names are the most current at the present time. The Classicists, as their name indicates, regard the ancients as their models in all that pertains to art, in its widest signification; the other party is the party of modern ideas, *par excellence*, and has usually been recruited from the ranks of young men of all countries. This is the party that gives birth to new ideas in literature and art; the party that claims cosmopolitanism and liberalism as its virtues; the party of genius and eccentricity. It found its representatives in the romantic school of Germany; and in France, Théophile Gautier was its apostle and Victor Hugo its prophet. They eagerly welcomed every new idea, however crude, provided only that it bore the stamp of genius and of originality. The idea, *l'idée*, was the one desirable thing, and the form was only a secondary consideration.

Fierce warfare was waged between this school and the classic, which adhered to Racine, Molière, and the ancients, and the battles between the two armies of art and literature form the literary and artistic history of intellectual continental Europe until within the last ten or fifteen years.

Within that period some very peculiar developments have taken place. Tiring, gradually, of a quarrel whose outcome in the end was only "*chacun a son goût*," the leading literary men of the day have become inlaid with the spirit of toleration, now one of the prevailing characteristics of this age. Former opponents began to examine each other's ideas, and the leaders of each faction were surprised to find how much they were able to learn from their former enemies. The result has been a gain to all parties. What was formerly a matter of fierce debate has been decided to be what it really is for practical purposes; a matter of taste. The two parties still exist and will continue to do so, but they are existing together and in peace. The classic party preserves the beauty of the past intact, and maintains a necessary conservatism; and it will be found that it gains its strength from those who are prone to take life easily. The other is *action* personified; and while the former represents a more ideal existence, this one is at the hour the necessary one.

It is one of the outgrowths of the present civilization, that the influences of these two intellectual currents have been distributed through that modern agent, the novel. Our entire modern literature hinges on this, although it is often scarcely apparent. Through the novel the general public now gets the bulk of its information, and it is a strange fact that form and matter, body and mind, the two schools, are here united. Ideas of the most momentous character are elaborated in these modern volumes of fiction. Science, art, politics, literature, music, all have been treated in this form, and the man of ideas is satisfied. On the other hand, in this very literary form the novel, the adherent of classicism, gains a triumph also. For the great and distinguishing characteristic of all ancient civilization, the beauty of form is here of paramount importance.

The lessons which the ancients furnish are of such immense value that no one can overestimate them. The one fault of the party insisting upon this has been that they pursued that subject with the antiquarian's spirit, and were lost in the past. It required the exertions and influence of men who had leanings in that direction, but had grown up under the influence of Romanticism, to bring the scale to balance. Hitherto the facts only had been obtained; their utilization had been wanting. This now remedied, the leaders of both movements, still representing the same general ideas, found that their ways, though different, ultimately met, and that the goal was the same.

If any two men were to be selected to represent these tendencies, as they have been modified by time and history and as they now are drifting, these men would be George Elbers—whose little novelette, "A Question," has just been published—and M. Taine, the noted Frenchman.

Elbers represents the classic idea, modified into acceptability in practical life. His little idyl, though scarcely more than a mere sketch, deserves more particular mention as being a type of the feeling represented, which has also been more or less happily portrayed in the immediate past by Bulwer, Kingsley, Landor, and others.

The idea of perfect equilibrium of mind and body which was the characteristic of Greek civilization, is the underlying theme of this little work. The relation of man to man, his feelings and passions, the contemplation of nature—all must be a harmonious and artistic development; all things in this life must be interesting; this is the moral. It is the Greek spirit preserved and brought near to us.

Elbers, provided with all modern facts and all antiquarian lore, regards these merely as tools to work with, and with the genuine poetic spirit breathes the creative breath upon the past, and makes it a living factor in our civilization.

Taine, on the other hand, inclining more strongly to the other school, is an admirer, but not an imitator, of the classics. Not a poet, he is placed in a more distant position, and represents the man of ideas. It is his mis-

sion to weigh the value of the intellectual movements in different countries, to give them direction, and as a representative of the modern man, to say: This is not the ideal to strive for, but it is the means by which you may approach it. M. Taine is the intellectual index which points out how the interacting of ideas goes on, just as the interaction of forces in the physical world takes place.

Both Elbers and Taine, widely different though they seem to be, are representatives of the present literary drift. When the man appears who combines in a new unknown degree their ideas, then the world will undergo another intellectual revolution. Then nineteenth-century civilization will have found its typical representative, as preceding epochs found theirs in Aristotle, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Humboldt.

In the transition state through which we are now passing, the questions to be settled will come up with more persistency every day, and here in America will be the battle-ground, for in the war of grand ideas a grand country is an absolute necessity.

LITERARY SKETCHING.

There has arisen lately in the world of art a new school of artists, who are pleased to call themselves impressionists. They claim that it is not necessary to artistic completeness in a picture that the work should present itself as an absolute and finished thing, but rather that something should be left to the imagination of the beholder. They are distinguished from an older school, whose chief characteristic was an elaboration of finish and an almost painful completeness. These impressionists claim as much artistic merit for their suggestive studies as the older school claimed for their more laborious productions. The chief requisite of the new men is artistic suggestiveness. Not alone in the art of painting has impressionism become the fashion. Literature also has its impressionists. The old style of heavy, three-volume novel is a thing of the past, and we are now regaled with literary tit bits in shape of sketches, impressions, studies, episodes, and what not. The literary world is no longer invited to a solid mental repast, where the substantial feast in the shape of many volumed heaviness was the chief attraction, but the guests are called to a dainty lunch where literary quail, in the shape of a brief character sketch, is served upon the toast of piquant and often paradoxical surroundings. There is a certain flavor of realism in the banquet which adds to the charm.

Most noted among the literary sketchers is Henry James, Jr., whose incompleteness of plot has become sufficiently classic to produce imitators. His "Daisy Miller" and "An International Episode" are well known among his earlier writings, while "Washington Square" is a brilliant example of his later achievements.

The next in order of celebrity and unfinish is W. D. Howells, and his latest incompleteness is "A Fearful Responsibility." The title of the sketch is well chosen, for it is truly a fearful responsibility to write as Mr. Howells has written. "A Fearful Responsibility" strikes us as an

imitation of the happy style of Henry James, Jr. The imitation may be consciously or unconsciously done, but it is done nevertheless. It goes without saying that the scene is laid in Europe, and it may be equally taken for granted that the principal actors are American, with an occasional European by way of a trans-Atlantic sauce. A professor in an American college, and his wife, repair to Venice in the early years of the American war. The object of the professor's trip to Venice is two-fold—being an invalid and unable to serve his country in time of need, he seeks an honorable banishment by going abroad. It is also his purpose to write a history of Venice, a work which shall render him honored and beloved of a history-perusing posterity. While in Venice, the professor and his wife are visited by a young American girl whose love affairs give shape to the story, and finally force upon the professor what he regards as a fearful responsibility—namely, the dismissal of an Austrian officer who is a suitor for the young girl's hand. It seems that while on her way to Venice unaccompanied, the heroine attracts the attention of an Austrian officer. His devotion to her borders upon the chivalrous; it is spontaneous. She does not know his name, he does not know hers. Upon her arrival in Venice she laughingly relates the incident to the professor and his wife. They are bewildered and ill at ease in consequence. They see at once a social dilemma, a clash between the social usages of Europe and America. They are uncertain whether the attentions of the Austrian officer are to be construed as a compliment or an insult. By the European code a young lady travelling alone is the legitimate object of insult; by the American code it is right and proper enough. The question arises, by which standard has the action of the Austrian officer been guided? Has he put himself upon the American plane, or is his gallantry on the European plan? The girl is perfectly innocent and unconscious throughout. In course of time the Austrian opens a correspondence with the heroine, in a letter, which is a comical mixture of lover-like ardor, honest intention, and broken English. After the first letter came others equally ardent and comical. The letters are shown by the heroine to the professor and his wife. The Austrian is evidently in love. The young lady is interested, but apparently not so deeply as she might be. She does not understand the Austrian style of love-making, and turns the whole matter over to the professor and his wife. They disapprove of the Austrian. They feel it their duty to discard him, yet there is a fearful responsibility resting upon them in the discharge of this difficult duty. Are they doing their whole duty to the heroine? The matter is finally settled by sending a letter of dismissal to the Austrian. But the professor is forever after haunted by the idea that perhaps his choice was not a wise one. It is always a delicate matter to interfere in love affairs; but when one is in a manner the guardian of a young woman, he must discharge his duty, even though that duty involves a fearful responsibility. The heroine goes to a *bal masque* at which she meets a mysterious blonde officer who may or who may not be the ardent

Austrian. The professor never completes his history of Venice; it is better that he does not. The literary impressionists are averse to finishing anything. Incompleteness is their strong point. The minor characters in the sketch are an ill-mannered English artist with a hyphenated and highly colored name, and an American named Hoskins, who sculps and limps. He is the American consul at Venice. Hoskins of course falls in love with the heroine, but in an artistically incoherent fashion. The heroine returns to America, and after some years marries a minister. The professor is made president of a college, but in the silent watches of the night, and between monotonous hours of recitation, he is haunted by the terrible thought that perhaps he may have made a mistake in the matter involving such a fearful responsibility. The reader is left in a highly artistic state of doubt and incompleteness as to what were the real sentiments of the heroine. The book is below Mr. Howell's best, and even as an imitation it cannot be considered work of high literary art. The situation is strained, and the slight effect is gained only after an undue expenditure of effort.

Another recent literary sketch, but of a very different type, is "Madame Delphine," by George W. Cable, a writer who has become well and favorably known by his contributions to *Scribner's*. Like all of Cable's other writings, "Madame Delphine" treats of Creole life in Louisiana. In selecting this field Mr. Cable has shown great discretion. In the first place it is entirely new, and, in consequence, interesting in proportion. The variety of incident afforded by this new field is immense. There is a clash between two systems of civilization and between two forms of social usage; where such is the case, variety can never be lacking.

Madame Delphine has been the mistress of a wealthy gentleman of New Orleans, and by him has one daughter. This daughter is gifted with the lustrous beauty of the tropics. She is educated in France, and returns to Orleans the object of her mother's worshipping love. On the voyage from France the daughter sees a certain M. Lemaire, who is by reputation a fascinating pirate who afterwards reforms. The result is love at first sight. The pirate captain afterwards establishes himself in New Orleans as a banker, but under an assumed name. Madame Delphine becomes acquainted with the banker through the friendly intervention of the parish priest, who is to his people a true and faithful guide and a very refuge in time of affliction. Madame Delphine asks the banker to become the guardian of her daughter. The banker consents, and an interview is arranged by which guardian and ward are to be made known to each other. Their meeting is a mutual surprise and disclosure. In course of time they become lovers. Now comes a difficulty. The banker is a white man, and by the laws of Louisiana a white man may not marry a woman whose blood is not as pure as his own. Madame Delphine's daughter is tainted with a mixture of races. When Madame Delphine ponders the matter she is almost distracted. Her daughter's happiness is the one thing in the world dear to

her soul; to that she would subordinate all else on earth or in heaven. Just here is the climax and conflict of the sketch. How can she secure her daughter's highest happiness? There is but one way out of the difficulty, and that is by perjury her soul. She must forswear her relationship to her daughter, and make it appear that she is the legitimate offspring of white parents. This Madame Delphine does. Before proper witnesses she makes solemn oath that her daughter is not her daughter, and that she can, under the law, marry the man she loves. The oath is taken, the marriage is consummated. The scene between the mother and daughter at the time of the renunciation is pathetic in the extreme, and is handled with a worthy and delicate fitness. The climax is the dying confession of Madame Delphine to the parish priest. He gives her absolution; the heart of the reader goes with the priest. Uncle Toby and the recording angel are brought to mind.

"Madame Delphine" is a work of art delicately and exquisitely handled. The penois of the time is well brought out. There is a liquid languor in its expression that is true to the letter. The morality of the sketch is delicately touched upon and finely treated; the immorality is made almost pure by the pathos and purity which is made to surround it. It is after all the immorality, not so much of the individual, as such, as it is of an immoral institution, against which the individual has not the force to contend.

The "Lesson in Love" is a light, airy love sketch, brightly told and piquantly treated. It is somewhat after the style of Edgar Fawcett, but there is also a similarity to "An Earnest Triber," in the conversational parts and in the situations. The "Lesson in Love" is one of the "Round Robin" series, and will do well to while away an idle afternoon at this season of the year.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

Edgar Fawcett is cultivating the same field of letters in which Henry James, Jr., has had such success. His latest, "A Gentleman of Leisure," is a very clever society sketch, in the manner of "A Hopeless Case," his previous novel.

The New York Nation is now acting as weekly lender to the *Evening Post*, and the *Philadelphia American* now announces that it will appear semi-weekly, and that its contents will, as heretofore, consist of new and original articles, written expressly for its columns, and not reprinted from a daily paper. So says the *Literary World*.

Mr. Harry Campbell, late of the *Evening Chronicle*, now of the *Republican*, is one of St. Louis' humorists. His most successful efforts have been character sketches of the "Heathen Chinee," whose characteristics he seems to have made a special study.

St. Louis authors are very quiet just now, nearly all of them being out of the city. They follow the example of the artists in employing the summer months for gathering material, and "working up" this material during the winter.

The latest issue of the Public School Library *Bulletin* forms a handsome pamphlet of over fifty pages. As a guide to members of the library it is invaluable, and is only equalled in this respect by the bulletins of the Boston Public Library.

The publishers of St. Louis as well as elsewhere are all busy getting ready for the fall season, which promises to be an unusually good one in certain lines.

Mr. John J. Jennings has for some time been an associate editor of the *Globe-Democrat*, and, as a consequence of this, the dramatic department of the paper has been placed in other hands. As a descriptive writer and as a writer of short pathetic sketches his reputation is not confined to newspaper circles only.

Peoria, Ill., enjoys the possession of a flourishing public library, with Mr. F. J. Soklan, formerly actuary of the Public School Library of this city, at its head.

The St. Louis *Spirit* on the Fourth of July issued and placed an edition of 10,000 copies.

Rev. R. A. John, of Soldado, Mo., has been doing some very clever literary work. Contributions from his pen have appeared in the *Detroit Free Press*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and other papers.

A St. Louis society lady who is personally acquainted with him, describes Mr. George W. Cable, the author of "Grandissimes" and "Madame Delphine," as a gentleman of apparently thirty-five years of age, with dark eyes, a handsome black mustache and a very pleasing smile.

ST. LOUIS NEW SUMMER RESORT.

Within a very short time, St. Louis has found within easy distance of her very heart one of the most beautiful and attractive summer-resorts in the United States. Creve Coeur Lake is beyond a doubt destined to become a rival in fame of those noted resorts adjacent to Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Baltimore, and New Orleans. It was the one thing needed to complete the metropolitan nature of the city, and so excellently does it answer the purpose that it is wonderful that it was not utilized long ago. Still, the lack of transportation was responsible in part for this, and the establishment of a railroad line to it has brought it many miles closer, in a figurative sense. Picnics and pleasure parties are flocking to it in great numbers; boat clubs are building houses on its shores; regattas are being organized, and hotels and residences are being planned and prospected for.

On August 21st, Mr. Daniel E. Carroll, well known as being for three years the successful manager of the Veiled Prophets' procession, will give a grand festival, including music, dancing, boat-racing, polo, poloism and athletics, goose and tub races, swimming matches, archery, and a variety of other sports, the same to be topped off with a magnificent display of fireworks in the centre of the lake. This display will be the finest ever seen in the West, and the entire event will be looked forward to with great interest by St. Louisans.

THE HIGH SCHOOL.

[Graduates and others interested in the High School and its Alumni Association are requested to send in such items as may come to their notice before the twentieth of the month immediately preceding publication.]

CONTENTS OF FUTURE ISSUES.

High school graduates have lately taken prizes all over the country, others have made literary reputations, while still others are already famous in the musical world. To trace these up and to inform all interested about them will be one of the objects of this department. All graduates, teachers, pupils—in fact, every one interested in the High School—should send in such items as may come to their notice, and appropriate use will be made of them. The list of High school names is long, and each is interested in what the others are doing. With the coöperation of all the teachers assured, as well as the help of the more prominent alumni of this city, and with the prospective aid of those living at a distance, the attempt to make this department in every respect readable will not fail.

If this issue does not contain anything aside from personal notices, the illness of the editor of the department and the absence of many people from the city will account for it. Succeeding issues will contain not only interesting historical matter, but short articles on various topics of interest respecting the school, its Alumni Association, its teachers, and its graduates.

ALUMNITIES.

Ira M. Bond, of 1865, has for the last ten years been located in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and is by this time pretty well posted in regard to the history of that ancient city.

George L. Davis, '68, is married, and has for several years been engaged in the lumber business at Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

The city editor of that lively sheet, the *Sedalia Democrat*, is Isaac M. Demuth, class of 1866.

The first principal of the High School was J. D. Low, not Law, as the July *Mirror* had it.

Miss Minnie Strong is still in Leipzig, studying music under the best masters of that very musical city.

Mrs. Anna M. Laughlin, '77, has a little girl eight weeks old—of course a beauty.

Miss Emily Tjouw, of Tower Grove, who graduates this year, is spending the summer in Minnesota—Lake Minnetonka, to be more exact.

Hugo Schlenk, class '79, is permanently settled in the beautiful capital of Minnesota.

Mrs. Brewer, '60, left for Wisconsin a few days ago, and will not return until the early fall.

Mrs. Helen Brown, '62, followed the remains of her mother, Mrs. Joseph Berry, to Bellefontaine, last week.

Harry Knox, the stalwart secretary of the Alumni Association,—stalwart not in the political sense, for he is a red-hot Democrat,—has been fighting mosquitoes and growing older at Creve Coeur. He was not alone, however; Miss Emily Knox was of the party, as also several members of the Chautauque Literary Club.

A little boy has put in an appearance in the household of Mrs. Stone, '60; three weeks old. There is a possibility of his being called *Alumnus*, though he is now supposed to answer to the name of David William.

Of the twenty-six girls of the class of 1866, all but three or four are safely married.

Thomas L. Bond, of 1866, is a flourishing lawyer of Salina, Kansas. He has quite a large family, and is possessed of prosperity.

Samuel S. Bailey, of the same class, is a good married man, and cashier of a bank in Springfield, Mass. Up to this date he has been regarded as a safe custodian of the funds.

Fred. H. Steele, class 1868, is married, a successful business man, and a proud citizen of the Centennial State. Cañon City, Colorado, is his exact address.

Mrs. Frank Hackstaff and husband mourn the loss of a little daughter.

The editor of the *St. Louis Spirit* is a graduate of the High School, and thoroughly interested in its prosperity. This explains the popularity of his paper, which enjoys a circulation larger than any weekly in Missouri.

Miss Ada Van Beek left for St. Paul a few weeks ago. She will spend a number of months there, and then, possibly, take in the beauties of Wisconsin and eastern Dakota.

Felix Hunicke, class '77, is stationed with his ship near San Francisco Harbor, taking scientific observations.

Paul E. Page, who was with the class that graduated in '77, but did not graduate himself, has for a number of years been engaged with the Crystal City Glass Co.

Mr. Hammerstein, who is engaged with Secretary Wash, of the School Board, left for St. Paul. The "heated term" was too much for him.

Henry Taake is living in the rural neighborhood of Florissant.

Mr. Morgan, the principal of the High School, is spending the summer in the East, and will not return until the fall.

Mr. F. M. Crunden, librarian of the Public School Library, is summering in Northern Michigan.

Mr. F. E. Cook is a great man in the Legion of Honor, and a member of the Supreme Council of that organization.

Hunter Smith, who supports Thomas Keene during the coming theatrical season, spent a short time in the city, and then left for New York to make arrangements for the next season.

Dr. William Hunnicke, who had been so seriously ill in Vienna that one of his parents was compelled to go to Europe to be with him, is now out of danger. His name was connected with that of a young lady of this city whom he attended during a fatal illness. Although his exertions in her behalf, and his zeal of duty in sitting up night after night brought on his own sickness, yet all talk about a love affair is twaddle.

Mr. Louis Hammerstein, so well and favorably known in musical circles of this city, is a High Scholar. He is spending the summer in Ohio.

S. L. Biggers, class of '78, is engaged in a branch house of the Simmons Hardware Co. at Lake City, Colorado. On the 4th of July he joined a party which made the ascent of Uncompahgre Peak, the highest in America. He related the experiences of that trip in a correspondence to the *Globe-Democrat*, which appeared July 15th.

Miss Server, '81, though not very fond of this dusty old city, still cannot explain why she remains here for all that.

There should not be any one, interested in the High School, but could be able to assist in the work of keeping this department up in the proper manner. Of course, its editor can give material enough each month, but the variety of information desired is to a great extent upon the coöperation of all.

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN.

The vast extent of country, the conglomerate of all peoples and all languages, and the almost unparalleled migration of peoples from Europe to this country, cause the question to arise: "Is Europe to be Americanized, or are we getting European?"

The Americans are no nation; they are simply a collection of peoples; this is the dictum of even the most intelligent Europeans. To be sure, the American, as represented by the Puritan, is becoming such a comparative scarcity that he is looked upon and deemed as the aristocracy of the land. But to deny that there is here forming a nation whose characteristics will be something entirely without precedent in history, is a vain attempt. In order to see what elements will compose this typical American, it will be necessary to know the conditions of existence in this country.

The first and most marked influence, — the climate, exerts its power upon all. It is not only the man whose ancestry are inhabitants of the soil; no, even the immigrant is transformed into a new man in a few years. This is one factor affecting all, and the political institutions of the country, the freedom of speech, and the consequent continuous interchange of ideas are influ-

tional forces which come into play and help to stamp the mark of individuality upon the inhabitant of this country.

The vast distances and the immense resources of the country have accustomed all inhabitants to a largeness of view and a boldness of adventure, which makes the wildest vagaries of the imagination seem perfectly plausible. All these things are so many ingredients in the dough, out of which is being formed the future great American nation. The influence which the national peculiarities of immigrants exert upon the inhabitants, form the reflex action which changes and modifies this national character. The character of our institutions is such, that owing to the discussion and perfect publicity of all that is agitating the country, few institutions or customs of any kind can become acclimated unless the majority of the inhabitants seem to favor them.

The common language of the country is the link that binds together all these apparently discordant elements, until they can be formed into a uniform whole. There is now a transition from the American before the last great immigration boom to the future typical American, as influenced by this immigration and the forces mentioned. His elements are existing, and the type itself has found a few worthy representatives; none worthier, probably, than the late Bayard Taylor, who combined more of the best qualities of the American in him than any man the country has produced. Of good Pennsylvania Old Colony stock, he did not possess the conservative spirit of that class, but was a thoroughly go-ahead man. In addition to this, he had been considerably under the influence of German ideas, and had acquired some of their best characteristics. As a type of what the future typical American will be, Bayard Taylor stands prominent. If we seek for a similar representative of the other, William Cullen Bryant will be worthy to be regarded as such, although there are many others. The two types are different, like two brothers, who, though bearing an unmistakable family resemblance, are radically different in character and habits.

Manager John W. Norton, will open the season at the Grand Opera-House, September 19th, supported by John McCullough's company, and his estimable and talented wife. In certain lines of juvenile and eccentric character, Mr. Norton is one of the best actors on the American stage, and his engagement will be a notable one.

The midsummer number of the London *Globe* is the most artistic number ever issued by that paper. It is replete with watering-place and holiday sketches, handsomely colored. "The Tender Passion," from a painting by that renowned artist, J. C. Dollmann, is well reproduced. The frontispiece, "The Latent" — a symbol of the æsthetic craze, representing a young lady about completing her toilet in the latest æsthetic garb, is a fine illustration of that *Wilde* craze.